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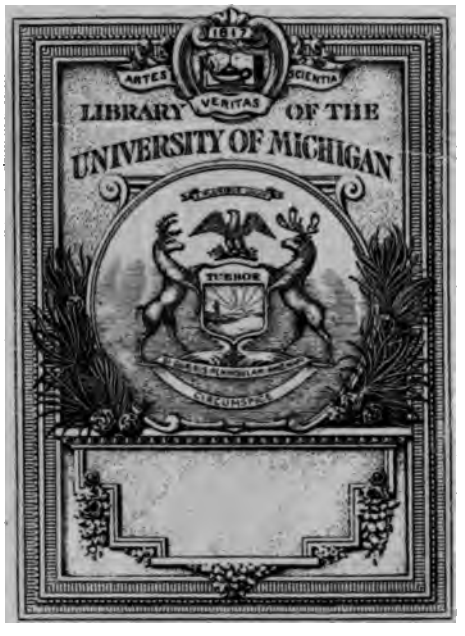
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MAGAZINE,

EMBELLISHED WITH

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THE HISTORY OF A LION.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING.

NOT a hundred miles from the famous city of Gotham, on the margin of a little lake of pure, transparent water, and white sandy shores, resided Mr. Gilbert Mervin, a respectable gentleman of more than competent estate, and descended from a family of some pretensions, both in the old and new world. In the former, one of his ancestors, or at least one of the name, had been associated with the famous Johnny Armstrong, whose "Last Good Night" forms the subject of a famous old ballad, in many of those exploits which led him to glory and the gallows. In the new, the family could boast of a president of his majesty's council, a collector of customs, and a recorder under the old colonial government. There was another historical character of the same name and blood, a gallant officer under Washington, who fell at the head of his regiment at Monmouth; but as, with this single exception, the Mervins were all stanch loyalists—they never boasted of this achievement. Mr. Mervin always called the General *Mr.* Washington, though in his heart he could not but admire the man who not only freed his country but left her free; whose patriotism had equally sustained the ordeal of adversity and prosperity, and who stands before the world so free not only from the stain, but the very imputation of crime, that even those who abhor the cause he espoused, reverence the hero through whose talents and virtues it triumphed.

At the commencement of the Revolution, the father of Mr. Mervin—the collector of the customs—took sides with the loyalists, whether from motives of gratitude, from principle, or from interest, will be best decided by the sequel. It is sufficient to say that, by choosing this course, he eventually forfeited a large property, and, with his only son, became an exile. He retired to that paradise of loyality, Nova Scotia, where he subsisted on the interest of a moderate sum which was saved from the wreck of the rest of his fortune by being invested in the British funds. This was all he had; for the worthy old gentleman scorned to enlist himself among the crowd of those who claimed and received from the British government remuneration for losses which it is shrewdly suspected some of them never sustained. There were few means and opportunities of acquiring a liberal education at that time in any of the British colonies, and young Gilbert Mervin received but indifferent training. Neither was he, in truth, a very promising genius, to remedy what had been denied by circumstances. But nature had kindly made amends for all these deficiencies by giving him a letter of recommendation to my Lady Fortune, which answered every purpose. He grew up to be one of the handsomest men of the day, and possessed a voice that might corrupt a saint, much more a sinner. He was, therefore, all but irresistible, for the eye and the ear are the two great leading-strings of the grown up children of this world, most especially that portion which is said to have been last created, as the learned Palafergus supposes, from always having the last word.

The return of peace brought back the elder Mervin and his son to the United States, where the former lived several years solacing himself with predicting the failure of the experiment of self government and the speedy return of the rebellious children to the bosom of their benign mother. He chuckled over the great controversy between New York and Vermont, and Shay's Rebellion, but never lived to see his prophecy fulfilled. The good man, for such he was, departed in peace, rested from his labors, and his works followed him; for a judicious and learned dissertation which he wrote on the propriety of restoring confiscated estates has never come to light.

The son walked in the footsteps of the father, and



"THE WATCH DOG"

Engraved, printed & published by J. Scott, from an Original Picture in That Lady's Poss.

In the famous country of Dalmatia, which lies on the eastern borders of the Adriatic, and is renowned for many things utterly forgotten in history and tradition, stands a city known by the name of Spalatro, in which are an abundance of honest people, and a great many rogues. Bordered by the Adriatic on one hand, and the wild, half savage province of Morlachia on the other, and, withal, under the dominion of the Emperor of Germany, the inhabitants are somewhat like our ancient Mississippi navigators, half horse, half alligator, with a dash of aquafortis. They partake of the vivacity of the Italian, the gravity of the German, and the wild, undisciplined ferocity of the Morlachian. They love music and tobacco, and are somewhat revengeful, after the manner of barbarians. Count Maximilian was born in the city of Spalatro, of parents concerning whose character and lineage we can say little, and that little not much to their credit. They kept a small public house, where they sold bad wine at a high price, and entertained not the very best company. It will be conceived by the judicious reader, who ferrets out the secret of a story teller before he can disclose it himself, that Count Schinschlinger was not noble by birth. He achieved his title through a great exploit which, if the aforesaid judicious reader will only have a little patience, we will detail in good time, greatly to his satisfacton.

Count Maximilian, wose real name was Knim Trau, had reached the age of thirteen, or perhaps fourteen, in which time he had completed his education, and become almost as great a rogue as his father, when an incident happened that gave a decided turn to his fate. A dispute took place in the little tavern which ended in a broil, the result of which was the death of one of the combatants, and the maiming of two or three others. The house was in the suburbs of the city, the time midnight, and the family had always been on the best terms with those watchful children of the night who ought to be deified as the gaurdians of cities, and placed side by side in the Pantheon with Somnus, Morpheus, and the dozing deities. It was of consequence a favorable period for decamping, and, as Signor Trau had not sufficient effects even to bribe a Dalmatian justice, he adopted the sudden resolution to beat a retreat, which he did with the signora, the future lion, and a purse containing the sum total of all his honest earnings. Justice does not travel in steamboats or railroad cars in Dalmatia, and the fugitives succeeded in reaching the little Island of Brazza, lying off the coast at no great distance, whence, not conceiving himself altogether safe, Signor Trau took the earliest opportunity of embarking for Venice, which he reached in safety.

Here young Knim, who was quite a promising genius, by the quickness of his parts, and a facility in acquiring every thing but good habits, improved apace. He, in a great measure, got rid of his jargon of mixed Italian, German, and Molachian, and acquired a habit of speaking pure Venetian. He became quite familiar with the names of Titian, Paul Veronese, and other great masters of the Venetian schools, whose fame has descended even to the vulgar, and might have passed for a connoisseur in very respectable company. He also accomplished himself in music, having inherited from nature a fine taste for that charming art, whose influence while it softens the manners, at the same time awakens the imagination, and disposes the feelings to indolent contemplation, or dangerous indulgence. He learned to touch the guitar with exquisite skill, and, having a voice of great compass and sweetness, lured more than one Venetian maiden into the coils of the serpent. But the purse of Signor Trau being too often drawn upon without being replenished, at length became so nearly exhausted that the future lion of the new world was under the disagreeable necessity of attaching himself to a gondola, where he soon became distinguished for his music, his skill at the oar, and the infinite discretion with which he conducted those midnight mysteries for which that city is so distinguished, at least in romances. He became a great favorite with the amorous signors; and acquired by this frequent association a habit and capacity of so closely imitating that indefinable "I don't know what" which is so often boasted to be inimitable, that proved of infinite service to him in his subsequent career. It was a great pity Knim was a predestined rogue, both in spirit and in grain, for otherwise his favorable prospects might have made him honest. But his bump of acquisitiveness, which was enormously developed, decided his fate; he became a thief in spite of himself, and sometimes, it is said, actually rose in his sleep to pick his own pocket.

After following this agreeable course of life some eight or ten years, he one night had the good fortune to be engaged by the young Count Maximilian Schinschlinger, a wealthy maghar of Hungary, who visited Venice in the course of his travels, and, according to invariable custom, fell deeply in love with a signora, with black eyes and long eyclashes. Knim on this occasion so delighted the count with his music, his sprightliness, and the dexterity with which he accomplished his missions, that he made such overtures as induced him to abandon his gondola and attach himself to the maghar as musician, confidential valet, and jack of all trades.

In this capacity he accompanied his master in an extensive tour through Italy, Switzerland, Spain, and England, whose respective languages he acquired with his usual facility, and in which he made himself so useful, as well as agreeable, that the count became greatly attached to him. He employed Knim in all his affairs, open as well as secret; entrusted him with the receipt, custody and disbursement of his money, and was cheated with such a discreet moderation that he never indulged the slightest suspicion that his accomplished factotum was not a paragon of honesty. The course of the count's wanderings at length led him to the East. He visited Egypt, Syria, and Constantinople, passing through Asia Minor to Smyrna, whence it was his purpose to embark for Venice, on his way to Paris, where he intended to remain a considerable time.

Here, however, fate and Knim overtook him. He was suddenly and severely attacked by a fever, whose progress was so rapid that, in twenty-four hours, he

fell into a raging delirium. Previous to this, however, he had transacted some business relating to bills of exchange with an old American merchant, long settled at Smyrna, which not however being completed when the count fell ill, he sent his son to ascertain the reason why he had not called pursuant to appointment. Finding him so extremely ill, the young man proffered his good offices, and regularly called two or three times a day to make inquiries and minister his attentions. The count, being the proprietor of vast estates in Hungary, had always in his possession letters of credit to a large amount on different places which he contemplated visiting, and Knim's fingers had often itched to get hold of them. But hitherto he had found no opportunity of appropriating the papers either advantageously or with safety. The moment however seemed now to present itself. The count was in a remote corner of the world, where he had not a single acquaintance but the American merchant and his son; he was at a great distance from home, and had been so long absent that his family, consisting only of distant relatives, must have almost forgotten him, especially as he never wrote to them; and there was at this period no imperial consul at Smyrna to take charge of his effects in case he died. All these favorable circumstances occurred to the quick conception of our hero, and he determined to avail himself of this providential occasion.

In this he was incidentally greatly aided by the count himself, whose delirium had at length subsided into almost infantine weakness, from which he only awakened at intervals for a few moments. In one of these he alluded to the probability of his speedy dissolution, and, referring to the custom of the Turkish authorities of laying hold of the effects of deceased strangers, desired Knim to send in his name for the son of the American merchant immediately. On his arrival the count instructed him to draw up an instrument in writing, consigning the sole care and direction of transmitting his effects, among which were many valuable jewels, to his family in Hungary, to his servant Knim, whom he complimented in the warmest terms for his long and faithful services. He also made his will, in which he left Knim a handsome sum, and both papers were afterward duly authenticated by the American merchant, who was consul for the United States.

That night the count was overpowered with a more than ordinary degree of weakness and drowsiness, owing probably to his previous exertions. He sometimes fell into a doze, during which he muttered unintelligibly, and from which he would awake and stare around apparently almost without consciousness. The faithful Knim sat watching him alone till midnight came, when the count seemed to be sleeping more soundly than usual. He arose without making the least noise, he leant over the unconscious victim for one moment, then, with the quickness of lightning, placed his hand on his mouth while he planted his knee strongly in the pit of his stomach. The already waning and weakened energies of life yielded to this twofold assault, and the unfortunate count died without a struggle or a groan.

Having satisfied himself that life was forever extinguished, Knim suddenly uttered a great outcry which aroused the people in the house in which the count lodged, and then ran out to call the physician, an old Turk with a long beard, and his master's friend, the young American. "What!" said the physician, rubbing his eyes, "Is the infidel, thy master, dead? Mashallah! I thought he was recovering—his fever was gone, his pulse getting stronger, and every thing seemed going on very well. But there is no resisting one's destiny. Are you sure he is dead?" Knim gave the assurance. "Well, then, I can do him no good," and the doctor returned quietly to his couch. The American came in all haste, and seemed surprised at the suddenness of the event, concerning which he questioned Knim rather closely. But he had prepared his story, and his account was so natural as to quiet all but a latent suspicion which haunted the young man at intervals a considerable time afterward. He took an opportunity to examine the body, but life had been so easily extinguished that no mark of violence appeared.

The conduct of Knim subsequent to the death of the count was consummate. He spoke of his late master with the most profound respect and affection, and never mentioned him without tears in his eyes. He consulted the consul and his son on all occasions; asked their advice as to the most eligible mode of reaching Hungary, and especially whether it was not advisable to destroy the letters of credit lest they might chance to fall into the hands of improper persons. In short, the worthy old consul more than once observed to his son what a faithful creature he was, and the son almost became a convert to his opinion. All things being in readiness, pursuant to the advice of the merchant, and of his own plans with which it exactly coincided, our hero embarked in a Greek vessel for Venice, whence he announced his intention of taking the most direct route to Hungary. His voyage was destitute of interest and adventure, and his stay at Venice short. He neither renewed his acquaintance with any of his former associates, or inquired for his father and mother, as a renewal of their acquaintance might interfere with the success of a magnificent plan he had now brought to maturity. It was perhaps as well that his curiosity remained so quiescent, since he would merely have learned that Signor Trau had been sentenced to the galleys for life, and the signora to the penitentiary till she reformed, which was equivalent to the same fate with her husband. Knim remained incog. at Venice, traveled incog., not toward Hungary but Paris, by a circuitous and unfrequented route, and suddenly burst upon the Parisian world as Count Maximilian Schinschlinger, a wealthy maghar of the kingdom of Hungary, which, to the people of Paris, is pretty nearly out of the world. Nor was he without credentials to establish his claim to this distinction. He had the count's cabinet of letters, his jewels, and his bills of credit. What could such a clever fellow require more to establish his identity? Nobody doubts a man's pretensions until he is fairly convicted of being without money. Nor was he so imprudent as

might be imagined at first view in choosing Paris for his debut. He had calculated pretty exactly the time it would take for the news of the count's death to travel to the remote eastern borders of Hungary, if it traveled there at all; the time his friends would wait patiently for his own arrival, allowing for accidental detention, and the time which would probably elapse in tracing him to Paris. Knim was not one of that numerous class of vulgar rogues whose plans are always out at the elbows somewhere, and whose exploits so often exhibit such a mixture of consummate art and consummate folly. He always calculated the chances, and if there was one in a hundred against him, abandoned the game. On such strong grounds as these he ventured boldly in the face of the world, and his first step was to avail himself to the full benefit of his letter of credit. This he presented to the banker, at the same time handing two or three of the more recent letters from the cabinet of the count, and placing some of the most valuable of that nobleman's jewels in his hands, not as security but for safe keeping. The banker, without the least suspicion, gave him what money he asked, and credited him for the remainder. The count then launched his barque boldly into the current, and had for some months been gradually ascending the firmament of fashion, when he met the son of our old acquaintance, Mr. Mervin, with whom he cultivated an intimacy for reasons which will hereafter appear.

We will now return to the new world, and see what had happened during the absence of Mr. Gilbert Mervin, the younger.

We have premised that the family spent much of their time in the country. Mr. Mervin was fond of ease and quiet, and his wife had no objection, for she had rivals in the city, whereas in the retired neighborhood where they resided she was incontestably lady of the ascendant. Nor had Georgiana any decided dislike to a temporary eclipse which not only renewed her bloom, but added to her consequence. It was genteel to reside for several months out of town, and at a distance which clearly demonstrated that her papa had no notes to pay. We feel ourselves somewhat puzzled in attempting to introduce this young lady properly to our readers, for she was neither beautiful nor homely, sensible or foolish, accomplished or otherwise, amiable or ill-natured. There was nothing piquant about her, and yet when she was seen walking of a summer morning or evening, as she often might, under the broad shadows of the imperial elms that skirted the grassy margin of the little lake, there was that in her form and movements amply sufficient to set a country lad, of excitable feelings and somewhat poetical temperament, building castles in the air, as actually happened to the cost of poor Brooke Wingate.

Brooke was the son of a neighbor of Mr. Mervin, who, though possessed of a fine farm and out of debt, had no pretensions to any other distinction than that of being an honest and a worthy man. He certainly was no gentleman, that every body allowed; for he was often detected laboring in his own vineyard, and driving his own wagon to mill or market. Had it been only to church on Sunday, he might have been saved, but his case was now irretrievable. Brooke was educated at a neighboring academy, where he had cultivated that species of literature which appeals rather to the heart and the imagination than to the understanding, and was gifted by nature with a strong tendency to mental abstractions and depressions, occasionally lightened up by the scorching sunshine of a species of ideal enjoyment which, though he could not always command, generally came at his call. Altogether, he might be deemed a dangerous character; dangerous to others and doubly so to himself; for though his impulses were generally virtuous in their origin, they were apt to run into extremes that were almost certain, in the end, to destroy his own happiness and endanger that of others.

The two families were acquainted with each other, but did not visit, although Gilbert and Brooke had formed a sort of acquaintance incidentally, and the latter had sometimes been at Mr. Mervin's on some trifling occasion or other. Here he had seen Georgiana; nay, he had once spoken to her, and was answered in a voice so sweet to his ear that he went home and wrote a sonnet on the music of the spheres. Our readers may make a jest of this, but it was no joke to poor Brooke. His heart was tinder, but hitherto there had been no flint and steel to strike fire. In all the neighboring country round there was not a shepherdess or woodland nymph of sufficient refinement of manners, or cultivation of mind, to awaken the dormant energies of that smothered fire which awaited only the falling of a spark to light into a flame and become unextinguishable.

From that hour Brooke had a subject for his contemplation; a deity at whose shrine he could offer up his secret devotions in the solitude of his rambles, and in that ideal world which he had created by the power of his ardent, glowing imagination. Georgiana sometimes thought of him too, when, as often happens, the idleness of the hands gives employment to the heart, and activity to the fancy. Such a youth she thought might be a pleasant companion in the country, to visit her occasionally on rainy days, and accompany her on her rambles along the banks of the lake. To be sure, he was no gentleman, but she could not deny that, though, in the fashionable jargon, he wanted *tournure*, and was not dressed precisely in the newest fashion, he certainly possessed the air *distingué*; for he was somewhat above the middle size, extremely well made, and had that expression of face as well as that strange, indescribable, deep-seeking glance of the eye which it is dangerous for susceptible young women to encounter too frequently. There was, in truth, something excessively romantic about Brooke, and we leave our female readers to embody the phrase into any form they please.

They met two or three times by accident, after which they met frequently by design. They did not make assignations, but it soon came to be understood that Georgiana frequently walked on the banks of the little lake, and that Master Brooke was fond of fishing. In our system of philosophy, it is held to be impossible that such a state of things should not

produce certain consequences. Brooke was worth the glance of a lady's eye, especially when she had nothing but the beauties of nature to look at; he possessed both the gift of tongue and eye, with which he spoke several languages; and his strong excitable feelings often exhibited themselves in eloquent declamations, which, if not in strict unison with classical taste, exercised great power over the feelings and imagination of Georgiana. During the long summer there were seldom any visiters, for Mr. Mervin was a man of ease and disliked the trouble of entertaining company, of which they had quite enough in town to satisfy even his wife. Mrs. Mervin was not the most watchful of mothers, and Georgiana was permitted to go whither she pleased from a conviction that no harm could befall her in this quiet retreat, where neither turnpike, nor railroad, nor steamboat disturbed the peaceful inhabitants. This intercourse was not exactly clandestine, yet still there seemed a tacit understanding that secrecy was desirable. Georgiana knew it would not be approved by her parents, and Brooke was conscious that there was an inequality in their condition which precluded all probability that it would be tolerated if known. Georgiana at first considered his company as a pleasant relief from the tediousness of idleness and solitude; by degrees it became something like a want, and his absence caused an indescribable sort of uneasiness that was at first unaccountable, but by degrees became more easy of explanation. She began to fancy herself in love, and perhaps might have been a little so, for she often thought that if he were only a fashionable young gentleman, and had a little more *tournure*, she would actually like to unite her fate with his forever. But this was quite out of the question; and if she ever looked steadily to future consequences, her anticipations shadowed forth nothing but a vague and indefinite prospect that ended in nothing. As for poor Brooke, he was over head and ears, and his destiny was fixed for life. He had neither the resource of employment, dissipation, or splendid luxury, to fritter away his feelings, and dispute the empire of love in his heart. Georgiana had become his all in all. Present or absent, she occupied all his thoughts, absorbed all his wishes, and might be said to constitute his very being. He had not yet declared his passion, but a hundred little nothings had occurred between them, on which a mind like his could build a castle in the air, and from which it could draw ample nourishment for the most ardent hopes.

In the course of the second summer of this intercourse, Brooke was exceedingly disturbed by the intrusion of a pair of cousins, a brother and sister, who came to spend a few weeks, and relieve the solitude of Georgiana. This, of course, interrupted those walks which had long constituted his sole earthly enjoyment, and when he saw, as he often did, the idol of his soul walking arm and arm with her cousin, chatting, laughing, and sometimes romping in all the hilarity of youthful spirits, his heart curdled into the gall of bitterness, his blood boiled with mingled rage and jealousy, and his brain reeled with the intensity of his feelings. He watched for an opportunity of speaking to Georgiana, and at length succeeded. The sense of inferiority, mingled with the modest diffidence of true love, which had hitherto restrained his tongue, now yielded to more imperious impulses; he unfolded his heart—he detailed the state of his feelings—reproached her with cruelty in thus wounding his feelings with these exhibitions of familiarity with her cousin, and he ended by solemnly declaring that he would take the first opportunity to meet and insult him, let what might be the consequence. All this was spoken with an impetuous overbearing eloquence, such as strong passion alone inspires, and which weak minds can seldom resist. Georgiana trembled from apprehension of the consequences of this threatened encounter; she coaxed, soothed, and promised until she became unwarily entangled in engagements which could not be severed without a breach of faith, and the sacrifice of the happiness of another. Brooke at that moment tasted the full brimmed cup of happiness for the first and last time. Georgiana soon afterward returned with her cousin to town, previous to which she had another interview with Brooke, and, half in pity and half in apprehension of the consequences of leaving him unsatisfied, repeated those promises, and renewed those pledges which had once before stilled the boiling surges of his bosom.

We must now cross the seas once more—which is nothing now-a-days—and see what the illustrious maghar, Count Schinschlinger, the lion, has been doing all this while. It is sufficient for our purpose to say that the maghar figured in all but the diplomatic circles, which he did not much affect for reasons which will readily occur to the reader; that he supported his new dignity with equal spirit and propriety; and that he especially cultivated the acquaintance of Americans of distinction or respectability, and most especially of all, that of Mr. Gilbert Mervin. The count looked forward to the period when the friends of his deceased master would almost necessarily either hear of his death, or be induced to institute inquiries which might lead to a disagreeable result. That time was now approaching, and, like an experienced politician, he contemplated a change of position. His money, too, was melting away apace, and the moment approaching in which it might become necessary to replenish his purse. He had cultivated a friendship with Gilbert, who, like most of our countrymen, was extremely communicative on the subject of family affairs. He knew exactly what sort of people Mr. and Mrs. Mervin were; and, above all, he knew that Georgiana, her grandmother being dead, was an heiress, who, when she became of age, would be sole mistress of a very large fortune, which she might bestow on whom she pleased. This being explained, it will not appear at all surprising that, when the younger Mervin was called home by his father, he was equally surprised and delighted at the count proposing to accompany him. "I have seen all worth seeing in Europe," said the count—"I have visited the most interesting portions of Asia and Africa; I am tired of Paris, and nothing is left me but the new world."

His proposal was eagerly accepted; the count

drew the remnant of his funds from the banker, and, with his jewels and cabinet of letters, embarked for his new sphere of adventure in company with his friend. Gilbert was expected in autumn, and the family were all assembled in town to meet him and his illustrious friend, the lion. Mr. Mervin preserved his usual equanimity; Mrs. Mervin was rather in a fidget to know what the count would think of Georgiana, and Georgiana, who had received from her brother the most flaming description of the count's person, manners, and castles in Hungary, sympathized deeply in her mother's feelings. She had mustered her forces, purchased the most becoming dresses, and summoned all the airs and graces to her aid; while at that very moment poor Brooke Wingate was dwelling on her image with an intensity of devotion which, as she never felt herself, she could not comprehend in others.

The count came—we will not say saw and conquered—but certainly made a most favorable impression on both mother and daughter. His face was ever expressive; his figure unobjectionable; his manners polished; and his conversation peculiarly lively and entertaining, being, however, rather derived from his observation than his reading. In the course of the winter he became the decided lion of the fashionable world; his taste and skill in music; the variety of languages at his command; the extent and intimacy of his acquaintance with foreign countries; his title, and the unpretending modesty with which he bore it, all combined to complete one of the best specimens of a lion ever offered for exhibition in this New World. Though he was the farthest of any man living from boasting of these advantages, which, as he frequently observed, were the mere accidents of fortune, yet he would sometimes adroitly cause himself to be questioned by Georgiana or her mother on the subject of his family affairs. Then he would, in the most self-denying manner, casually allude to his descent from the ancient kings of Hungary, his seven castles, and his thousands of serfs, whom he could sell at pleasure. Mrs. Mervin actually got the fidgets, and Georgiana, alas! she forgot poor Brooke, or remembered him only as a country lad who had whilom assisted her to pass her time in the country, and resigned herself to the happy vision which now danced before her imagination. To be a countess, the wife of a man descended from King Stephen Battori; mistress of as many castles as Corporal Trim's King of Bohemia, and ten thousand slaves! what woman in her senses could resist such attractions? Yet, to do Georgiana justice, a growing preference for the count's person, manners and accomplishments, most especially his music, mingled with the fascinations of his worldly advantages The count had studied the art of love in a Venetian gondola, under the most consummate masters, and soon made the fearful homage of Brooke Wingate appear like that of a savage offering incense to his barbarous idol. We have not space to enter into all the refined minutiæ of this adept, or to detail the manner in which he spun his web and caught his fly. It is enough for our purpose to record the result. The count one day cast himself, his seven castles and his ten thousand vassals at the feet of Georgiana, and all were accepted with the most gracious condescension. For reasons which he did not choose to diclose, the count urged on his marriage; produced such of the contents of the cabinet as, reinforced by his jewels, removed all doubts of his claim to be what he assumed, and in a short time the fashionable world was electrified with envy at the annunciation of the marriage of the Illustrious Count Schinschlinger, and his long pedigree, with Miss Georgiana Mervin. She was the happiest woman in the world, except, perhaps, Mrs. Mervin, who gloried in being the mother-in-law of a count, even more than Georgiana did in being his wife.

A few days after this glorification of the house of Mervin, the elder Mr. Wingate was sitting by a rousing fire, reading a newspaper, while his good wife was at her evening occupation of knitting, and Brooke luxuriating in the Fool's Paradise, or the lover's limbo of delusive hope and empty anticipations. The wintry winds roared in the chimney-tops; the snow beat against the windows till they rattled; and the dreary comfortless scene without made that within more dear to the hearts by which it was enjoyed. Ever and anon, when the old man came to a murder, an abduction, or a robbery, he read it aloud to his wife, who would wonder and admire at the wickedness of the world. As to Brooke, he neither heard the roaring of the storm nor the wonders of the newspaper. He was weaving a delicious romance, which he had just brought to the happy conclusion of a marriage, with the consent of all parties, when he was roused by the following words from his father—

"Why Brooke, only think, Miss Mervin I see is just married;" and he read the annunciation aloud, as a piece of news that was not particularly interesting, for neither himself nor his wife had the least suspicion of the dagger which had at that moment entered into the heart of their son, until he suddenly started up, and rushed bare headed out into the merciless storm without uttering a word. The old man followed him to the outer door as fast as his age would permit, but he had disappeared in the mists of snow, and it was in vain to follow. The father, who was at this time aided by the mother, called aloud, but received no answer, and returned to the now desolate fireside to talk, and to ponder over the strange conduct of their son. It was vain to follow him, for none knew which way he went, and the evening which had commenced so cheerily was followed by a night of dismal apprehensions.

The next morning search was made, and Brooke at length tracked to a barn, whither, after wandering about for hours in the bitter storm, he had instinctively sought shelter. The blow had been so sudden and so heavy, that it reached his brain like a flash of lightning, and in an instant shattered it forever. His reason was utterly, yet not irretrievably deranged, nor was the derangement accompanied by either raving or violence. It was moody, silent and submissive. He suffered himself to be led quietly home; appeared to recognize his parents; seated himself quietly in the [illegible]ney corner, and seemed insensible to all that was

passing around him. Thus he continued until the spring came, the grass grew green, the flowers bloomed and the birds sang. He would then every day wander along the banks of the lake until he was weary, and then sit down under a spreading elm, where he had often sat with Georgiana. Whether this was from some vague, indistinct recollection of the past, or the mere effect of habit, it is impossible to say. He occasionally exhibited glimpses of reason, and would enter into conversation on ordinary subjects with those he had formerly known, from which, however, he soon wandered away to others having no connection whatever with what preceded. It was in this way that, meeting Mr. Mervin's gardener one morning, some little gossip took place, and he learned that Georgiana and her husband were expected every hour. On receiving this information he started abruptly away toward the lake, and his body was found next morning, entangled in the roots of an old tree that projected into the water.

At the moment this discovery was made, two splendid equipages came prancing along the road, which ran close to the border of the lake, and those within, seeing the crowd that had gathered together, stopped to inquire the occasion. On learning the fate of poor Brooke, a lady, seated beside a gentleman in one of the carriages, suddenly uttered a scream and grasped him convulsively by the arm. The gentleman tenderly inquired what was the matter, and was answered —"Nothing—nothing—only I never could bear the sight of a dead body." The cavalcade passed on and alighted at the door of Mr. Mervin's mansion.

The Countess Schinschlinger had received a thorn in her heart. It was neither very tender nor very susceptible of retaining deep impressions. But the most indurated heart can feel remorse; and when she learned, as she did too soon for her peace of mind, the details of the progress of poor Brooke's madness, with its final catastrophe, she felt he had died at her hands, and that she had murdered him. This conviction effectually poisoned her present happiness, and obscured all her anticipations founded on the splendors of her rank and fortune. But this dream was about to close in waking disappointment and misery.

The son of the American merchant at Smyrna was a nephew of Mrs. Mervin, and being now on a visit to his native country, had just arrived at a distant port, whence he immediately wrote to his uncle Mr. Mervin, who cordially invited him to visit his house in the country. The invitation was accepted, and the young man arrived while Georgiana and the count were absent, on an excursion of several days. His good aunt, who was always full of Georgiana's great marriage, had hardly welcomed him when she began to dilate on the glories of Count Schinschlinger.

"Count who?" exclaimed the gentleman, rather abruptly, and suddenly fell into a train of reflection. He thought the name had once been familiar to him, and at length, by a process with which memory often works out her problems, recollected the Hungarian nobleman who had died at Smyrna so suddenly. "Is it possible," thought he, "that this can be his successor—or—hum—" His cogitations were suddenly arrested by the return of the count and countess, in the former of whom, notwithstanding the alteration of his dress, and an enormous appanage of whiskers, he instantly recognized the veritable Knim, the faithful servant of the Hungarian maghar. The Lion of the West remembered him too, and saw at once that he was recognized. He started, turned pale, and almost ran out of the room, so quick was his pace. Even Mrs. Mervin, who generally knew every thing, did not know what to make of this curious introduction.

"Were you and the count previously acquainted?" she inquired rather anxiously.

"I have seen the gentleman before," replied he.

"The gentleman! don't you know he is a nobleman, and is called His Excellency? But where did you get acquainted—he never mentioned your name to me—but I suppose he did not know we were related."

"I imagine he had a better reason than that," said the gentleman dryly. "But, my dear aunt, I am very much fatigued, and should like to take a nap before tea. To-morrow you shall have the whole history, chapter and verse." Saying which, he retired rather unceremoniously, leaving the lady somewhat perplexed as well as offended.

The gentleman was still more perplexed as to the course it became him to pursue on this critical occasion. He considered that his cousin was married, and could not be unmarried again; that he had nothing but his own testimony to rely on, and that Knim, being doubtless in possession of the deceased count's papers, might apparently so substantiate his identity as to render his testimony either doubtful or altogether nugatory. But on the other hand, he could not endure the idea of his cousin resting quietly in the arms of a counterfeit swindler, and, as he now believed, murderer. He determined, therefore, to beard the count next morning, and tell the whole story. But that illustrious lion saved him the trouble. He did not make his appearance that evening, being, as Georgiana announced, quite indisposed; and was missing the next morning. But he did not depart alone, or at least empty handed. He carried off all the jewels he had presented to Georgiana; all her own beside; and all the money she had in the gold purse he had presented her, together with the purse itself.

When Georgiana retired the previous evening, the count was absent, a circumstance she thought a little strange, as he was so indisposed. She waited for him some time, wondering what had become of him, but by degrees her anxiety, if it may be so called, yielding to weariness, she retired to rest, and slept undisturbed until the next morning. She then, finding the count still absent, and that he had not been at home during the night, immediately sounded the alarm. All was now confusion, doubt and dismay. Search was made in vain about the house and garden, and Georgiana, in an agony of apprehension, insisted that the horses should be saddled and the servants despatched in all directions in search of her husband, for she was sure something had happened to him. At this crisis, the young gentleman from Smyrna made his appearance, and requested to speak with Mr. Mer-

vin in private. Georgiana was more alarmed than ever; she was sure he had some terrible news of her husband, and insisted on its being instantly communicated to her.

"Calm yourself, my dear cousin; your husband is not dead, I assure you," said the young man.

"Then some dreadful accident has happened, I am sure, or he would not have been absent all night," replied she. "He must be seriously hurt—let me go to him instantly."

"I pledge you my honor he is not hurt."

"Then where is he—and what do you mean?

"My dear cousin, permit me to speak to my uncle alone."

"No—whatever you say, I must and will hear. I insist on your telling me all you know, and at once. I cannot bear this suspense, and I must inform you, sir, that I think your present conduct not only inexplicable but unfeeling."

"Well, then,"—and he hesitated a few moments—"well, you must know it soon, and the present time is perhaps as good as any other. Your husband, madam, is an impostor, a thief, and, as I believe, a murderer. He knows that I am acquainted with all this, and has fled from apprehension that I would unmask his villanies and bring him to punishment."

Georgiana neither screamed nor fainted, for her sensibilities were not very acute. But she was stunned by this startling annunciation, until pride, and perhaps a better feeling, confidence in her husband, prompted her to declare her utter disbelief in these terrible imputations. The young man, thus called upon to sustain his veracity, entered on a minute detail of all the transactions at Smyrna, as before related, and concluded by expressing his full belief that the count would never return. Georgiana still maintained his innocence, and insisted that he should be searched for every where; but Mr. Mervin now interfered and declared his conviction that her husband was an impostor and a villain. Georgiana retired with her mother, who sided with her on this occasion, and discovered, what she had overlooked before, that her jewels, her money, and her gold purse, had all disappeared with her husband. "The mean wretch, to rob me of my jewels!" exclaimed Georgiana; and for a time indignation triumphed over grief.

The illustrious maghar and lion never made his appearance again in the great menagerie of the New World. He had walked to the nearest town, whence he transported himself to the nearest seaport, where he dropped his title and remained incog. till an opportunity offered to embark for Leghorn. There he arrived in safety, and after due consideration proceeded to Venice. Here his adventures terminated. He entered on a course of life which finally brought him to the galleys, where he had the satisfaction of once more meeting his father, who reproached him for his neglect and want of filial duty in never seeking him. "But for all this," replied Knim, "you cannot deny that I am a dutiful son—I have followed in the footsteps of my father."

The catastrophe of the lion was hushed up, but soon got wind, and flew to the utmost extremities of the new world of fashion. Some declared they never could have believed that such an agreeable, elegant, accomplished man could be an impostor; while others, some how or other, always had a sort of suspicion he was not what he pretended to be. All this passed away as a nine days' wonder, and the example of disappointed vanity and humbled pride was soon forgotten by those whom it might perhaps have shielded from a similar fate. Neither mother nor daughter ever afterward figured in the fashionable world, but passed the remainder of their lives in a retirement they were not fitted to embellish or enjoy. Georgiana heard nothing more of the count, and remained a widowed wife with a living husband. She received no pleasure and derived no benefit from the beauties of nature around, for every object reminded her of the miserable youth with whose happiness she had trifled, whose mind she had destroyed, and whose life she had brought to an untimely end. She did not dare to go to church, for there she never failed to see the gray-headed parents of the youth, dressed in mourning, and, as her conscience whispered, accusing her at the bar of eternal justice as the murderess of their only child. Her mother was not one to whom she could look for parental consolation or rational advice; her father was too fond of his ease to interfere in the troubles of others; and her brother was a fashionable young gentleman in whiskers. Thus she continued to wear away a weary existence, accompanied indeed by no very acute suffering from the recollections of the past, but destitute of all those sources of consolation, those spiritual blessings that, while they light up the future with hope, atone for past transgressions. Georgiana deserved her fate, for she had sported with the happiness of others, and had no right to expect to enjoy it herself. Her husband was a thief and a murderer in the estimation of mankind, and she was little better in the eyes of her Maker. There was a sympathy in their minds, a unity in their fate; and no doubt their marriage was ordained for the punishment of their mutual offences.

SONNET TO THE OPAL.

Oh gem of beauty! borrowing from the day
All hues to crown thee in thy fleeting grace,
Why should a thought of sadness find a place
Where all is brilliant, beautiful and gay?
Thy sister gems endure, but thou dost feel
The touch of dissolution o'er thee steal,
Wasting thy brightness in a slow decay.

Thou art befitting type of human souls,
That in the cold, the glittering, dying dwell;
Whose hopes the present fills, whom sense controls,
And earth binds down with false, delusive spell;
Things that in use decay. Oh, changeful gem!
Passing, though fair, burning thyself away
While we bewildered gaze, thy likeness is to them!

E. O. S.

TERPSICHORE.*

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

In narrowest girdle, O reluctant Muse,
In closest frock and Cinderella shoes,
Bound to the foot-lights for thy brief display,
One zephyr step, and then dissolve away!

—

Short is the space that gods and men can spare
To Song's twin brother when she is not there,—
Let others water every lusty line,
As Homer's heroes did their purple wine,
Pierian revelers know in strains like these
The native juice, the real honest squeeze,—
Strains that, diluted to the twentieth power,
In yon grave temple† might have filled an hour.

Small room for Fancy's many chorded lyre,
For Wit's bright rockets with their trains of fire,
For Pathos, struggling vainly to surprise
The iron tutor's tear-denying eyes,
For Mirth, whose finger with delusive wile
Turns the grim key of many a rusty smile,
For Satire, emptying his corrosive flood
On hissing Folly's gas-exhaling brood,
The pun, the fun, the moral and the joke,
The hit, the thrust, the pugilistic poke,
Small space for these, so pressed by niggard time,
Like that false matron, known to nursery rhyme—
Insidious Morey—scarce her tale begun
Ere listening infants weep the story done.

O had we room to rip the mighty bags
That Time, the harlequin, has stuffed with rags!
Grant us one moment to unloose the strings,
While the old gray-beard shuts his leather wings.
But what a heap of motley trash appears
Crammed in the bundles of successive years,
As the lost rustic on some festal day
Stares through the concourse in its vast array,—
Where in one cake a throng of faces runs
All stuck together like a sheet of buns,—
And throws the bait of some unheeded name,
Or shoots a wink with most uncertain aim,
So roams my vision, wandering over all,
And strives to choose, but knows not where to fall.

Skins of flayed authors—husks of dead reviews—
The turn-coat's clothes—the office-seeker's shoes—
Scraps from cold feasts, where conversation runs
Through mouldy toasts to oxydated puns;
And husky songs a listening crowd endures,
Rasped from the throats of bellowing amatuers;
Sermons, whose writers played such dangerous ricks
Their own heresiarchs called them heretics,
(Strange that one term such distant poles should link,
The Priestleyan's copper and the Puseyan's zinc;)
Poems that shuffle with superfluous legs
A blindfold minuet over addled eggs,
Where all the syllables that end in 'ed,
Like old dragoons, have cuts across the head;
Essays so dark Champollion might despair
To guess what mummy of a thought was there,
Where our poor English, striped with foreign phrase,
Looks like a zebra in a parson's chaise;
Lectures that cut our dinners down to roots,
Or prove (by monkeys) men should stick to fruits;
Delusive error—as at trifling charge
Professor Gripes will demonstrate at large—
Mesmeric pamphlets which to facts appeal,
Each fact as slippery as a fresh caught eel,
And figured heads, whose hieroglyphs invite
To wandering knaves that discount fools at sight;
Such things as these, with heaps of unpaid bills,
And candy puffs and homœopathic pills,
And ancient bell crowns with contracted rim,
And bonnets hideous with expanded brim,
And coats whose memory turns the sartor pale,
Their sequels tapering like a lizard's tail;
How might we spread them to the smiling day
And toss them, fluttering like the new mown hay,
To laughter's light or sorrow's pitying shower,
Were these brief minutes lengthened to an hour.

The narrow moments fit like Sunday shoes,
How vast the heap, how quickly must we choose;
A few small scraps from out his mountain mass
We snatch in haste, and let the vagrant pass.

This shrunken crust that Cerberus could not bite,
Stamped (in one corner) "Pickwick copyright,"
Kneaded by youngsters, raised by flattery's yeast,
Was once a loaf and helped to make a feast.
He for whose sake the glittering show appears
Has sown the world with laughter and with tears,
And they whose welcome wets the bumper's brim
Have wit and wisdom—for they all quote him.
So, many a tongue the evening hour prolongs
With spangled speeches—let alone the songs—
Statesmen grow merry, young attorneys laugh,
And weak teetotals warm to half and half,
And beardless Tulleys, new to festive scenes,
Cut their first crop of youth's precocious greens,
And wits stand ready for impromptu claps,
With loaded barrels and percussion caps,
And Pathos, cantering through the minor keys,
Waves all her onions to the trembling breeze,
While the great Feasted views with silent glee
His scattered limbs in Yankee fricassee.

Sweet is the scene where genial friendship plays
The pleasing game of interchanging praise;
Self-love, grimalkin of the human heart,
Is ever pliant to the master's art;
Soothed with a word, she peacefully withdraws
And sheaths in velvet her obnoxious claws,
And thrills the hand that smooths her glossy fur
With the light tremor of her grateful pur.

But what sad music fills the quiet hall
If on her back a feline rival fall,
And oh, what noises shake the tranquil house
If old Self-interest cheats her of a mouse!

Thou, O my country, hast thy foolish ways,
Too apt to pur at every stranger's praise,
But if the stranger touch thy modes or laws
Off goes the velvet and out come the claws!

* Read at the Annual Dinner of the P. B. K. Society, at Cambridge, August 24, 1843.

† The true Annual Poem is always delivered in the neighboring church.

And thou, Illustrious! but too poorly paid
In toasts from Pickwick for thy great crusade,
Though while the echoes labored with thy name
The public trap denied thy little game,
Let other lips our jealous laws revile—
The marble Talfourd or the rude Carlyle—
But on thy lids, that Heaven forbids to close
Where'er the light of kindly nature glows,
Let not the dollars that a churl denies
Weigh like the shillings on a dead man's eyes!
Or, if thou wilt, be more discreetly blind,
Nor ask to see all wide extremes combined;
Not in our wastes the dainty blossoms smile
That crowd the gardens of thy scanty isle,—
There white-cheek'd luxury weaves a thousand charms,
Here sun-browned labor swings his Cyclop arms,
Long are the furrows he must trace between
The ocean's azure and the prairies green,
Full many a blank his destined realm displays,
Yet see the promise of his riper days,—
Far through yon depths the panting engine moves
His chariots ringing in their steel-shod grooves,
And Erie's naiad flings her diamond wave
O'er the wild sea-nymph in her distant cave!
While tasks like these employ his anxious hours,
What if his corn-fields are not edged with flowers?
Though bright as silver the meridian beams
Shine through the crystal of thine English streams,
Turbid and dark the mighty wave is whirled
That drains our Andes and divides a world!*

But lo! a PARCHMENT!† surely it would seem
The sculptured impress speaks of power supreme,
Some grave design the solemn page must claim
That shows so broadly an emblazoned name—
A sovereign's promise! Look, the lines afford
All Honor gives when Caution asks his word,
There sacred Faith has laid her snow-white hands
And awful Justice knit his iron bands,
Yet every leaf is stained with treachery's dye
And every letter crusted with a lie.
Alas! no treason has degraded yet
The Arab's salt, the Indian's calumet,
A simple rite that bears the wanderer's pledge,
Blunts the keen shaft and turns the dagger's edge,
While jockeying senates stop to sign and seal,
And freeborn statesmen legislate to steal.
Rise, Europe, tottering with thine Atlas load,
Turn thy proud eye to Freedom's blest abode,
And round her forehead, wreathed with heavenly flame,
Bind the dark garland of her daughter's shame!
Ye ocean clouds that wrap the angry blast,
Coil her stained ensign round its haughty mast,
Or tear the fold that wears so foul a scar,
And drive a bolt through every blackened star!

Once more—once only—we must stop so soon—
What have we here? A GERMAN-SILVER SPOON—
A cheap utensil which we often see
Used by the dabblers in æsthetic tea,
Of slender fabric, somewhat light and thin,
Made of mixed metal, chiefly lead and tin;
The bowl is shallow and the handle small,
Marked in large letters with the name JEAN PAUL.

Small as it is, its powers are passing strange,
For all who use it show a wondrous change;
And first, a fact to make the barbers stare,
It beats Macassar for the growth of hair;
See those small youngsters whose expansive ears
Maternal kindness grazed with frequent shears;
Each bristling crop a dangling mass becomes,
And all the spoonies turn to Absaloms!
Nor this alone its magic power displays,
It alters strangely all their works and ways,
With uncouth words they tire their tender lungs,
The same bald phrases on their hundred tongues;
"Ever" "The Ages" in their page appear,
"Alway" the bedlamite is called a "Seer,"
On every leaf the "earnest" sage may scan,
Portentous bore! their "many-sided" man,—
A weak eclectic, groping, vague and dim,
Whose every angle is a half-starved whim,
Blind as a mole and curious as a lynx,
Who rides a beetle which he calls a "Sphinx."
And O what questions asked in club-foot rhyme
Of Earth the tongueless and the deaf mute time!
Here babbling "Insight" shouts in Nature's ears
His last conundrum on the orbs and spheres,
There Self-inspection sucks its little thumb,
With "Whence am I?" and "Wherefore did I come?"
Deluded infants! will they ever know
Some doubts must darken o'er the world below,
Though all the Platos of the nursery trail
Their "clouds of glory" at the go-cart's tail?
O might they profit by these trivial lines
That rank their author with the "Philistines,"
A stubborn race, that spurning foreign law
Was much belabored with an ass's jaw!

Melodious Laura!* From the sad retreats
That hold thee, smothered with excess of sweets,
Shade of a shadow, spectre of a dream,
Glance thy wan eye across the Stygian stream!
The slip-shod dreamer treads thy fragrant halls,
The sophist's cobwebs hang thy rosate walls,
And o'er the crotchets of thy jingling tunes
The bard of mystery scrawls his crooked "runes."

Yes, thou art gone, with all the tuneful hordes
That candied thoughts in amber-colored words,
And in the precincts of thy late abodes
The clattering verse-wright hammers Orphic odes.

Thou, soft as zephyr, wast content to fly
On the gilt pinions of a balmy sigh;
He, vast as Phœbus on his burning wheels,
Would stride through ether at Orion's heels;
Thy emblem, Laura, was a perfume jar,
And thine, young Orpheus, is a pewter star;
The balance trembles, be its verdict told,
When the new jargon slumbers with the old!

—

Cease, playful goddess! From thine airy bound
Drop like a feather softly to the ground;
This light bolero grows a ticklish dance,
And there is mischief in thy kindling glance.
To-morrow bids thee, with rebuking frown,
Change thy gauze tunic for a home-made gown,
Too blest by fortune, if the passing day
Adorn thy bosom with its frail bouquet,
But oh, still happier if the next forgets
Thy daring steps and dangerous pirouettes.

* A recent traveler complained a good deal of the want of transparency in the waters of the Mississippi.

† It is said by mercantile men that this is not the material used for the *State bonds*, supposed to be referred to in this passage.

* The verses of Laura Matilda are still remembered by the readers of the "Rejected Addresses."

MY ONE ADVENTURE AS A BRIGAND.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I was standing in a hostelry, at Geneva, making a bargain with an Italian for a place in a return carriage to Florence, when an Englishman, who had been in the same steamer with me on Lake Leman, the day before, came in and stood listening to the conversation. We had been the only two passengers on board, but had passed six hours in each other's company without speaking. The road to an Englishman's friendship is to have shown yourself perfectly indifferent to his acquaintance, and, as I liked him from the first, we were now ready to be conscious of each other's existence.

"I beg pardon," said he, advancing in a pause of the vetturino's oration, "will you allow me to engage a place with you? I am going to Florence, and, if agreeable to you, we will take the carriage to ourselves."

I agreed very willingly, and in two hours we were free of the gates of Geneva, and keeping along the edge of the lake in the cool twilight of one of the loveliest of Heaven's summer evenings. The carriage was spaciously contrived for four; and, with the curtains up all around, our feet on the forward seat, my companion smoking, and conversation bubbling up to please itself, we rolled over the smooth road, gliding into the first chapter of our acquaintance as tranquilly as Geoffrey Crayon and his reader into the first chapter of any thing he has written.

My companion (Mr. St. John Elmslie, as put down in his passport,) seemed to have something to think of besides propitiating my good will, but he was considerate and winning, from evident high breeding, and quite open, himself, to my most scrutinizing study. He was about thirty, and, without any definite beauty, was a fine specimen of a man. Probably most persons would have called him handsome. I liked him better, probably, from the subdued melancholy with which he brooded on his secret thought, whatever it might be—sad men, in this world of boisterous gayety or selfish ill-humor, interesting me always.

From that something, on which his memory fed in quiet but constant reverie, nothing aroused my companion except the passing of a traveling carriage, going in the other direction, on our own arrival at an inn. I began to suspect, indeed, after a little while, that Elmslie had some understanding with our vetturino, for, on the approach of any vehicle of pleasure, our horses became restive, and, with a sudden pull-up, stood directly across the way. Out jumped my friend to assist in controlling the restive animals, and, in the five minutes during which the strangers were obliged to wait, we generally saw their heads once or twice thrust inquiringly from the carriage window. This done, our own vehicle was again wheeled about, and the travelers allowed to proceed.

We had arrived at Bologna with but one interruption to the quiet friendliness of our intercourse. Apropos of some vein of speculation, I had asked my companion if he were married. He was silent for a moment, and then, in a jocose tone of voice, which was new to me, replied, "I believe I have a wife—somewhere in Scotland." But though Elmslie had determined to show me that he was neither annoyed nor offended at my inquisitiveness, his manner changed. He grew ceremonious. For the remainder of that day, I felt uncomfortable, I scarce knew why; and I silently determined that if my friend continued so exceedingly well-bred in his manner for another day, I should find an excuse for leaving him at Bologna.

But we had left Bologna, and, at sunset of a warm day, were slowly toiling up the Apennines. The inn to which we were bound was in sight, a mile or two above us, and, as the vetturino stopped to breathe his horses, Elmslie jumped from the carriage and started to walk on. I took advantage of his absence to stretch myself over the vacated cushions, and, on our arrival at the inn, was soundly asleep.

My friend's voice, in an unusual tone, awoke me, and, by his face, as he looked in at the carriage window, I saw that he was under some extraordinary excitement. This I observed by the light of the stable-lantern—for the hostelry, Italian fashion, occupied the lower story of the inn, and our carriage was driven under the archway, where the faint light from without made but little impression on the darkness. I followed Elmslie's beckoning finger, and climbing after him up the stairway of stone, stood in a large refectory occupying the whole of the second story of the building.

At the first glance I saw that there was an English party in the house. An Italian inn of the lower order has no provision for private parties, and few, except English, travelers object to joining the common evening meal. The hall was dark with the twilight, but a large curtain was suspended across the farther extremity, and, by the glimmer of lights, and an occasional sound of a knife, a party was within supping in silence.

"If you speak, speak in Italian," whispered Elmslie, taking me by the arm, and leading me on tiptoe to one of the corners of the curtain.

I looked in and saw two persons seated at a table—a bold and soldierly looking man of fifty, and a young lady, evidently his daughter. The beauty of the last mentioned person was so extraordinary that I nearly

committed the indiscretion of an exclamation in English. She was slight, but of full and well-rounded proportions, and she sat and moved with an eminent grace and lady-like-ness altogether captivating. Though her face expressed a settled sadness, it was of unworn and faultless youth and loveliness, and while her heavily fringed eyes would have done, in their expression, for a Niobe, Hebe's lips were not more ripe, nor Juno's arched more proudly. She was a blonde, with eyes and eyelashes darker than her hair—a kind of beauty almost peculiar to England.

The passing in of a tall footman, in a plain livery of gray, interrupted my gaze, and Elmslie drew me away by the arm, and led me into the road in front of the Locanda. The night had now fallen, and we strolled up and down in the glimmer of the starlight. My companion was evidently much disturbed, and we made several turns after I had seen very plainly that he was making up his mind to communicate to me the secret.

"I have a request to make of you," he said, at last; "a service to exact, rather, to which there were no hope that you would listen for a moment if I did not first tell you a very singular story. Have a little patience with me and I will make it as brief as I can—the briefer, that I have no little pain in recalling it with the distinctness of description."

I expressed my interest in all that concerned my new friend, and begged him to go on.

"Hardly six years ago," said Elmslie, pressing my arm gently in acknowledgment of my sympathy, "I left college and joined my regiment, for the first time, in Scotland. By the way, I should re-introduce myself to you as Viscount S——, of the title of which, then, I was in prospect. My story hinges somewhat upon the fact that, as an honorable captain, a nobleman in expectancy, I was an object of some extraneous interest to the ladies who did the flirting for the garrison. God forgive me for speaking lightly on the subject!

"A few evenings after my arrival, we had been dining rather freely at mess, and the major announced to us that we were invited to take tea with a linen-draper, whose house was a popular resort of the officers of the regiment. The man had three or four daughters, who, as the phrase goes, 'gave you a great deal for your money," and, for romping and frolicking, they had good looks and spirit enough. The youngest was really very pretty, but the eldest, to whom I was exclusively presented by the major, as a sort of quiz on a newcomer, was a sharp and sneering old maid, red-headed, freckled and somewhat lame. Not to be outdone in frolic by my persecutor, I commenced making love to Miss Jacky in mock-heroics, and we were soon marching up and down the room, to the infinite entertainment of my brother officers, lavishing on each other every possible term of endearment.

"In the midst of this, the major came up to me with rather a serious face.

"'Whatever you do,' said he, 'for God's sake don't call the old girl your wife. The joke might be serious.'

"It was quite enough that I was desired not to do any thing in the reign of misrule then prevailing. I immediately assumed a connubial air, to the best of my dramatic ability, begged Miss Jacky to join me in the frolic, and made the rounds of the room, introducing the old girl as Mrs. Elmslie, and receiving from her quite as many tendernesses as were bearable by myself or the company present. I observed that the lynx-eyed linen-draper watched this piece of fun very closely, and my friend, the major, seemed distressed and grave about it. But we carried it out till the party broke up, and the next day the regiment was ordered over to Ireland, and I thought no more, for awhile, either of Miss Jacky or my own absurdity.

"Two years afterward, I was, at a drawing-room at St. James's, presented, for the first time, by the name which I bear. It was not a very agreeable event to me, as our family fortunes were inadequate to the proper support of the title, and on the generosity of a maternal uncle, who had been at mortal variance with my father, depended our hopes of restoration to prosperity. From the mood of bitter melancholy in which I had gone through the ceremony of an introduction, I was aroused by the murmur in the crowd at the approach of a young girl just presented to the king. She was following a lady whom I slightly knew, and had evidently been presented by her; and, before I had begun to recover from my astonishment at her beauty, I was requested by this lady to give her *protégé* an arm and follow to a less crowded apartment of the palace.

"Ah, my friend! the exquisite beauty of Lady Melicent—but you have seen her. She is here, and I must fold her in my arms to-night, or perish in the attempt.

"Pardon me!" he added, as I was about to interrupt him with an explanation. "She has been—she is—my wife! She loved me and married me, making life a heaven of constant ecstasy—for I whorshiped her with every fibre of my existence."

He paused and gave me his story brokenly, and I waited for him to go on without questioning.

"We had lived together in absolute and unclouded happiness for eight months, in lover-like seclusion at her father's house, and I was looking forward to the birth of my child with anxiety and transport, when the death of my uncle left me heir to his immense fortune, and I parted from my greater treasure to go and pay the fitting respect at his burial.

"I returned, after a week's absence, with an impatience and ardor almost intolerable, and found the door closed against me.

"There were two letters for me at the porter's lodge—one from Lord A——, my wife's father, informing me that the Lady Melicent had miscarried and was dangerously ill, and enjoining upon me, as a man of honor and delicacy, never to attempt to see her again, and another from Scotland, claiming a fitting support for my lawful wife, the daughter of the linen-draper. The proofs of the marriage, duly sworn to and certified by the witnesses of my fatal frolic, were enclosed, and on my recovery, six weeks after, from the delirium into which these multiplied horrors

precipitated me, I found that, by the Scotch law, the first marriage was valid, and my ruin was irrevocable."

"And how long since was this?" I inquired, breaking in upon his narration for the first time.

"A year and a month—and till to-night I have not seen her. But I must break through this dreadful separation now—and I must speak to her, and press her to my breast—and you will aid me?"

"To the last drop of my blood, assuredly. But how?"

"Come to the inn! You have not supped, and we will devise as you eat. And you must lend me your invention, for my heart and brain seem to me going wild."

Two hours after, with a pair of loaded pistols in my breast, we went to the chamber of the host, and bound him and his wife to the posts of their bed. There was but one man about the house, the hostler, and we had made him intoxicated with our traveling flask of brandy. Lord A—— and his daughter were still sitting up, and she, at her chamber window, was watching the just risen moon, over which the clouds were drifting very rapidly. Our business was, now, only with them, as, in their footman, my companion had found an attached creature, who remembered him and willingly agreed to offer no interruption.

After taking a pull at the brandy-flask myself, (for, in spite of my blackened face and the slouched hat of the hostler, I required some fortification of the muscles of my face before doing violence to an English nobleman,) I opened the door of the chamber which must be passed to gain access to that of Lady Melicent. It was Lord A——'s sleeping-room, and, though the light was extinguished, I could see that he was still up, and sitting at the window. Turning my lantern inward, I entered the room and set it down, and, to my relief, Lord A—— soliloquized, in English, that it was the host with a hint that it was time to go to bed. My friend was at the door, according to my arrangement, ready to assist me should I find any difficulty; but, from the dread of premature discovery of his person, he was to let me manage it alone if possible.

Lord A—— sat unsuspectingly in his chiar, with his head turned half way over his shoulder to see why the officious host did not depart. I sprung suddenly upon him, drew him backward and threw him on his face, and, with my hand over his month, threatened him with death, in my choicest Italian, if he did not remain passive till his portmanteau had been looked into. I thought he might submit with the idea that it was only a robbery, and so it proved. He allowed me, after a short struggle, to tie his hands behind him, and march him down to his carriage, before the muzzle of my pistol. The hostelry was still as death, and, shutting his carriage door upon his lordship, I mounted guard.

The night seemed to me very long, but morning dawned, and, with the earliest gray, the postilions came knocking at the outer door of the Locanda. My friend went out to them, while I marched back Lord A—— to his chamber, and, by immense bribing, the horses were all put to our carriage a half hour after, and the outraged nobleman was left without the means of pursuit till their return. We reached Florence in safety, and pushed on immediately to Leghorn, where we took the steamer for Marseilles and eluded arrest, very much to my most agreeable surprise.

By a Providence that does not always indulge mortals with removing those they wish in another world, Lord S—— has lately been freed from his harrowing chain by the death of his so-called lady; and, having re-married Lady Melicent, their happiness is renewed and perfect. In his letter to me, announcing it, he gives me liberty to tell the story, as the secret was divulged to Lord A—— on the day of his second nuptials. He said nothing, however, of his lordship's forgiveness for my rude handling of his person, and, in ceasing to be considered a brigand, possibly I am responsible as a gentleman.

AN AUTUMNAL DAY.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Now shines the sun, and sheds a thousand rays,
And o'er the variegated foliage plays,
And sparkles o'er the bosom of yon stream,
Which mirrors back its bright effulgent beam.
A golden tint, a tender, trembling green,
With sombre brown, amid the leaves are seen,
Myriads of insects ply their tiny wings,
And many a bird its cheerful carol sings,
The fruitful fields and azure skies rejoice,
And homage pay to Nature, while the voice
Of gladness issues forth from bush and brake
Where nested choristers sweet music make;
All, all is gay—whatever meets the sight
Fills the rapt mind with visions of delight.

But soon a cloud obscures the sun's bright face,
Dark and more dark it grows, until we trace,
Through its opaqueness, scarce a lurid ray
To mark the progress of the King of Day;
And even that lingering ray its beauty shrouds
And yields in terror to a host of clouds.
The winds in fitful gusts menace the trees,
Which bend their branches to the angry breeze
That strews their leafy honors to the ground,
And sends them eddying with the dust around.
Swift from the skies descends a whelming shower,
The dense and drifting clouds portentous lower,
Wrapping the landscape in a fearful gloom,
While Nature seems to mourn o'er Summer's tomb.

Meet emblem of man's life—this Autumn Day!
Its morn all brilliant, as the solar ray,
Elate with youth, by smiling Hope led on,
Ere morn hath passed, behold its brightness gone,
Each fair illusion Fancy's touch portrayed
Faded forever from the dupe they made,
While sage Experience, pointing to the past,
Warns that new joys will vanish like the last;
Experience—monitress whose truth none own
Till happiness and hope themselves have flown.
Then Evening comes, sad type of deeper gloom,
Whose dark perspective shows the opening tomb;
Oh! may it find us waiting calm, resigned,
The inevitable lot of human kind.

A CONTRAST.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

THE contrasts and disparities of life beset us at every step. We are startled by them, and we try to soften the pain they produce by the reflection that the inner does not answer to the outer world, by repeating, as we survey the gorgeous pomps and pampering luxuries that surround one condition, "all is not gold that glitters," and saying to the "meagre lead" of the patient poor "here I choose!" And when the case is beyond this trite aphoristic comfort, our faith lays hold on the reverses of another life to solve the mysteries of this. Still there is an unsolved mystery after all that observation, reason and hope have done to aid us. The distance between man and man is frightful, even in the most favored parts of our favored country, where the institutions of government and the habits of society do what they can to equalize condition. The scale does not run quite so high nor so low here as in the old world, where art is chained to the car of the rich and high-born, and industry and ingenuity exhaust their power to satisfy wants happily unknown to us. But here some are born to affluence, to moral training and virtuous restraint, while others inherit poverty and vice, and all manner of abjectness. Some are endowed with an intelligence that ensures them progress; they are forever mounting upward on untiring wings, all life is bright to them. Others are imbecile from their births, feebly struggling, always disheartened, clogs to others and burdens to themselves. One, with strong muscles and elastic step, bounds onward, while a brother, heavily following on his crutch, gazes after him with a misty eye. One sister has an eye that can look at the sun, and another sits in darkness which the sun never enlightens, and so it goes—the shades of being are infinite.

We cannot envy those who are unconscious of these contrasts, or insensible to them; and to those who are too sensitive to them we would recommend, instead of letting their sympathies run into repining, and despondency, to convert them into means of lessening these disparities into smiles, and gentle words, and kind deeds—into the generous concession of their own privileges to the wants of others. The experiment of extracting sun-beams from cucumbers failed in the physical world, but in the moral world there is no material too stubborn to produce them, and no limit to their production—if we set about their manufacture in the right way. I made a short excursion up the Hudson, the other day, with a friend who has a kind of instinct for this manufacture. He is no political haranguer—he is no agrarian, nor transcendentalist, nor partisan of Fourier—he is not even a professor of any of the noted philanthropies, but the seeds of whatever is best in their theories were sown in his nature, and, with some resemblance to what happens in the vegetable world, where, from the seeds deep laid in the earth's bosom, one set of productions follows another, so with him in the progression of years and occasions, comes the virtue suited to them. There is an ease and grace in his virtue that marks its origin. The arts of education produce, after all, but a clumsy imitation of that which the breath of the Almighty infuses. The goodness of rule and training and effort is very serviceable, but it is but an artificial light which may go out at any moment, and, at best, enlightens but a small and limited sphere, while a ray from the central sun is ever burning and all penetrating. But it was not with the intention of eulogizing my friend that I began, but to record one of those strong contrasts in life, which we observed together. We were on our way to visit a friend, who has one of the loveliest villas on the river. We had left dear friends who were impatient for our return, and we felt that agreeable kind of self-consequence natural to those who leave behind, and go to something kinder than the kindest welcome of an inn. It was not a genial afternoon. The cold north wind came gustily down the river, threatening to blight the blossoming orchards that were now in their spring beauty along the banks, but we had plenty of coats, cloaks, and shawls, and, not caring for the caprices of the weather, we paced the deck, enjoying the freshness of the breezes, and marking the improvements on the very beautiful borders of the river. Here we observed new cottages, built with well-instructed taste, and there old ones repainted in softened colors harmonizing with green trees and gray rocks. There were various reformations and adornments that indicated the progress of landscape taste; and that art was beginning to study and follow nature. And surely she deserves such service here, where in every variety of mountain, rock, and woodland she is prepared for man's embellishment and enjoyment. An observer of the banks of the Hudson for the last three or four years, must notice a striking change and advance in its rural embellishments. The glaring white of the houses is giving place to colors healing to the eye. Instead of the hideous incongruities which money, without taste, produced in the hotelish-looking houses that seemed to have been erected to glorify the painter and glazier, we have the graceful cottage, suggesting ideas of home, peace and contentment; and, in place of the *wooden*-Grecian colonnades, we have edifices springing up that remind one of the light and joyous Italian villa. The landscape and flower garden are surrounding these residences, and remind us of a beautiful remark of Mr. Downing (to whom we believe is mainly owing this sudden improvement) in

his introduction to "Landscape Gardening." "As the first man was shut out from the *garden*," he says, "in the cultivation of which no alloy was mixed with his happiness, the desire to return to it seems to be implanted by nature more or less strongly in every heart." Truly it seems to be Mr. Downing's blessed mission to arouse and direct this love, and he must be dull indeed who should read this gentleman's very elegant works on landscape gardening and rural architecture without feeling it to be his duty as well as happiness to embellish the patrimony Heaven has bestowed on him, whether that patrimony be a principality or a half acre. Some of these thoughts occurred to us as my friend and myself steamed up the Hudson, fenced against the too rude visitation of the winds, seeing and enjoying, going from one form of social comfort and happiness to another. And now for the "contrast" to which I have alluded. There was an Irish woman cowering down in the most sheltered place she could find on the deck. She had a teething baby in her arms, who, fevered and restless, was throwing its arms and legs out of the blanket shawl—the only comfort the poor mother seemed to possess—which she had taken from her own shoulders to wrap around the child. Her face was swollen and bound up for a growling tooth-ache, and whenever she could pacify the fretting child, her thoughts evidently reverted to herself, and she became conscious of what Burns calls

"The hell o' a' diseases."

She took it, however, more meekly than he did, for, instead of kicking "the wee stools owre the mickle," she merely manifested her suffering by weaving to and fro, and moaning in a low voice. Her husband bore her miseries—as husbands sometimes do their wives—philosophically. He sat at some distance from her, smoking and cracking jokes with a comrade, now and then tossing a pea-nut to the child, which the poor thing threw off loathingly. The mother did not utter an impatient word, but, casting a glance toward her husband and his boon companion, she said to me, "The men has it pleasanter traveling as the women does—don't you think so, ma'am?" But "there 's a difference in men—that 's a fact," as I once heard oracularly remarked, and my friend, whose nerves vibrated smypathetically to the poor woman's, had gone in search of relief for her, and returned from the steward's stores with laudanum, camphor and what not. The kindness at least was remedial. She was pleased and grateful. As we turned from her, we observed a little pilgrim from another land, a German boy, who had crept away from his mother and was picking up the pea-nuts the sick child had rejected. The father, who had a younger child in his arms, reproved the little urchin's pilfering, and drew him back to his mother's side, a sturdy German woman, who looked rather amused than disturbed by her boy's misdemeanor. In this conjugal partnership, it was evident the husband did not monopolize the "pleasant times," but took his fair part in the burden of parental life. My heart warms to the German accent as readily as His Grace of Argyle's did to the Tartan, and I involutarily approached these poor emigrants from a country rightly called a "father land." The amenity and kindliness of the man's countenance attracted me. It brought to my mind many a face that had cheered me when I was a stranger in his land, where the humanities pervade all classes. But, poor fellow, he had lost the cheerful look—the sun light that beams there from prince and peasant. He looked sadly weather-stained by the adverse storms of life. The atmosphere of this foreign land is apt to be a little agueish to the poor emigrant. Our new acquaintance talked English tolerably, and, as we manifested some interest in him, he soon told us his story. There was nothing very strange or startling in it, but whoever will listen patiently to the true story of these poor seekers of a new home among us, will, we believe, cease to feel hostility to them.

Strass, for that was his name, had been bred to the trade of porcelain pipe making, as sure a trade in Germany as a shoemaker's is with us, for there every body smokes, and the pipe, being an article of general necessity as well as luxury, employs great numbers in its manufacture and vending. It is a work of fine art too; a German gentleman is as dainty in his pipe as a lady in her china. The principle of division of labor—austere in the old countries—utterly unfits persons, bred in some branches of manufacture there, for earning a living here. A poor Englishman, trained, as his father and grandfather were before him, to making the hinges of watch-cases, came here to ply his trade. The fashion of watch-cases passed away, and with it went the poor man's living. His and his progenitor's intellect, skill, and all had been worked into hinges. He could make hinges admirably, but nothing else, and this is the country for men of such flexible art as the Western genius, who was farming it one month, school-keeping the next, and, liking neither, took to engineering on board a Mississippi steamer. How soon it exploded we did not learn.

But, to return to our friend, Strass. We will let him tell his story in his own words, they being simpler and more forcible, and rather less liable to digression. In reply to my question (a hospitable question, let John Bull growl at it as he will) of how he liked our country, he replied—"Well—it is not home—the people are kind—but it is not home."

"How came you to leave your home?"

"Why, my brother had come before me, and he wrote begging me to come after him, and telling how easy a good living might be got here, and how every body was free in the United States. It was just as I had been doing seven years' soldier's duty—had been seven years away from my wife, and here I thought I would be free to follow my trade, and ask no man's leave. My mother tried to keep me, I thought it was only her feelings—that 's the way with young people, you know, ma'am. She offered me all she had if I would leave my girl with her—that one there—then my only one, but I could not. So we came—it 's now three years last fall. Many a night, as I lay in the ship that brought us, I cried from night till morning, and when I got a moment's sleep I was at home again, and sorry enough to wake from it—my wife has a stouter heart,

thank God, and she laughed at me. My only comfort was thinking of my brother, and how glad he, poor fellow, in this strange land, would be to see us—but when we got to New York he was not there. I could not speak a word of English. I got the cheapest place I could find, expecting the little money left would last me till I got into business. But I soon found that was not coming in a hurry to poor Strass. Nobody uses porcelain pipes here—they smoke in nothing but clay pipes, that cost a penny a piece—it is a pity to my mind—but there is no help for it. It was a hard winter in the city—more workers than work—my wife lying in with my second baby, that died, and I taken with a fever that came from a failing heart—our little money was every day less. I would not let my wife go out begging with a basket, for I knew we should soon be ruined that way, so we kept on till spring. Then came my brother, thank God, and, finding me not fit for any kind of work, he said I should be a pedler. So he sent me off with a well-filled pack, and, as I could not yet speak any English, he wrote on a sheet of paper such phrases as he thought would be needful for me. I came in a steamer to Newburgh, and then struck back into the country. For three days I did well. I kept my English paper in the German bible my mother gave me, and it answered all the purpose. There was no question I had to ask or answer, my brother had not thought of. It is strange, when one only says what 's necessary, how very little is wanted. It seemed to me a wild wilderness land, being used, as you, ma'am, that have seen my country, know, to seeing villages as thick as the bunches of grapes on our vines. But I tried to keep up a good heart—the people were kind,—I have always found the Yankee people so. I got my meals and lodging for a trifle, at the farm-houses, and paid out of my goods. The fourth day, I began to feel I had gone beyond my strength—I had never quite got back my health from the fever—I had no luck that day—I traveled on and on, and found few houses and fewer buyers. At night I arrived, weary and chilly, my bones aching, and my heart aching worse, at a farm-house, where there were three youngish women, and nothing of mankind about the house. They looked shy of me. I opened my pack to get out my tongue, as I called it, meaning to tell them I was not well, and to ask leave to stay there.

opened the bible and the paper was gone—I emptied my pack—I shook out my goods, but no paper could be found—it was gone forever. My heart sunk, I folded up my goods, and tried to make the girls understand by signs. I offered them money, a sign that is easiest understood, but it would not do. I afterward learned there had been a story in the newspaper of a German murdering a whole family in New Jersey, and the girls thought all Germans would do the like—so the more I urged the more they shook their heads and pointed to the door, and when I signed to the barn, they looked one at the other and shook their heads more than ever—poor foolish things! So I took up my pack and went tremblingly on my way. I soon saw a candle light from a house down in a little nook between the hills, a mile, or it might not be more than half a mile distant, for my legs moved heavily. Oh what a sight is that little far shining candle when it comes from one's own house—or a friend's house—or if it be in one's own village, or country even; but, in a strange land, it 's these pleasantest home things that give us most pain, I think."

Strass paused to hush the baby, wakening in his arms, and to say he feared his little boy, John, who was picking at some flowers in my lap, tired me. I assured him that neither John nor his story tired me, and he proceeded.

"Well, ma'am, I came to the house, which looked something neater than the common farm-houses. The dew was on the honey-suckles and roses, and they smelled sweetly about the door. I felt as if the sweet scent were God's welcome, and I stopped a minute on the door step, and knocked somehow with a lighter heart. A little lad opened the door for me, and with such a pleasant voice bid me walk in that I understood perfectly; and when I came inside his mother, who was sitting there with her little folks, motioned to me to sit down, and, seeing that I looked pale and faint, she told her children to drag my pack into the next room, and in five minutes she had made me a cup of tea, for the tea-kettle was waiting for her husband, and set a nice supper before me. My tears spoke my thanks plain enough—I had no need of my paper then. When my supper was finished, she opened a door from the kitchen into a little bed-room, and showed me I might sleep there. The children were like the mother—so kind. It seemed they could not do enough for me—a little girl even set a rocking-chair for me, and put a cushion under my head. I should have been a new man, but that the thoughts of my lost paper weighed heavily on my mind. But surely the sight of such a family was a cure for the heart-ache, and just such a sight is not I think to be seen out of your country. A mother with six children about her, the oldest not more than ten, the youngest a baby in the cradle, living without a servant of any kind, and her house as neat as if she had a dozen of them, and she sitting down, with books and maps and pictures, instructing her children, and with a voice and manner fitting a prince's daughter. No—it 's only in your country, ma'am, that the women can go from the bottom to the top of the ladder. I did what I could to please the little people—I opened my pack and showed them all that was in it. I tried to sing them a merry German song, but merry it would not be, for the morrow was before me without my paper, and I was going to bed, to worry all night about it, when the father came home. And he could speak German. By God! I was rich then!"

I hope my readers will pardon Strass' oath, as I did. It seemed to burst from his lips as the name of a father at the memory of a sudden and great joy. It is hardly worth while to detail the farther particulars of his story. His new friend re-wrote his paper for him. He had since pursued his peddling career with moderate success, and with singular honesty, as I inferred from his being now on his way to settle his family in one of the western counties, at the earnest persuasion of a neighborhood which he had supplied

as all his pedestrian tours. Strass' face could not be mistaken. It marked one

"Whose honesty is writ
In words as rough as hewn stone, hid with skill
That dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age."

Friend Heaven, that more in our country, foreign or native, high or low, deserved Herbert's quaint portrait!

The evening was coming on, dark, cold and frosty, when we arrived at Newburgh, where, on being dropped at the boat, we found our expecting host with the most comfortable carriage awaiting us. A fifteen minutes' drive took us to his house, where, in spite of the cool evening, magnolias, acacias, laburnums, and a multitude of spring flowers were breathing forth what our friend Strass had aptly called "God's welcome." From a vestibule we passed through a hall decorated with armor, cross-bows, antlers and various pretty antique things, into a library lighted cheerfully and most cheerfully by the smiling eyes of the mistress of the house. In our country where, as a house is ever at the appointed, the duty of looking after the arrangements for the guests falls on the mistress, a new comer does not feel quite tranquil till the face of the hostess is read, and if then, under the veil of courtesy, or dutiful concession to the rights and requirements of the husband, there is no suppressed worry, anxiety, nor dissatisfaction of any sort, instead of this there is a frankness, a spontaneous kindness, an evident merging of the disquiets and fatigues of the housewife in the enjoyments of the hostess, and, in addition to this, a certain graceful *laissez-aller*—tion is the welcome to a friend's house next best to the salutation of home voices.

And such was our reception from the hospitable mistress of ———, and hardly had I had time to look around upon the tasteful fitting up of the library on the book-cases, sunken in the wall with oaken-mouldings and surmounted with a bust of the presiding genius of each department of literature, placed on one of Platt's prettiest brackets, on the pilgrim chairs, true vouchers that my hostess is descended from a Puritan ancestor, whose charter of nobility is as old as the may-flower, and as firm as Plymouth Rock. On the fresh pots of rare flowers in the bay window, on—but to name each article of furniture, even where nothing was superfluous, would involve the temptation to description, for all were expressions of the refined taste of the proprietors, and before I had half time enough to satisfy my eye upon them, the door opened into the dining-room, where the fragrant tea invited us, accompanied with excellent cold meats, and certain preparations so delicate that no hand less dainty than our hostess' could have compounded them. And from this scene of modest luxury, bright with happy human faces, my thoughts for a moment reverted to our companions in the steamer—to our poor Irish friend who, when we shook hands with her, was still hushing her teething baby, and compelled to pass the night on the cheerless deck, and many a night in a dismal canal boat on her way to a solitary cabin-home in a strange land—and to Strass with his little company, after a sail that had wearied us, unencumbered as we were, mounted in a lumbering stage-coach, to travel all night over broken spring roads—all night! three days and nights, as he told me, before he should reach his little lodge, where ne'er a porcelain pipe would come, nor a sound from the merry holidays of his father-land.

We conclude as we began; the contrasts and disparities of life are startling and painful. Should not the abyss between one condition and another be filled up as far as may be by kind words, and kinder deeds?

THE LADY'S YES.

A SONG.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

"Yes!" I answered you last night—
"No!" this morning, sir, I say—
Colors seen by candlelight
Cannot look the same by day.

When the tabors played their best,
And the dancers were not slow,
"Love me" sounded like a jest,
Fit for "yes" or fit for "no."

Thus, the sin is on us both;
Was to dance a time to woo?
Wooer light makes fickle troth—
Scorn of me recoils on you.

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high—
Bravely, as in fronting death—
With a virtuous gravity.

Lead her from the painted boards—
Point her to the starry skies—
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,
Ever true as wives of yore,
And her "yes," once said to you,
Shall be yes for evermore.

NEWPORT TABLEAUX.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE CASKET OF FATE," ETC.

"EVELINE, allow me to present my cousin, Mr. Gardner—Miss Willis, Howard."

Miss Eveline Willis looked down and smiled, and made as graceful a courtesy as the circumstances would allow, and Mr. Gardner bowed—I cannot say to the ground, though he probably would have done so had there been any ground to bow to—but it so happened that, at the time this introduction took place, both parties were nearly over head and ears—not in love, but in water—bathing in the glorious surf at New Port, Rhode Island; and there they stood, face to face, uncertain whether to laugh or to blush, but very much inclined to fall in love at first sight at any rate—both of them—for Howard looked singularly handsome and picturesque, with his corsair-like scarlet bathing-dress, to which his black hair and eyes, and dark but soul-lighted complexion, formed a fine contrast; and as for Eveline, she seemed a very sea-nymph—an Oriental one—in her tunic and full pantaloons of light green flannel, with her pale, golden hair, glittering in the sun, and clinging in wet masses to a throat as white as the driven snow; and so they stood, for a full minute, looking into each other's eyes, and then Eveline, in her embarrassment, turned for relief to her frolic-loving friend, Harriet Grey; but she, the witch, had already vanished, and, for a moment, Eveline thought her lost; the next, however, a voice, too gay and sweet to be mistaken, was heard at a distance singing—

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep."

Far away in the surf—too far for the timid Eveline to venture—the spirited girl was trying to dance in spite of the roaring waves, which almost overwhelmed her, and so Eveline turned once more to her new acquaintance, and this time they both laughed; but in the midst of their mirth an enormous wave overtook them ere they were aware, and the lady would have been drowned had not the gentleman supported her in time; as it was, she lost her consciousness for a few moments, and was borne by him insensible to a vacant car, where her friends soon gathered to her assistance, and thus ended Miss Willis' first attempt at bathing.

CHAPTER II.

Eveline was no beauty; but her blush and smile were bewitching, and her eyes, darkly and divinely blue, were so seldom fully seen, shaded as they were by remarkably long and drooping lashes, that when she did lift them, they almost startled the beholder, and delighted him too, as much as if he were a second Columbus and had just discovered a new world; and so he had, a world of fresh thought and emotion, ever changing and ever beautiful. She was graceful and spirituelle. Every thing she did was done in a way of her own, and a peculiarly charming way it was. She was a constant study not only for a painter, but a poet; for the poetry of feeling breathed in every word and look.

As she entered, after dinner, the drawing-room of their boarding house, with her uncle and Harriet Grey, all eyes were turned upon the new arrival; and one stout, but very romantic-looking, young lady, in a thin white dress, long flaxen curls, sky-blue eyes and sash to match, all innocence and simplicity, as her mother was fondly wont to say, started with clasped hands from the sofa and caught our heroine in an unexpected and therefore embarrassing embrace. Eveline, mute with wonder, suffered herself to be drawn to the sofa and seated upon it, and then quietly releasing her form, asked her new friend to whom she was indebted for so warm a welcome. Tears, not, we fear, "unbidden," rushed into the sky-blue eyes—"Ah, unkind! do you not remember your old shoolfellow, Heavenlietta?" This was said in a tone so tremulously imploring, that Eveline felt it would be the height of barbarity *not* to remember, if she possibly could, and so, at last, she did recollect that at school, when only fourteen years of age, Miss Heavenlietta Waddle was in the daily habit of bringing herself and her sensibilities before the general eye, in some such manner as she had done just then. For instance, one day in passing the desk of the teacher, who was a young and interesting man, for the express purpose, as her observant and amused companions mischievously asserted, of obtaining his notice, just then abstracted by a poem, she brushed off a book, apparently by accident. The noise it made in falling at once aroused his attention, and Heavenlietta, instead of quietly apologizing, affected to be overpowered by terror and remorse, and throwing herself on her knees before the astonished master, raised her blue eyes and clasped her delicate hands, calling Heaven to witness that her fault was involuntary, and imploring his forgiveness, in a voice almost inaudible from emotion!

"Rise, Miss Waddle!" said he, as soon as he could sufficiently command his countenance and voice to speak without betraying his keen sense of the ridiculous in her position, "Rise, Miss Waddle, and read no more romances, till you can cease to imagine yourself a heroine in distress."

"Ah! my *beloved friend!*" murmured Heavenlietta, as *soon* as she *found* herself recognized—"At length then I have *found* a *congenial soul!* 'Soul?' did I say? The *people* around us have *no souls!*"

"*No souls!*" exclaimed our Eveline, trying to look as *solemn* as the *occasion* seemed to require, "No *souls!* you alarm me!"

"Ah yes! *you* can sympathize with me; for sensitive as *you* are, you must often have suffered as I have. Can *you* imagine a suffering more exquisite?"

"Are *you* in pain, Heavenlietta?"

"In pain! No! why do you ask?"

"Oh! you *spoke of* suffering, and I thought you looked as if *you* had the *tooth-ache*."

"Eveline!" said Miss Waddle solemnly, with a sublime pathos of voice and manner, "the agony to which I allude is of a more terrible nature!"

Eveline was really frightened now—"What agony, my dear Miss Waddle?"

"The agony of being constantly misunderstood by the heartless, thoughtless, frivolous beings around me. Gifted as I unhappily am by nature with a sensitiveness the most exquisite, and affections the most ardent, they are wounded at every turn."

"But is it possible that *all* the ladies and gentlemen present are thoughtless, heartless and frivolous?"

"All!" averred Heavenlietta, with a mournful shake of the head; "All but Mr. Maynard," she added, suddenly assuming her sweetest smile, and looking up confidingly in the face of a young man who now sauntered toward them. Mr. Maynard threw himself on the sofa in a lounging attitude, showering by the movement, as he did so, a mass of long hair all over one expressive eye, probably with the intention of doing, like Moore's Eastern beauty, "all the mischief he could with the other."

"*You* are more animated than usual, Miss Waddle," said he.

"Ah, my friend, believe me!

> The cloud but leaves the laughing eye
> To brood more darkly o'er the soul,
> And lips may smile while dark within
> The tempest raves beyond control!"

"Don't, Miss Waddle, I beg of you! You look altogether too Sidonian for my nerves. However, that *is* a pathetic verse; but why not make it rhyme. How much better it would read thus—

> 'The cloud but leaves the laughing chin,'" etc.

"Ah! now you are quizzing me! I don't believe but what you are. Are you not, now? Tell me candidly! do! I implore! I entreat! You are! You are trying not to laugh! Positively I wont stay another minute: I wont, indeed; so you need not urge me;" and, playfully tapping his cheek with her fan, the too sensitive Heavenlietta waddled from the room.

Mr. Maynard had his peculiarities, as who has not? He was, however, agreeable, intelligent and interesting—rather too Childe Haroldish perhaps, at times, in his views of men and things; but that is often the case with young persons of his age and sensitive temperament.

Harriet, who had met him before, now joined them and introduced him to Eveline, whom he amused until tea-time, with information as to the place and the persons she would be likely to meet.

"The four principal boarding-houses here, Miss Willis, have been nicknamed the Nunnery, the Funnery, the Factory and the Pottery. The first is kept by a cool and economical Quaker lady, who has a virtuous horror of music and dancing, and has lately expelled from the public drawing-room a piano-forte, which had been smuggled into it. Some of the rebellious boarders, for want of more rational and elevating amusements, have betaken themselves to cards, which I have seen in play so early as ten in the morning. In the intervals of whist, tongues and netting-needles are set in motion—the tongues go rather the fastest of the two, and if a *lapsus linguæ* could be as easily remedied as a slip of the needle or a false stitch, the spirit of Harmony might still reign triumphant in the house, in spite of its anti-melodious landlady's prohibition. By the way, how will the poor Quakers endure the music of the spheres, to which, as we are taught, the spirit's ear will one day wake in Heaven? There are many interesting persons at the Nunnery—'*black* spirits and brown, *white* spirits and gray"—there is a little gem from the South, a dark-eyed Carolinian, graceful, delicate and *spirituelle* as Shakspeare's Ariel, in the Tempest; but *my* favorite—for I've not been introduced to the gem—is a frank, quiet, cheerful, sensible girl from P—, whose beauty is forgotten in her goodness and her truth. She shows off every one but herself, and has always a kind word for the present and a charitable one for the absent. The Funnery takes its name from the gayety of the bright and beautiful spirits who lead the sports at M's. The Factory is that long, light green house, all windows and no blinds, which you passed on your way hither. It is said the entertainments there are neither few nor dull, and that the queen of the revels is fair as the fabled nymphs of Diana. The Pottery is the house we are in. It takes its name from its proprietor, and is one of the pleasantest in the place. That remarkably stout lady, who is just entering the room, with a little girl clinging to her dress, is Mrs. Waddle, the mother of our friend. She approaches, I must resign the sofa to her. She will inevitably occupy all but the small space which you have appropriated. Listen to her and command, if you can, your countenance."

The stout lady sat down panting and fanned herself. Eveline, who was very fond of children, held out her hand to the little, sallow, glum-looking thing, with large, staring, black eyes and curly hair, who still clung obstinately to her mother's gown. The child was dressed in a stiff, blue silk, with a gold chain and locket, coral bracelets, and a pink ribbon round her head—

"Go to the lady, Azurelina," said Mrs. Waddle. "I named her Azurelina, ma'am, because I was in hopes she would have had blue eyes. They *were* blue when she was born. Is n't it a pity that they turned out black after all? However, I can hardly have the heart to regret it, since they are so beautiful now. By the way, ma'am, speaking of beauty, I have a particular favor to ask. We never allow ourselves

to tell Azurelina how remarkably charming she is. I must beg of you, therefore, to control your admiration before her. We wish her to be modest, as she is lovely and graceful. Dear little pet! Go to the lady, Azurelina, and give her a sweet kiss, there 's a love!"

All this was said in a tone sufficiently loud for the "little pet" to hear, and not only the "little pet" but every one else in the room. Why is it that if a child happen to have large black eyes and curly hair, no matter how dull and inexpressive the former may be, nor how dry and ill-colored the latter, it is always taken for granted, at least by the parents, that she is a beauty? Miss Azurelina Waddle, unmoved by flattery and coaxing, resisted all her mother's efforts to draw her out.

"Go to the lady, pet, and you shall have a piece of candy."

"Two pieces!" said "pet."

"Ah! the rogue! Well, two pieces then."

"Three pieces!" said "rogue."

"*Two* pieces, darling; candy is n't good for little tot, you know. Two *great* pieces!"

"No, no, no!" screamed "little tot," "three pieces! I *will* have three pieces!"

"Well, there! three pieces, and that 's all! not another one, sweet!"

"Three great big pieces!" said "sweet."

"Yes, yes! now go!"

"Little tot" then allowed Eveline to kiss her thick lips, and instantly turning to her mother exclaimed—"Now give me my candy!"

"Yes! I 'll go right up stairs and bring it if you 'll just make one tableau for the lady—just one, and then you shall have it."

"Little tot" pouted and shook her shoulders for a few minutes; but at length, overcome by the promise of four sticks of candy, she consented, and kneeling down in a most awkward fashion, and looking more sullen than ever, she put one foot out behind, and one hand above her head, and, rolling up her eyes, made what her foolish mother was pleased to dignify by the appellation of "tableau vivant;" though "tableau mourant" would have been a more appropriate phrase for the exhibition.

"Now give me my candy!"

"Yes! by and by, after tea—there, run away and play—you 'll spoil my dress."

The modest, lovely and graceful Azurelina Waddle set up a roar, which nothing but the sight of an enormous paper of candy, all of which was devoured before dinner, could quiet.

Eveline sighed, and turned toward Mr. Maynard, who stood near with a smile of quiet satire upon his countenance. "Let us change the subject," said he, as Mrs. Waddle left the room with her interesting charge. "We are expecting here a poetess of some celebrity. Many conjectures have been formed of her character. Most of the boarders expect an acquisition in her as a talker; others dread her for the same reason. Shall I tell you what *I* anticipate? I imagine her a bold, loquacious, pedantic, independent, unfeminine sort of a person, about forty years of age, full of pretension in dress and manner, putting herself forward on all occasions, and looking down with infinite contempt upon all the commonplace people around her, as she will term us poor inoffensive mortals."

At this moment a graceful, modest-looking girl entered the room with a timid and unobtrusive air, and gliding to a corner began to sew very industriously. She was dressed in the becoming costume of the time. The snowy Persian cymar of delicate linen peeped beneath the loose sleeve and above the high, closely-fitting waist of her light gray silk robe, and her dark-brown hair, loosely braided, was confined by a comb of jet. Her face was not what the world calls beautiful; the features were irregular and the clear cheek was colorless as marble; but her large black eyes were gloriously eloquent, with sorrow and love and earnest thought, and the expression of her full, soft mouth was ineffably sweet and touching.

"I must go and talk to that lady," said Maynard, "She looks shy and sorrowful; she is ill, I think, and must be very lonely; for no one knows her or speaks to her. She always sits in that quiet corner and sews as if her life depended upon it. Will you go with me?"

"Certainly," said Eveline rising, "and we will introduce each other."

The youthful lady looked up as they approached, with a tranquil smile, yet with a shade of reserve and embarrassment in her manner, which wore off by degrees as they conversed.

"I have been giving Miss Willis a description of a certain poetess, who is daily expected, as she exists in my imagination," and he repainted, with additions, his former picture of the blue."

"And why do you judge so hardly of her?" said the stranger, in a low, musical voice. "Have you ever read her writings?"

"Not I! I have something better to do."

For an instant the lady raised her strange eyes to his with a sad, sweet smile, and then silently resumed her work.

"Most of my lady acquaintances," said Maynard after a pause, as he watched her slight fingers in rapid motion for a moment—"Most of my lady acquaintances are of those who sew 'not wisely but to well;' I do not think *you* are liable to that censure," and he smiled at the long stitches she was taking.

"Oh! don't look at it!" she exclaimed, blushing and laughing. "I only sew here because I don't know what to do with my eyes among so many people. I *can* work well sometimes, but this does not require it. I think a great deal of time is wasted in sewing too nicely."

While they were thus conversing, a group near them listened to a Mr. Brown, who was reading aloud a New York paper. "Ah!" said he, as he turned the paper, "here, I see, is a paragraph concerning Miss N——, the poetess, whom we are expecting, and, by the way, why don't she come? But let 's see what they say about her," and he read an extravagant puff with great "goût."

The stranger gazed for a moment, like a startled fawn, at the reader as he commenced the paragraph. As he read on, she looked down, colored, smiled, and

then rose to leave the room; but, at the door, a visiter intercepted her, and exclaiming "My dear Miss N—— I am delighted to meet you"—drew her arm within his and led her back to the sofa, "the observed of all observers." The new comer was no other than our friend, Howard Gardner, and the quiet young lady was the poetess herself, Genevieve N——, of C——. Mr. Maynard stood aghast and tried to recall every word he had said about the literary lady; but, in the midst of these confused cogitations, he caught again those soft, dark eyes, and there was so much of kindness in their look that he felt himself forgiven and was reassured at once.

CHAPTER III.

Come with me, dear reader, to the drawing-room at Potter's, and let us join the gayest group within it. Eveline, Harriet Grey, Howard Gardner, Maynard, Miss Waddle, and Miss N——, were seated at that nice promoter of sociability, a round table—making charades, reading or repeating scraps of poetry, and playing Consequences. Did you ever play Consequences, reader? Let us try it with them. Maynard writes, on half a sheet of paper, a gentleman's name, folds it down and passes it on; the next, without seeing what has been written, writes a lady's name—the next, the name of a place—the next, a gentleman's speech to a lady—the next, a lady's reply—the next, what were the consequences, and the next, what the world said about the matter. Each person hides what they have written by folding the paper. Maynard then unfolds the paper, and reads it with a demure face and much expression, filling up at will.

"Howard Gardner, Esq., one pleasant evening, was so fortunate as to meet Miss Eveline Willis in Purgatory. He exclaimed, kneeling as he did so, 'Dearest, I love but thee!' and she replied, with a bewitching smile, 'Oh! I am so glad!' The consequences were an elopement to Paradise, and the world said 'You don't say so?'"

Poor Eveline blushed and laughed, and pretended to be busily occupied with a purse she was knitting. Howard gazed upon her with an earnest smile, and Miss N——'s pale cheek colored suddenly with a crimson light, and then grew white as death. The next instant, however, she subdued, with a strong effort, her emotion, and turning, with a gay, almost wild smile, to Maynard, began to banter him upon his morning's embarrassment.

Mr. Brown now joined the circle and the conversation. "We are very apt," said he, "to do that sort of injustice to literary ladies. I will show you some verses somewhat apropos to the subject." He drew from his pocket-book and read as follows:

THE HOLY STOCKING.

I went a poetess to see,
I thought to find her lying,
In languid grace, with tresses free,
And robe all loosely flying;

But oh! she wore a common dress
Of silk, a little faded,
And oh! each smooth and silken tress
Was fashionably braided!

And worse than this, if worse can be,
The very thought is shocking!
While talking sweet romance with me,
She calmly *darned a stocking!*

Amazed, confounded, "What!" I cried,
"Is this a poet's duty?"
"My task," she tranquilly replied,
"To *me*, is full of beauty.

I dream, while thus the rent I close,
My precious needle plying,
Of him, who wore the silken hose,
Upon my skill relying;

And when he, trustful, draws them on,
And finds them nicely mended,
A smile upon his face will dawn,
Of love and pleasure blended."

While thus she said, so glad her look,
So calm she bore my mocking,
The act, a nameless beauty, took
That graced the holy stocking!

A general laugh followed the reading of these lines, in the midst of which the party broke up.

CHAPTER IV.

"Ah! thus to the child of Genius too,
The rose of beauty is oft denied;
But all the richer, that high heart through,
The torrent of feeling pours its tide,
And purer and fonder and far more true,
Is that passionate soul in its lonely pride!"

A soft, impassioned voice is murmuring in the moonlight. Let us listen!

They are singing—they are happy!
They have joyous hearts and light!
For them—for them! oh! not for me,
This starry eve is bright!

For me, in all the wide, wide world,
No answering heart throbs high;
For me there is no love, no trust,
No hope, save one—to die!

No hand clasps mine in tender truth,
No soul-look meets mine own,
My heart is rich in ardent youth,
And yet—I am alone!

With a heart overflowing with tenderness, yet shy to almost painful timidity, Genevieve N——, an orphan at thirteen, had been thrown unprotected upon the world. With that rich and glowing heart, thrown back upon itself, chilled, disappointed, yet still confiding as a child, and grateful for every look and tone of sympathy or love, we see her at twenty, as we have described.

While she leans absorbed from the window, let us turn over her portfolio. It is one of a story-teller's countless privileges, you know, so it need not shock your delicate sense of propriety, dear reader. We will read some of her verses. Poor child! a vein of subdued and sorrowful tenderness runs through them all.

And wealth seems worthless in mine eyes,
And power a weary task,

Even wayward fame may sound my name,
Nor I the echo ask.

Then say no more I love too much!
All else to me is vain;
I cannot live unless I love,
And am beloved again!

Here is another—softly! lest she hear us—

And gayer friends surround thee now,
And lighter hearts are thine;
Thou dost not *need*, beloved and blest,
So sad a boon as mine!

But in my sorrowing soul for thee,
Love's balmy flower I'll hide,
And feeling's tears shall keep it fresh,
Whatever fate betide;

Then, when misfortune's winter comes,
And frailer love takes wing,
All pure and bright, with hope's own light,
Affection's rose I'll bring;

And thou shalt bless the simple flower,
That keeps its virgin bloom,
To charm thy soul in sorrow's hour,
With beauty and perfume!

CHAPTER V.

Hops, pic-nics, riding parties, tableaux, acted charades, &c., followed each other in brilliant succession at the Pottery. The season was a gayer one than had been known for many years; for the ruling spirit of the scene was one who never failed by his kindness, genius, and ready wit, to enliven the dull, and inspire the intelligent.

One evening, when Eveline was dressing for a hop, Harriet Grey, a lovely, joyous, thoughtless child of sixteen, ran into the room, with her pretty, blue eyes full of tears, exclaiming, "Oh! Eveline! after all, I have left my box of ornaments at home, and have nothing to wear in my hair!" Eveline kissed the tears away, and clasped around the graceful head a costly pearl chain which she had intended to wear herself.

Harriet clapped her little hands in an ecstasy of childish delight, as she saw herself reflected in the glass, looking more lovely than ever; but suddenly a cloud came over the sunny face, and she turned to her friend, "But what will *you* wear, Eveline?"

"Oh! my white wreath will do nicely for me."

Harriet threw her arms round her neck, thanked her, and ran to find her fan and bouquet. She had hardly gone when a knock was heard at the door, and Miss Waddle entered in great trepidation. "Miss Willis, you *must* lend me something for my hair—you must indeed! Will you? Oh! what a lovely wreath! that is just the thing;" and she caught it up, wound it round her head and waddled to the glass.

"How does it look? Is it becoming? May I wear it?"

"Certainly!" said Eveline, "you are quite welcome to it;" and Heavenlietta disappeared with the wreath.

Eveline had wished, she hardly knew why, to look particularly well this evening; perhaps it was because Howard Gardner was to see her for the first time in full dress. However, with a passing smile and sigh, which ended in a laugh at the loss of her wreath and chain, she simply wound her soft hair about her classic head, and, in pure white, without any ornament but her own native grace and sweetness, descended to the drawing-room.

Harriet Grey looked enchantingly beautiful in her pearls and lace dress. She was decidedly the belle of the evening. But Eveline danced twice with Howard, and talked with him during all the waltzes in which neither of them joined, and she was happier than she had ever been before in her life. Happier and lovelier too; for joy and affection illumined and softened her countenance, and Howard thought her, when she blushed, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

And where was Genevieve? She had wandered miles away in the moonlight, with a little brother, and was sitting in a wild nook among the cliffs called Conrad's Cave, listening to the sublimest voice in the ever-sounding anthem of nature—the soft, yet majestic melody of the ocean surf as it dashed up the beach at her feet. A spirit floating by in the moonlight might have heard another tone, inaudible to earthly ears, yet strangely and sweetly harmonizing with the music of the waves—the moaning of a human soul for sympathy, like the sea-shell asking for the waters that should fill it.

CHAPTER VI.

"What a fearful chasm!" exclaimed Eveline, as she stood at sunset the next day alone with Gardner gazing down full fifty feet into a dark and fathomless abyss, formed by an enormous rock which had been cleft in two probably by some violent concussion of nature, and in which the waves boiled and hissed and maddened as they rose, like the waters of Phlegethon around the guilty and condemned.

"What do they call it, Mr. Gardner?"

"Purgatory, Miss Willis."

Eveline started and would have lost her footing on the dizzy height, had not her companion caught her in time.

She remembered the game of Consequences, and blushed deeply as she turned from Howard's ardent gaze.

The declaration, which had been prophesied in sport, was made in earnest, and though the maiden's faltered reply was lost in the roar of waters, yet, as he kissed an answer from her eyes, it did not matter much.

The lovers extended their walk around the beach, and came suddenly upon a party of their friends, enjoying a pic-nic, in a wild, rocky, and grandly beautiful scene beneath a grove of buttonwood trees. The warm glory of the setting sun lay like a delicate golden web upon the whole living and ever changing picture; tree, wave, and rock and distant spire gleamed softly beneath the transparent veil of light,

and the subdued and murmuring melody of the waves might have been mistaken for the harp of a wandering angel, it was so spiritually soft and clear!

"Oh!" cried our heroine, charmed by the picturesque magnificence of the place, "there should be some appropriate name for a scene so lovely as this!"

"It is called Paradise, Eveline," whispered Howard. "Do you remember the Consequence, dearest? Love will make a paradise of any place with thee!"

But let us back to Purgatory.

CHAPTER VII.

"What an entrancing spot!" exclaimed Heavenlietta Waddle, as she stood gazing down into Purgatory with an honest young sea-captain, whose heart the sky-blue eyes or the sash to match had taken by storm, and to whom she had been betrothed for three days.

"Now, Nehemiah, if you love me, prove your love!"

"Hav n't I proved it already, by asking you to be my wife, Heavenlietta?" asked the sailor, with an involuntary sigh at the recollection; for he was beginning to see into the innate selfishness of her character through the flimsy veil of sentimentality which affectation had thrown over it.

"Yes, Nehemiah, you can truly exclaim, with the poet—

"'By thy dear side the pilot, Love, has moored it safe and fast.
Dropped anchor at thy fairy feet, and furled its flying sails.'

"But this is commonplace. I require a more chivalric proof of your devotion. Leap for my sake this awful chasm, and I 'll believe you love me."

"Leap that chasm! You are mad!—it is ten feet wide!"

"And can you hesitate?" cried Heavenlietta, in a pathetic voice. "Then are you no lover of mine, and here we part forever." With one reproachful look from the sky-blues, she turned away.

"Stay, Miss Waddle—are you in earnest?"

"Nehemiah, I am!"

"Then here goes!" And, receding a few steps from the edge of the precipice, with a resolute but somewhat disdainful smile, he took the fearful leap. But stay!—where is he going? Instead of springing back to claim the reward he deserves—a kiss from those sweet lips—he neither turns nor pauses, but runs on and on in the opposite direction, nor heeds that tender call—"Nehemiah, Nehemiah! whither do you fly? Come back! come back! I am frightened. I don't know the way home. Oh! Nehemiah, Nehemiah!"

As if pursued by the furies, Nehemiah ran on. The louder she called the faster he flew! Away, away—he is gone!—he is out of sight! Heavenlietta glanced round despairingly, but it was not worth while to faint, for there was nobody near to see her, and so she waddled home as fast as she could, wiping the sky-blue eyes with the sash to match, and murmuring as she went—

"She never blamed him, never,
But received him when he came,
With a welcome kind as ever,
And she tried to look the same!"

Alas! confiding, but deluded girl! He *did not* come! She never saw him more!

CHAPTER VIII.

The events I have related occurred in the early part of August. In October, the following paragraphs, in a southern paper, caught my eye:

"Married, at Philadelphia, on Thursday morning, by the Rev. Mr. F——, Howard Gardner, Esq., of New York, to Eveline Willis, daughter of the Hon. George Willis, of this city."

"Died, at Charleston, of consumption, on Thursday morning, Genevieve N——, only daughter of the late William N——, of Charleston."

HARRY.

BY MRS. B. F. THOMAS.

What is so fair as a graceful child
In the playful sports of his boyhood wild!
With his springing step and his fearless look,
And a shout that rings as a laughing brook.

Look! as he rushes across the lea,
Like a gallant sail on a summer sea,
With his hoop, and dog, and his heart of joy,
And the sunny soul of the thoughtless boy!

Never, I ween, was a child so fair,
With a rosy cheek and the golden hair,
And the eye that dazzles so keen and far,
As the light that looks from the evening star!

Oh! in the days that are coming fast,
When the thoughtless hours of youth are past,
Through the storms of life, to the welcomed night,
May we find thee good as thou now art bright!

THE PATCH-WORK QUILT.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

That old and knotted apple tree
  That stood beneath the hill,
My heart can never turn to it
  But with a pleasant thrill.
Oh what a dreamy life I led
  Beneath its old green shade,
Where the daisies and the buttercups
  A pleasant carpet made.
. . . . . .
I am thinking of the rivulet,
  With its cool and silvery flow,
Of the old gray rock that shadowed it,
  And the peppermint below.
I am not sad, nor sorrowful;
  But memories will come:
So leave me to my solitude,
  And let me think of home.

Our homestead was an old fashioned house, built before the Revolution. It had a sharp, narrow roof in front, and one that sloped almost to the ground at the back. Its white front and heavy stone chimneys were completely embowered by a clump of superb maples, whose heavy branches lay woven together, and entangling their foliage on the very roof, from the first budding time of spring till the leaves fell away in autumn. A thicket of damask roses, lilac trees and snowball bushes luxuriated in their shelter, and a slope of rich, heavy sward—hedged in by a rustic fence—received just enough of the warm sunshine, that lay on it in the morning, and of the dews which rained from the leaves at nightfall, to keep it thicker and more vividly green than any spot in the neighborhood. The house occupied a verdant angle, formed by two roads that intersected each other in the heart of a lovely and secluded little village. Every window of our dwelling overlooked some pretty spot of scenery. Here was a white cottage, there a glimpse of the river, with one end of the wooden bridge that spanned it. There was a view down a green vista of the river vale, farther on a breezy grove, and, on the east and west, ridges of grassy hills piled upon each other against the horizon and crested with forest trees. My chamber window overlooked a green lane, and at the extremity a rambling old farm-house with four clumsy stone chimneys, and of a dusty, red color. It had been in the Daniels family for two or three generations, and as each had contributed an addition to the main building, which was originally but two stories in front, and as no tree or shrub grew near it, save one forlorn and stunted oak, leafless except on one bough, the view from my window would have been more picturesque than agreeable but for a glimpse of the rich meadows and cornfields that lay beyond, to which the Widow Daniels and her three daughters had an undoubted claim.

The Widow Daniels had been in a state of forlorn loneliness some fourteen years, when her youngest daughter Julia and I became sworn friends. She had two older daughters, one a confirmed old maid, and the other just verging to a state of desperate single blessedness. It was not their fault, poor things; no girls in the village had made better preparations for matrimonial felicity. Every spring and autumn this was manifested by the exhibition of a whole chest load of bed linen and patch-work quilts, of all manner and description, entirely of their own spinning, weaving and quilting, which ought to have been sufficient inducement for any reasonable man to propose; but men are not reasonable, they never know exactly what is for their own good, or the chests of bed linen, the numerous additions of the old red house, the corn fields and wheat lots which lay in a bend of that beautiful river, would never have been left to the care of a lone widow, willing at the shortest notice to divide her thirds and the north wing of the house for any respectable substitute for the worthy Mr. Daniels who might present himself. That was a united family—united in their hopes and in their disappointments—all agreed in thinking the house quite too large, and the family decidedly too small. There was a cruel want of variety in the gender of the household; beside, they were timid, very; only think of a dwelling inhabited only by innocent and defenceless females, with five outer doors, low windows, no shutters and very imperfect bolts! No wonder they were anxious to obtain some masculine defence, especially as the girls were all obliged to sleep in one room, for fear of

robbers and ghosts, which rendered the widow's situation one of peculiar peril and loneliness, for she—faithful creature—could not be persuaded to leave her room on the ground floor, which had a view of the burying place where poor, dear Mr. Daniels was laid fifteen years before. Still the widow was terrified to death every night, and existed in perpetual fear that some evil disposed person might break in for plunder, or force her daughters to run away and get married before they could scream for help. Now as the widow had kept her five doors hospitably open to every marriageable gentleman in the village for fifteen years—as the girls had hung the table linen and quilts to air temptingly before the whole neighborhood twice a year, till all the young bachelors considered them much in the light of an auctioneer's flag, holding forth a sign that the property within doors was up for sale to the highest bidder; inasmuch as this had been done year after year, till the good lady was fifty, and her two eldest daughters of a very uncertain age indeed, it might have been supposed that the danger of their being married by force would be somewhat diminished by time, but the older these exemplary females grew, their objections to living alone became the more desperate, and the more urgent was their desire for protection from a calamity so appalling.

About the time that we took possession of the homestead, two rather important changes happened in the village. The minister lost his wife, and a young physician, in the first gloss of his Latin, hung out a sign from a boarding-house near the bridge.

It was not astonishing that the loss of our good pastor's helpmate should have occasioned much spiritual meditation, and that a solemn revival should have been the result of her bereavement, nor was it perhaps very marvelous that an unusual degree of illness existed among us soon after the young doctor's arrival; but what *was* a little strange, the religious excitement all prevailed among the unregenerated widows and maiden ladies, ranging in their ages any where from thirty-five to fifty, while the coughs and colds and other lady-like diseases ran like wild fire among the girls that did not happen to be engaged.

Abut this particular time Widow Daniels became exceedingly pensive. She found two or three private interviews with the minister essential to a proper understanding of her degenerate condition by nature. She betook herself diligently to the Seabrook Platform and Westminster Confession, and exercised her broken voice in singing Old Hundred over her spinning-wheel, whenever Minister Brooks made his morning walk down the lane. She attended all the anxious meetings, and it must be admitted that among all the antiquated penitents gathered at these assemblies none could have been more decidedly *anxious* than the widow.

The daughters, too, were taken with a complication of mental and physical diseases quite appalling. Narissa, the eldest, vibrated like a pendulum between the clergyman's study and the doctor's office. She caught cold at a prayer meeting over night and went to the doctor for a remedy in the morning, but her cold was an obstinate cold, and what with the excitement of meetings, anxiety of mind, and a cough which always presented itself before company, there seemed little chance that Narissa would recover until the young doctor had devoted some considerable time to the study of her complaint.

There was Elizabeth, too, she had been threatened several times with a disease of the heart, and all at once the symptoms became very alarming. But she was a generous sister, and her most violent attacks only came on every third day, when Narissa did not require attendance, so the expense was divided between them—excellent creatures—and no day passed for three weeks which did not see our new physician tie his horse, burdened with well stuffed saddlebags, particularly new, to the broken door-yard fence which ran in front of the red farm-house.

I could see it all from my chamber window, and what was not to be seen my friend Julia told me in perfect confidence. for have I not said that we were sworn friends? In the course of two months there was a pretty general admission of elderly ladies into the church; all *hopeful* members, particularly the widow. There was also a gradual recovery of the very young ladies when our new doctor began to appear at church every Sabbath, and to mingle socially with the inhabitants. Still the Miss Daniels sent for him as often as they could afford the luxury. Narissa seemed subsiding into an affection of the heart as well as her sister; and Elizabeth, who had a fine arm, found bleeding necessary on more than one occasion. They recovered at last, and appeared at church in new Leghorn flats, with a wreath of roses twisted girlishly round the crown. Canton crape dresses, cut remarkably low at the neck, and parasols with fringe four inches deep. That spring they stretched five new pieces of linen to bleach on the grass slope back of the house, and manufactured a roll of home-made carpeting, which the doctor was more than once called upon to admire as it passed through the loom.

Of course all this commotion among the sage elderly people left Julia Daniels and myself at liberty to follow our own propensities, which led us half the time into the open air. But the widow was a thrifty housewife and a careful mother—that is, she never allowed Julia to go "out to play" without plenty of sewing or knitting work, and was careful that her sunbonnet was always tied on and her neck muffled up before she braved the air; she had imbued the young girl too with her own ideas of a girl's duty, and even at sixteen Julia had achieved three or four patch-work quilts, and was beginning to pack away home-made table-cloths against the time that she should get married. A thrifty, prudent and womanly young creature was Julia; she was never impulsive or generous or petulant, like the rest of us. From her very cradle she had been drilled into a certain routine of feeling and thought, till all the warm gushing sympathies of childhood seemed educated out of her nature. She was not really beautiful; all the attractions she possessed became evident at first sight; the repose which nature had fixed upon her face always marked it, whatever emotions lay beneath. But Julia was a pleasant companion, faithful to her word, and firm if not ardent in

her attachments—even the coldness of her disposition gave a quiet dignity to her manner which was certain to ensure respect.

Now it was ever my foible to catch the whim, manner and faults of any person whom I loved sufficiently for intimacy, so when Julia became absorbed in the idea of a piece of needle work more elaborate and difficult than any thing that had been accomplished in the village—something that required art and genius, a good eye for form and colors, to execute well—I became fascinated with the idea of piecing a quilt, known by the old ladies, who are connoisseurs in such matters, as a "*rising sun*." Now this title when applied to a counterpane consists of red, green, yellow, blue and white calico, cut into infinitesimal atoms, sewed together and forming a star-like centre which radiates over a white ground in rays of purple, azure, pink, and every variation of rainbow colors. In short, it is a sort of homœopathia principle scientifically imbodied in a patch-work quilt. I cannot assert that this idea of a "rising sun" was a direct emanation of genius either in Julia or myself; we got a rough pattern from an old English woman in the neighborhood, who had seen such things in her own country, but who considered our determination to attempt any thing of the kind as an instance of Yankee enterprise perfectly astounding, though she had lived for years in the very region of wooden nutmegs and white-oak cheeses.

Well, while the widow was absorbed in church meetings and her thoughts agitated with hopes and fears regarding the doctor, Julia and I could think of nothing but diamond shaped bits of calico, embossing a groundwork of white cambric quilted with a feather border and a centre of fine shell work. Every morning when the dew began to rise a red merino shawl hung out from my bed chamber window was answered by a white apron streaming from the gable end casement of the red farm-house, and in a few minutes Julia might be seen coming demurely up the lane, with her pink, gingham sun-bonnet neatly starched and folded back from her face, a black silk apron on, and a willow work-basket crowded with calicoes resting in the curve of her right arm. Then there arose a commotion in my chamber. Drawers were searched in breathless haste for calicoes and patterns; work-boxes were turned topsy turvy in quest of scissors, thimble and strawberry-red emery cushions. There was a running to and fro in search of heart-shaped needle books, hasty inquiries after a mislaid sun-bonnet which had the moment before been tied on my head, and handkerchiefs which always had a habit of stealing off the particular moment that I wanted one. All this ended with my appearance at the door-yard gate, breathless and with my work crowded promiscuously into a painted basket where a corner of the missing handkerchief might have been usually detected peeping through a pile of calicoes, and half a dozen thimbles—which of course the whole household would be searching for—were found at last huddled together in the bottom.

When Julia and I met at the door-yard gate there was no necessity for consultation regarding our future movements. We opened another gate which led into the garden, turned down a walk bordered with currant and raspberry bushes, and let ourselves into one of the most beautiful meadows that eyes ever dwelt upon.

A footpath ran across this meadow to the bottom of a hill which rolled from a pile of picturesque rocks gently down to its green bosom. This hill was unwooded and covered with a short thick sward which became greener and richer as it was lost in the long meadow-grass, and on the last swell of the hill side stood an old apple tree, probably a chance seedling some fifty years before, and one of the most thrifty, magnificent trees ever burthened with fruit.

Our path led directly under the old apple tree—gave a sudden bend up the hill a few paces and was lost in a ravine, luxuriant with dogwood trees, wild spice-bushes, ash saplings, and plenty of wild grape vines. When Julia and I took our seats on a root of the old tree which forced back the earth till it formed a grassy little terrace just large enough to accommodate us and our work-baskets, we could hear the soft, cool trickling of a spring which gushed from a huge gray rock almost choking up the mouth of the ravine, and it was pleasant to mark how the hidden waters freshened the grass in its progress toward the homestead, and how beautifully their windings were revealed by an azure tinge shed from the violets and blue flags that drank life from their moisture.

It was pleasant to sit and look at all these calm, lovely objects from our shaded seat beneath the old apple tree with the air around us fragrant with wild blossoms, and the summer insects darting to and fro like jewels in the warm sunshine all around!

How was it possible that two young girls so situated should not become dreamy, romantic, and confidential. The minister's house was in view, and, of course, we must talk about him. The doctor rode along the distant highway every morning, and when we caught the gleam of his new saddlebags nothing was more natural than our conversation regarding his scientific flirtation with Julia's two sisters. Sometimes Ebenezer Smith, the son of a rich farmer back of the hill, took a short road across the meadow on his way home at the dinner hour, and when the great ungainly fellow stopped to ask after our health and stammered out some awkward compliment on our industry, or Julia's black eyes—she had fine eyes, and hair like the wing of a raven—it was *very* natural that we should feel the mischievous smiles struggling to our lips and that we should laugh in spite of ourselves when he leaped the fence and disappeared around a shoulder of the hill. Then amid our merriment we would break off and declare it "too bad"—poor fellow, he could not help it if his limbs did all seem linked together with hinge joints very much out of order. It was not his fault that his hands were so large, his eyes so small!—but then who could look on that drooping double ear of his, and the great mouth slanting obliquely across his face, without laughing? It was very cruel to ridicule any personal deformity, we knew that well enough, but what was the harm of a little fun all alone by ourselves? Ebenezer Smith was such a comical looking creature! So we

glanced at each other's faces, and another peal of mischievous merriment rang up through the green foliage of the old apple tree.

Besides all these sources of amusement we were just verging on what gentlemen call "sweet sixteen," and had little confidential things that were very interesting and personal indeed to converse about. I told Julia of a certain black-eyed boy who sat opposite me in the academy, who contrived to borrow my school books and conceal pretty little billet-deux in the pages, when he returned them, written in Latin, which were doubtless full of poetry and love—but I could not read them myself and had not sufficient courage to beg the assistance of any one who could. I moreover told her, under promise of strict secrecy, how I had returned answers to the billets—not in English, I scorned the idea—but in French, which, according to my present opinion, must have been as difficult for him or any one else to understand as his Latin was to me. I gave out mysterious hints of a time when he had made a path for me in deep snow as we were returning from school one day, and described the manner with which he took off his mittens and drew them over my gloves, as perfectly fascinating. She was given to understand that this same remarkably handsome and interesting young gentleman had just been entered at Yale College, and that it was more than probable his next letter would be written in Greek, with a Hebrew postscript. All of which she promised never to divulge to any human being in the whole course of her life.

I cannot say that Julia was equally frank with me, as she really never had received love letters in Latin, or enjoyed the felicity of having yarn mittens drawn over her hands by a handsome lad on a freezing cold day, but her sympathy was very gratifying, and she observed that my description of the young gentleman put her in mind of Lord Mortimer in the Children of the Abbey, a book that we had studied with great diligence and profit.

While we were thus enjoying the sweets of rural life under the old apple tree, our patch-work quilts gradually expanded in size and beauty. One day Julia came up the lane very early, and hurried me away with a little excitement of manner, as if she had something to communicate. What could it be? Had the minister proposed, or was our new doctor caught at last by the lovely sisters—which would he take? I might have spared these conjectures; the doctor and Parson Brooks had nothing to do with the matter. Julia had something better than all this to communicate. Her cousin was coming to live with them. Her Cousin Rufus, one of the handsomest, best hearted young fellows in the world, just twenty, and with eyes like an eagle; he had been intended for a physician, and had just commenced his studies when his father died insolvent. Rufus had struggled on with his profession manfully, and now, in order to raise funds for his first course of lectures, hired himself out to work Widow Daniels' farm, like a brave hearted youth as he was. Rufus Crofts arrived that very afternoon. I was *accidentally* seated at the window when the stage came in, and saw him spring out, take his valise and walk down the lane. He was a fine, spirited looking youth, dressed remarkably well, and one that you could not have passed without turning for a second look, even in the thoroughfare of a city.

There was a great commotion at the farm-house when Rufus Crofts approached the gate; the prim and perpendicular form of Widow Daniels appeared on the door-step at the north wing of the house with a gorgeous silk handkerchief tied over her cap, and her right hand held encouragingly toward the handsome stranger. Narissa and Elizabeth stood in graceful attitudes on the threshold, and I could see Julia peeping down from the attic window, where she had a bird's-eye view of the hospitable scene. There was a vigorous shaking of hands at the door-step, then the valise, its owner and the three ladies fell back into the north wing and disappeared. Julia withdrew her head from the attic window, and in its place a white streamer floated in the air. This was my invitation, and accepted with promptitude. In one hour from that time we were rambling on the river brink arm in arm with Cousin Rufus, smiling at each other furtively from beneath our cottage bonnets, and holding up our white dresses daintily from the dew which was falling thick and bright on the grass. We sauntered up and down the stream beneath the tall elms and the drooping willows, introducing our companion to all the violet hollows and peppermint banks, pointed out the tiny marsh where cranberries and sweet-flag were to be found in abundance, and, when the sunset came on, stood beneath our old apple tree, chatting merrily in the golden haze that lay trembling among its thick leaves and opening blossoms.

We found Cousin Rufus a frank, warm-hearted and witty young fellow, fond of fun and frolic as ourselves, and when the moon rose above the trees we were still sitting in the apple shade, unmindful of the nightime, and making the blossoms overhead tremble again with our shouts of laughter as Rufus entertained us with an account of his school-boy pranks. While we were in the height of our glee the figure of a man coming up the footpath interrupted us; it moved on in the moonlight heavily and with a dull swinging motion. The figure was followed by a shadow which swung its long arms to and fro, and seemed defying its principal from the grass with great pugnacity.

"Dear me, it's Ebenezer Smith," said Julia, in a whisper intended for my ear alone; "do keep still or he may insist on walking home with one of us."

"Who is it?" inquired Rufus, in a voice still rich with laughter.

"Hush!" said Julia, "keep in the shadow—he is coming close by us."

Sure enough, it was friend Ebenezer swinging up the footpath in great haste, as if trying to escape the grotesque shadow that followed every step with amazing fidelity, considering the ungainly subject it was condemned to copy.

Ebenezer had almost reached the place where we were standing when he stopped suddenly, called out "Who's there?" with a loud voice, then stood upright and still, gazing intently on the apple tree. Our

white dresses had evidently frightened him, and we knew that he was trembling with the idea of ghosts, and took us for murdered twins perhaps about to call on him to redress our wrongs.

The idea was so very ridiculous that we could not suppress a slight titter. Ebenezer crouched down, placed a hand on each knee, and peered under the thick branches, with his double ear bent to listen, his mouth slanting in the most determined manner across his face, and that grew whiter and whiter till it gleamed out perfectly ghastly in the soft moonbeams. We held our breath, and, though choking with suppressed laughter, avoided the slightest noise. Ebenezer slowly arose to an upright position, glanced down the path and then at his shadow, as if doubtful if it had not been slyly laughing at him from the grass. His path led directly beneath the huge branches of the apple tree, and through the rich foliage our dresses gleamed out cold and ghost-like to his half averted eyes. The gurgle of the rivulet too seemed like the whispering of spirit voices high up the gorge of the hill. Ebenezer crept forward a pace or two, turning his head timidly from side to side, and trembling till we heard his teeth chatter when he came within the shadow flung by the masses of foliage, where his own seemed all at once to have deserted him to his fate. Just then Julia moved from under a gleam of the moonlight that threatened to betray her, and glided behind Rufus. Ebenezer saw the motion, uttered a dismal noise, and fell upon his knees beseeching the unknown spirit to spare him for his mother's sake, who, he asserted with trembling limbs and chattering teeth, was a pious woman, a member of the church, and had always tried to bring up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

It might have been a bird in the branches, or a rabbit startled from his nest of fern on the hill side. We were perfectly motionless, but a rustling of leaves and the sound of something forcing its way through tangled foliage followed close on Ebenezer's appeal. He started up with another cry, plunged madly round the hill and disappeared over the stone wall head foremost, and with such impetuosity that we heard the sound of his fall—a groan and a struggle among the loose stones with a distinctness that frightened us.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Rufus, "he is hurt or frightened to death at his own shadow."

"And such a shadow—who could blame him?" said Julia, demurely.

But Rufus was beyond hearing—we gathered our shawls around us and followed him out into the moonlight just in time to see him clear the stone wall somewhat more gracefully than his illustrious predecessor. We found a way for ourselves through a set of bars and joined him as he was stooping to the fallen Ebenezer.

"Are you hurt, sir?" inquired the young man, anxiously.

"Oh, get away, get away," said Ebenezer, gathering his shaking limbs still more closely to the stones, and hiding his face between his huge hands. "I shall be well enough if you 'll only get on t' other side of the wall, and clear out altogether."

"I have come to assist you," said Rufus, still very earnestly, for he could not believe the man uninjured.

"It aint of the least use, I tell you. I don't mean to sell myself body and soul to any spirit, black or white, so get behind me, get behind me!" and we could hear broken fragments of the Lord's Prayer issuing through the long fingers which Ebenezer still clenched over his face.

"Do get up and try if you can move," persisted the young man, laying his hand kindly on the shoulder which formed the most convenient angle of Mr. Smith's body. Ebenezer shrunk closer to the stones and shuddered. "Lead me not into temptation," broke through his shaking hands. Rufus could hardly speak for laughing, but attempted to lift the prostrate man by the arm. "Deliver me from evil!" gasped Ebenezer, shaking off his hold.

Rufus bent down and using both hands half raised the prostrate man from his groveling place in the stones, but the frightened creature struggled manfully with his spirit-foe, and now in the extremity of terror a whole torrent of words came pouring through his fingers. "Give me this day my daily bread—forgive me my trespasses—now I lay me down to sleep—amen, amen—a—oh!"

Ebenezer Smith uttered the last exclamation just as Cousin Rufus forced back his hands and left his unshackled eyes free to gaze on the form of Julia Daniels, who stood before him in the moonlight laughing till the bright tears sparkled down her cheeks. In the amazement that fell upon him Ebenezer's mouth almost drew a parallel line with his nose. The thick hair that had bristled up with terror fell down to his temples again, and shaking terribly between delight at seeing a familiar face and recent terror, he faltered out,

"Miss Julia, is that you?"

"I believe it is," said Julia, brushing the tears from her face, making a strong effort to speak serious, and bursting into another fit of merriment.

"You saw me fall, then?" said Ebenezer, evidently determined to make the best of his position. "The stones gave way as I attempted to climb by the bars. The man that builds such fences ought to be prosecuted. It came near being the end of me, Miss Daniels, I can tell you."

We were all too earnest in a vain attempt to conquer our laughter for any reply.

"You heard the racket, I suppose, and came up," continued Ebenezer, looking at us rather anxiously. "I am sure it was kind of you. There isn't much harm done, though—"

"Then you are not hurt?" said Rufus politely.

Ebenezer turned abruptly, looked Mr. Crofts hard in the face, and perpetrated a smile that sent one corner of that restless mouth into the neighborhood of his right eye, while the other pointed precisely to a corner of his neatly starched dickey.

"A relation of ours, Mr. Crofts," said Julia, conquering her unusual merriment, and introducing the young men in form. "He heard the noise of your accident, and came to offer assistance."

Ebenezer took Mr. Crofts by the hand, expressed

himself greatly obliged by the attention he had rendered, and after shaking himself and walking forward a step or two, in order to ascertain the condition of his limbs, declared that all the injury received was a slight bruise and a rent in his nether garments, which could easily be remedied by a silk pocket handkerchief, which he forthwith tied around the injured limb and its still more deeply mutilated covering, in a style that added very much to the natural interest excited by his appearance, which was always picturesque, and rendered just then decidedly poetical, by the aid of that soft, cool moonlight that lay all around him, and the touching romance of recent peril.

When all the damages to Mr. Smith's person were repaired, we proposed returning home, and bade him good night; but Ebenezer had suddenly become social to a degree that excited our deepest sympathy; he cast a timid glance over the wall toward the apple-tree, another up the road, and projecting his right arm till it formed a triangle with his side, he asked permission to see Julia home, with a fervor and earnestness that would have excited gratitude in a heart of stone. Poor Julia, she cast one regretful look on her handsome cousin, placed her arm through the triangle, and walked homeward with a degree of fortitude which I could admire at a distance, but never hope to imitate. As it was, the arrangement had left Cousin Rufus to my undivided lot. It was a lovely moonlight evening, we walked very deliberately, and his voice was remarkably deep-toned and rich when he bent that animated face to address me. His eyes, too, were bright, dark and eloquent; now and then I could see them flash and sparkle in the moonbeams, and altogether I felt it my duty to be resigned to the dispensation which had given Mr. Ebenezer Smith as an escort to Julia Daniels and Cousin Rufus to my unworthy self.

It was beautiful to witness the treasures of hospitality which Mr. Smith's encounter with the stone wall brought to light in his noble bosom. He left Julia at the gate, and came hurrying breathlessly back while Cousin Rufus and my unworthy self were lingering beneath the maples in front of our house, deep in a conversation that was rather fragmentary but not the less interesting. Ebenezer came up to the gate panting for breath, just as I had broken a plume-like tuft of white lilac from a flowering bush and transferred it to the hand of my companion. As the foot tread of Mr. Ebenezer Smith interrupted us, the blossom miraculously disappeared, and when Cousin Rufus stepped forth into the moonlight at the call of Ebenezer I detected the soft and snowy spray of my gift trembling beneath his vest.

Ebenezer had taken so violent a fancy to our new friend that he could not think of going home without him. The distance was nothing, and the currant wine in old Mrs. Smith's corner cupboard perfectly delicious. Cousin Rufus was bound to accept the evidence from the young man on hospitable thoughts intent, as no collateral testimony regarding the wine could have been gathered in the whole neighborhood, the mysteries of Mrs. Smith's tea cups and decanters being up to that time kept profoundly sacred to the members of her own family.

Cousin Rufus declined all thoughts of the wine, but consented to walk home with Ebenezer with the utmost good humor. They went away together, Mr. Smith politely giving his companion the wall, and walking very fast when they came opposite the old apple tree.

I went to sleep that night with a spray of white lilac under my pillow; the perfume must have affected my dreams, for all night long I was in a garden luxuriant with blossoms and breezy with delicious fragrance, that floated through the foliage and settled on the earth in pearly clouds perceptible to the eye. The garden was haunted by another person, but whether that was Ebenezer Smith or Cousin Rufus I would rather not inform my readers, if it makes no particular difference to them.

The spring deepened into summer, our minister still remained unmarried, and when the doctor had worn all the gloss from his new saddlebags, with hard practice, he was a single man and yet in the market. His attendance at the red farm-house became less frequent after Cousin Rufus was domesticated beneath its roof. Miss Elizabeth declared that the affection of the heart with which she had been so long afflicted was exhibiting new and surprising symptoms every day; still she was decidedly better, probably from her new system of exercise and open air. The childish taste for corn fields and new mown hay unaccountably returned upon her that summer, though the verdant season of life might reasonably be supposed to have subsided with her thirtieth birthday. It really was quite interesting and romantic when she tied on her pink sun-bonnet, and followed Cousin Rufus with a little rake daintily turning up the fresh grass as his sythe swept it in fragrant billows around her path. Occasionally Julia and myself gained permission to share her rural labor. At such times she was excessively kind and patronizing to our youth, always calling us the little girls or children, and exhibiting a deep sense of our juvenile condition in various ways, that proved how earnestly she had our welfare at heart, and particularly agreeable to a pair of full grown girls verging on sixteen, tolerably large for that age, and with the hopes of dawning womanhood brightening before them.

And Cousin Rufus, he was indeed one of nature's own noblemen; resolute, courageous and ashamed of no exertion, honorable in itself, that promised to aid in the great hope of his existence. He had taken the best and surest way to distinction, worked his own path and toiled upward, diligently marking every footstep with the sweat of his brow. Instead of sitting down and repining over the cloud that had fallen upon his prospects, he put forth his energies and watched hopefully for the silver time which, sooner or later, is certain to gladden the industrious and faithful. Instead of suffering in personal appearance, he became more manly and noble from exertion. Athletic exercise and free air but served to enrich the tints of his complexion, and develop the strength and symmetry of his form. When he flung off his straw hat and un-

buttoned his collar, allowing the sunshine to dance among the raven curls heaped over his forehead, and the cool wind to bathe his throat, as every pliant limb swayed gracefully to the swing of his sythe, he was, as Miss Elizabeth classically observed, a perfect Apollo, deficient only in the lute. As for Julia and myself, we cared very little for lutes in those days, and had about as much knowledge of Apollo as Miss Elizabeth herself; but one thing amounted to a settled conviction in our minds, if Apollo was only half as handsome as Cousin Rufus he must have been a person worth looking at.

But the history of Cousin Rufus, the loves of the widow, and the events which befell the Daniels family, the doctor and Ebenezer Smith, and, above all, the destiny which awaited my patch-work quilt, shall all be written out and completed in another chapter. So wait in patience and charity, gentle reader, and next month the whole of this true history shall be yours.

[*Conclusion next month.*

SONNETS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

FANNY.

I.

A Protean creature! wayward as the shower
  Of fountain shiv'ring in the clear moonshine,
But docile yet: and glorious with the dower
  Of feeling, sympathy, of impulse fine,
  A heart to love till death, all things divine
That make us worship woman. How in thee
  Two diff'ring natures meet! Thou couldst beguile
  A summer life with many a sportive wile,
Idle as shepherd maids in Arcady.
  Or, if affection summoned to it, share
  A life of sorrow, braving down despair
With heart as bold as Colon's when he stood
  Out in that unknown sea. Oh! ever fair
And perfect type of earnest womanhood.

II.

And yet *not* perfect, rather may be so,
  If thou the hardest task of life wilt learn,
To triumph o'er thyself. Weak natures grow
  In sorrow weaker, but proud bosoms turn
  To tempered steel, and heav'nly meekness earn.
Thou hast been haughty, but thine eye is now
  Milder and lovelier, as when shining far
  First smiled on Paradise the evening star!
And oft a light irradiates thy brow,
  As of a high soul conscious of its powers
And earnest in its mission. At such hours
  To watch that glowing countenance I love,
And dream that, coming down from far off bowers,
  Angels have lived to win our souls above!

AMY.

I.

As one embarking on a midnight sea,
  Thou standest silent, thoughtful on the shore,
Oppressed with many fears of destiny,
  Girlhood behind, and womanhood before!
  But courage, courage, be faint heart no more—
Life's serious duties urge thee earnest on,
  And fates are linked with thine, whose good or ill
  For earth or heav'n may turn upon thy will—
Bear up, nor falter till the prize be won!
  All noblest impulses within thee glow,
  Alas! too oft concealed. Is man thy foe?
This world all hollow? Oh! believe it not;
  For we may nurse suspicion till we grow
Like those we dread. Far better die and rot.

II.

There have been souls who, trusting and betrayed,
  Have turned to gall and made a mock of good—
There have been others who have watched and prayed
  Against the tempter's arts, and so have stood
  Fast in the holy faith of sisterhood!
Be such as these; for ev'ry noble deed
  A hundred fold shall reap, and bosoms sealed
  To stern reproaches at a kind word yield—
Oh! glorious task to bind up hearts that bleed.
  Then fearless on thy woman's mission go!
  And, doing all thy duty, thou shalt know
A peace ineffable. Ay! live and die,
  As lives the day-god, keeping heav'n a-glow,
And, dying, long irradiates the sky!

"THERE IS NO GOD!"

BY CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

"THERE is no God"—the skeptic scoffing said—
  "There is no power that sways or earth or sky;"
Remove the veil that folds the doubter's head,
  That God may burst upon his opened eye!
Is there no God? Yon stars above arrayed,
  If he look there, the blasphemy deny;
Whilst his own features, in the mirror read,
  Reflect the image of Divinity.
Is THERE NO GOD? The purling streamlets flow,
  The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,
Bright flowers, green fields, the winds that round him blow,
  All speak of *God*—all prove that *His* decrees
Have placed them, where they may HIS being show;
  Blind to thyself, behold Him, MAN, in these!

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

The day was declining, the breeze in its glee
Had left the fair blossoms to sing on the sea,
As the sun in its gorgeousness, radiant and still,
Dropped down like a gem from the brow of the hill;
One tremulous star, in the glory of June,
Came out with a smile, and sat down by the moon
As she graced her blue throne with the pride of a queen,
The smiles of her loveliness gladdening the scene.

The landscape was glorious! In distance away
Rolled the foam-crested waves of the Chesapeake Bay,
While, bathed in the moonlight, the village was seen,
With the church in the distance that stood on the green.
The soft sloping meadows lay brightly unrolled,
With their mantles of verdure and blossoms of gold,
And the earth in her beauty forgetting to grieve
Lay asleep in her bloom on the bosom of eve.

A light-hearted child—I had wandered away
From the spot where my footsteps had gamboled all day,
And free as a bird's was the song of my soul
As I heard the wild waters exultingly roll.
Thus lightening my heart as I wandered along
With bursts of low laughter and snatches of song,
I struck in a pathway half-worn o'er the sod
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

As I traced its green windings a murmur of prayer
With the hymn of the worshipers rose on the air,
And drawn by the links of its sweetness along
I stood unobserved in the midst of the throng.
For awhile my young spirit still wandered about
With the birds and the winds that were singing without,
But birds, winds and waters were quickly forgot
In one angel-like being that brightened the spot.

In stature majestic—apart from the throng
He stood in his beauty—the theme of my song!
His cheek pale with fervor, the blue orbs above
Lit up with the splendors of youth and of love,
Yet the heart-glowing raptures that beamed from those eyes
Seemed saddened by sorrows, and chastened by sighs,
As if the young heart in its bloom had grown cold,
With its love unrequited, its sorrows untold.

Such language as his I may never recall,
But his theme was salvation—salvation to all—
And the souls of a thousand in ecstasy hung
On the manna-like sweetness that dropped from his tongue.
Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence stole;
Enforced by each gesture, it sunk to the soul,
Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the sod,
And brought to each bosom a message from God.

He spoke of the Savior! What pictures he drew!
The scene of his sufferings rose clear on my view,
The cross—the rude cross where he suffered and died—
The gush of bright crimson that flowed from his side—
The cup of his sorrows—the wormwood and gall—
The darkness that mantled the earth as a pall—
The garland of thorns—and the demon-like crews
Who knelt as they scoffed him—"Hail King of the Jews!"

He spoke, and it seemed that his statue-like form
Expanded and glowed as his spirit grew warm,
His tone so impassioned, so melting his air,
As, touched with compassion, he ended in prayer;
His hands clasped above him, his blue orbs upthrown,
Still pleading for sins that were never his own,
While that mouth, where such sweetness ineffable clung,
Still spoke, though expression had died on his tongue.

Oh God! what emotions the speaker awoke—
A mortal he seemed, yet a Deity spoke—
A man, yet so far from humanity riven—
On earth, yet so closely connected with heaven.
How often since then have I pictured him there
As he stood in that triumph of passion and prayer,
His eyes closed in rapture, their transient eclipse
Made bright by the smile that illumined his lips.

There's a charm in delivery, a magical art
That thrills like a kiss from the lip to the heart;
'Tis the glance, the expression, the well-chosen word
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred.
The smile, the mute gesture, the soul-startling pause,
The eye's sweet expression, that melts while it awes,
The lip's soft persuasion, its musical tone,—
Oh such was the charm of that eloquent one!

The time is long past, yet how clearly defined
That bay, church and village float up on my mind.
I see amid azure the moon in her pride,
With the sweet little trembler that sat by her side,
I hear the blue waves, as she wanders along,
Leap up in their gladness and sing her a song,
And I tread in the pathway half worn o'er the sod
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

The time is long past, yet what visions I see;
The past, the dim past, is the present to me;
I am standing once more mid that heart-stricken throng,
A vision floats up—'t is the theme of my song—
All glorious and bright as a spirit of air;
The light like a halo encircles his hair,
And I catch the same accents of sweetness and love
As he whispered of Jesus, and pointed above.

How sweet to my heart is this picture I 've traced;
Its chain of bright fancies seemed almost effaced,
Till Memory, the fond one that sits in the soul,
Took up the soft links and connected the whole.
As the dew to the blossom, the bud to the bee,
As the scent to the rose, are those memories to me;
Round the chords of my spirit they 've tremblingly clung,
And the echo it gives is the song I have sung.

SHIVERTON SHAKES;

OR, THE UNEXPRESSED IDEA.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL, AUTHOR OF "CHARCOAL SKETCHES," "IN AND ABOUT TOWN," ETC.

SHIVERTON Shakes had an idea—a cup of tea had warmed the soil of his imagination, and it was flowering to fruit—he had an idea in bud—a thought which struggled to expand into expression, and to find a place in the great basket of human knowledge.

Shiverton Shakes had an idea, and ideas, whether great or small—whether good, bad or indifferent—must have utterance, or the understanding wilts and withers. Even the body sympathetically suffers. It is easy to mark the man who smothers his intellectual offspring—the moral infanticide, with his compressed lip, his cadaverous hue, his sinister eye, and his cold, cautious deportment; whose thinkings never go out of doors, and lack health for want of air and exercise. That man is punished for his cruelty to nature, by a dyspepsia affecting both his mental and physical organization. There is no health in him.

But it must not be forgotten that Shiverton Shakes had an idea—little Shiverton, in his earlier years, when the world is fresh and new, and when the opening faculties are wild in their amazement.

"Mamma," said Shiverton, suspending the assault upon his bread and butter; "mamma, what d'ye think?—as I was going down—"

Mr. and Mrs. Shakes were too earnestly engaged in the interchange of their own fancies to heed the infantile voice of Shiverton.

"What d'ye think, ma?" repeated the youthful aspirant for the honor of a hearing; "as I was going down Chestnut street I saw—"

"A little more sugar, my dear," said Mr. Shakes.

"And, as I was telling you," added Mrs. Shakes, "Mary Jones has got—"

"Sweetened to death! There—don't!" said Mr. Shakes, withdrawing his cup rather petulantly.

"Down Chestnut street, I saw—"

"A new black hat, trimmed with—"

"Sugar enough to fill a barrel," muttered Mr. Shakes.

"I saw—"

"Hat with—"

"Tea spoilt altogether—give me another—"

"Very little black hat, trimmed with—"

"Two boys, and what d'ye think?" chimed in the persevering Shiverton Shakes.

"Why, what is all this?" exclaimed Mr. Shakes, as he raised his eyes in anger. "Hats and boys and sugar! I never heard such a Babel!"

"That child!" ejaculated Mrs. Shakes; "did you ever know—"

"Two boys and they were a—" continued Shiverton, pursuing his own peculiar train of reminiscence undisturbed by Mary Jones or any thing else, and happy in feeling that there now appeared to be no impediment to the flow of his narrative.

But yet this moment, though he knew it not, was a crisis in the fate of Shiverton Shakes—a circumflex in the line of his being; slight perhaps in itself, but very material in determining the result of the journey.

Mr. Shakes fixed his eye upon his son—Mr. Shakes seemed to ponder for a moment.

"I cannot stand it any longer," said he, "and what is more, I wont—that boy is a nuisance—he talks so much that I cannot tell what I'm reading, taste what I'm eating, or hear what I'm saying. I'm not sure, in fact, when he is present, that I know exactly whether it's me or not. He wants to talk all the time."

Luckless Shiverton had been running wild in the country for a considerable period, and, while his elocutionary capacities had been greatly developed, the power of endurance in his parents had been weakened for want of exercise. They were out of practice—he was in high training. They were somewhat nervous,—he was, both in mind and body, in the best possible condition, deriving as much nourishment from the excitement of noise as he did from food.

"Well, I declare, he does talk all the time and asks such questions—so foolish I can't answer them," exclaimed the mother, with her usual volubility; "just as if there was a reason for every thing—so tiresome. I do declare, when he is in the room, I can scarcely slip in a word edgeways, and his tongue keeps such a perpetual clatter, that since he came back I hardly think I've heard my own voice more than—"

"You hear it now," said Mr. Shakes; "but I'm determined Shiverton shall be spoiled no longer. Do you hear? From this time forth you must never speak but when you are spoken to. Little boys must be seen, and not heard."

"Well, I do declare, so they must—mus'n't be seen and not be heard—that's the way to bring up children."

"Shiverton," added his father, impressively; "Shiverton, when you are old enough to talk sensibly, then you may talk. When you are mature enough—I say mature—"

"What is mature?" inquired Shiverton, tremblingly.

"Mature is—never mind what it is—when you are

older you 'll know. But, as I before remarked, when you are mature enough to understand things, then you may ask about them."

The rule, thus emphatically laid down, was enforced inexorably. It therefore not only happened that Shiverton's idea was suppressed on the occasion referred to, thus preventing the world from ever arriving at a knowledge of what really was done by those two mysterious boys, as he went down Chestnut street, but likewise cutting him off from other communications relative to the results of his experience and observation. Henceforth he was to be seen, not heard—a precept and a rule of conduct which he was compelled to write in his copybook, as well as to hear whenever the workings of his spirit prompted him to "speak as to his thinkings." The twig was bent—the tree inclined.

What Shiverton Shakes might have been, had the trunk of his genius been permitted to ascend according to its original impulse, is now but matter for conjecture. Where he would have reached in his umbrageous expansion, had the shoots of his soul been judiciously trimmed and trellised—sunned, shaded and watered, who can tell? There may be a blank in glory's book which his name should have filled—an empty niche in our century's greatness where Shiverton Shakes should have been embalmed. At this instant, perhaps, the world suffers because some momentous truth which it was for him to have drawn to light, is still "hushed within the hollow mine of earth." Why, indeed, may we not suppose that when he was rebuked for making chips, to the annoyance of the tidy housekeeper, an invention perished in its very inception which would have superseded the steam engine? What might Shiverton Shakes—Shiverton cherished—Shakes undismayed—what might he not have been? A warrior, probably, phlebotomizing men by the battalion and by the brigade, and piling skulls to build his way to fame. Why not a patriot and a statesman, heading parties and carrying elections, with speeches from the stump and huzzas from the multitude? Nor would it be considering too curiously if it were to be imagined that, had circumstances been propitious, Shiverton Shakes might at this very hour have been in the enjoyment of the highest of human honors and the most sublime of modern inventions, that of being pilloried by the political press and flung at by half the nation—the new pleasure, for which an exhausted voluptuary of the classic age breathed sighs in vain.

But such delights as these were denied to Shiverton Shakes, who was too strictly taught to be seen and not heard—who was not to speak until he was spoken to; in consequence whereof, as the invitation was not very often extended, he came near being deprived of the faculty of speech altogether.

When Shiverton Shakes came home—"why, there 's company in the parlor," and Shiverton Shakes went to learn manners and deportment in the kitchen. Shiverton Shakes breakfasted, dined and supped in the kitchen, and when promoted by a call up stairs, Shiverton mumbled in his words, fumbled in his pockets and rumpled among his hair. An ungainly lout was Shiverton Shakes. He had been, so to speak, paralyzed by his undeveloped idea. His original confidence, instead of being modulated and modified, had been extirpated, and the natural *aplomb* of his character—that which keeps men on their feet, maintaining the adjustment and balance of their faculties—had been destroyed.

"The boy is a booby," said Mr. Shakes; "why can't you stand up strait and speak out?—you 're old enough."

"Well, I do declare," subjoined Mrs. Shakes, "I 'm quite ashamed of him. I can't think how he came to be such a goose. When Mary Jones spoke to him the other day, I do declare if he did n't put his thumb right in his eye and almost twist himself out of his jacket; and when she asked him what he learned at school, all he could say was 'he! he! I don' know.' He sha n't show himself again till he behaves better—a great long—"

"I do n't like to be harsh—in fact, I 'm rather too indulgent," philanthropically remarked Mr. Shakes; "but, if I were to do my duty by this boy, I ought to chastise him out of these awkward tricks. There—go—down stairs with you. It 's the only place you 're fit for."

"He must never be allowed to come up when any body 's here—not till he knows how to speak to people."

Such was the earlier life of Shiverton Shakes. He was not to plunge into the billows of the world before he had learned to swim, and yet was denied the opportunity to acquire the rudiments of this species of natation, in those smaller rills and ripples where alone the necessary confidence and dexterity are to be obtained. It was perhaps believed that he could cast the boy off and assume the man, without preliminary training, and that, having been seen but not heard for so many years, he would have an instinctive force, at the proper moment, to cause himself both to be seen and heard, thus suddenly stepping from one extreme to the other. There may be such forces in some people—in people who, in a phrenological aspect, have a larger propelling power, to drive them over the snags, sawyers and shallows of this "shoal of time." They were not, however, to be found in Shiverton Shakes. Nor was he a proof of the correctness of that common parental theory, so often urged to palliate and to excuse deficiencies in culture and supervision, that he would "know better when he grew older," thus endeavoring to make future years responsible for duties which should be performed by ourselves and at the existing moment. This method of "knowing better" may suit the procrastinating disposition, and there may be instances in which it engenders a corrective influence; but it is at best a doubtful experiment to permit defects thus to "harden into petrifaction" while awaiting the uncertain period of removal. That we may "know better when we are older" is like enough; but then, will we do better?—who, of all the world, does better—much better—half as much better as he ought—as he "knows better?" There are differences, sad to experience, hard to overcome, between knowing and doing. The

right habitude is the surest panoply. Shiverton Shakes had no habitude but the wrong habitude—no panoply at all.

. . . . . .

Shiverton went forth into the world—shrinkingly forth—modestly forth, and so forth, which perhaps is very amiable as an abstraction, though its value, in a peculiarly brazen state of society, is not quite so great in a practical point of view as the school-books would have us to believe—for if, as we are told, this modesty is a candle to one's merit, there must be some strange omission in regard to lighting the wick, and unless that process be complied with, it is as clear as darkness can make it, that all the candles in the universe will do but little toward an illumination. It is at least certain that Shiverton's merit gained no refulgence from his unobtrusiveness, and that his retiring disposition, so far from promoting his interests and extending his fame, according to the philosophic notion on the subject, came near causing him to be pushed out of sight and forgotten altogether. No one searched him from his obscurity—fortune passed by his door without knocking, and reputation swept onward without offering him a seat in its vehicle. Yet Shiverton was as modest as modest could be—as modest, according to the popular comparison, as a sheep. He thought nothing of himself at all—he invariably got out of the way when other people wanted to advance, on the principle of "after you is manners," and when others spoke first, he was particularly careful to speak last, or not to speak at all; suppressing his own wishes, feelings and opinions to promote the general harmony. A retiring man was Shiverton, and he obtained an occupation wherein his main intercourse was with his pen and with columns of figures, so that he still could be seen and not heard, according to the regulation which governed his childhood. He stooped as he walked, that his superiority of height (for Shiverton had stretched in longitude far beyond his unpretending wishes) might be lost, as it were, in the smaller crowd, and he went home, as far as it was possible to do so, by the "alley way," to avoid the ostentation of parading the thoroughfares, and to escape the embarrassing operation of returning salutations to those with whom he was unavoidably acquainted. What would Shiverton Shakes not have given if he had known nobody—if there were nobody here but himself, or if he could consume this troublesome "how d'ye do" existence in a back room, up three pair of stairs, where no one could by possibility come? And his bashfulness grew by being indulged. He suffered, not only by the painful sensations of his own timidity, but still more by the thought that others likewise saw into his perturbations, and derived enjoyment from his internal sufferings. He appropriated every laugh to himself—he could not think that when he was within the range of observation, there could possibly be any other jest so likely to provoke a smile; and when people talked together with mirthfulness on their countenance, he was sure that the awkwardnesses and defects of Shiverton Shakes were under discussion. He had never heard of any thing else at home, and he always felt as if he were a discreditable intruder who ought, if any thing, to apologize for having come into this breathing world at all. Had there been such a thing as a back door to our sublunary sphere, he would certainly have opened it, if it could have been done without noise, and have crept out, glad to escape into the immeasurable solitude of ether.

But a retreat of this sort is not possible, according to existing planetary arrangements, without a recourse to means to which Shakes had a repugnance. The sensibility of his nervous system rejected the thought of a cold bath by midnight, with brickbats in his vest and paving stones in his coat pockets—the pistol is a means of dismissal altogether too noisy for the retiring disposition, and the elevation of the cord shows an aspiring temper which would not have been at all characteristic in Shiverton Shakes. Beside, a jury in such cases generally looks for the impulsive reason, and how ridiculous it would seem to be returned in the newspapers as one who had voluntarily gone defunct through lack of brass! Such an imagination could not be entertained even for an instant. There would be more chuckling than ever. Shiverton resolved to live—to be Shakes to the end of his terraqueous term, no matter how unpleasant it might be.

Still, however, manœuvre as one may, we cannot always avoid contact with the world in some of its phases. Invitations will come, for instance, from which there is no moral possibility of evasion. To be very unwell sometimes answers a good purpose, if indeed these dodging purposes be ever good, when the motive is simply a dodge from a failure in self-reliance. It will do to have prior engagements occasionally when none such exist, and then the pressure of business at certain seasons may be extreme; but exert ourselves to that end as we may, there are few individuals who can contrive to be ill all the time, or always to have a prior engagement, or to be busy so continually as not to have an evening to spare; and then a point blank *non inventus*, without the shadow of a palliation, is scarcely to be attempted under certain circumstances. It requires the imperturbable solidity of a stone wall to be guilty of it. It sits upon the soul like a nightmare, and the guilty wakes next morning with a conscience as heavy as a millstone. Shiverton Shakes was cornered by such an invitation—to a dance of the most extensive and brilliant description—in honor of the marriage of the daughter of one concerning whom he had *post mortem* expectations—expectations which he fondly dreamed would productively survive the individual who had given rise to them. It was therefore what we may call, for want of an established phrase to describe it, the invitation undeniable—the trident of an appeal which forks on either side and pins one through the body. It was an invitation which, with all Shiverton's agile practice in this respect, he could neither leap over nor yet creep under. It was not to be got round, on the right hand or upon the left. It enflanked and enfiladed—encircled and hemmed in. Yet, if boldly faced, it was obvious that Shiverton Shakes could not help being, to some extent at least, a feature on the occasion—occasions, like countenances, must have features, or they cease to be occasions. But to be

suddenly elevated into a feature—projected from the level into a promontory, like some diver duck of a volcanic island—when we are not used to it—when we do n't know how! Who, in such a crisis, could avoid feeling like Shakes? To be a protuberance—a card—a first or a second fiddle, with no acquaintance with the bow and innocent of rosin—to dance with the bride—to be fascinating to the maids—to make himself generally agreeable, who had never before been on such hard duty—to be easy, graceful, witty—"preposterous and pestiferous!" cried Shiverton Shakes; "me making myself agreeable! I should like to catch myself at it."

Shiverton was haunted by Mrs. Marygold's note. In his dreams it was like the air drawn dagger of the tragedy. It seemed to "marshal him the way he was to go," and beckoned him on, not to Duncan's surcease—Duncan surceased in the dark—the fewer witnesses the better—but to something much worse, in his fearful estimation—to violins and laughter—to smiles and compliments—to airs and graces—to silks and cologne—blooming bouquets, pearly teeth and flashing eyes—more terrible to him than frowning ramparts and stern artillery.

Shiverton sat alone in his chamber. The lamp burned dimly, and the fatal note, its perfume not yet departed, lay before him.

"There 's my ankle," said he, after a gloomy pause, "if I could only sprain it now, without hurting myself much—sprain it gently—but no—that wont do—they 'd guess in a minute—and I could n't very conveniently contrive to break my neck for a day or two, by way of something original; but I almost wish it was broke. It would save a fellow a great deal of trouble. I should like to raise a fever, if I only knew how; but I can't find a headache with all the shaking I can give it. Perhaps it would n't do to be found 'no more' when they came to call me to breakfast, on the morning of this horrible dance; but I wish I was no more—I wish I never had been more at all. But more or less, I must go, if an earthquake does not intervene, or if there is not a blow up of some sort. But these things never happen when they 're wanted. I never found the dentist out in my life when I was to be hurt. There are matters which can't postpone. Hanging day is hanging day, whether it rains or shines, and then hanging day is never yesterday—I do n't mind things when they 're past—hanging day is always to-morrow or to-day—something to come—something that 's not done, but must be done. It appears to me that I 'm never done, but always doing—going to be done."

After this escapade, Shiverton was moodily silent—expressionless outwardly, save in the restless transposition of his pedal extremities, while his brows were knitting like a weaver's loom.

"If they 'd let me be, now—but they wont—they never do," continued he sharply; "let me be in a corner, or in the refreshment room, eating things and drinking things—cracking nuts, or forking pickled oysters, or spooning in ice cream, and nobody looking on—it always chokes me when any body 's looking on—things wont get on the spoon, and my plate is sure to spill and run over—if they 'd do so, I 'd be able to get along well enough; but then I must go in among the ladies—there 's nothing scares me more than ladies—good-looking ladies particularly—I can't talk to them—they frighten me like Old Scratch. Yet I 've got all the books about manners, in that closet—'American Chesterfield,' 'Etiquette,' and all that—why do n't somebody publish how to flourish away in other people's houses, so we can learn it in three lessons, like French, Italian and Spanish? That 's the kind of cheap literature I want."

At last he sprung impatiently from his chair, and the clock struck one.

"Since I must go to Mrs. Marygold's whether I will or not, I had better begin to practice as soon as possible—practice tea party"—and Shiverton brushed up his hair and pulled down his wristbands; "that 's the way I suppose.—Now I come in, so," and he threw his head aside in a languishing manner—"Hope you 're very well, Mrs. Marygold—that chair 's the old lady—how dee doo, Mrs. Marygold—how 's Bob?—no, not Bob—how is Mr. Robert?—then that bedpost 's the old man—compliments to the old man—that wash-stand is the young ladies, all of a bunch—your most obedient, says I, in a sort of off-hand way—most obedient to the wash-stand, and a sort of a slide all round.—Pooh! it 's easy enough, if you go right at it—who 's afraid?—Ha! ha!" and Shiverton became excited, bowing about the room. "Dance! why yes, to be sure I will—Pleasure of dancing with Miss Slammerkin?—ho! ho! tolderol! tolderol! chasses across—swing corners—slambang! pigeon-wing!"

Shiverton's operations in this matter were rather of the old school; more, it is to be presumed, from the dash of desperation that tinged his spirit at the time, than from any other cause, and so, forgetting, if he ever knew it, the easy, unambitious and nonchalant manner of the modern ball-room, he set arms and legs agoing with the whirligig vigor and expansive reach of a windmill. The floor creaked and trembled—the windows rattled and shook; but still he danced away with the concentred energy of one who "had business would employ an age, and but a moment's time to do it in." He was, in fact, and without being conscious of it, realizing a great moral and physiological truth. His mental uneasiness found relief in physical action, on the principle which renders the body restless when the mind is disturbed, that the superabundance of the nervous force may be diverted from our thoughts to our muscles. Care and bashfulness seemed to be driven away together. The rust flew off, and a momentary hardness and transient polish appeared.

He upset the chair. "Mrs. Marygold 's done for," said he in breathless exultation. Crash went the table. "Supper 's over—let 's waltz! Taglioni and Queen Victoria—who 's afraid! I knew I only wanted to begin, to go ahead of D'Orsay!" and he flew round like a top, to the complete discomfiture of the "Dukedom of Hereford and those movables."

"Murder!—or fire!—or thieves!—or something!!" screamed Mrs. Fitzgig, the landlady, as she awoke in trepidation from her slumbers, the more appalled be-

cause it was impossible to imagine what was the matter. Terror is never so terrific as when we do not know what terrifies us. "Boh!" cried in the dark will unsettle the firmest nerves, because it has never yet been decided exactly what "Boh!" means. People will tremble and run at "Boh!" who do not shrink from surgery or from an unpaid bill.

The uproar continued, and at last Mrs. Fitzgig, with her boarders, men, women and children, leaped from their beds and rushed, blanketed and sheeted, to the scene of action.

"Shiverton Shakes is crazy—run for Doctor Slop!"

"Shave his head!" said one.

"Knock him down!" exclaimed another.

"Law suz!" pathetically cried Mrs. Fitzgig, looking at the devastation—"What 's all this?"

"It 's tea-party—it 's hop—it 's ball!" shouted Shiverton, for once grown bold, and seizing upon his landlady—"Why don't you jump along?—swing around—practice makes perfect!"

The laughter, loud and long, which followed these explanatory exclamations, brought Shiverton Shakes to his senses, and awakened him from his dream of ball-room triumph, as if he had suddenly been subjected to the tranquilizing influence of a shower-bath.

"Exercise—nothing but exercise—bad health—too much confined," muttered he—"a man must have exercise."

"But two o'clock in the morning 's not the time, is it? and breaking things is not the way, I guess," said Mrs. Fitzgig sulkily. Shiverton Shakes paid the damages, but the balance of ridicule was not so easily settled. It is a strange thing, too, that the rehearsal should be a subject of derision, when the deed itself is rather commendable than otherwise. If a man is found making speeches to himself, people will regard it as a joke, and should he be discovered taking off his hat to his own reflection in the mirror, that he may bow with grace in the street, and perform his *devoir* to fair damsels with becoming elegance, why he would never hear the last of it. Always turn the key, and speak softly when practicing gentlemanly deportment to supposititious society. If you experience a lack of preparatory drill in the art of making yourself peculiarly agreeable, go through your discipline in the vacant garret, and should there be no bolt to the entrance, keep your face to the door, that you may confront the sudden intruder with a vacant countenance and the fragment of a tune, as if nothing in the world were the matter. Demosthenes himself must have felt what is now termed "flat," when detected shoveling flints into his mouth, to turnpike his vocalities, and to Macadamise the way for his oratorical genius. To do such things is praiseworthy. To be surprised in the act is the offence. The spirit of Lycurgus survives in the nineteenth century, and the Spartans were not alone in thinking that it is not the deed, but the discovery, which is to be reproved. Shakes found it so, when jeered for his social training. And, in referring to this popular contradiction, which asks for the thing, and in some sort decides one of the means of obtaining it, we cannot refrain from introducing, as an illustration, a colloquy in which our hero bore a part.

It was in the evening, at Mrs. Fitzgig's—Shakes was forlornly looking into the fire—but few of the family remained, and Mr. Dashoff Uptosnuff, a gentleman probably of northern descent, but professing to know a thing or two in the west, twisted his moustache, adjusted his flowing locks, and ceased for a moment to admire his legs.

"Shakes," said Dashoff Uptosnuff, "this sheepishness of yours will never do in the world."

"I know it," replied Shakes, with a sigh; "it never did do, and I don't think it 's going to do. But what am I to do?"

"Do! where 's the difficulty?—do like other people—do like me—do and don't be done. I tell you what it is, Shakes, there 's a double set of principles in this world, one of which is to talk about and the other to act upon—one is preached and the other is practiced. You 've got hold, somehow, of the wrong set—the set invented by the knowing ones to check competition and to secure all the good things for themselves. That 's the reason people are always praising modest merit, while they are pushing along without either the one or the other. You always let go when anybody 's going to take your place at table—you always hold back when another person 's wanting the last of the nice things on the dish. That 's not the way—bow and nod and show your teeth with a fascination, but take what you want for all that. This is manners—knowing the world. To be polite is to have your own way gracefully—other people are delighted at your style—you have the profit."

"But I 'm ashamed—what would people think?"

"Why, Shiverton Shakes, if you only learn to understand the hocus pocus of it, they 'll think of you just what you wish them to think. Don't be afraid of other people—other people is a goose. Hav' n't you found that out yet? Who is ever afraid of people when he knows them well—lives in the same house with them? You 're not afraid of Mrs. Fitzgig; you 're not afraid of me—you 're not afraid of the washerwoman—not much afraid, even when you owe her for the last quarter. Confidence is only carrying out the principle—look upon everybody as me, or Mrs. Fitzgig, or the washerwoman. That 's the way to do. As for your not knowing people, it amounts to nothing—it 's often an advantage—for then you may fairly conclude they don't know you. How are battles gained? Because the party who run away, don't know that their enemies were just about to do the same thing—they don't know that their opponents were as much scared as themselves. Look bluff and the day 's your own. Nobody sees beyond appearances."

"Yes, but I can't do as you advise—I think I can sometimes, when no person 's by; but when I come to try it, I can't—I feel so—my heart bumps so—my tongue 's so dry, and I always tumble over things and tread on somebody's toe. I 'm sure to tread on somebody's toe."

"Shiverton, you 're a melancholy victim to the errors of education and the wrong set of principles

or you would n't tread on other people's toes—not so they 'd know it, even if you had to step over their heads. If you only understand how, you can do what you please. The style is all. Ah," continued Dashoff Uptosnuff, falling into a philosophic reverie, "what a world of blunders is this! They 've got free schools and high schools and universities and colleges, —they learn to cypher—to read languages—to understand mathematics and all sorts of things—comparatively useless things—but who is taught confidence—that neat kind of confidence which don't look like confidence—who is taught to converse, when in that lies all the civil engineering of life, which shaves the mountain from our path, tunnels the rocks and lifts us to the top of the social Alleghenies? Who learns at school how to make a bow, or to get a wife with a hundred thousand dollars or upwards? Where, in short, is that professorship which shows us the road to success and indicates how we are to live without work, the great secret at which we are all struggling to arrive? As things are managed now, we are soldiers sent to the battle before we have learned to tell one end of our muskets from the other; and before we have discovered where to insert the load and where to place the priming, the war is over and we are among the killed, wounded and missing. Is n't it doleful?"

"Very," said Shiverton, mournfully.

"Well, now, for my part, I do n't see the trouble," said Mrs. Fitzgig; "why can't a man buck up?"

"Nor I," added Miss Jemima Fitzgig, who wanted to be Mrs. something. "It is the easiest thing in the world to get along, especially among ladies," and she glanced tenderly at Mr. Dashoff Uptosnuff.

"You must make an effort, Shiverton—one plunge and all will be over—go to Marygold's determined on boldness. Sooner or later, you must begin. It is impossible to dodge in this way forever."

What a happy thing it would be if the determination were the achievement—if "I will" were the consummation—if, by one potent screw upon the organ of firmness, the little troop of faculties which make up our identity, could be wheeled into the unshrinking and impenetrable Macedonian phalanx, and if there could be no uneasy intervention of doubtful thoughts between the firm resolve and its execution.

"I will," said Shiverton, and he did.

. . . . . .

He did—but how? Let us not anticipate. Let us sooner pause before ringing up for the catastrophe of this painful drama, and rather seek metaphysically to know why it was a painful history and why it had a catastrophe—why any of us have catastrophes—for catastrophe is not necessary to our nature. If the faculties were in equipoise, we should never fall—Shiverton Shakes would not have fallen. We are, to a certain extent, rope dancers here below—Seiltanzers—Herr Clines, and there is truth in the Mahommedan supposition that we cross the gulf upon a bridge finer than a hair. Any internal force, therefore, in excess or in deficiency, swerves us from the right line, and we run the risk of being impinged upon an adverse catastrophical circumstance, having the melancholy preferment of serving to point a moral and adorn a tale. Our vices are our virtues running to riot and pushing into the extreme, and all human impulses are good, in subordination and in their place. It is their morbid, unwholesome condition which makes our trouble. There is no sinfulness in thirst, if the proper means are used to quench it; nor is ambition unholy, if it only seeks honorable and useful distinction among men. Acquisitiveness is derided; but a subdued acquisitiveness is requisite, if we would not be a burden to our friends and subject old age to the degradation of being a charge upon the public purse. Even anger—the combativeness and destructiveness of modern definition—is essential to our well-being, as a defensive means, and that the oppressor may fear to set his heavy foot upon us. We are, in short, good people enough in the constituents of our individuality—all the materials are respectable in themselves; it is the quantity of each which causes the disturbance. Too much courage makes the bully—too little shrinks into the coward. A modicum of self-esteem induces us to scorn meanness—with too large a share, our pride becomes an insult and an outrage. The love of approval gives amiability to our deportment; but it may run into perking vanity and ambling affectation. Happy they "whose blood and judgment are so well commingled," that they can march with a steady step and have no reason for pausing analysis to learn why they stumble.

Now the psychological ship of Shakes—the vessel which carried this Cæsar and his fortunes—was defective in its trim—the ballast was badly stowed—too much by the head or too much something else, which prevented it from working "shipshape and Bristol fashion." His deference to "other people" had been nourished to an extent which cast a destructive shadow over his other faculties, and his firmness and self-reliance had probably left hollows in his pericranium. But it was not altogether that he placed no sufficient estimate upon himself—there were times—times apart—times of retiracy, when he felt "as good as you"—perhaps better, and it may be that it was an overweening desire to fill out his fancy sketch of himself—to be a sublime Shakes—the embodiment of his own conception—which gave such paralyzing force to the eye of the observer—that "Mrs. Grundy" whose criticism we all fear, more or less, and made him either shrink from the effort, or fail miserably when he did venture on the attempt. Was it at all thus with Shakes? There are such apparent contradictions in humanity. But who is "clairvoyant" enough to penetrate into the mental council chamber, and discover what we scarce know ourselves?

. . . . . .

It was cold and dark, but yet a man in a cloak walked uneasily up and down the street. Lights beamed from the windows and carriages drove up to the door of a mansion, upon which his earnest regards seemed to be fixed.

"Now, I will," said he, pausing under the trees; "no, not yet—I can wait a little while longer.

"I wish it was to-morrow or some time next week," muttered he. "I wish I was a chimney-

sweep, for they are all a-bed—I wish I was that limping fellow with a bad cold, crying oysters—he don't wear white kids—I almost wish I had an attack of apoplexy and somebody was rolling me along on a wheelbarrow.

"Now for it!" and he dashed desperately up the steps and seized the bell-handle with unflinching fingers—but he did not pull—like the renowned "King of France," he walked gently down again.

"I think I should like a little hot whiskey punch," sighed he; "very strong whiskey, and remarkable hot punch."

It is an anti-temperance weakness, no doubt; but still there are passages in most men's lives when they feel the very want expressed by Shiverton Shakes—when they would "like a punch"—a strong punch—to make them go. But such punches are apt to become bad punches—to punch out one's brains. If you cannot get along without punch, you had better not go at all.

"But no—who's afraid?—Uptosnuff will laugh if I don't—here goes!" and the bell rang loudly.

—

Shiverton Shakes had committed an error—nothing daunts a man of his infirmity more than unaccustomed garments. One who is at ease in a familiar coat, feels embarrassed in a new dress. Shakes had caused his hair to be curled—it pulled in every direction. His white gloves were rather of the tightest—his satin stock had not yet the hang of his neck—his pumps uncomfortably usurped the place of his expanded boots—his coat had only come home that afternoon. He had practiced to dance, but it was not a full dress rehearsal. His white waistcoat and his snowy gloves were ever in his eye; he saw himself continually, and there is nothing worse than to see one's self, under circumstances of restraint—to be reminded all the time that yourself is there. Shiverton had that species of consciousness which poetic souls have attributed to the poker. He felt like a catapult, without hinge or joint. He was cold at the extremities.

"If nobody knew me, I would n't care so much," quoth he.

But Uptosnuff was unexpectedly there—there before him.

"Now, Shiverton—your respects to the hostess—graceful and rather affectionate."

"I wish he had n't said that," growled Shiverton, as he made his way, as if traveling on eggs, through the gaily dressed throng to Mrs. Marygold, who stood in all the splendors of matronly embellishment.

"Mrs. Marygold—I'm very—how d'ye—hope you're—good evening—how's—yes ma'am," ejaculated Shiverton, spasmodically.

"Ah, ha! Shiverton!—rejoiced to see you," said Mr. Marygold, a jocular gentleman, with a mulberry nose; "got over your bashfulness, I suppose."

"Ye—e—s," responded Shiverton, with a mechanical effort at a smile, in which the mouth went into attitude, curving toward the ears, while the rest of the face kept its rigid, stony appearance.

"Glad of it—plenty of pretty girls here—come, let me make you acquainted."

"No, thank you—I'd rather—"

"Now's your time, Shiverton," whispered Uptosnuff, "keep it up— don't flinch."

"Mr. Shakes, bashful Mr. Shakes, Miss Simpkins—very desirous of dancing with you. Did n't you say so?" observed the jocular Mr. Marygold.

"No—yes—I—oh!—very—it's getting warm," and Shiverton Shakes sat forcibly down upon the elderly Mrs. Peachblossom, who shrieked aloud, while Shakes sprang up with amazement: "Just as I expected—right on somebody's toe!"

"Never mind—persevere," whispered Uptosnuff. "Nobody's hurt. Now be bold—it's much easier than being timid."

"I will," said Shiverton, drawing down his waistcoat; "I will—keep near me, but don't look at me—" and Shiverton led his partner to the dance, resolved at all hazards to try the advice of his friend. But when the dance began he suddenly felt as if ten thousand eyes were upon him—his little knowledge of the subject, picked up "long time ago," deserted from his memory. It was all confusion, and every attempt to guide his erratic steps made the confusion worse confounded. "Now, Mr. Shakes"—"there, Mr. Shakes," and "here, Mr. Shakes," only served to mystify his perceptions still more deeply, as, driven to desperate courses, he danced frantically about, in the vain hope that lucky chance might put him upon that undiscovered and apparently undiscoverable clue to the labyrinth, to which, it was plain, direction could not lead him.

"Whew!—Uptosnuff," panted Shiverton, during a prelude to a new complication of dance and suffering, —when the tamborine rang out, and when the yellow man in ear-rings was evidently inhaling volumes of the atmosphere, to aid him in calling figures in that as yet unknown tongue and untranslated language which dancers alone comprehend. "Uptosnuff, I can't stand this—what shall I do?"

"I cannot tell—did you ever try to faint?" replied Uptosnuff.

"Yah-yay—doo yandleming foo-yay!" shouted the yellow man in ear-rings.

"Jang-jingle—r-a-a-n-g foodle," said the tamborine.

"Shaw-shay!"

If Shiverton could have reached the yellow man, there would have been an end to the ear-rings; but as this was out of the question, he shut his eyes and set his arms and legs in action with an unlimited power of attorney, and, though he went many ways, it happened with a perversity peculiar to Terpsichorean tyros, that he never hit upon the right way at the right time; for, in these matters, the right soon becomes wrong.

The company began to gather round, to witness this extraordinary and extemporaneous performance.

"'Pon my soul, if I don't think it's animal magnetism," remarked a scientific looking individual, with a bald head and green spectacles. "He's mesmerized—he's under the influence of the fluid."

"I wish I was," thought Shiverton, as he bounded like a kangaroo, catching his rearward foot in the flowing robes of Miss Simpkins, and oversetting the

"one lady forward," as he himself came lumbering to the floor.

All was chaos.

"Intoxicated!"

"Insane!"

"Insufferable!"

"Infamous!"

"Satisfaction!" said whiskers.

Shiverton scrambled to his feet and stared wildly around.

"Shiverton Shakes, I never could have believed that you would have come to my house in such a condition," said Mrs. Marygold, in awful tones.

"Shiverton Shakes, I've done with you forever," said the old gentleman.

"My friend will wait on you in the morning," remarked whiskers.

"Beat a retreat, Shiverton—you're Waterloo'd," hinted Uptosnuff. "*Sauve qui peut.* It's too late to faint now—why didn't you lie still, to be picked up?"

Shiverton charged like a conscript of the French republic, without much science, but with inflexible will, at what he thought to be an open door—it was a costly mirror,



but, though a deceptive appearance, it did not "take him in"—he rebounded amid the crash of glass. Shrieks of dismay arose on every side; but Shiverton, having now a clearly defined object in view, "bent up each corporal agent to this terrible feat," and overthrew all impediment, including stout Mrs. Marygold and sundry other obstacles which were in the way of his recoil, to say nothing of John with the refreshments, who was thus deluged in lemonade, and the cabman at the door, who was summarily taught how to execute a backward summerset down a flight of steps.

Shiverton reached home, breathless, hatless, cloakless and in despair—a melancholy example of the perilous consequences of endeavoring to "assume a virtue, if you have it not."

"A man must be brought up to it," soliloquized Shiverton, when he had recovered coolness enough to think, and had kicked his kid gloves indignantly into a corner; "at least, I'm sure that this spontaneous combustion sort of way of going at it will never answer for me. If I could now, little by little, just dip in a foot—wet my head—slide in gradually—become accustomed and acquainted by degrees and not be spoken to or bothered at first—begin where I was n't known or where people do n't laugh at every-

thing so confoundedly. But no—I'm done for—this blow up at Marygold's—I can never show my head again," and he buried himself in the blankets as if he never more wished to be looked upon by the surrounding world.

This was the first and last attempt of Shiverton Shakes to gain a footing in society. He held no more intercourse with Dashoff Uptosnuff, for, although he admitted the correctness of that individual's theory, still he had an overwhelming consciousness of inability to carry it into effect. He bought him a turning lathe and made knicknacks in the long winter evenings, smoked cigars and tried to read "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." He would have liked to have a wife, but the process of getting one was too much for his nervous sensibilities; so he dined at an ordinary and made his own tea and toast, being literally and truly an "unexpressed idea"—an undeveloped capability.

THE DEPARTURE OF YOUTH.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

Depart not yet, fair spirit, go not yet—
A little longer bless me with thy smile—
With youth away, how many a sad regret
Would come to darken Time and burthen toil!
Thy joyous laugh, thy step of buoyant grace,
Thy dreams, the romance of the eager soul,
The fresh blood mantling o'er thy guileless face,
The bright lip spurning falsehood's vile control,
The eye of light and love, the trusting heart,
Take these with life, but tear us not apart.

First-born and loveliest—Nature's chosen child—
Thine was the voice that erst in Eden's shades
Thrilled through the glens and groves with music wild,
And won the coy doe from the quiet glades—
Thine was the spirit of that early time,
Golden and glorious with Creation's light,
When, rich in beauty and unknown to crime,
Young Paradise with innocence was bright—
When bird and bee and herb and flower and stream
Smiled in the splendor of their Maker's beam!

Oh! go not yet, sweet Youth, enchanting one,
Or leave me all thy hopes and thoughts of bliss—
What though they fade before my race is run,
They will but pass to happier worlds than this!
The pictures of thy pencil of the heart—
The visions, fancy-born, but oh! how bright—
The glory of thy glance—alas! for art!
Who can restore a single ray of light,
When age has dimmed the fire—who recall
The rose tints to the cheek at Beauty's Fall!

The world—how gay its scenes—how fair and true,
With Youth to pioneer and pluck its flowers—
The stars above how bright, the skies how blue,—
How, winged with joy, passed on the merry hours—
The ringinging laugh of girlhood spoke of thee—
Hark! from yon dell—thy lark-like notes e'en now
Revel on Zephyr's wings—glad melody!
And see, how smooth yon beauteous creature's brow—
Youth still is there, bright-hearted, happy, blest,
The angel tenant of a guileless breast!

And e'en thy tears—like April showers they fell—
But soon and silently they passed away—
Hope's sun shone through them and with magic spell
Gave to the future many a rainbow ray—
Along thy path a thousand pleasures shone
Friendship, and Love and Fame all clustered there,
While veiled with art Temptation stood alone,
And whispered low some soul destroying snare—
Whispered with music voice and syren spell,
Love in her looks, and sometimes feigned too well!

Then go not yet, fair spirit—yet awhile
Tarry beside my footsteps—let me dream
Of many an hour made bright by woman's smile,
Of many a bubble joy on life's swift stream!
What though among my locks old Time has placed
A few unwelcome records of his power,
E'en summer has its evanescent frost—
The mind, the heart, are only in the flower;
Then bear not all thy morning tints away,
The soul is thine—oh! why neglect the clay!

NAPOLEON.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PIERSON.

At length he found him on an isle that lay,
Like a sere autumn leaf thrown all alone
Upon a world of waters. Lingering there,
Beside an isolated monument,
He heard men say that he who lay beneath
Won, wore, and lost the richest diadem
That ever minions worshiped. And they told
How like a startling meteor was his course,

Rising with dazzling splendor from the sea
And passing on with fierce magnificence,
Marking his way with blood, while the earth shook,
And men knelt down and worshiped, pouring forth
Prayers and loud peans, till at length he sunk
Beneath a sea of flame. And men looked on
And trembled, when they saw the fallen star.

THE HAWKING PARTY.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

DIMLY gray the dawn is stealing—
Stealing up the eastern sky,
Loud the red-cock's clarion peeling
Tells the world that morn is nigh.

Southerly the wind is sweeping,
O'er the forests sad and sere—
Heavily the dews are weeping
O'er the death of the woodland year.

Faint and few, the stars are paling
Through the rents o' the rising mist—
Though the fog-wreaths heavenward sailing
Are not yet by the sunbeam kissed.

All the things that love the day—
All that feed or fly by night—
Early greet the opening day—
Early shun the approach of light.

Homeward is the hill-fox bending
Slyly through the darksome glen;
From their nests the rooks are wending,
Far and fast o'er field and fen.

Swift the wookdcock's wing is gliding
Down the vale to his lonely brake—
And the teal her brood is hiding
In the reeds by the lilied lake.

In the yellow stubbles feeding
Calls the partridge sharp and shrill,
While his hinds the stag is leading
Toward his holt from the heathy hill.

Lo! the great sun skyward rushing
Blithe as giant from his lair—
While the lavrock's chant outgushing
Greets the lord of earth and air!

In their stalls the coursers stamping
Chide their laggard grooms, this morn.
They their bits should now be champing,
Bounding now to the mellow horn.

In their courts the pack is whining,
Anxious, with erected ear—
For the glorious rally pining,
For the jolly hunter's cheer.

Wake then, wake, each peerless maiden,
Wake, each gallant cavalier,
Lo! the gale with moisture laden,
And the month the best o' the year!

Blithe September's days are over,
Brown October's suns are past,
Sere is now the seeding clover,
And the leaves are falling fast.

Southern wind and cloudy sky—
Not a dew-drop on the thorn—
Splendidly the scent will lie—
'T is a glorious hunting morn.

Lo! they muster—lord and lady—
Brow of pride, and cheek of bloom—
Pointed beard and tresses shady—
Velvet robe, and waving plume.

Housings gay, and bits gold-glancing,
Bells of falcons tinkling light—
Chargers tall, and palfreys prancing,
Meet for damsel, meet for knight—

Yeomen tall, with badge and bearing,
Gather to the bugle blast—
Green-frocked varlets, featly wearing
Frames whereon the hawks to cast.

Gray-haired huntsman, sage and steady,
Oracle of all the train—
Hair-bruined pages rash and ready
For the skurry o'er the plain.

They have limmers fleet and fiery,
They have bloodhounds stanch and slow,
They have terriers grim and wiry,
They have spaniels slight and low.

Long-winged falcon, merlin light,
Tarsel gentle, gosshawk gay,
Foes for fowl of every flight,
Heavy duck, or heron gray.

Choose your coursers—grasp your bridles,
Lightly leap to the broidered selle—
Lo! yon jennet snorts and sidles;
Gallant, look to the lady well.

O'er the meadows, gently sweeping
To the marge of the streamlet clear,
Slowly now the train is creeping,
Lest the heronshaw should hear—

Where beside the ripplets dancing,
Still and silent as the stone,
Whence he waits the small fry's glancing,
Sits that hermit gray and lone.

Now the spotted brach is questing—
See her feather, see her stoop—
Ho! boy, cease thy timeless jesting!—
Lo! the quarry! Falconer, whoop!

With his harsh note hoarsely clanging,
Lazily the air he fans,
Heavily his long legs hanging,
Slow he beats his sail-broad vans.

Falconer, whoop! fling free your jesses—
Let the Norway falcon fly!—
Dames, 't will ruffle sore your tresses,
Would you see this heron die!

Oh! but you must gallop gladly,
Over dry, and thorough deep—
Spur your faltering jennets madly—
Lift them at the rashest leap!

See! he spies the falcon's pinion,
Upward! upward! soars he straight—
Toward the skylark's lone dominion,
Where he sings at high heaven's gate.

Up, and up, in circles sailing,
Wheels the heron round and round—
Higher yet the hawk is scaling,
Higher yet the blue profound.



UNIV. OF MICH.

Scarce you see them now careeeing—
Now they 're lost i' the vapors dun—
See them—see them reappearing,
Far above the morning sun.

Now the hawk, in pitch of pride,
Meditates his fatal swoop—
Watch him now, howe'er ye ride—
Watch him, would ye see him stoop.

Lo! he binds him—plumb, together,
Fifty fathoms through the sky,
Falcon's talon, heron's feather,
Down they struggle—win or die!

On the greensward faintly lying,
Heavenward ne'er again to soar,
Hawk and heron both are dying,
Beak and single wet with gore.

Wo! for thee, thou bird so daring—
Doomed ignobly thus to fall.
Long thy bells, like warrior's bearing,
Shall bedeck the old oak wall.

Long, the theme of knightly story,
Shall thy gallant feats be told—
Parcel of thy good lord's glory—
Won by river, wood and wold.

Out! alas! I am but dreaming—
In this cold degenerate day,
Naught of high or knightly seeming
Lives, but in the minstrel's lay.

Knightly sports, and knightly daring,
Long ago have passed away—
We, their names and 'scutcheons bearing,
Soon to pass, and be as they.

Well for us! if, when we perish,
History bears as high a trace
Of the things we do and cherish,
As of their renowned race.

But, I fear me, history's showing
Will for us be brief and bare—
All our modern trumpet-blowing
Bootless blasts of empty air—

And I only can deplore me,
As I think, in bygone days,
What my fathers were before me,
What their labors, what their praise.

SMILES AND TEARS.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

Nay, plead not thou art dull to-night,
When I can see the tear-drop stealing,
Soft witness to love's watchful sight,
Some lurking grief within revealing.
Wouldst thou so cheat the friend thou lovest
Of half the wealth he owns in thee?
Why, sweet one, by that smile thou provest
Thy tears as well belong to me!

Ah, tears again!—well, let them flow,
In tenderness thus flow forever,
Those last upon my breast I know
Fresh from affection's fruitful river.
What! smiles once more!—Sweet April wonder,
Thy sun and rain thou wilt not miss,
Why should not I then have my thunder,
And melt each bolt into a kiss?

"WITHOUT A STAIN."

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Without a stain the maiden lived,
Unblemished, pure and mild—
A woman grown, she was as sweet
And simple as a child;
I loved her for her gentleness,
Her smiles and winning ways,
And for a virtue in her heart
Above a poet's praise.

Boon Nature lavished charms on her,
Such charms as she bestows
Upon those seraphs of the soil,
The lily and the rose;
The soft expression of her eyes
Came surely from above—
It seemed to me a blended glance
Of Pity and of Love.

Though various as the chasing waves,
She ever was the same;
From every motion of her form
Some grace and beauty came;
The common thoughts she told in words
From her seemed strangely new,
And earth contained no living heart
So constant, fond and true.

Yet o'er the brightness of her soul
A sudden shadow fell,
And Hope, who sang sweet songs to her,
In sorrow breathed farewell.
She knew not why the music ceased
Nor why the heavens were dim;
She only knew her cruel doom,
And that it came from *him*.
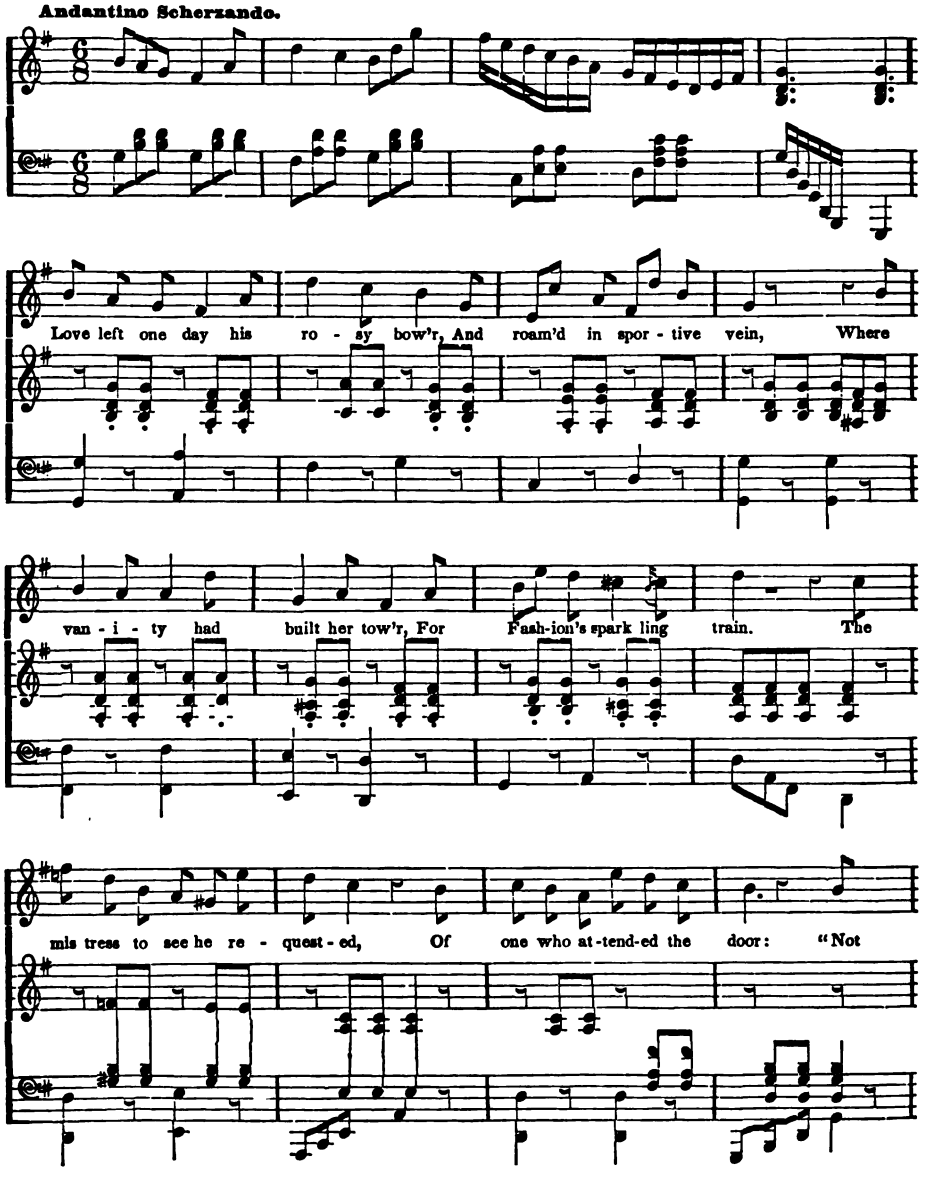
God! who canst heal the wounded heart
And pardon all who err,
This blast of keen and wasting wo
So temper unto her,
That in her guiltless breast may spring
The flowers of peace once more,
And all be fair as summer skies
When summer storms are o'er!
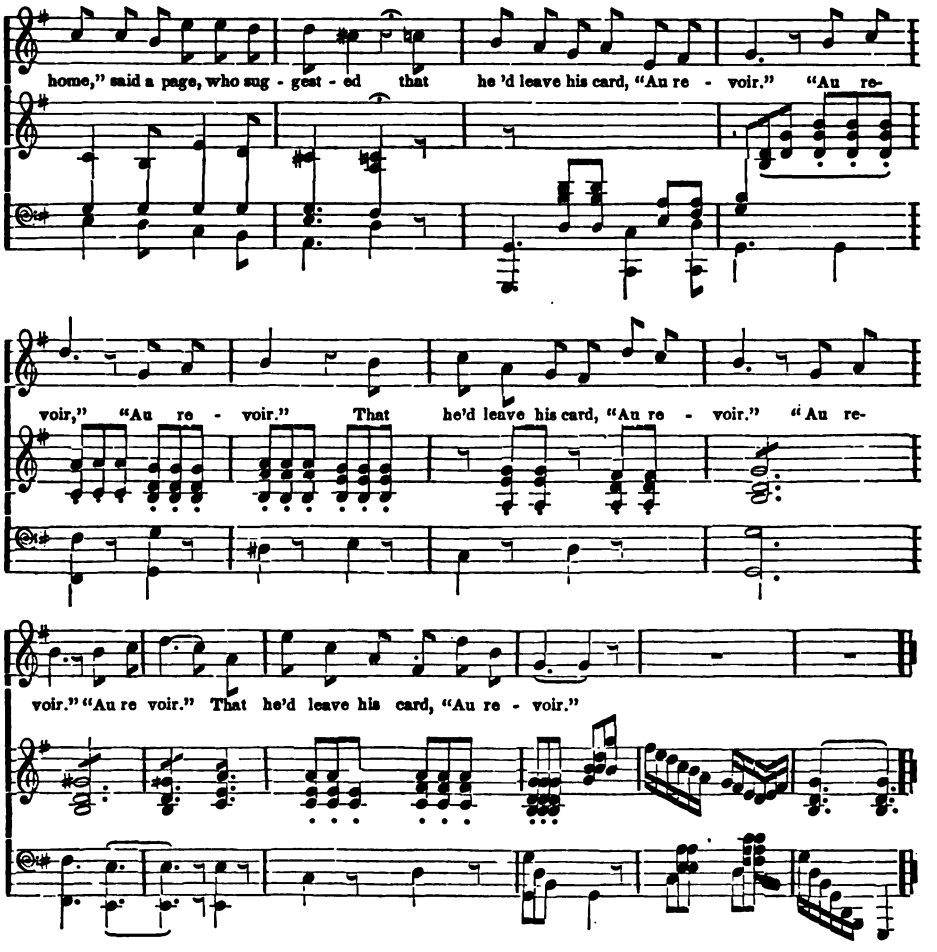
"AU REVOIR."

AN ORIGINAL MELODY.

COMPOSED FOR GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE,

BY CHARLES E. HORN.





SECOND VERSE.

Love next came to a lowly bower,—
A maid who knew no guile,
Unlike the lady of the tower,
Received him with a smile.
Since then the cot beams with his brightness—
Though often at Vanity's door,
Love calls, merely out of politeness,
And just leaves his card—"*Au revoir!*"

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Ned Myers; or a Life Before the Mast. Edited by J. Fenimore Cooper: Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

The words "*edited* by J. Fenimore Cooper," in the title-page of this volume, have, no doubt, a suspicious appearance. It has been the fashion, of late days, for authors to speak of themselves, modestly, as editors of even original works. We all remember the magnificent "Recollections of a Chaperon," *edited* by Lady Dacre—and then (a case more in point just now) there was the "Narrative of Sir Edward Seaward," *edited* by Miss Porter—a work of far deeper interest, and of far more *vraisemblant* character than even "Robinson Crusoe," upon which it is modeled. The merit of originality is, of course, De Foe's, and Miss Porter is but an imitator at best; but, setting aside all reference to the credit due the respective *authors*, and regarding only the two *books*, we should have no hesitation in saying that "Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative" is, in every respect, superior to "Robinson Crusoe." In the same manner "Arthur Gordon Pym"—another series of sea-adventures, purporting to be *edited* only by Mr. Poe, was in reality his own composition—the suppositious hero having existed in imagination alone. Bearing these, and other similar works, in mind, the reader will naturally be induced to suspect Mr. Cooper, who professes to *edit* "*Ned Myers*," of having, in fact, composed it himself. The editor's account of the book says that Ned Myers was an apprentice in a merchant vessel, on board which he, the editor, during the years 1806 and 1807, made his first sea voyage, with the view of acquiring some practical knowledge of seamanship before entering the United States' Navy. Mr. Cooper was then a mere lad; and between himself and Myers a boys' intimacy grew up. At the close of the voyage the friends parted, and did not see each other again until 1809; *then* only for a brief period. It was not until 1833 that they met again; or, rather, at this time, they were, for half an hour, on board the same ship *without* actually meeting. A few months since, however, Ned, rightly imagining that the author of "The Pilot" must be his old shipmate, wrote him a letter to ascertain the truth. The correspondence produced a meeting, and the meeting a visit from Ned to the novelist. During this visit the old seaman related, in full, his many adventures on the ocean and elsewhere; and these adventures are now given to the world in book-form, without much embellishment, with no material alteration, and with all the minuteness of detail with which they were orally related.

This is the statement made by Mr. Cooper himself, in a preface written with very unusual perspicuity: and there can be no doubt that the whole statement is a serious thing. The narrative is strictly *true;* and we look upon it as exceedingly interesting and valuable in many respects. By the general reader it will be more relished than even the late work of Mr. R. H. Dana, entitled, we believe, "A Year Before the Mast." In Mr. Dana's case we had the commentaries (often profound and philosophical) of an educated man, upon the vicissitudes of the ordinary seaman. With a view to the improvement of his health he shipped as a common sailor, and took upon himself, voluntarily, all the privations and troubles inseparable from such a life. Still, it *was* voluntary, and, at any moment, might have been relinquished, if found insupportable. Ned Myers, on the other hand, gives us, through Mr. Cooper, the involuntary and inevitable trials of the uncultivated Jack Tar, with *his* reflections and comments—perhaps neither profound nor philosophical—but striking and deeply entertaining from their freshness, naturalness and *naïveté*. We have not read a book more to our taste for some years. It abounds in all those thrilling positions for which the life of those who "go down to the sea in ships" is noted; but, after all, its chief charm lies in the detail of the every-day matters—of the *homelinesses*—of the seafaring existence. If we mistake not, it will be the most popular book of the season. We can only recommend it, cordially, to our readers—as it is not of a character to call for any thing in the way of critical comment.

Orion: An Epic Poem, in Three Books. By R. H. Horne: Fourth Edition. London: J. Miller.

We have received, from London, a copy of a very remarkable poem, entitled as above, but, as yet, have had opportunity only to glance at individual passages. We call the poem *remarkable*, on account of its boldness and originality, as well of conception as of execution. Some portions are particularly beautiful. Some are affected, even to the extreme of the burlesque. The work, however, is, beyond doubt, that of a man of genius; and we propose, in a future number, to give it a careful examination. At present, we quote a few lines, from the First Canto, which will serve to convey an idea of the combined sweetness and quaintness of the general manner.

> There is a voice that floats upon the breeze
> From a heathed mountain; voice of sad lament
> For love left desolate ere its fruits were known,
> Yet by the memory of its own truth sweetened,
> If not consoled. To this Orion listens
> Now, while he stands within the mountain's shade.

The preface commences thus: "I have adopted the Greek mythological names throughout this poem, with a view of getting rid of *commonizing* associations."

The book is also "remarkable" in a more earthy—in a pecuniary or business point of view. It was advertised to be sold for a farthing; and for a farthing it was sold. Three large editions were disposed of at this price. "A rush of buyers," says a letter now lying before us, "almost carried the publisher off his feet. The public fell into an especial ecstasy, and bought poetry in its sleep—a thing it very seldom does awake—and now the poet brings out his fourth edition for a shilling (which the public buys too, because it is not yet wide awake) and promises a fifth for half a crown in a few days."

We must read and review "Orion"—that is certain—but *who* says that there is nothing new under the sun? When epics in three cantos are sold for a farthing, we scarcely know how to deny, in fact, that this is the era of cheap literature.

Songs and Ballads. Grave and Gay. By Thomas Haynes Bayly. With a Memoir of the Author. One Volume. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart, 1844.

It is a mistake to suppose that a good song-writer is necessarily a good poet. It is, perhaps, equally a mistake to suppose that a good poet will write a good song. And this follows from the differences between the true poem and the true song. In the one, imagination and sustained power are indispensable: in the other, little more is demanded than fancy, earnestness, unity and appropriateness of diction. The most voluminous song-writers in the English language have been incapable of composing long poems; and, though all the great master poets of the tongue have been the authors of songs, and of exquisite ones too, they seem to have written them, not because they were poets, but because, for the time, they ceased to be poets.

This may, at first, appear paradoxical. But, when the sense in which we use the term poet is considered, the truth of our remark will be apparent. So far forth as a poet has the power of concentrating himself on the one single idea to be evolved in the song—of going at once to the theme—of maintaining its unity throughout, and of fusing the words, as it were, with the sentiment or passion, *so far forth* he is capable of writing the song. But, as his peculiar mental discipline best fits him for another field, it is only occasionally that he essays the song, and not always that he succeeds. On the other hand, the mere song-writer can never be a poet, for he is destitute of the loftier qualities requisite in that walk.

It was necessary to make these remarks in order to answer the constantly recurring question, "Why Thomas Haynes Bayly, though so popular a song-writer, could never compose a true poem?" We think we have given the answer. He had fancy, sweetness, a glowing soul, a fine choice of words, an ear for melody, and an intuitive perception of the themes best fitted to touch the popular heart. But he was destitute of imagination, of sustained power, of all the high attributes required in a Milton, a Shakspeare, or a Coleridge. He could sing sweetly in hedgerows and among blooming roses, but he had not the wing of the eagle to soar to heaven.

The volume before us is the first collection of the songs of Mr. Bayly, made either in this country or in England. It contains all of his serious songs, and most of his comic *divertisements*. Many of the former are familiar "as household words" among all classes. "I never was a Favorite," "The Forsaken to the False One," "I cannot Dance To-night," "Isle of Beauty, Fare Thee Well," "Oh No! We Never Mention Her," "I'm Saddest When I Sing," "The Rose that All are Praising," "She Never Blamed Him," "We Met," "Upon Thy Truth Relying," and "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," are a few of the choicest ballads, so well known that we need only refer to them. Most of them live in the memory, associated with the delightful voices of Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Watson, and of others, almost as entrancing, who are known only in their holy and secluded private circles. There are other ballads in the volume, less universally known, which we would willingly quote, but our limited space forbids this gratification to our readers and ourselves. One or two songs, however, we will transfer to our pages. Here is a delightful one—

YOU REMEMBER IT—DO N'T YOU?

You remember the time when I first sought your home,
When a smile, not a word, was the summons to come;
When you called me a friend, till you found, with surprise,
That our friendship turned out to be love in disguise.
You remember it—do n't you?
You will think of it—wont you?
Yes, yes, of all this the remembrance will last
Long after the present fades into the past.

You remember the grief that grew lighter when shared,
With the bliss, you remember, could aught be compared?
You remember how fond was my earliest vow?
Not fonder than that which I breathe to thee now.
You remember it—do n't you?
You will think of it—wont you?
Yes, yes, of all this the remembrance will last
Long after the present fades into the past.

We make room for one more—sad as the other was gay:

OH! HADST THOU NEVER SHARED MY FATE.

Oh! hadst thou never shared my fate,
More dark that fate would prove;
My heart were truly desolate,
Without thy soothing love:
But thou hast suffered for my sake,
While this relief I found:
Like fearless lips that strive to take
The poison from the wound.

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret,
To think more happy thou hadst been
If we had never met:
And has that thought been shared by thee?
Ah! no: that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me,
Than labored words can speak.

The merit of these ballads consists in their unity, simplicity, fancy, and earnestness, as also in the delicacy of the sentiment, and the skill with which it is evolved. Many of the comic pieces, which we can call by no better name than that of *divertisements*, are excellent in their way; but such trifles have not the slightest claims to more than a passing word, since almost every educated man, with the least sense of the ridiculous, can throw them off with ease.

It may not be amiss to state that Mr. Bayly was originally a gentleman of fortune, writing for his own amusement, but that subsequently, on his beggary in 1831, he became the most indefatigable of authors; and it was after his insolvency, and under the pressure of want, that he produced some of his best ballads. He died in 1839, worn out by toil and misfortune, being then only in his forty-third year.

The compilation is, altogether, highly creditable to the editor, the Rev. R. W. Griswold. The volume is handsomely printed, and bound with taste. A portrait of an exquisite female face embellishes the book.

The Dream of a Day and Other Poems. By James G. Percival: One volume: S. Babcock, New Haven: M. H. Newman, 199 *Broadway, New York.*

After a silence of sixteen years, Mr. Percival has again appeared before the public in a volume of poems. The present collection is named after one of his latest pieces (a composition of no great length or unusual merit) and embraces more than a hundred short poems and songs, part of which have appeared in a fugitive form, while others are now first printed from the author's manuscript.

Our narrow limits this month preclude any notice of these poems in detail. We must content ourselves with a few general remarks. The songs and classic melodies, with a few fugitive pieces we could select, are the best portions of the book. In the classic melodies Mr. Percival has imitated the principal measures of the Greeks, an enterprise for which he is peculiarly fitted by his thorough knowledge of their poets, as well as by his command of the English tongue. He has obviously taken more pains with these imitations than usually characterizes him; for Mr. Percival is, perhaps, the most careless versifier and inartistical poet in America. As imitations, therefore, these classic melodies deserve high praise, and some of them are

good even as poems; but generally the measures are unfitted to our language, and, though they may please a scholar, can never be popular. The songs are from Spanish and Italian measures, most of which have been long introduced into our poetry: they do not, therefore, strike the ear as strange or foreign, qualities which, we are prepared to prove, are fatal to a song. Many of the fugitive pieces are very fine. Here the poet displays the character and force of his own genius, untrammeled by the shackles of the imitator or translator. Here we see his prodigal fancy, his command of language, his versatility, his enthusiasm, and his love of nature. Here, too, we see his faults—crowded imagery, immature conceptions, haste and slovenliness, for we can call it nothing less. What poet, for instance, ought to forgive himself for verses like these?

"Evening came on apace—in full orbed *glory;*
The sun drew to his couch—thro' vista'd trees
He glided—flashing broad and full, he *wore a*
Look of unwonted joy.—*Page* 14.

We might quote many examples of equal carelessness. But let us do justice to Mr Percival. His faults arise from want of labor, while he has, by nature, the attributes of a great poet.

Wood Notes Wild: By Mrs. R. J. Avery, of Tennessee. One volume, 12mo. Nashville, Cameron & Fall, 1843.

A collection of readable verses, with a lively and piquant preface which shows the authoress to be a fair prose writer as well as a poet. It is the second original work which the ladies of Tennessee have sent us during the year by the hands of our gallant friend Billings.

Drawing Room Annual for 1844. *Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blackistone.*

This is one of the largest annuals of the season, embellished with handsome engravings. The letter-press and binding are good. It is issued at the low price of three dollars, and would make an elegant present for a lady during the holiday season.

The Opal: Edited by N. P. Willis, with illustrations by Chapman. J. C. Riker, N. Y., 1844.

The editing of this annual, notwithstanding the title-page, was done, in the main, by R. W. Griswold, but through misunderstanding with the publisher, was finished by N. P. Willis. Some of the engravings are handsome, and others quite ordinary. The letter-press is very fine, and the work is beautifully bound The volume will be an ornament on the centre-table of any purchaser, for, apart from the defects of some of the illustrations, the work is beautifully got up, and contains some of the finest articles that are to be found in any of the annuals of the year. The ablest article we have read in it, is the "Triumph of Christianity," by H. W. Herbert, Esq.

Our Table.—The prolific press of the Harpers has sent out a swarm of new works since our last, the most popular of which is the "Mysteries of Paris," a work deserving of a more extended notice than we have room for this month. We shall notice it at large hereafter. They have also sent us, number one hundred and fifty-nine of the "Family Library," containing "Perilous Adventures," by Davenport. Also, number six of "Hannah More," and "M'Culloch's Gazetteer." Also, "Narrative of the Adventures of Monsieur Violet in California, Sonora and Western Texas," written by Captain Murryat; but *stolen* bodily from Mr. Kendall of the New Orleans Picayune.

Winchester has also issued an edition of the "Mysteries of Paris," in numbers, which is said to be the most perfect edition. To be candid, we have not had time to read it, but in a more extended review justice shall be done, as in "Graham" no hesitation is felt in expressing the truth.

A. J. Rockafellar, 96 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, has published a capital little American novel, by the author of Marion's Men, entitled "Paul Jones, a Tale of the Sea;" which is sold at a shilling each, or ten copies for one dollar, free of postage.

"*Ladies' Hand-book of Needlework,*" published by J. S. Redfield, New York, in six numbers, embracing Fancy Needle-work, Embroidery, Lace-work, Cutting, etc., is worthy the attention of our fair friends. It may be had of Cowperthwaite & Co., of this city.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHIONS.

GENTLEMAN'S DRESS.

Fig. 1.—The entirely new style of coats with standing collar—vests of buff cassimer—pants dark brown, with stripe.

LADY'S EVENING DRESS.

Fig. 2.—A dress of white satin, trimmed with *volants of* broad white lace. *Paletot* of dark violet velvet, edged all round with sable; cape, collar, and loose long sleeve, all bordered with sable; the backs of the open sleeve being closed with a chain work of silk cord, tied at the bottom part with a *nœud* and tassels. Head dress perfectly plain.

PROMENADE DRESS.

Fig.—A dress of Pekin silk, dark blue; the entire dress is made perfectly plain, and fits close to the figure. *Manteau* of rich satin, of a dark fawn color, made rather shorter in length than the dress; the fronts and small cape are composed of velvet, edged with a narrow fulling of satin. The ends of the cape reach to about half way down the cloak; the ends being ornamented with long silk tassels of the same color as the satin; the velvet with which the cloak is trimmed being three shades darker than the satin. Bonnet of black velvet; the interior trimmed with *nœuds* of orange satin ribbon; the exterior with black lace, and a garland of roses.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Fig. 4.—A dress composed of French orange satin; the skirt made very full, with plain high body and sleeves. Mantelet of green satin, bordered all round with a trimming *piqu* , having a raised effect; the two ends of this mantelet fall very low in front. Bonnet of white *velours épinglé;* the crown of the *chapeau* on the left side decorated with a small plume of ostrich tips, and on the right with a fanciful trimming of the same material, edged round with a narrow white blonde falling partly on the front, and low on the side; this trimming forms also the *barolet*, or curtain, at the back. No trimming is worn in the interior of the bonnet.

New Contributors.—Our new contributors for the January number are, Oliver Wendell Holmes, the most accomplished humorous poet of the country, and a well-known English lady-writer, the Countess of Blessington. Nothing that *money* can do shall be spared to maintain the high literary reputation Graham's Magazine has acquired both in this country and in Europe. Our finest articles are copied abroad each month with high praise, and occasionally stolen without credit.



Engraved by Adrian Walker

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

No X.

Sincerely Yours.

Joseph C. Neal.

self, in the main as far from the truth as may be, and judgment is marred by the mistake of attributing to one species of human organization a class of sentiments which belongs exclusively to another. Thus, for want of pictorial correction, we find that the unenlightened invariably connect the heroic style of doing things with a classic nose and Herculean proportions, when, for the most part, the fiery spirit is content with small

incident" for biographical purposes. No blast of trumpets can be invoked to usher him in—no *fanfare* of sounding brass legitimately heralds his approach, as in the case of those whose road to the distinction of having their faces enshrined in the Pantheon of the print-shops, has been carved out by the application of cold steel. He who is merely the drill sergeant of words and the adjutant of thought, cannot march to



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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—NO. X.

JOSEPH C. NEAL.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

BY MORTON M'MICHAEL.

IT is usual to accompany the engraved portraits of "Our Contributors" with a letter-press exposition of the character of each individual thus represented, that the reader may become familiar with both the *physique* and *morale* of the party, and have the opportunity of observing how far the impression received of the man from his writings and his general reputation corresponds with the actual cast of his features. And there is wisdom as well as amusement in this arrangement. It is a natural longing, this desire which is felt by all to be, to some extent, personally acquainted with him who has either instructed or entertained them. Whether he be a philosopher, or whether he be a humorist—we are not sure, however, that one of these does not include the other—we wish to see the eye with which he looks forth upon the world, and the expression with which his comment upon men and things is uttered. Certain it is that in the perusal of books, or in conversation, we appreciate the more quickly if the face of him who "has the floor" is present to our view. It furnishes a delicate physiognomical illustration of the text, keenly felt, but not admitting of description; and if we are deprived of it, the imagination runs riot into all manner of strange fancies. If a correct delineation be not furnished, the reader sketches one for himself, in the main as far from the truth as may be, and judgment is marred by the mistake of attributing to one species of human organization a class of sentiments which belongs exclusively to another. Thus, for want of pictorial correction, we find that the unenlightened invariably connect the heroic style of doing things with a classic nose and Herculean proportions, when, for the most part, the fiery spirit is content with small accommodations, and the *nez retroussé*—that pugnacious pug which has more than once been the revolutionist of empires. It is also a popular error to suppose that the inditer of romantic poetry and your whisperer of soft nonsense is of necessity but an eagle's talon in the waist, as these touching refinements are much more likely to be the companions of corpulent comfort. We might, if the occasion seemed to require it, suffer our dissertation on this interesting theme to expand and to enlarge; but holding it as a cardinal maxim that nods and winks are equivalent in the communication of conclusions, it is plain that enough has been said to afford a clear conception of our meaning; and to show the propriety of making the public conversant with both the personal and mental peculiarities of "Our Contributors," so that while enjoying the productions of their intellect, the opportunity may also be given to test the theories of both Gall and Lavater, and to judge what degree of credibility is to be allowed to the modern postulate, that the internal but impalpable spirit modifies the form of the material casing by which it is enclosed, placing the house and its tenant in strict relationship to each other.

Unfortunately, however, though the literary man may answer well enough as a subject for the painter, his life too often, like Sir Fretful's tragedy, "lacks incident" for biographical purposes. No blast of trumpets can be invoked to usher him in—no *fanfare* of sounding brass legitimately heralds his approach, as in the case of those whose road to the distinction of having their faces enshrined in the Pantheon of the print-shops, has been carved out by the application of cold steel. He who is merely the drill sergeant of words and the adjutant of thought, cannot march to

"tuck of drum." He perhaps has neither an effective catastrophe to his name, nor a stirring crisis to his fate. It is a doubt, indeed, whether he will ever have "glory enough" to kill a single enemy, and it may be set down as an incontrovertible fact, that nobody as yet has taken the trouble to kill him. It is true that there are brilliant exceptions to this rule, as there are to all others. When literature betakes itself to political journalism, its ink sometimes grows the blacker by an infusion of Friar Bacon's logic, and smells of gunpowder. Armand Carrell was cut short in his paragraphs by the pistolary skill of his "cotemporary," Girardin, and on this side of the Atlantic, editors occasionally vary the monotony of their existence by a death *à la militaire;* but, nevertheless, the main fact remains untouched. The "battle and the march" of literary life may still be described as internal altogether. Whatever of wrestlings, defeats and victories mark the career of one who aspires to distinction through the force of his pen, they are so intangible and spiritual in their nature as scarcely to admit of narration. They are the unknown, unrecorded passages of human effort—that unwritten history which perishes with the individual, though perhaps replete with lessons of wisdom, could its utterance be obtained.

But to rid ourselves at once of abstractions, a proneness to which is perhaps a weakness of our idiosyncrasy, it may not be amiss to remark as an opening, that the portrait of the author of the "Charcoal Sketches," in the present number of "Graham," is an admirable representation of the original, and our readers may take it on our assurance—an assurance not likely to be doubted when we state that we have known and loved him from childhood up—that in this likeness they have Mr. Neal as nearly identical with himself as it is possible—the painter and the engraver having both fulfilled their tasks to a charm, for which we heartily commend and thank them.

After thus attending to the *physique*, upon which those who choose may make such comments as suggest themselves to the masculine or feminine fancy—we are quite confident that this one of "Our Contributors," like others who might be named, will excite a proper interest among our lady-patrons, as he still remains in the forlorn condition of bachelorship—it follows in natural course to state that JOSEPH C. NEAL entered on this breathing world on the third day of February, 1807, in the little town of Greenland, New Hampshire. To this place his father, the Rev. James A. Neal, who had previously enjoyed much consideration in Philadelphia, as the principal of one of the first female academies of celebrity in the United States, had been called a year or two before to take the charge of a Congregational Church—a retirement from the arduous duties in which he had been engaged having been rendered necessary by declining health. While yet an infant, it was the irreparable misfortune of our friend Neal to be deprived of paternal care by the fatal termination of a disease which brought his father to an early grave; and, when not yet two years old, he returned with his widowed mother, of whom he was the only surviving child, to Philadelphia, where, with the exception of brief intervals, he has ever since continued to reside. We, therefore, claim Mr. Neal as, to all intents and purposes, a Philadelphian, not to "the manner born," certainly, but to the matter bred, which is a more enduring thing—if, indeed, one's localities be either a merit or demerit, a proposition not particularly palpable to our obscure vision, though there be people, as we have some reason to know, who lay stress upon facts of this description.

Through the indomitable exertions of his remaining parent—of whom we may take occasion to say, by way of parenthesis, what we know from personal observation, that a more affectionate and devoted mother, or a woman of better cultivated taste, more enlarged information and more active and genuine courtesy, cannot readily be found—who was compelled by unfortunate circumstances to rely upon her own personal exertions for the maintenance of herself and her son, young Neal received an education of a liberal character, and being raised, as it were from infancy, in a library—familiar for many years to every Philadelphian—his tastes naturally took a literary turn, though, as in most cases, his present position is rather the result of controlling accident than design. Entering upon active life with the "world before him," it is true, but about as little at liberty "where to choose" as generally falls to the lot of the poor and the comparatively friendless, he went through the average amount of unsuccessful efforts at self-establishment, and, among other youthful enterprises, was one of those who ventured their individual "Cæsar and his fortunes" in the coal region of Pennsylvania, at the time of the great speculative excitement, some twelve or fifteen years ago. To the larger portion of that "grand army" the expedition was a Moscow march and a Russian retreat. Like Roderigo at Cyprus, the majority of them found in the end that they had "so much experience for their pains as that comes to and no money at all," and, sooth to say, our friend could scarcely be pleaded as an exception to this rule, though he labored hard and in many varied ways, for good two years, to render it otherwise. But, as we have often heard him remark, it was a curious scene in the drama of life, in which he never regretted his participation, rude though his experiences were; and much of the merit of his humorous productions may possibly be attributed to the wide field of observation thrown open to his view, when Schuylkill County was an El Dorado, forming a centre of attraction to all sorts of people, who rushed thither to secure fortunes at a grasp, and to become nabobs in an hour. This excitement was one common to our country, but probably exceeding in intensity any which has occurred in the middle states, in what may be called modern times. It was an anticipation peculiarly national, striding with seven-league boots from the present to the future, and endeavoring to dispose of half a century at a dash. All that it hoped we may now reasonably expect will in the end prove true; cities may rise where the surveyors located them, and lands will ultimately be worth the prices at which for a time they passed current; but prosperity is pro-

gressive, and markets are not to be created in a day; so that a steady but sober advancement has succeeded to feverish impulses, and the coal region now goes calmly forward to its substantial welfare. But, at the period of which we speak, hundreds, we may say thousands, leaping years beyond the demand for their presence, clustered there, and every variety of character displayed itself to the student of human nature, in the broadest possible light. In such a vast storehouse of peculiarities, the most ordinary collector could not have failed to gather some rich specimens, while, to a man gifted like Neal with a singularly acute perception, a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a profound insight into the mysteries of the heart, every day's observation furnished lessons, the fruits of which have since been abundantly manifested. Surely "Anthracite" had reason to think itself neglected when "Charcoal" furnished a title to the "Sketches."

In 1831, Mr. Neal returned to Philadelphia to assume the editorship of the "Pennsylvanian," a journal since celebrated in the annals of political contention, but which had then just been established in a weekly form. It was at this time he first essayed his skill in the style of eccentric composition which has given so much popularity to the productions of his pen; and which, though many imitators have since appeared, may be regarded as peculiarly his own. Police reporting was just then beginning to form a part of the details of the newspaper press in this city, and assuming this as a pretext, Neal amused himself in the intervals of more serious employments by fanciful sketches of such incidents as might be supposed to occur in the streets of a great metropolis, mingling in them a strain of burlesque philosophy and mock metaphysics which rendered these trifles an attractive feature in the columns of the journal over which he presided. Encouraged by the commendations which followed them wherever they appeared, he subsequently gave more ample vent to his humor, and in such compositions as have since run through many editions, under the well-known title of "Charcoal Sketches," he gave effect to important truths, and corrected follies and weaknesses by playful satire.

These "Charcoal Sketches" are very capital things. No one, who has his faculties in a healthy condition, can read them and not feel convinced they are the productions of a superior and highly gifted mind. They not only smack strongly of what all true men love, genuine humor—rich, racy, glorious humor—at which you may indulge in an honest outbreak of laughter, and not feel ashamed afterward because you have thrown away good mirth on a pitiful jest—but when you have laughed your fill, if you choose to look beneath the surface, which sparkles and bubbles with brilliant fancies, you will find an under current of truthful observation, abundant in matter for sober thought in your graver moments. In all of them, light and trifling as they seem, and pleasant as they unquestionably are, there is a deep and solemn moral. The follies and vices which, in weak natures, soon grow into crimes, are here presented in such a way as to forewarn those who are about to yield to temptation, not by dull monitions and unregarded homilies, but by making the actors themselves unconscious protestants against their own misdoings. And to do this well requires a combination of abilities such as few possess. There must be the quick eye to perceive, the nice judgment to discriminate, the active memory to retain, the vigorous pen to depict, and, above all, the soul, the mind, the genius, call it what you will, to infuse into the whole life and spirit and power. Now, all these qualities Neal has in an eminent degree, and he applies them with the skill of an accomplished artist. What he does he does thoroughly, perfectly. His portraits—which he modestly calls sketches—are unmistakeable. The very men he wishes to portray are before you, and they are not only limned to the outward eye, but they speak also to the outward ear, and in sentences thickly clustered with the drollest conceits, they convey lessons of practical philosophy, and make revelations of the strange perversities of our inward nature, from which even the wise may gather profitable conclusions. We should like, if we had room allowed us, to analyze one of these sketches, and show how masterly they are in all their parts, how excellent in design, how admirable in execution; but "Graham" has cribbed and confined us, in a space already well nigh occupied, and we must hasten, therefore, to close our imperfect notice.

In 1832, the Pennsylvanian was converted into a daily paper, and Neal has ever since been connected with it as editor. In this most trying situation he has won golden opinions from all sorts of people. Though a decided partisan, prompt, bold and fearless in giving utterance to the opinions of those whose cause he champions, he never forgets that he is a gentleman, and he conducts his political controversies in the same spirit which regulates social discussions. He would scorn to descend to those paltry personalities which have done so much to discredit the American press. Always ready to accept a fair challenge, and willing to fight in what he deems a proper quarrel until the last gasp, he never resorts to unlawful weapons. Wit, humor, sarcasm, argument, all of which he uses most dexterously—these he employs with all his strength against his antagonists, and sundry "bloody noses and cracked crowns" show that, in skillful hands, more execution may be done with these than with the ruder bludgeons of blackguardism. In other respects Neal is also a model-editor. Every thing he prints bears the stamp of good sense—of course, we will be understood as not meaning to meddle with his political notions—and his style—for even in his every-day editorials he has a style peculiar to himself—is so fresh, so natural, so genuine, that his paragraphs are always attractive.

Besides his editorship of the Pennsylvanian, an absorbing occupation, as those who have had experience of the labor of supplying the columns of a daily paper know to their cost, Neal has been engaged in various literary enterprises, all creditable to his talents, though none of them, we are sorry to add, of much profit to his purse. Some years ago, in consequence of severe and constant application to the daily drudgery imposed by his position, his health gave way, and he

suffered so much that he was advised to go abroad to recruit his failing strength. In 1841 he visited different parts of Europe, and spent some time also in Africa, and the change of scene and the repose from labor contributed greatly to his relief. Since his return, though his health is not yet re-established, he has resumed his duties as editor, and has likewise written for the principal magazines several exquisite essays, which have commanded just applause. Should his strength continue to improve, we have reason to know that he will soon realize the expectations of his friends, and present himself in a shape calculated to increase his well-founded reputation.

We have said above that want of room prevents us from entering upon any elaborate examination of Mr. Neal's merits as a writer. We may take occasion to remark, however, that these merits are emphatically his own. He owes whatever he possesses to no one but himself. His productions all bear the stamp of vigorous originality. He imitates no one; and least of all Mr. Dickens, to whom he has sometimes been compared. Mr. Neal's "Charcoal Sketches" were collected and published before "Boz" was known on this side of the Atlantic, and if between these papers and portions of Boz's writings there is any resemblance, it is certainly not chargeable to Mr. Neal. For ourselves, we do not perceive any very marked resemblance. Mr. Neal and Mr. Dickens are both entertaining writers: both have selected many of their subjects from the lower classes of society; both mingle gayeties and gravities in their descriptions, and in so far as these circumstances induce a resemblance it probably exists. But beyond these accidents of coincidence they differ widely. Mr. Dickens is always diffuse—he spreads himself over the largest possible surface, and writes as if determined to make the most of what he has in hand. Mr. Neal is just the reverse of this. He concentrates too much. There is material enough in almost every sketch he has ever made for the construction of a clever book; and he crowds into a single page as many goods things as, with more economy of wit and humor, might sufficiently intersperse a volume. From this fact it happens that Mr. Dickens sometimes caricatures, Mr. Neal always paints. The former exhibits on his canvas parti-colored groups, fanciful, grotesque or brutal, as the case may be, but always exaggerated; the latter exhibits a single portrait, but a portrait so marked, so stamped, as it were, with life-likeness, that you cannot help but pause to admire it. We grant readily that Mr. Dickens has earned deservedly an ample fame, and that Mr. Neal is comparatively but little known; but it is an opinion, which fire cannot burn out of us, that, in their own order, the "Charcoal Sketches" are superior to any thing of a similar kind which Mr. Dickens has attempted; and we do not fear that the partiality inspired by long-cherished friendship misleads us, when we predict, as we now do, that if Mr. Neal lives and thrives—as Heaven grant he may—he will ultimately occupy a high rank not only among American, but all living writers. No man looks into character with a keener vision—no man notes peculiarities with broader humor—no man philosophizes with more truth and less obtrusiveness—and no man is more thoroughly master of the language in which he writes. In this last respect he far excels most of those who have entered the same walk of literature. He is never turgid and never weak—never above comprehension nor down to the level of common-place—but preserving always the golden mean, he writes in a style so pure, so terse, so sparklingly clear, that those who love good old English, find new motives for admiration as they read his essays.

In his habits Neal, like all men of his temperament, is somewhat retired, but with one or two choice friends, he is just such a companion as one would choose to spend a month with, if doomed to confinement in the country during the rainy season.

THE SOUL'S IDEAL.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

THERE was a dream, a dream of life and youth,
That came to me, I know not when the time;
A creature made of loveliness and truth,
With form and feature tranquil yet sublime:
No angel was it, but a thing half real,
And soon I loved her, as my soul's ideal.

She dwelt amid the household gods with me,
To give all genial promptings truth and grace,
The real in their earnestness to see,
Touched with the halo beaming from her face;
All shapes that weak, fond fancy might beguile,
Abashed were withered by her placid smile.

She led me where all shapes of beauty dwelt;
She gave to sense a something more than earth,
And when my soul its strange unquiet felt,
She whispered promise of a higher birth:
She gave me strength the inner life to trace,
And thus more real grew her own fair face.

She changeth not, this creature of the soul,
Save that more earnest, tender is her guise;
In every mood I feel her calm control,
And own the pleading of her heavenward eyes;
A gentle sadness blendeth with the smile
That thoughtfulness or joy may well beguile.

She keepeth yet her fresh and buoyant grace,
But when intent I look within her eyes,
A something nobler day by day I trace,
Like blue that deepeneth in the evening skies;
And thus rewarding worthier love of mine
Each day her face is growing more divine.

She taught me faith and constancy to know,
To meekly wait for the appointed one,
Despite the yearning felt for evermoe
While dwells the soul companionless and lone.
And when at length content upon me came,
Love and the Soul's Ideal were the same.

A MATCH FOR THE MATCH-MAKER.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

The blessings of the skies all wait about her;
Health, grace, inimitable beauty wreathed
Round every motion: On her lip the rose
Has left its sweetness—(For what bee to kiss?)
And from the darkening heaven of her eyes
A starry spirit looks out: Can it be Love? *Barry Cornwall.*

CHAPTER I.

It was the misfortune of Eleanor Howard to have no protector but a manœuvering aunt, and a great misfortune it is to a girl so sensitive, so high-souled as was our heroine. Mrs. Howard, herself a leader of the ton, was determined her niece should make a brilliant match, and she spared no pains to bring it about; but the more she tried to show her off, the more she kept her on; for Eleanor was a girl of spirit as well as delicacy, and though her aunt had managed repeatedly, by dint of the most dainty manœuvres, the most skillful generalship, to bring an "eligible" to her feet, Eleanor, with a quiet dignity peculiar to herself, invariably bade them rise, and gave them to understand that they had mistaken themselves and her.

Mrs. Howard was in despair; not that Eleanor was a burden to her—by no means! She was no dependant—she had a little income of her own; and was moreover a gay and charming companion for the sometimes lonely widow.

But the lady flattered herself she had a natural talent—she certainly had a natural *taste*—for match-making. Indeed she had never known it fail before. She had married off three nieces in as many years, neither of them half so interesting as Eleanor, and she was more vexed at her want of success in this instance than she chose to avow.

The men were astounded, the women amazed and incredulous. Both saw through the designs of the aunt, and half suspected the niece of partaking them, until her repeated refusals of rank, wealth and fashion convinced them in spite of their spite to the contrary.

CHAPTER II.

In the mean time, Eleanor chatted and laughed, and sang and danced as gaily and sweetly as ever, and looked as bewitching as possible, and did every thing she could to please her indulgent aunt, except—"the one thing needful." She *would* wear all her dresses clasped at the throat—though her neck had the dazzling tint of alabaster—she *would* sing her gayest songs when she ought to have sung the most tender ones; and she would smile just as enchantingly on a penniless poet as on a haughty millionaire. What was to be done with the proud and willful maiden? Was she looking for a coronet? We shall see.

About this time an English nobleman arrived in New York, and a succession of parties were given in his honor by the élite of the city. Rich, elegant and fascinating, he was caressed and flattered by mammas, and smiled and blushed at by daughters, till his handsome head was almost turned.

"Now!" said the aunt, "if I can only bring *him* to the point, I am sure of her. She must be marble to resist him." And so she laid her plans; but unfortunately for her, Lord F—— had laid his plans also. He had his "mind's eye" wide open, although he pretended for the joke's sake to have it shut; he saw at a glance her aim, and believed that the charming Eleanor, with all her pretended nonchalance, shared in it fully. He fancied them both fair game, and resolved to amuse himself with, to use his own words, "their absurd expectations." And Eleanor thought it perfectly natural, this youthful love of amusement—she liked a joke herself, and had not the slightest objection to the gentleman having his; but not at *her* expense, oh no! So she, too, laid her plans.

"My dear aunt," she said one morning, coaxingly, and with a demure archness of manner, which rather puzzled the person addressed; "my dear aunt, leave *this* one to me."

"I do not understand you, child!"

"Let *me* manœuvre *this* time. I promise to succeed. He shall propose in six months. Please, aunt?"

"You are a saucy girl, to intimate that *I* have ever manœuvered—but have your own way—I give it up," and, with an approving smile that quite contradicted her first words, Mrs. Howard continued to herself, exultingly, "The bird is caged at last!"

CHAPTER III.

Left to herself, unrestrained by her aunt's surveillance—by cautions, hints and praises—unhumiliated by the consciousness of being nightly "shown off," Eleanor was more enchanting, more lovely than ever. If ever a delicate touch of coquetry was excusable in any case, it certainly was in this. Lord F—— was caught in his own net, ere he was aware of his danger. Now with a proud and almost imperial dignity repelling his advances, and now with sportive playfulness replying to them—at one time sad, shrinking and sensitive, at another joyous and frank as a child, Eleanor, with exquisite tact, outmanœuvered her aunt and her lover at once, without in the least compromising her maiden delicacy; for she never for a moment

gave what any one but a very vain man would have dared to call encouragement to his devotion.

Yes! Lord F—— was caught in his own net, as he deserved to be, and he had no alternative but to lay his hand, heart and fortune at her feet.

Eleanor listened in tranquil silence till he had finished, and then, calmly adjusting a bracelet on her arm, told him very gravely that she had made a resolution never to marry a title.

Lord F—— looked at her in profound amazement, and it required all her self-possession to subdue the smile which was trying to play round her lips. After a few moments' pause he resumed, with a half-suppressed sigh at his own magnanimity,

"And if, for your sweet sake, dearest, loveliest! I renounce my title, then?"

"Oh! Then I should be exceedingly obliged to you; but the truth is, I have solemnly determined never to marry a man of wealth."

Lord F—— was confounded. His very eyebrows "rose to reply." But he conquered once more his dismay and surprise, and, gazing passionately on her beautiful downcast face, where the rosy light of love seemed dawning into day, exclaimed with renewed fervor,

"And what are riches in comparison with you—with *your* love, my treasure? Henceforth I am penniless if that will please you. I will endow hospitals, churches, universities, asylums, poor-houses, libraries. I will do any thing you wish!"

Eleanor began to be alarmed. "What am I to do with him?" she said to herself—"whoever heard of such an accommodating man? It is very vexatious!" And then her conscience reproached her a little, and, touched by the ready generosity of her lover, her eyes filled with tears of self-reproach; but a timely recollection of his supercilious manner on their first acquaintance restored her native pride, and, smiling through her tears, she replied,

"I thank your lordship for your preference of myself to so many more worthy of you in rank and fortune; I appreciate your disinterestedness and grieve for your disappointment, but—"

His eyes flashed impatiently. "But what, Miss Howard?"

"I have made a vow never to unite myself to a foreigner on any account whatever."

The Englishman sprung to his feet and left the house in a rage. It *was* too bad—was it not? His title, his wealth, his birth-place, all of which would have been so many passports to the favor of most young ladies in her situation, were here used positively as reasons for declining his addresses! It was indeed too bad.

CHAPTER IV.

The truth is, Eleanor loved, devotedly, fondly, but in secret, a young Southerner, a Georgian, who had appeared in New York about the same time with Lord F——. And to conceal this love she assumed a gayety, a dainty and refined coquetry of manner which was intended to deceive, not only the object of her affection, but all the fashionable world beside.

Ernest Cuthbert was the only person, in the circle of her acquaintance, who thoroughly understood and appreciated the noble and proud nature of our heroine. He read her soul like a book—a rich and rare missal which was locked to all but him. It was the magic key of sympathy which thus revealed to him the lights and shadows, the deep and mysterious harmony of her high-toned character. He loved her with all the fervor and earnest enthusiasm of a young and passionate heart, and sometimes he fancied that she returned his love. He perceived that she was humbled and vexed by her aunt's constant endeavors to make her display her graces and accomplishments; he admired her sensitive pride, and he let her see that he felt with her and for her.

And now Mrs. Howard, driven to desperation by Eleanor's refusal of Lord F——, renewed her efforts with redoubled vigilance. Ernest Cuthbert was one of the first matches in the country—she must on no account let *him* slip through the toils prepared for him.

"Eleanor, love, I have told Florette to take out your embroidered satin dress and the diamond spray for your hair. You know young Cuthbert will be of the party."

Half an hour afterward, "Eleanor, love" entered the drawing-room, in a plain white robe of linen cambric, with her graceful hair simply, almost carelessly arranged, and without a single ornament. But she looked so bewitchingly beautiful, with the blush coming and going on her cheek, and the half-tearful smile in her eloquent eyes, that her aunt could not find it in her heart to scold.

"Eleanor, dear, sing Mr. Cuthbert that song you composed yourself. It is so touching! Let me see, what is the first line?—'My heart is like a—'"

"Eleanor, dear" sportively drowned her aunt's memory and her voice too in a spirited waltz, and then began to sing the gayest and least sentimental song she could think of.

"I see you are determined," said Cuthbert, smiling as he leaned over the instrument.

"Determined on what, Mr. Cuthbert?"

"To make me respect even more than I love you, if that can be!" he whispered passionately, forgetting, in the entrancement of the moment and in the charm of her presence, that he had chosen a very awkward time and place for a declaration.

Involuntarily Eleanor raised her eyes, filled with tears of blended sorrow and delight, to his face; the next moment she smiled, shook her head playfully, and finished the song.

CHAPTER V.

"What is the matter, Nelly," said her aunt, the next morning as they sat together in the library; "you have neither smiled nor sung to-day! I *do* believe you are in love at last."

Eleanor had been sitting for half an hour with her graceful hand over her eyes, and she did not remove it as she answered in a low, faltering voice,

"Dear aunt, I am not quite well to-day."

"But I know by your voice you are crying, Nell. Tell me what troubles you."

"Mr. Cuthbert, ma'am!" said a servant, opening the door; "shall I show him in?"

"Yes, John, certainly; and, John, order my carriage round directly. Can I do any thing for you, Eleanor? I am going to shop."

Eleanor did not hear her. The carriage came, Mrs. Howard departed, and the lovers were left alone.

"And now, my poor Eleanor, now you *must* say 'yes.' There is no chance of escape this time. You love him and he worships you. Be a good child now, and don't make a fuss about it."

And Ernest told his love with all the eloquence of which he was master. There was no reply. The hand was still over the eyes that he wanted so much to look into, and in trying to withdraw it he discovered that she was weeping.

"Tears, Eleanor!—and for me! Speak to me, dearest! Do not keep me thus in suspense. Once more, will you be mine?"

"No!"

Cuthbert started as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet—though her voice was scarcely audible.

"No, Eleanor! What does this mean? I feel that you love me—"

Eleanor sobbed passionately.

"Are you resolved to deny me?"

"I am!" This time the tone was distinct and firm.

"Then, Miss Howard, I must wish you a very good morning," and with a stately step he left the room.

And the proud maiden, pressing her hands convulsively on her heart, listened to his receding footsteps and murmured, "Dear, dear Ernest! Thank God it is over!"

Before Ernest had walked the length of one square from the house, a new light flashed upon his mind. "That's it, by Heaven! She is a noble creature, and she shall be mine yet, if misfortune can make her so."

"What, *he* too!" exclaimed her aunt and the world the next day when they heard the news; for the lover had purposely spread it. "The girl is perfectly possessed!"

CHAPTER VI.

Three months went by and Eleanor Howard, pale, but still very lovely, was yet seen at times, though seldom, in the gay circles of which she had been once the brightest ornament.

One evening, at a musical soiree, she was turning over some engravings on a table, when a lady near her exclaimed to a neighbor, "Look! There is Ernest Cuthbert just entering! How he has altered! How pale he looks! He has just returned from the South, where he has been to settle his affairs. I am told that he has lost all his property; that one night in a fit—some say of derangement, some, of intemperance—he staked his whole estate upon a single throw, and lost! And now he has nothing to depend upon but his talents as an author."

Eleanor cast one hurried glance toward the door—Ernest was gazing at her with a look so full of sorrowful interest that she could not meet his eyes again, and she soon afterward took her leave, her heart throbbing with mingled anguish and joy. As she passed her lover, she said, in a low, hurried tone, inaudible to all but to him, "Let me see you to-morrow, Ernest!"

She did not see the glow of happy exultatian which lighted up his handsome features as she spoke; for she dared not raise her eyes, lest she should betray her emotions to the crowd around.

The morrow came—the aunt and niece were again in the library.

"Well, Eleanor," said Mrs. Howard, "so it seems Mr. Cuthbert has lost all his property."

"Yes, thank Heaven!"

"Thank Heaven! What a heartless creature you are, Eleanor! I really thought you loved that man."

"And so I did and do! Oh! aunt, you cannot guess how fondly, how truely I love him! Would to Heaven he would renew his proposals—I would not hesitate now to accept him."

"Now! Penniless, and through his own imprudence! You, who have refused *such* offers! Eleanor Howard, you are mad!"

"And it was precisely because they were such offers that I did refuse. I have made a vow never to marry a rich man."

"But what can have induced you—"

"Mr. Cuthbert, ma'am. Shall I show him in?" said a servant opening the door.

"Yes, John," said Mrs. Howard, with a sigh, and this time she did not order the carriage.

After a few moments' restrained conversation, Eleanor looked up frankly and bravely in her aunt's face, and said, with a sweet and maidenly dignity which few could resist,

"Aunt, I wish to have a few moments' conversation, alone, with Mr. Cuthbert. Will you permit it?"

"Certainly, niece, of course if you wish; but I must say that it is very strange—very!"

And the lady sailed out of the room in a stately pet.

For a moment the young girl's embarrassment and agitation overcame her, and she buried her face in her hands; but, recovering herself, she turned to Ernest and said, softly,

"Ernest, do you love me still?"

"Love you! Oh, Heaven!—too much—too madly! But I am no longer worthy of your acceptance. You have heard of my losses, Miss Howard; why do you mock me thus?"

"Mock you, dear Ernest!" She laid her little hand timidly in his, and with modest firmness continued,

"Mr. Cuthbert, ever since we first met I have loved you. I refused your proposal because—because—nay, it does not matter why. But now, if this hand and the heart that must go with it can console you for your loss, forgive this unmaidenly boldness and—take them if you will."

She hid her face upon his shoulder, and Ernest Cuthbert, with his whole soul in the embrace with which he held her to his heart, bade Heaven bless her for her truth.

CHAPTER VII.

One morning, a week after the wedding, as Mrs. Cuthbert was sitting at work in her simply furnished apartment, and her husband preparing to go out, a middle aged gentleman, with a benevolent aspect, entered the room, and, walking straight up to the bride, kissed her gravely on both cheeks. For a moment she was confounded, but seeing Ernest smile at her surprise, she said, laughingly, "Ah! *I* know—it is your kind, generous uncle, whom you have talked so much about!" and she welcomed him with such graceful cordiality that his heart was won at once.

"And now," said he, after a little pleasant chat, "I have a story to tell you both, so sit down, nephew, and listen.

"About six months since, I met, one morning, a young man rushing impetuously round the corner of Washington Square. He grasped my hand as he passed, exclaiming, 'Don't stop me now—I am in a desperate hurry.' 'So I should suppose,' said I. On he went, and I turned and followed him—he entered a gaming-house, I was astonished. It was the first time in his life, and I knew that something of consequence must have occurred to induce him to take such a step. I followed unperceived. He ascended the stairs. I borrowed a common cloak and a large hat from a waiter, slouched the latter over my eyes, and, thus disguised, entered the room above. I saw that he was bent on high play, and I determined to be his opponent. By a little management I gained my object."

"Uncle!" exclaimed Ernest, "was it indeed you?"

"Be quiet, sir, and hear me out! He was evidently desperate, and determined to risk all in the contest. He played with the strangest recklessness—I knew not what to make of him. I have since heard that a little, self-willed, romantic girl, who had turned his head and her own too with her sentimental nonsense, had refused him for a most absurd reason—you will hardly believe it, Mrs. Cuthbert—you, who appear to be such a sensible and rational woman."

"And what was it?" asked Eleanor, blushing and laughing at the look of comical meaning he favored her with.

"Oh! he was too rich, she said, and so he adopted the shortest method he could think of to rid himself of his troublesome estate. I won it all for him before we had been seated ten minutes. He looked quite relieved when my throw decided against him, as if a load had been taken off his heart, and, seizing my hand, he thanked me with as much politeness and warmth as if I had made him a valuable present."

"Oh, Ernest! Oh, uncle!"

"Hold your tongue, you gipsy! I will be heard. I have now come to restore him the deeds, which were immediately made over to me under a feigned name, and to wash my hands of the whole ridiculous affair."

Ernest embraced his uncle in silent gratitude, and Eleanor pouting, amidst tears and smiles, declared that she was cheated, betrayed, that she would not submit to such a shameful imposition, that she would have a div—: but here her vehement protestations were stopped by a kiss from Ernest, while the good uncle laughed and rubbed his hands and swore that she was the most amusing woman he ever saw in his life.

THE SUMMER FIELDS.

BY MRS. E. S. NICHOLS.

I see the glorious summer fields,
Beneath the glowing summer skies;
What pure delight their fragrance yields!
What rapture fills my wondering eyes!

The bright Mosaics of the land
That bids proud Freedom's heart rejoice,
And welcomes to our beaten strand
The pilgrim with her ocean voice;

Of all your beauties still unshorn,
Ye lie upon the nursing earth,
As fair as when the first pure morn
Dawned on ye, at creation's birth.

I see, on every painted knoll,
Refreshed by many a gentle rain,
The grass its waves of green unroll,
Or snowy bloom of autumn grain,

While here and there the spear-leafed corn
Rears high its graceful, tasseled head,
All laden with the dew, when morn
Springs lightly from her jeweled bed.

And soft the gentle slopes upheave
Their verdant bosoms to the sun,
Who seems at parting loath to leave,
Although his daily course is run.

Each tiny insect strives to pour
Its throbbing heart in music forth;—
Such strains I listened to of yore,
But deemed their notes of little worth.

Yet now the smallest voice that swells
The organ winds, with thrilling tone,
Sounds pleasant as a chime of bells
Or voiceful sea-shells sweetest moan.

Ye summer fields! your robes are sere,
And flying loosely on the gale;
The golden corn now fills the ear—
The stream is silent in the vale.

The busy hum of life is still
Among the shining bees and flowers,
For summer birds nor can, nor will
Be sporting found in autumn's bowers.

Then lay, fair summer, down to sleep,
The rosy months upon thy breast,
What though thy bright creations weep,
Sweet summer, rest thee! calmly rest!

Thus may my soul be ready found
When called to that pale, viewless shore,
Where I shall hear the joyful sound
The harvest 's reaped—the summer 's o'er.

REMEMBRANCE.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

Long years have passed since first they met,
And left a shadow on each heart,
Yet that sweet time they ne'er forget,
Though they must ever dwell apart;
For with the thought blest memories rise,
Of happiness and early youth,
When to their care-unclouded eyes
The world seemed full of joy and truth,
When naught had come their trust to blight
In human faith and earthly things,
And future hours wore the light
Reflected from Hope's radiant wings,
The thoughts that flitted o'er her face
But softly mirrored forth his own,
And in her mind he loved to trace
The influence by his spirit thrown;
The poet's page, the treasured thought,
He poured upon her listening ear.
And ever in her eyes he sought
The sympathizing smile or tear;
He led her to the mountain's brink,
That frowns above the dark blue sea,
To mark the rosy sunbeams sink
Beneath the waves all silently,
And watched, in quiet pensive dreams,
The birth of evening's earliest star,
Nor turned away until its beams
Grew pale near Dian's silver car.
Then wandering home, how sweet to speak
Of visions waked by scenes so fair,
And gaze upon her blushing cheek
That changed with every passing air:
But in his restless soul there burned
Deep longings for the world's stern strife,
Soon from these aimless joys he turned,
And wearied of this tranquil life;
She sighed in sadness and alone
When first he whispered they must part,
But hid in every glance and tone
The struggles of her beating heart,
And vainly mid their last farewell
He strove one parting word to say.
He felt if from her eyes there fell
A ray of love he yet would stay;
He met no tender look or sigh,
No fond adieu, no starting tear,
Pride, *woman's pride*, was in her eye,
And left it not while *he* was near.
They parted—and ne'er met again.
In silent loneliness of mind
He journeys on his path of pain,
Still seeking what he may not find,
For disappointment, wrong and care
Has blighted every hope of youth,
And evermore his heart must bear
A chilling doubt of love and truth;
Unresting conscience wrings his breast,
For wasted talents, powers misused,
For impulses of good repress,
And quiet bliss with scorn refused:
While she, amid home's peaceful scenes,
Moves calmly on her placid way,
And in her bosom learns to screen
One thought she dares not to betray.
And oft she sighs in halls of light,
Where lips and eyes a gladness wear,
For o'er her fall the clouds of night,
The mirth and song she cannot share;
Their hearts by holy bonds are prest,
Yet in those ties they feel no ray
Of that pure joy that fondly blest
Their spirits in life's happier day;
And oft they dream o'er years gone by,
And calm enjoyments cast aside,
Then mid the heartless crowd they fly
And smooth their brows with sullen pride.
These thoughts arise in wintry hours,
And in the summer's glorious prime,
When sunlight peers 'neath shady bowers,
And o'er the rocks sweet waters chime;
When golden fields of waving grain
Sway gently to the passing breeze,
And some rude songster's distant strain
Sweeps softly amid forest trees;
When flowers are fair and skies are blue,
And Heaven smiles on all it sees,
Old feelings rush their sad hearts through
And wake forbidden memories;
Sighs, that on smiling lips once played,
And looks, that *then* no import wore,
Words half forgot, and lightly said,
Will never be forgotten more;
Long walks 'neath evening's glowing skies,
Where love its sweet enchantment lent,
Kind meetings of the happy eyes
Whose silent beams were eloquent;
Then o'er their parting hour they live,
That hour of deep, unspoken pain,—
Oh what on earth would they not give
To meet and never part again!
How much had then been spared of grief,
Of wretchedness and cold distrust,
Of mocking hopes, all false as brief,
And warm affections "poured on dust!"
But fond regrets are now in vain,
And with one long and bitter sigh
They turn to common life again,
But still remembrance lingers nigh,
More faint, more weak, but yet to last;
And do not blame them if they weep
Repentant tears above the past,
Where love, hope, peace and gladness sleep.

PASSING THE STRAITS.

BY HARRY DANFORTH, AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

THE wind was from the east, and freshening fast. We had our larboard tacks aboard, and were logging nine knots; so we knew we should be up with the Straits by ten o'clock. It was now eight bells, and the dog-watch had just been called. The gray shadows of evening, even at this early hour, were beginning to steal over the sea, rendering its outlines toward the horizon invisible, except where the comb that whitened continually around, betokening the rising gale, lit up the crests of the billows for an instant with its frosty glare. The sloop bore herself gallantly against the rough head sea. Now she would plunge into the surge with a dead thump, the spray dashing over the bows, and often shooting to the fore-top: and now she would rise on the wave, leaving on either side a trail of sparkling foam, whitening the dark sides of the billow as it sunk away beneath her. High up the main-mast swayed to and fro like a pendulum against the sky. As she bent to the momentary occurring squalls the lee shrouds slackened and bellied out in the wind, while, as the strain eased off, they tightened, creaking with a wild, peculiar sound which cannot be described to a landsman. The prospect was becoming every minute more shadowy, but here and there through the gloom we occasionally caught sight of one of the smaller craft, which an hour before had studded the sea, skimming away like frightened birds to the nearest harbor.

"Old Davy is going to have a trick at the bellows," said Hawser, turning a quid in his mouth and hitching up his trousers; "when the scud whitens in this way along the waves you may know what 's coming."

Hawser was one of my favorites. He was the best warrant officer on board; and withal something of a character. In early life he had been pressed into the royal navy as an Englishman, and, notwithstanding his protestations that he was a natural born citizen of the United States, forced to fight the battles of the power he had been taught from childhood to look on as his hereditary foe. He had served many years in various men-of-war: had been at St. Vincent, the Nile and Trafalgar; and, finally escaping, had entered our little navy, burning for revenge against his late oppressors. He was as brave as oak, and his long experience made him a superior officer. Since the capture of the Guerriere he entertained a high notion of the prowess of our men-of-war, but especially of the sloop in which we sailed, certainly one of the fastest and most lucky in the service. He had approached me while I was gazing abstractedly at the wild and threatening seaboard. His words roused me and I turned and answered,

"Well—let it blow! We shall be up with the Straits by four bells in the first night watch, and the best friend we can have in passing will be a gale, for that will scatter the English fleet, which now lies as thick as a shoal of porpoises right in our track. Give me a breeze blowing like great guns—we 'll drive through them then like a race-horse. In a stiff gale we shall beat any thing the enemy has got, even if they see us and give chase."

"Ay, ay," said the old salt, running his eye aloft with a sailor's pride in a favorite craft, "the SKIMMER is a raal cut-water,"—and he laughed inwardly with triumph—"none of your scows, built by the hundred fathom as cables are made, and cut off in sizes to order—things that make ten knots of leeway to one of headway—but as raal a Baltimore or Philadelphy craft as ever floated; sharp as a noreaster off Hatteras, and the very devil on a wind."

"But what if we have to scud, which, if the wind holds here, we must do? It 's our worst point of sailing."

"That 's true, and an onlucky carcumstance it is," he said, bewildered for an instant, "but, even afore a wind—which is no pint for a ship-shape craft to go by—I take it we can beat them lubberly Englishers. Only look at 'em, with their starns like hay-ricks, and as square all round as an Egg-Harbor scow—you don't mean to think for an infinitesimal minute"—Hawser had a way of using big words when he was excited and wished to be eloquent—"that they can log it with us. If we get the start they wont see us afterwards in this darkness, any more than if we were a streak of lightning."

"But that 's the difficulty," said I, wishing to amuse a minute by bringing the old boatswain out. "Here are the Straits, dead ahead, and not much wider than a thoroughfare at the best, filled with fifty cruisers, who cover the sea from coast to coast, within signal distance of each other. Unless blown from their stations we cannot run through at any point without being seen—and once seen, our presence will be telegraphed to the whole fleet. Now we may pass the ships that lie nighest this way, but those further down, made aware of our approach, will stop us to a certainty."

"We must fight them. There can't be more than one to cross our track at a time. Cripple her and crack on. Meet another and cripple her. By G—, sir, we can thrash a dozen of 'em in that way."

I could not avoid a smile at his earnestness.

"That would do if our guns made no noise. But a cannonade would bring down the whole fleet on us like a flock of carrion crows."

"D—n carrion crows—what have they to do with a man-of-war's man?" he interrupted, with some ire. Then, in a second, he added, "But what you say is

judgmatical, though, if the skipper gets a chance, crippled or no crippled, he'll pepper it into 'em till they'll think balls for supper aint cold beans. I'd give half a year's pay to give 'em a good thrashing—consarn their press-gangs and boasting—if we get at 'em they'll not have a Frencher to deal with, but a sea-nettle, nicer to look at than to handle."

It was now rapidly darkening. The cold, vague feeling, which approaching twilight with its dim, gray seaboard always awakes, had passed away, and one of a different character had taken its place. The scene, too, had changed. Above, in the cloudless sky, the winter stars twinkled sharp and clear; but the sea was covered toward the horizon by a mass of dark shadows, thinning off, it is true, as they approached us, but effectually concealing distant objects. Out of this gloom the white comb flashed continually, now here, now there, ghastly and sudden. In the shadowy obscurity the waves appeared twice their real size, and, as we rose in the surge, the abyss that yawned below seemed terrific. The wind continued freshening, and now whistled shrilly through the rigging; while the cold spray blew sharply against my face.

Hawser and I stood for some time regarding the scene in silence, and then resumed our conversation. Gradually its character changed, and my companion slid into a narrative of Nelson and Trafalgar, which I listened to unconscious of the length to which he was protracting it, and the time thus consumed. With few interruptions we continued our conversation until the watch was changed, when he went below for a rummer and I took my station on the mizzen shrouds to look out.

The time was now fast approaching when we might expect to see the advanced ships of the English fleet. By hugging the eastern shore we had missed the men-of-war in the Downs, but the passage at the Straits was too narrow for us to go by unobserved. The night, moreover, had grown lighter, the wind having partially dissipated the mists on the seaboard; so that now the eye could range for a considerable distance over the sea. Close on the larboard the outline of the shore was perceptible, a streak of snow-white breakers bringing the land behind them out into relief. All at once a light twinkled on the horizon far abeam, and was then immediately lost behind the waves. I watched for its reappearance. Again I saw it momently, glistening sharp in the distance.

"A sail!" I shouted.

"Whereaway, Mr. Danforth?" asked the captain, who happened to be leaning against the mizzen shrouds, directly under me, and springing into the rigging he ascended several ratlines, and scanned the horizon with a quick searching glance.

"Broad here on the starboard beam!"

"Ah!—we need not mind her. She's probably one of the channel fleet. We shall go well to windward of them."

He was already descending, when I saw a light flash suddenly from the gloom ahead, over the starboard fore-chains. It vanished as quickly as it appeared, but instantaneously another, and then another light twinkled in the same quarter, appearing and reappearing like fire-flies on a summer eve.

"No—there they are—right in our track—look, sir, through the lee fore-rigging."

Half a dozen voices from as many look-outs, announced the enemy's proximity simultaneously with myself. The captain turned, in his sharp, quick way, toward the designated quarter of the horizon, and I heard him mutter an oath; but, in an instant he hailed the lieutenant of the deck in a voice that seemed perfectly indifferent to the perils that beset us.

Not so the crew. At the first intimation of the enemy's threatening position, the watch on deck turned eagerly to the quarter where the lights were discernible, while those who were below came tumbling up the hatchways as eagerly as if all hands had been called to reef for a squall. The officers soon thronged the quarter-deck, the younger ones anxiously scanning the faces of their superiors, and the older ones endeavoring to count the lights, and consulting in whispers among themselves; while, here and there forward, groups of the men might be seen listening to the opinions of various veterans, and continually casting eager and inquiring glances toward the quarter-deck. No one could disguise from himself the imminency of our peril; for the enemy lay in such a position that it would be impossible to pass far to windward of him, while the slightest falling off in the wind would drive us into his midst; and it was now evident that he occupied the Straits in such force as to render a passage impossible, unless we hugged the weather shore within sight of the breakers. Whatever I might have said to Hawser, I had not, for a moment, seriously supposed that we should find the enemy in such numbers, so compact, or so far to windward, especially since it had come on to blow with force. And I believe that the same feeling of security was general on board. The contrary emotion which was now universal was, therefore, the more powerful from the unexpectedness of our peril. We had supposed that, at the most, we should have but one of the enemy's cruisers to encounter. Now it was apparent that we must run the gantlet of the fleet.

For fifteen minutes we kept on our course in silence, devoured by the desire to ascertain whether we could weather on the foe. The captain had adopted the precaution to put out all the lights on board except that at the binnacle, for the night was sufficiently clear to prevent a collision with any chance vessel, and the coast was yet too distant to make us fear accidents from that quarter. There was little danger, therefore, of being detected as yet; and, after the first surprise had passed, we began to hope that we might slip by to windward unobserved. But, ere the fifteen minutes had elapsed, we became convinced of the futility of this hope; for the enemy's lights were now visible, stretching across the whole breadth of the Straits, sufficiently close to each other to render it impossible for any craft to pass undetected. The weather ship, too, held a position so far to windward that we saw we should probably have to go by on her lee.

"They seem to be lying-to—the bulldogs!" said the

captain to his first lieutenant. "Can't we weather on that leading one? There 's room enough between her and the coast."

"Possibly! but they hug the shore cursedly close."

"But can we weather her?"

"I'm afraid not, sir, even if she holds her present station without moving; but, if she detects us, she can cut us off to a certainty."

"So I thought," said his superior, relapsing into silence.

For some minutes I watched the fleet ahead, and gradually saw the leading ships assuming a position more and more perilous to us. At first I judged that we might be able to go close under the lee of the most weatherly of the squadron, but, as we drew nigher, I saw the uselessness of such a hope. Then I concluded that we would pass midway between this vessel and her next neighbor, which would increase our peril, indeed, but still leave us a slight chance of escape. But even this hope had to be surrendered, for, suddenly, I saw the ship's head fall off. She made a powerful effort to recover herself, and shot up toward the wind gallantly, but, after staggering a second, her bows again went slowly around.

"Keep her to it, quarter-master!" sharply said the officer of the deck, turning to the veteran at the wheel. "Can't you see how she falls off?"

"It 's not my fault, sir," said the man, "for the wind is shifting—it has already three points more southing in it."

This unwelcome intelligence soon became generally known, for the men could see, even without being told, that the ship's head was diverging toward the heart of the enemy's fleet, and the gloom became universal. The captain walked the deck with quick, uneasy strides, pausing a moment when he reached the end of the quarter-deck, to watch how far the positions of the lights ahead had changed, and then turning sharply on his heel and stopping at the binnacle aft, to cast his eye at the compass and then up at the sails. The other officers kept aloof on the opposite side of the deck, conversing by themselves in whispers, and covertly watching their superior.

Still the wind held in the perilous quarter. We were now heading for the third vessel of the squadron, and immediately behind her a fourth and a fifth light were visible, as of men-of-war in our track farther down. The feelings of the crew soon became desponding. If there had been the slightest hope in combating with the foe, they would have addressed themselves to it, no matter what the odds; but to know that a struggle would be useless, and meantime to be kept on the rack of suspense was more than even our veterans could endure. The idea of an English prison irritated them into ferocity, and with many a bitter oath they scowled at the approaching foe.

"There aint no use in fighting," I overheard one say, "but, for all that, I hope the skipper wont haul down his colors till we 've peppered the rascals pretty well. For my part, shipmates, I'd about as lief go down hazzaing, and with the flag nailed to the mast, as to surrender."

"Curse the wind," ejaculated another, "why could n't it hold where it was?"

We were now within a comparatively small distance of the fleet, and even thought we could trace the outlines of the nearest ship against the shadowy sky. But as yet we were apparently undetected. The number of ships visible had increased to half a score, several being perceptible behind those first seen, widening the belt which stretched from coast to coast. We now saw another reason to regret our inability to pass to windward of the fleet, for only in that direction were there no men-of-war farther down the channel.

"Ha!" suddenly said the captain, as he looked at the compass for the twentieth time. "She has gained a point or two. It seems steady, too, quarter-master."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the old salt, as he firmly grasped the wheel, giving it a turn or two as he spoke, without pausing to look at his superior's face, "she 's doing well enough now. She comes up a couple of points more. The wind 's hauling farther to the east."

The captain drew a long breath and looked up at the sails which did not shiver, though we now headed for the second vessel in the squadron. He stood for several minutes in silence, now watching the enemy's lights, and now anxiously gazing up at the canvas, while the officers and crew, partaking of his emotions, intermitted their whispered conversation and bent all their attention to the enemy's position.

"The wind seems to freshen," at last said the captain, turning to his first lieutenant, "do n't you think it does, Mr. Everett?"

"It does, sir—we can go still closer—there, she comes up."

"By Jupiter!" said the captain, energetically, "she heads in shore of the leading ship—if she 'll only keep there we can go by, rasping it is true, but we can go by."

"We 'll do it, sir," said the lieutenant, "if the wind holds here for half an hour. Even if we have to pass to leewaard of that sloop—for I take the leading man-of-war to be such—the thing's worth trying," he suggested.

"Yes!—by the Lord—though we should have to fight our way through. I 'll go by in a blaze of fire for that matter, and let the fellows do their worst."

The blood of the captain was now up. He could not reconcile it to his duty, to sacrifice the lives of his men uselessly, but give him the remotest prospect of success and he was ready to fight while a plank was left. Hitherto he had felt that there was no such prospect, and his nervously uneasy demeanor had been the consequence; but now that he saw a chance for escape his carriage was altered. He was brisk, energetic, collected and sanguine. Rubbing his hands as we approached the enemy, and it became apparent that we should go to windward of the leading ship, though at a somewhat dangerous proximity to her, he said,

"Get the men to quarters. Have every thing ready so as to fling open the ports as we pass. We shall give them a passing salutation—eh!—that would be but polite, Everett."

The change in the feelings of the crew was not less apparent. All despondency vanished from the faces of the men, for though there was great probability that we might be crippled in attempting to pass the frigate, this was a danger to which they were accustomed; and even this hazard was comparatively light to persons who had just been contemplating a certain capture. The order to repair to quarters was received with alacrity. Now that there was a chance of escaping the foe, and, in so doing, of giving him a broadside, the men felt content, for the sake of so great a revenge, to run the hazard of being crippled ourselves.

And this hazard was not small. Our depredations in the German ocean had long since attracted the attention of the English government, and we knew that several cruizers had been fitted out and despatched expressly to capture us. We had learnt from a fisherman, whom we had made prisoner the day before, that a sharp look-out for us was kept up by the channel fleet, the daring passage of the Straits by Paul Jones in the Alliance suggesting to them that we might attempt to escape in the same way from the net spread around us. Hitherto the absence of lights on board had prevented us from being seen, but we were now so close to the foe that he could not fail to detect our shadowy outline against the sky. Conscious that the discovery could not much longer be delayed, we watched silently and anxiously for the first intimation of it.

We did not watch long. Suddenly a rocket shot up from the deck of the inshore sloop, and, ascending to a great height, curved over and broke into a thousand sparkles that fell, like a shower of stars, to the sea. It was followed, after the lapse of a minute, by two rockets fired in rapid succession. We looked eagerly for the answer from the other men-of-war. It soon came. Rocket after rocket rose with its trail of fire from every ship in the squadron in less than three minutes; and immediately several of the vessels were headed toward us. The inshore sloop instantly dropped a portion of her canvas, like wreaths of smoke falling heavily, and the next instant we saw her stand boldly in toward the coast.

"By the Lord—cut off!" said the captain, turning to his lieutenant; "we shall have to run the gantlet of the fleet. The fellows are coming up like sharks."

"But we can make our run yet," was the reply, "taking the chance of being crippled in a fight. The second vessel will pass under our lee, close enough to deliver her fire with effect, and this one in shore will pepper us smartly. But the others will have to fire at long shot and we need not fear them much."

"True," said the captain; "but the hotter the work the better our brave lads will like it. We are in for it, and must rasp our way through."

The men by this time were at their quarters, the guns were ready, and the ammunition waiting to be served out. The battle-lanterns along the deck stood prepared for use. A few minutes more would plunge us into the contest; for there was no doubt from the movements of the enemy that we were known.

We kept on in silence for a while, our hearts beating faster, as the crisis approached, with that nervous excitement which, even in the breasts of veterans, precedes a conflict. Rapidly the net drew around us. The inshore sloop was closing fast, well to windward; while the second man-of-war was coming up, hand over hand, ahead, though on our lee. If we could pass the latter unhurt and outsail the former, we might yet escape, especially if by any chance she could be crippled. These thoughts were passing through my mind when, all at once, a gush of fire streamed from one of the ports of the inshore sloop, and the report of a cannon boomed sullenly across the night. It was the signal for us to heave to.

We were, at this time, moving more freely before the wind, having it on our larboard quarter, while the inshore sloop was crossing ahead on the same tack, with the wind forward of her chains. The other frigate was close on our starboard beam, but further down to leeward. Our distance from the leading man-of-war was comparatively inconsiderable.

"Brace her up sharp," thundered the captain, "or she will rake us. We'll give it to her broadside for broadside, and cross her forefoot if we can. And then good-bye."

There was just room enough to effect this delicate manœuvre, and with a ship of less excellent qualities it would have been impossible. It might even now fail if the enemy should prove as quick to work as ourselves, or should injure our spars materially.

Instant at the word the ship obeyed the helm, and, like a thorough bred came snuffing up into the wind. The next few minutes passed in breathless anxiety. At first the enemy intended to head us off, but his vessel could not compare with ours in weatherly qualities, and we soon found that we should cross ahead of him, though dangerously close. His ports were now open, and a blaze of light streaming from them across the sea, illuminated the prospect. Directly he opened on us with his forward guns, and then piece after piece was delivered, until his sides gleamed with continuous fire. We heard the crashing of bulwarks, the whizzing of shot, and the cheers of his men; but our orders were to stand perfectly still at the guns until the command to fire was given. The fifth discharge dismounted a carriage near me and killed three of the men, beside wounding most of those at the piece. As the sufferers were carried off, crying for water, the men at my station knit their brows and muttered curses. They were like hounds in the leash waiting to be loosened. But no permission to fire came.

The excitement became intense. Murmurs began to be heard at the divisions. Even the officers, sharing in the feelings of the men, looked toward their superior in nervous impatience.

We were now drawing ahead and across the enemy, having passed the ordeal of his fire with our spars and rigging uninjured, except in trifling cases, though with our hull cut up and a large number wounded. The moment the captain had waited for was come. Removing his eye from the foe, on which he had kept it fixed for the last few seconds, he gave, in a stern, half suppressed tone, the long desired command, and instantly, with a thunder that I shall never forget, we poured in our broadside.

The effect was terrible. Every gun had been double-shotted, and accurately pointed, and even before the noise of the explosion had died away, we heard the crashing of the enemy's spars and the shrieks of the wounded For a moment the smoke, thickly packed on the deck, concealed the ravages we had made; but gradually the white cloud eddied and blew off to leeward, and then we saw the havoc of that fiery broadside.

The enemy's foremast lay over the side with all its maze of hamper, thumping violently against her hull, and effectually disabling quite one half of her starboard battery. Her main-top-mast had been shot away; the mizzen-shrouds seemed cracking, and the deck was a scene of general confusion and destruction. As far as we could judge many of the guns were deserted. With a single well-aimed broadside we had reduced the sloop to a wreck.

"Huzza!" shouted the boatswain, "we have 'em now, my boys. We shall be through the Straits directly—huzza! Here comes a second fellow—a parting good-bye to him—then we'll show 'em our heels."

The man-of-war to which he alluded was the frigate coming up on our lee, which, having waited until we had drawn sufficiently ahead of her discomfited consort, opened her fire on us. The scene now became more animated than it had been at any time preceding. On our starboard side more than a dozen vessels were visible, skirting the whole seaboard in that quarter, and all crowding sail to cut us off, or come up in time for the conflict. At the head of these assailants was the frigate, now within dangerous proximity, and delivering her fire with unusual precision and coolness. The shadowy obscurity in the distance, the lights flickering along the horizon, and the gushes of fire continually leaping from her ports and blazing luridly through the veil of thick white smoke that environed her, gave a wild sublimity to the prospect, which was increased by the sullen and measured booming of her long twenty-fours. We replied with vigor to her batteries, directing our fire altogether to her spars in the hope of disabling her, an attempt which the skill of our crew, acquired by long practice, favored. We soon saw that the frigate was no match for us in speed, and, as we were both running on the same tack, and as near as possible side by side, we had the satisfaction of beholding her gradually dropping astern. At this instant, however, a shot struck our main-topsail, which fell, but the damage was found trifling, and the canvas was speedily hoisted again to its place. During this interval the frigate recovered a portion of her lost ground, while others of the fleet attained a closer proximity, and began to open their batteries on us, so that by the time the damage was repaired no less than five of the enemy were thundering after us. Luckily, however, most of them were at such a distance, and their crews were so deficient in ball practice, that the danger was inconsiderable; while our comparative immunity thus far had so exhilarated the men that they regarded the peril as even less than it really was, and enjoyed the stirring excitement of the chase with the feelings rather of spectators than of participants.

Indeed the most imminent peril had been passed. We had now drawn nearly altogether out of reach of the guns of the dismantled sloop, which had continued, even after we passed her, to maintain a sullen fire. Our only real antagonist was the frigate, which was now well on our quarter, but rapidly falling out of dangerous vicinity. Suddenly we saw her fore-top-mast yard fall, and though a score of men instantly sprung aloft, we knew that ere the damage could be repaired we should be safe. At this instant I looked once more on the now comparatively distant wreck. Shadowy and dim she lay on the eastern seaboard, fast fading into the darkness. Between her and the frigate, circling the horizon to the north, were the various ships of the squadron, dotting the seaboard with isolated lights. We had passed from their midst like a seabird on the wing, when the sky lowers with a coming storm. All eyes had instinctively followed mine in its hasty survey, and, as the assurance that the peril was over rushed on every mind, a deafening cheer burst from the crew, and rose to the welkin. Again and again it was renewed, until the calm stars overhead appeared to quiver with the uproar.

In a few days we were on the broad Atlantic, and homeward bound. We arrived in Boston harbor without accident after a run of forty days.

LAMENT.

BY W. W. STORY.

Thou glidest on, oh glimmering stream,
  Thou murmurest on as ever!
But the heart most dear no more is here
  Forever and forever.

No more—I hear it in the pines
  That moan with sullen roar—
Those stars shall shine in eyes of thine
  No more—oh never more!

Grieve on, sad autumn wind, grieve on!
  She lieth the grass beneath,
I make my moan by her grave alone,
  For the violets have her breath.

Oh lonely night! oh wandering moon!
  Have ye no word for me?
Oh love and sorrow! oh day and morrow!
  Must ye forever be?

THE PATCH-WORK QUILT.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS

(Concluded from page 31.)

CHAPTER II.

It was Christmas-time—the season for apple-cuts, huskings, and sleigh rides in New England. My patch-work quilt was laid away in the bottom of a huge old chest, where it seemed fated to remain, in solitary confinement, during an indefinite number of years.

Julia's rising sun was also ready for the frames, and for two whole days we were hard at work preparing for the quilting-frolic which always heralded in a new item to the stock of bed covering for which the red farm-house was so famous. But our progress was beset with troubles. Widow Daniels had conscientious scruples about the moral tendency of quilting-frolics in general, and especially at the farm-house, so soon after her own change of heart. She was only saved from hysterics by a copious pinch of snuff, at the mention of a violin, and found herself under the imperative necessity of visiting Minister Brooks, in his study, three several times, which occupied a good hour each visit, before a reluctant consent was wrung from her. Then it was only given on condition that the dancing should be confined to a long kitchen, remote from her wing of the building, and all the crevices between stuffed with cotton wool, that the profane music of a violin might not penetrate to her sensitive ear. After all these exactions were submitted to on our part, the widow expressed her determination to send for the minister, that he might instruct and lighten the solitude of her wing in the building, during the festive evening, probably as a sort of opposition to the spirit active in the long kitchen. Then she yielded the point with meek and calm resignation, beautiful to contemplate.

This stumbling block to our wishes well out of the way, we went to work in earnest. The old cheese-press was removed from the long kitchen to the back stoop. The loom, quill wheel and swifts were safely bestowed in a remote corner of the garret. Milk pans were taken down from the swing shelf overhead. The walls were disencumbered of the pumpkin chains and ropes of half dried apples that had festooned them, and Cousin Rufus rolled the tall wooden churn from its place on the hearth, and left it at the back door with the dasher turned bottom up against the well-curb. In a marvelously short time after our labors commenced, the kitchen was in capital order. The floor scoured till each worn board shone out white and spotless as a ridge of sand on the sea beach. Benches were brought from the school-house and ranged up and down both sides of the room. A whole forest of evergreens garlanded the windows and covered, with masses of rich green, the stains left upon the wall from the dried apples and pumpkin ropes that had so long cumbered them. Julia and I exerted an extraordinary degree of ingenuity in weaving rustic chandeliers from the flexile pines and hemlock branches which Cousin Rufus brought us from the woods. But the huge old fireplace was a model of verdant beauty. On each side the broad and broken hearth, to the very ceiling, rose two young hemlocks, garlanded with ground pine and matted together in one green and blooming mass, with chrysanthemums and such exotics as our house-plants afforded. Half a dozen stuffed birds of gorgeous plumage, taken surreptitiously, I tremble to say, (for this late confession may come within range of the dear old gentleman's spectacles, and, even at this distance, I tremble at the result,) from a choice collection presented to my father, by an English friend, were perched among the branches, looking plump and life-like, as if ready to break out into song at the slightest provocation. A pair of high candlesticks, wreathed with moss, till they resembled two miniature turrets overgrown with ivy, stood on the mantle-piece, and altogether the old fireplace took a cavernous and romantic appearance that delighted us exceedingly.

While we were busy in the ornamental department, Miss Elizabeth made herself very useful in preparing the pound-cake, ginger-nuts, and spice bread on which our friends were to be regaled, while Narissa filled the literary department with exquisite grace and dignity. She bought a quire of pink note paper, cut it up, economically, into billet-doux form, and wrote invitations to the quilting in a very diminutive hand, with a stiff pen, which she was constantly calling on Cousin Rufus to mend for her.

The Widow Daniels looked on with a sort of grave forbearance that was edifying to behold. She was persuaded to enter the dancing-room, for a single moment, but advanced no farther than the door, where she stood, armed in the panoply of an upright heart, and taking snuff with grave energy, like a timid person entering a sick room, armed with a camphor bottle to keep off contagion.

At last all was ready. Julia's patch-work quilt lay in the east room spread out gorgeously on its frames, and supported at each corner by a kitchen chair. Every thing was in order. Spools of cotton, needles, pencils and pieces of chalk lay at convenient distances

around the quilt. A whole family of scissors, ranging in size from a pair of tailor's shears to the pretty nippers used for embroidery, glittered around. Measuring cards, paper-shell-patterns and silver thimbles dotted the glowing fabric. A hickory fire blazed brightly on the hearth, and sent its heat over the room till the worsted lamb, worked in the rug, seemed ready to jump up and run for a cooler place, long before the company began to assemble.

It was a busy hour with us all. Miss Elizabeth and Narissa ran to and fro, each with a forest of curl-papers at her temple, and each calling frantically on the other to hook her dress. Julia and Julia's friend were in a chamber over the out room where the quilt lay in state. She, with her black hair and changeless features inclined to the classical style of dress, and in truth the raven bands woven around her small head gave it a statue-like beauty that I have seldom seen excelled. A robe of white muslin, high at the throat, with a slight edging of lace, completed her toilet. The pastoral was assigned to me—blue ribbons, ringlets and flowing muslins—I took to it naturally as a lamb does to white clover, and, it must be acknowledged, with about as much idea of the style I was adopting.

We went down stairs shivering in our gossamer dresses, for the wind whistled through the entry, and nothing could sound more cheerful than the hickory fire crackling in the out room. It was not quite time for the arrival of guests; so we sat down on the hearth rug, smothering the pretty worsted lamb under a cloud of white muslin, and resolved to make ourselves warm and cosey till the company arrived.

"Julia," said I, looking for an instant in her face, as she nestled close to me with the firelight dancing over her, "have you no mind to withdraw that bargain about the quilt?"

"None in the world. If you get married first they are both yours—should I prove the earliest victim, they are mine. Such perfect matches must go together!"

"But what if the chances were not so equal from the first?" I said, feeling a little silly and remarkably awkward.

Either the firelight blazed more brightly over her face, or my friend Julia certainly changed color for the first time in her life. But she laughed and said gayly,

"We are of an age, neither of us engaged, so there can be no inequality."

"You remember our bargain was before Cousin Rufus came here to live."

"Well," she said quickly, and now the blood certainly did burn through her cheek. "Well?"

"Have you never guessed any thing—never thought?—do n't look at me so, Julia. We ought to have talked this over before; friends like us should have no concealments."

"Talked what over?" said my friend, in a voice so like a whisper, that thinking she was afraid of being overheard, I unconsciously spoke but little above my own breath.

"Oh! of Cousin Rufus' attentions; you must have observed them."

Julia started and moved away till the worsted lamb was refreshed by another glimpse of the fire. The light was deceptive, but it seemed to me that she turned pale and her eyes glittered like diamonds. It was a full minute before she spoke.

"Do you mean to say that Cousin Rufus has preferred—that is—can he—I really do n't understand."

I smiled mysteriously, shook my head, and began to twist up the end of my blue sash in a state of confusion that must have seemed very interesting and romantic indeed.

"Oh, I see! at your old tricks again, trying to draw me out," said Julia with a sort of anxious gayety, patting the worsted lamb upon the ear with the point of her slipper. "It wont do, I tell you—it wont do."

"I do n't think it will," said I, rather puzzled at this strange method of receiving the confidence of a young lady in white muslin and blue ribbons, with every tress of her hair falling to her shoulders in long ringlets, at that moment actuated by a heroic determination to conceal nothing from her sworn friend. "I do n't think it will, he is so very poor, the old people would never consent to it."

Julia pressed her lips slightly together and looked at the fire. "I am my own mistress," she murmured.

"But I am not!"

"True! but what has Cousin Rufus to fear from that?"

"Why, a refusal from head-quarters of course."

"But New York state is close by, and they require no publishments there," said Julia, with a sudden sparkle of the eyes.

"Never!" said I solemnly—"never, never—the daughter who can deceive or leave her parents deserves no love, no happiness." I was about to proceed and give the history of my intercourse with Cousin Rufus, from the time that he left our door with a tuft of white lilac in his bosom up to the period when he brought a copy of verses addressed, as he awkwardly informed me—blushing like a girl the while—to a female friend, to whom he dare not otherwise disclose his passion, suffering as he did from present and prospective poverty. The verses were perfectly enchanting, but I had no opportunity of saying so much just then, or of explaining the still more romantic proof of hopeless attachment which I had detected him inscribing on the old apple-tree, with the point of a double-bladed knife, where, at that very moment, stood registered against him a long, curving line with a flourish at the lower extremity, which could be intended for nothing but the first side of a capital A, the leading initial of my own name. Poor fellow! I longed to inform Julia of all this—to ask her advice, and (above all) to show her a copy of the verses, but just then a violent ringing of sleigh-bells, mingled with happy voices, made us spring to our feet and run to the window. A three-seated sleigh, gorgeous with yellow paint and gilding, drawn by two horses and a leader, stopped with a dash by the door-yard gate. A troop of girls, cloaked and hooded to the chin, were disengaging themselves from the buffalo-robes and leaping cheerily out on either side, while the driver stood in front, bending backward in a vigorous effort to hold in his horses, which every instant gave a leap

and a pull upon the lines, which set the bells a-ringing and the girls a-laughing with a burst of music that went through the old house like a flash of sunshine. The sleigh dashed up the lane in quest of a new load, while the cargo it had just left were busy as so many humming-birds in Julia's dressing-room. Cloaks were heaped in a pile on the bed, hoods were flung off, and half a dozen bright, smiling faces were peeping at themselves in the glass. Never was an old-fashioned mirror so beset. Flaxen and jetty ringlets, braids of chestnut, brown and ashy gold flashed on its surface—white muslins, rose colored crapes and silks of cerulean blue floated before it like a troop of sunset clouds—eyes glanced in and out like stars reflected in a fountain, and soft, red lips trembled over its surface like rose-buds flung upon the same bright waters.

Again the sleigh dashed up to the gate, and off once more. Then we all gathered to the out room, sat demurely down by the quilt and began to work in earnest. Such frolic and fun and girlish wit—such peals of silvery laughter as rang through that old house were enough to make the worm-eaten rafters sound again—such a snipping of thread and breaking of needles—such demand for cotton and such graceful rolling of spools across the "rising sun" could only be witnessed in a New England quilting frolic. The fire snapped and blazed with a sort of revel cheerfulness; it danced up and down over the old mirror that hung in a tarnished frame opposite, and every time the pretty girl nearest the hearth rug lifted the huge tailor's shears, appropriated to her use, the flame flashed up and played over them till they seemed crusted with jewels. One young lady, with a very sweet voice, sung "I 'd be a Butterfly," with tumultuous applause. Miss Narissa exercised her sharp voice in "I wont be a Nun," and two young ladies, who had no places at the quilt, read conversation cards by the fire.

Toward night-fall, Miss Elizabeth, who had hovered about the quilt at intervals all afternoon, appeared from the middle room and whispered mysteriously to Narissa, who got up and went out. After a few minutes the amiable sisters returned, and with smiling hospitality announced that tea was ready.

The door was flung wide open, and a long table, covered to the carpet with birds-eye diaper, stood triumphantly in view. We moved toward the door, our garments mingling together, and some with linked arms, laughing as they went.

Miss Elizabeth stood at the head of the table, supported by a huge Britannia teapot and conical-shaped sugar-bowl, which had officiated at her grandmother's wedding supper. She waved her hand with a grace peculiarly her own, and we glided to our chairs, spread out our pocket-handkerchiefs and waited patiently while Miss Elizabeth held the Britannia teapot in a state of suspension and asked each one separately, in the same sweet tone, if she took sugar and cream. Then there was a traveling of small sized China cups down the table. As each cup reached its destination, the recipient bathed her spoon in the warm contents, timidly moistened her lips, and waited till her neighbor was served. Then two plates of warm biscuit started an opposition route on each side the board, followed by a train of golden butter, dried beef and sage cheese. About this time Miss Narissa began to make a commotion among a pile of little glass plates that formed her division of command. Four square dishes of currant jelly, quince preserves and clarified peaches were speedily yielding up their contents. The little plates flashed to and fro, up and down, then became stationary, each one gleaming up from the snow-white cloth like a fragment of ice whereon a handful of half-formed rubies had been flung. There was a hush in the conversation, the tinkling of tea-spoons, with here and there a deep breath as some rosy lip was bathed in the luscious jellies. After a time the China cups began to circulate around the tea-tray again, conical-shaped loaf cakes became locomotive, from which each guest extracted a triangular slice with becoming gravity. Then followed in quick succession a plate heaped up with tiny heart-shaped cakes, snow-white with frosting and warmly spiced with carraway seed, dark-colored ginger-nuts and a stack of jumbles, twisted romantically into true lover's knots and dusted with sugar. Last of all came the crowning glory of a country tea-table, a plate was placed at the elbow of each lady, where fragments of pie, wedge-shaped and nicely fitted together, formed a beautiful and tempting Mosaic. The ruby tart, golden pumpkin, and yet more delicate custard, mottled over with nutmeg, seemed blended and melting together beneath the tall lights, by this time placed at each end of the table. We had all eaten enough, and it seemed a shame to break the artistical effect of these pie plates. But there sat Miss Elizabeth by one huge candlestick entreating us to make ourselves at home, and there sat Miss Narissa behind the other, protesting that she should feel quite distressed if we left the table without tasting every thing upon it. Even while the silver tea-spoons were again in full operation, she regretted in the most pathetic manner the languor of our appetites, persisted that there was nothing before us fit to eat, and when we arose from the table, she continued to expostulate, solemnly affirming that we had not made half a meal, and bemoaned her fate in not being able to supply us with something better, all the way back to the quilting-room.

Lights were sparkling, like stars, around the "rising sun," but we plied our needles unsteadily and with fluttering hands. One after another of our number dropped off and stole up to the dressing-chamber, while the huge mirror in its tarnished frame seemed laughing in the firelight, and enjoying the frolic mightily as one smiling face after another peeped in, just long enough to leave a picture and away again.

The evening closed in starlight, clear and frosty. Sleigh-bells were heard at a distance, and the illuminated snow which lay beneath the windows was peopled with shadows moving over it, as one group after another passed out, anxious to obtain a view up the lane.

A knock at the nearest front door put us to flight. Three young gentlemen entered and found us sitting primly around the quilt, each with a thimble on and earnestly at work, like so many birds in a cherry-tree.

Again the knocker resounded through the house, as if the lion's head that formed it were set to howling by the huge mass of iron belaboring it so unmercifully. Another relay of guests, heralded in by a gush of frosty wind from the entry, was productive of some remarkably long stitches and rather eccentric patterns on the "rising sun," which, probably, may be pointed out as defects upon its disc to this day. Our fingers became more hopelessly tremulous, for some of the gentlemen bent over us as we worked, and a group gathered before the fire, shutting out the blaze from the huge mirror, which seemed gloomy and discontented at the loss of its old playmate, though a manly form slyly arranging its collar and a masculine hand thrust furtively through a mass of glossy hair did, now and then, glance over its darkened surface.

The lion's head at the door continued its growls, sleigh-bells jingled in the lane, smiles and light and half-whispered compliments circulated within doors. Every heart was brim full of pleasurable excitement, and but one thing was requisite to the general happiness—the appearance of Old Ben, dear old black Ben, the village fiddler. Again the lion-knocker gave a single growl, a dying hoarse complaint, as if it were verging from the lion rampant to the lion couchant. All our guests were assembled except the doctor; it must be he or Cousin Rufus, with Old Ben. A half score of sparkling eyes grew brighter. There was a heavy stamping of feet in the entry, which could have arisen from no single person. The door opened, and Cousin Rufus appeared, and beyond him, still in the dusk, stood the fiddler, with a huge bag of green baize in his hand, which rose up and down as the old negro deliberately stamped the snow first from one heavy boot, then from the other, and, regardless of our eager glances, turned away into the supper-room, where a warm mug of gingered cider waited his acceptance.

What a time the fiddler took in drinking his cider! We could fancy him tasting the warm drink, shaking it about in the mug, after every deep draught, and marking its gradual diminution, by the grains of ginger clinging to the inside, with philosophical calmness—all the time chuckling, the old rogue, over the crowd of impatient young creatures waiting his pleasure in the next room.

At length, Cousin Rufus flung open the door leading to the long kitchen, arms were presented, white hands trembling with impatience eagerly clasped over them, and away we went, one and all, so restless for the dance that two thirds of us took a marching step on the instant.

The old kitchen looked glorious by candlelight. Every where the wreathing evergreens flung a chain of tremulous and delicate shadows on the wall. A huge fire roared and flashed in the chimney, till some of the hemlock boughs on either side grew crisp and began to shower their leaves into the flames, which crackled the more loudly as they received them, and darting up sent a stream of light glowing through the upper branches and wove a perfect net-work of shadows on the ceiling overhead. The birds gleamed out beautifully from the deep green, the tall candles glowed in their leafy chandeliers till the smooth laurel leaves and ground pine took more than their natural lustre from the warm light, and the whole room was filled with a rich fruity smell left by the dried apples and frost grapes just removed from the walls.

Old Ben was mounted in his chair, a huge seat which we had tangled over with evergreens. He cast his eye down the columns of dancers with calm self-complacency, took out his fiddle, folded up the green baize satchel, and began snapping the strings with his thumb with a sort of sly smile on his sharp features which, with broken music sent from his old violin, was really too much for patient endurance.

Miss Narissa Daniels led off with the first stamp of old Ben's foot, and Elizabeth stood pensively by, evidently reluctant to engage herself before the doctor's arrival; Julia had Cousin Rufus for a partner, and I, poor wretch, stood up half pouting with Ebenezer Smith, who distorted his already crooked countenance, with a desperate effort to look interesting, and broke into a disjointed double shuffle every other moment.

The night went on merrily. It seemed as if the warm gingered cider had released the stiffened fingers of our fiddler, for the old-fashioned tunes rung out from his instrument loud and clear, till every nook in the farm-house resounded with them. There was dancing in that long kitchen, let me assure you, reader, hearty, gleeful dancing, where hearts kept time cheerily to the music, and eyes kindled up with a healthier fire than wine can give. I have been in many a proud assembly since that day, where the great and the beautiful have met to admire and be admired. Where lovely women glided gracefully to and fro in the quadrille with so little animation that the flowers in their hands scarcely trembled to the languid motion. But we had another kind of amusement at Julia Daniels' quilting frolic, and to say truth a better kind. The grace of warm, unstudied, innocent enjoyment, spiced perhaps with a little rustic affectation and coquetry.

The music grew louder and more exhilarating. The old floor shook, and the garlands all around trembled to the motion of our steps as the evening wore on. But there stood Miss Elizabeth refusing all partners and gazing on the wall like patience dethroned from her monument and determined to smile no more. Where was the doctor all this time? Several persons beside Miss Elizabeth anxiously asked this question as we sat down for a moment, flushed, panting and happy to partake of refreshments which made their appearance rather late in the evening. Miss Elizabeth had just taken a glass of currant wine from the hands of Cousin Rufus when a loud knock made her start till half the wine dashed over her hand. "It is he," she murmured, setting down her glass and wiping the wine drops from her hand; "I knew—I knew that he would come."

Sure enough it was the doctor, who entered the room, remarkably well dressed, with a young lady in pearl-colored silk, and with a wreath of white rose circling her head, leaning on his arm. He approached Miss Elizabeth trying to smile, and making an awkward attempt to appear quite at his ease and as if nothing particular had happened.

"You will excuse me, Miss Daniels," he said, "I did not receive your note till this evening, having been absent two days on business—that is, a little excursion to my native town. The moment your kind invitation was given me I persuaded my bride here, to wave ceremony and be introduced to her kind neighbors at once; though it is crowding events rather close—a wedding, a journey and a dancing party all in one day—you must admit that, my dear Miss Daniels."

But Miss Daniels was not in a condition to admit any thing but the imperative necessity of fainting away, even at this short notice. She turned her eyes from the doctor to the pretty young creature leaning on his arm, from her to Narissa, flung up her hand, as a sort of desperate signal for some one to break her fall, and forthwith relapsed into a fainting fit on her sister's bosom.

"Good heavens, what *can* the matter be!" exclaimed the medical bridegroom, feeling for a case of instruments which, unhappily, were not to be found in the pocket of his wedding-coat. The company crowded round, uttering exclamations of dismay, and the poor bride seemed half terrified out of her wits."

"Will no one help her—poor heart-broken young creature," cried Miss Narissa, pathetically.

The interesting invalid opened her eyes faintly, the doctor was bending over her, she saw him, uttered a dismal cry, and clung sobbing to her sister's bosom once more.

"Oh, take him away—take him hence—the perfidious, the—oh, this is too much!"

"She had better be taken to another room," said the doctor, glancing with a look of comic distress at his wife.

"Hartshorn! will no one get some hartshorn?" exclaimed Narissa, looking daggers at the doctor.

Julia and I both ran through the supper-room and opened the door where the widow had been all evening shut up *tête-à-tête* with Minister Brooks. They were sitting close together on the hearth, talking so earnestly that our entrance did not disturb them. I was about to ask for the hartshorn when Julia caught my arm, moved a step nearer the fire, and, putting a finger to her lips, bent forward, the more easily to catch the minister's words.

"I am rejoiced that you think with me, my kind neighbor. You say truly it is a wrong life—at first it seemed as if thoughts of another could never enter my heart, as if I must forever grieve over the lost with no hopes for earthly companionship again."

The widow took up her handkerchief and turned away. "Exactly my own feelings when poor, dear Mr. Daniels was taken a corpse from this very room." The bereaved creature buried her face in the handkerchief, and was either weeping with short, snatching sobs or taking snuff more audibly than usual, it was impossible to decide which.

"My children are in their first youth," continued the minister, sadly; "they need the hand of gentle woman to encourage them in their duty."

"They do, indeed!" murmured the widow, from the depths of her pocket-handkerchief.

"Whatever my regrets for the departed are," and tears came into the eyes of that good man, "I feel that it is my duty to marry, to give my solitude a companion and my poor children a mother.

"Poor helpless dears!" responded the widow.

"In truth, my dear madam," said the minister, drawing nearer to the fire, "I last week wrote to the lady, she was the sister to my late wife, and loved the children as if they had been her own. A favorable answer reached me this morning, and—"

The Widow Daniels started up, the snuff-box fell from her lap to the hearth, and the choicest verbena bean it contained darted into the fire, while a little heap of Macaboy lay slowly scorching between the andirons.

"My dear Mrs. Daniels, what *is* the matter?" exclaimed the minister, pushing his chair back; "surely you must be of a class that think the marriage of a wife's sister wrong."

"Wrong!" exclaimed the widow, with an indignant sob; "wrong, it is shameful—iniquitous—horrible—a—a—" the words choked up her throat, and poor Widow Daniels fell to her chair in a violent fit of hysterics.

"What can I do," exclaimed the wretched minister, appealing to us with his arms spread and without seeming to reflect on the singularity of our presence. "What *shall* I do."

Julia ran to a cupboard for the hartshorn, and I darted away in search of the doctor. He, poor man, seemed heartily rejoiced at an escapé from the heart-broken Elizabeth, who departed for her room with her cheek reclining languidly on the shoulder of the affectionate Narissa, who waved her hand a la Siddons and besought the company not to allow this sudden attack of the heart to throw any chill on the general merriment; and the company cheerfully obeyed her dignified request, except the doctor, who understood my whisper and followed me out, leaving his bride standing, very much astonished, entirely alone, at the head of a country dance which the gay quilters were just forming again.

The doctor approached the disconsolate widow, who was still flinging her arms about and shuffling her feet on the hearth, deranging her cap ribbons and tearing out her false curls in the most frantic manner possible to conceive of—after various gentle questions to the patient herself which only made her worse than ever, the young man turned an appealing glance on Minister Brooks. The good divine spread out his hands, shook his head deprecatingly and said, in the innocence of his heart, "I don't know indeed. I was talking to her about my approaching marriage when she began to exclaim against the sin of matrimony with a wife's sister, and went into fits as you see her. Strange," added the good man, musingly and folding his arms; "strange how deep a root prejudice will sometimes take. I did not dream that doubts on this subject had crept into my little fold."

"Oh," said the doctor, with a sudden smile, "another disease of the heart! Julia, bring a tea-spoon."

It was very cruel of our young doctor, but he seemed to enjoy a pleasant delight in forcing open the poor

widow's mouth and pouring that nauseous fluid into it.

"There, that will bring her to, I fancy," he said, corking the vial which he had drawn from his pocket. "Let her go to bed at once. That's right, sir," he added, nodding to Parson Brooks, who was taking up his hat and cloak, "you had better leave us."

"No, no," murmured the widow, faintly; "one word, oh—"

Parson Brooks did not hear her, but deliberately opened the out door. It fell to with a jar, and the invalid relapsed into fits again. But the second attack went off in bed. The widow prayed to be left alone, and we all returned to the dancing-room, just as Old Ben struck up "The Cheat" with a degree of spirit unsurpassed by any thing he had played that evening.

About eleven o'clock our company were cloaked and ready to depart. A whole regiment of sleighs were in motion before the house, and among them the little red *cutter* which belonged to Widow Daniels, with an old bay horse in the thills, buried to the ears in a huge buffalo robe.

Julia and I stood in the door watching our friends depart, when Cousin Rufus came through the gate with a whip in his hand, and pointed to the little horse and the red cutter.

"Get your things, girls—muffle up warm, and we will have a ride with the rest."

We darted up stairs, and down again, sprang into the cutter, made room for Cousin Rufus on the seat between us, and dashed off, with a double sleigh in front and the doctor trying to hold in his spirited horse behind.

It was a glorious night—the sky a deep, clear blue, living with stars, and the snow heaped all around, like sifted pearls, freezing in masses. We left the doctor at his boarding house, and, before he could assist his bride from the sleigh, were out of sight. We had a swift horse, covered with bells, but an ugly animal to look upon, and with the gait of a Canada pony. I was watching the grotesque shadow which he made as we darted through the snow, and hoping that if Cousin Rufus even should attempt to delude me into a trip to New York State he would manage to elope with a little more fashionable turn-out, when something by the road frightened our horse, he gave a sudden plunge sideways and sent us headlong into the snow. I had much difficulty in forcing my way through the cushions and buffalo robe that had fallen upon me, and, when at last I did regain my feet, the first thing that met my glance was the sleigh with one runner in the air and the little horse panting, knee deep in the snow. The next object was Julia Daniels, with her hood off and the star-light trembling over her pale face as it rested on the bosom of Cousin Rufus.

"Look up—in the name of Heaven, speak to me, my own, my best beloved—oh, Father of mercies, I have killed her! I, who loved her so—who would have died to save her a single pang!"

It was Cousin Rufus—*my* cousin—talking in this heart-rending voice. I stood motionless in the snow and saw him press her to his heart, and kiss her pale lips wildly again and again. Having witnessed the manner in which deluded females usually receive such disappointments, twice that evening, I felt imperatively called upon to faint away directly, or go into fits—at least to perpetrate some romantic pantomime which might recall the young man to a sense of his perfidy. But there was no convenience for fainting within reach. The night was cold as Greenland. I had found the snow remarkably uncomfortable as a couch once that evening, and if Cousin Rufus persisted in standing there with Julia in his arms, of course there was no one to break my fall though I swooned fifty times. So, all things considering, I drew my cloak close around me, and made it my duty to submit with dignified resignation. But sympathy—warm, generous sympathy was at work in my bosom. I thought of the widow—of Elizabeth with a feeling of kindred sorrow—almost of gentle envy, for their misery was free to indulge itself on a warm feather bed, beneath a thickly wadded comfortable, but oh how desolate I was—standing, frozen-hearted, in the snow, with an overturned sleigh and a shivering pony on one side, and Cousin Rufus folding Julia to his bosom on the other.

In less than half an hour after we left the doctor at his own door our sleigh dashed up to it again. Julia was lying in my arms perfectly insensible; her temple had struck the sharp corner of a rock that protruded through the snow, and she gave no signs of life after.

Cousin Rufus knocked frantically at the door, and called aloud for the doctor. A faint light shone from a window overhead, the shadow of a man moving within the chamber was flung on the muslin window-curtain, then the sash was flung up and the doctor put forth his head.

"Come down, for Heaven's sake, come down!" said Cousin Rufus; "Miss Julia is hurt—dead, we fear!"

"Drive home at once, I will follow in an instant," said the doctor.

"Now, now—there is no time to loose, get what medicine you want and jump in with us."

After a few moments' delay, the physician appeared with his case of instruments, and in less than ten minutes Julia lay in her own chamber, still white as death and as insensible. We forgot our troubles in terror that night. Elizabeth, the widow and all. The kitchen fire was kindled up, hot baths in preparation, and frightened looking creatures glided sadly through the scene where merriment and music rang but an hour before. Toward morning, our patient was aroused from the torpor which had terrified us so. The doctor pronounced her out of danger; and just as the sunshine broke rosily upon the snow two forlorn-looking objects, our young doctor and the writer of this melancholy narrative, might have been observed creeping gloomily up the lane toward our respective homes.

Three weeks after our quilting frolic, Cousin Rufus went away to pursue his medical studies. He and Julia were privately engaged, and had been since the summer. The verses were intended for her, and that curving line on the apple-tree—it was a J, deficient in the top flourish.

About three months after Cousin Rufus left us, the father of Mr. Ebenezer Smith died, and that interesting young gentleman came in possession of three large farms and a heavy amount in bank stocks by the melancholy event. He still had a habit of crossing our meadow, and occasionally Julia took her work under the old apple-tree, even while I was absent at school; she did not inform me of this in her letters, but when I came home at vacation. People who were ignorant of my friend's engagement talked very confidently of a match in that quarter, which I answered with a fit of uncontrolable laughter.

"Julia," I said, that very afternoon—it was Saturday and we had met to talk over old times—"Julia, what *do* you think Mrs. Smith said at our house this morning?"

"I can't tell, indeed—what was it?"

"Why—now don't kill yourself with laughing, Julia—she said that—you—*you*, Julia, were engaged to that double-ear'd, crooked-lip'd Ebenezer Smith. I wonder what Cousin Rufus would say to that!"

It seemed to me that Julia did not enjoy this joke with the relish of former times, but I laughed so long and heartily at it myself that her unusual gravity passed almost unnoticed.

The next day I went to meeting. After the service, Minister Brooks arose, spread a slip of paper on the cushion before him, and read, in a calm, clear voice, the publishment of marriage between Mr. Ebenezer Smith and Miss Julia Daniels. I almost started to my feet with surprise, and looked toward Widow Daniels' pew. It was hers no longer; in pious horror at the minister's marriage with his wife's sister, she had gone over to the Methodists about the time that a rich old bachelor of the society was appointed class-leader. No one looked astonished, no one smiled. It was certainly an expected event.

Poor Cousin Rufus. That very Sabbath evening I was sitting at my chamber window, and saw the Methodist minister and Ebenezer Smith going down the lane toward the red farm-house. Ebenezer had white gloves on his great hands, the corner of a cambric handkerchief protruded from his coat pocket, and a vest of snowy Marseilles covered his bosom.

Early the next morning, I went to the old chest, took out the quilt, laying "solitary and alone" at the bottom, and sent it down to the red farm-house, with my compliments to the bride; and the last time these eyes ever fell upon my "rising sun," it was on a trundle-bed, radiating over the rising son of Mrs. Ebenezer Smith, who lay beneath it in the repose of infant innocence, with a double ear and a crooked mouth, the very moral and image of its papa. Bless its little heart!

AN INDIAN SUMMER'S MORNING.

BY GEORGE HILL.

It was a morn in autumn; such as, ere
The first snow falls, like a pleasant guest returns
Once more to smile a bright but, till by birds
Of spring-tones woke, perchance a last farewell.
The web hung without motion from the tree;
The down, that shaken from the thistle top
Stood tiptoe, rose not into the still air;
And freighted with the caterpillar, rolled
In her silk shroud, the willow leaf had dropped
And lay at anchor on the pool, that seemed
The thing it imaged, an inverted Heaven.
The fox had to his covert slunk and left
The cock to strut amid his dames secure,
But the dew told where late his foot had been,
And a low baying, where the far-off hills
Rose wooded, that the hound was on his track.
The eagle shook the hoar-frost from his wing
And soaring faced a sun without a cloud,
Yet of the brightness shorn and warmths that tempt
The fly with sportive hum to quit his cell,
And a faint haziness, as it had been
A white, transparent veil flung o'er a nun
Bending in worship at the altar, lent
A deeper softness and solemnity
To scenes, though gorgeous as the trains the East
Sees sweep the bannered aisles that urn her kings,
Yet sad as they; woods, in whose fading pomp,
Though summer cheered them with a lingering smile
And hung upon their sheltered skirts, was read
To her gay retinue a long farewell.

Last in her presence, the shy star-flower had
Tendered her sweets, and, with a blush, retired;
Her sapphire crown the gentian wore, but stood
Hourly prepared to cast her leaf and die;
The butterfly her wing bedropped with gold
Had folded till the June rose-tree should bud;
The nymphs that haunt the river-marge and chant
A drowsy song among the reeds, sat, each
With her moist finger prest to her cold lip;
The woodland thrush his pipe of many stops,
No longer at Aurora's window heard
Long ere she left her bed, had closed, or made
No more nor better music than the crow,
The sentinel, that from the topmost bough
Of an old oak whose frown imbrowned the dell,
With cry discordant challenged my approach.
Reaching a wood, I paused; but only heard
The nut, down shaken by the squirrel, drop,
And tinklings of the falling leaves, the low,
Faint sounds that knell them, by their fellow dead
Of last year's growth borne, dew-wept, to their graves.

REMINISCENCES OF GERMANY.

NO. II.—GERMAN COURTSHIP.

BY FRANCIS J. GRUND.

The superficial tourist through Germany would not be likely to be struck with the fanciful and imaginative qualities of that unassuming people. There is less of the appearance of wealth, refinement and taste in that country than in any of the western portion of Europe. Their specimens of architecture, with the exception of some modern innovations in Munich and Berlin, are almost entirely confined to churches. The manners of the people are, to say the least of them, plain, even as regards the higher classes. The women are housewives, from the companion of the peasant or cit to the princess and queen, and filial piety is maintained by the universal respect for age and the strong force of habit. Such a people one would hardly suppose to be gifted with the highest powers of the imagination, and yet Germany is the country of Schiller, Goethe and Jean Paul Richter!

The Germans possess one distinguishing trait of character—which is contentedness. Their frugality is proverbial, and their patience in supporting affliction, of whatever nature, a model of Christian fortitude. No other people could have borne, for more than twenty years, the oppressions of the French usurper, no other could have been overrun by Huns, Turks, Swedes, Spaniards and French, and preserved the national simplicity of its manners. The lower classes have even preserved their national dress and all those peculiarities which lend to provincialism a poetic character.

The women of Germany are, in general, not so handsome as those of England or the United States. To the north they are usually of a light complexion, with a profusion of sandy hair, blue eyes, and a little inclined to fatness. To the south black eyes and black hair are not uncommon; though the features and complexions are still those of a northern people. The national costume is not always becoming, except in the mountainous districts of Upper Austria, the Tyrol and Bavaria; and the higher classes themselves do not often succeed in their imitation of French fashions. French milliners are as much in requisition in Germany as in Philadelphia; but not nearly as much encouraged. The wardrobe of the grandmother generally descends to the grandchild; and a girl is badly provided if the stock of house-linen she receives from her mother on her wedding-day does not last her till the marriage of her eldest daughter. Such a thing as waste is unknown; and there are few instances of the substance of a thing being sacrificed to the appearance of it. I shall, in this respect, never forget the remark of Mrs. L—b, a distant relation of Lord M—e. "My son," she said, "is heir to a very incumbered estate; and I mean, the moment he leaves Cambridge, to marry him to some German woman. With *his* disposition he would squander any English fortune, unless he had some one to take care of it." The good lady was right; but the best housewives are not always the most agreeable companions.

German women live less for society than either French or English; and being less fond of admiration, it is not unfrequent for them to entertain a sincere friendship for one another. They have their coffee and tea parties, and their *converzationi*, composed sometimes entirely of persons of their own sex; and they allow, on the other hand, the same innocent recreations to the men. It is only among the highest classes of society, where French manners prevail, that women hold a rank similar to that of our own.

The want of all social illusions, the constant habit of passing for what they really are, and the absence of even the desire of extending their influence beyond the domestic circle, give to the women of Germany an appearance of plainness, and to German society a monotony which one would feel inclined to call insipid, were it not that the absence of restraint and the cordial sincerity which springs from it, make society so near like home as to supply, by the affections, the apparent want of elegance and refinement. Germany may be called the land of reality in social intercourse, and of fiction in philosophy, politics and religion. The illusions, banished from real life, have taken refuge under the imagination, and there created an ideal world, richer by far, if not brighter, than all that reality could offer. And there is this, too, about the Germans, that they are nothing by halves; they are either so frightfully real as to appear to be governed by nothing but the laws of gravity; or so entirely imaginative as to be constantly walking in the clouds. The former applies to the mass, the latter to the educated in general.

This entirety of character in the Germans is the cause of much originality in the men, and of many excellent habits in the women. German writers and artists are almost wholly free from mannerism; each being wrapped up in his subject, and obeying the individual call within. As Schiller says—

> "Est ist nicht draussen, da sucht es der Thor:
> Est ist in dir, du bringst es hervor!"*

Goethe, though the most intolerable aristocrat among the literati, pronounced these remarkable words in his "Torquato Tasso:" "If the artist's posterity shall enjoy him, his cotemporaries must forget him." The

* "It is not without, there the fool seeks it;
It is in thee, thou producest it."

very idea that any one living should undertake to judge him, gave him an unpleasant sensation, and he never forgave Schlegel for instituting a comparison between him and Ludwig Tieck. He would not allow his name to be mentioned in connection with any one, and assumed always an air of condescension when men of celebrity called on him. He commenced his unexampled career as the intellectual ruler of his country, and perhaps his age, with a dramatic work of the romantic school;* but when he found that he was likely to create a *school* of romantic literature, he at once ascended the classic pedestal, in his "Iphigenia in Tauris," where, like a marble statue of Praxiteles, he remained until his death.

Jean Paul Richter, the prince of sentimentality and universal love, avowed, in the preface to his "Æsthetics," his unmitigated contempt for the public, for whom no decent man would ever write. Mozart, when the first representation of his Don Giovanni, in Vienna, turned out a complete failure, calmly remarked, "I knew they would not understand me at first;" and when the same opera produced the most rapturous applause, in Prague, he merely shrugged his shoulders, observing that there they understood him a little better. Beethoven thought no one worthy of his company but Kanne, the editor of the Musical Gazette of Vienna, and could hardly be prevailed upon to be civil to his audience. When leading an Oratorio, he stooped to every *adagio*, gesticulated with hands and feet at an *allegro*, drew himself gradually up until he stood on tiptoe during the *crescendo;* but remained perfectly insensible to the "*bravo!*" "*bravissimo!*" "splendid!" "magnificent!" "divine!!" "infinite!!!" which rang from all parts of the house. He required to be led forward by a manager, and even then he could not be dragged quite to the middle of the proscenium to make his bow, though the emperor's family were present, and the boxes exhibited a galaxy of nobles. His friend Kanne, the only person with whom he was ever intimate, had written an excellent work on the history of music, and was himself a respectable composer; but he quarreled with his publisher and tore up the manuscript, "because," he said, "it was much too good for mankind to enjoy it."

With the exception of this universal disregard of approbation, based on the intrinsic merit of the arts, I might go on citing the peculiarities of eminent Germans until exhausting the catalogue, without fear of describing twice the same character. They are as diversified as fancy and imagination can make them; but with regard to the women the case is quite the opposite. They have but one aspiration and one sentiment that pervades them—love, which, in a German woman, is synonymous with devotion, in the widest acceptation of the word. The universality of that sentiment, and the source from which it springs, have created a sort of pattern of the tender affections from which few women vary, and which is revered by the men in the abstract. From it is derived, in the most logical manner, that *beau ideal* of the physical and moral charms of a woman which exists in every young man's mind; and the aerial prototype of Eve's posterity being once completed, he is ready to apply his abstract knowledge to the first respectable case that presents itself in practice. And so vivid is this ideal conception of the youths of Germany, that it frequently reduces the real objects of their love—the beings in time and space to which their notions apply—to mere circumstances. To this peculiarity Voltaire probably alluded when he made the Parisian lady ask Candide how he happened to fall in love with Konigonda. "I could not help it," he replied, "I picked up her handkerchief." "You shall pick up something much more valuable." · · · "And do you still love Konigonda?" "Yes, madame, as much as ever." I know no better picture of German affection. The master passion has no particular location in the heart; it is, like the electromagnetic fluid, distributed over the whole body, and affects, in no small degree, the intellectual faculties. A German loves with his whole being, or, as Goethe expresses it, with the *essence* of his being, and hence the immutability of his affections after they are once fixed. His theory is then complete, the problem is solved, and he may devote himself again—to his literary and scientific pursuits.

With so ideal and, at the same time, practical a people as the Germans, the very idea of *flirtation* must be held in abhorrence. Flirtations, in fact, are the peculiar creation of English society, from which they have been copied into ours. With us they generally denote the efforts of wooden butterflies to dance round a lit candle, but in England they mean something much more significant. They are the preludes to real life, the usual distinguishments of fashionable society—the arts of love reduced to a science of warfare, on which another Carnot might write a treatise "*sur la défense des places fortes.*" They do not consist in the innocent coquetry of the sex, which Buffon observed even in doves, but in a regular system of attacks and defences, and in the strategical selection of positions. Others have compared them to mere sham-fights, by which the parties are practicing their skill for a real war in another quarter. But, in whatever light we may view them, they are a miserable trifling with the affections; rendering the heart callous, and accustoming the ear so much to the false notes of discordant instruments, as to render it by degrees insensible to true harmony.

The *galanterie* of the French is, on account of its very levity, less mischievous. It is divided between so many objects, and is so strictly governed by etiquette, that it seldom assumes a serious aspect. When it does, it is no longer *galanterie*, but belongs to a different category.

In Germany flirtations are entirely unknown, and *galanterie* taught only by French governesses. But there is such a thing as *Platonic love*—at least among the women. "What is Platonic love?" asked a lady once. "It's no love at all," replied a French woman. "O yes," observed a German, "it *is* love, but that which forgets itself in its devotion to its object." This agrees perfectly with my own observation; for wherever I saw a German in love, it was either with a *beau ideal*, which is certainly the most disinterested kind of love, or with some real person endowed, in

* "Goetz of Berlichingen with the Iron Hand."

his imagination, with the qualities of his *beau ideal*. In either case it was "the fanciful creation of the mind," which, as it sunk and rose, caused the ebb and tide in his affection. On the part of women, however, love is much more substantial; though it has nothing in common with what in other countries is called *passion*. The word love (*Liebe*) is, in the German language, incapable of being misconstrued into any thing merely passionate. "We are not the children of passion," says Menzel, in his "History of the Germans," "but those of *love*, in the strictest sense of the word." When the old Saxons emigrated to England, they took with them the masculine qualities of the race—will, perseverance, and action—and left to Germany the feminine qualities, such as feeling, devotion, enthusiasm for the arts, and a strong sense of equity—not of right. England and Germany, Anglo-Saxons and Saxons, are to each other as the positive and negative poles of the magnet.

The English phrase of "falling in love," which the French translate "she has turned his head," (*elle lui a tourné la tête*) cannot be expressed in the elaborate philosophical language of the Germans by an idiom; but is rendered by the paraphrase, *er hat sich in sie verliebt*, which, literally translated, means, "he has loved *himself* in her." The verb *lieben* (to love) is always taken in the pure sense, and *sich verlieben*, (to love one's self in another person) denotes the evanescent passion; a distinction, I believe, of which any language might be proud.

The love of a German woman resembles the chaste, trembling moonbeams, rather than the noonday sun reflected from a prism. It is a sort of magic, by which her individual existence is merged in that of her lover, independent of all external circumstances. Schiller describes the effect of Laura touching the piano, as similar to some supernatural power "wrenching his soul from the tissue of a thousand nerves."*

Kotzebue, in ridiculing the sentimentality of the Germans, introduces into one of his plays a Pacha, who, being converted to Christianity, opens his Harem and emancipates his female slaves. Each of them has some particular words of thanks, and some trifle by way of remembrance, to bestow upon him, until the German girl hands him a withered rose. "Take it," she says, "as a token of my gratitude; it has faded on my breast."

Scott and Bulwer, I imagine, have largely drawn from the fountain of German poetic literature—the heart; for, in many of their female pictures, I recognize my old German acquaintances. But the latter is mistaken when, in an article published some time ago in the Edinburgh Review, he says, "Scott took lead and changed it into silver." Scott took the real precious ore, as it grows, three hundred fathoms deep, in the primitive mountains of Saxony, and added to it nothing but the polish.

But I have already written a dissertation rather than a story of German courtship, and it is time that I should confine myself more closely to my subject.

* "Ich erbebe zwischen Tod and Leben
Mächtig, wie von tousand Nervgeweben
Seelen fordert Philadephia."

But, the fact is, it is difficult to describe what is usually invisible—a thing which has but a phychological existence, and not a real one. The Germans love inwardly, and treasure up their affections as they would gold. A German woman will make you rich, if you have the patience to be long enough the recipient of her bounty; for she will hand you every minute of the day—a bright new penny, and will have enough left, on her death bed, to bequeath you a handsome fortune. And do not scorn her gifts; for she will ask nothing in return, and bestow upon you the same smile when her eye is sealed in death as when she first told you that she loved you.

But I remember a case in point—a real German courtship, at least as far as the woman is concerned; and it is a case in high life—a proof that the French adage "*ils s'aiment comme les pauvres*" does not apply to Germany. Count S——y—the same whose name is known throughout Europe as that of "the Hungarian patriot"—who has done so much for the improvement of his country, who is the founder of the academy of science and languages at Pesth, and the projector of the steam navigation on the Danube—was a pert young boy, when he first beheld the large blue eyes and the golden locks of Fräulein (the German language has no other term for miss or maid than "young woman") von ———. She was beautiful, highly connected and wealthy; he was a cadet in the Noble Guards of the emperor, with rather more debts than ducats in his money chest. But he was handsome, daring, and full of spirits, and he had such a happy way of vowing eternal faith to her that she believed him and promised the like in return. There was now nothing wanting to their earthly felicity but the age required by the law for their union, and the consent of their respective parents. The soldier's father and mother were ready to pronounce the blessing, for the young lady was an heiress; but *her* father gave her but the choice between Count K—— and a convent.

What was to be done under the circumstances? Filial piety demanded obedience to her parents. An elopement with a *cadet* of huzzars would have destroyed her reputation, and barred his advancement in life. Here, then, was the point at which their love required a mutual sacrifice. The young Hussar swore he loved Mathilda Platonically; *she* could only be made happy by his promotion; each party, therefore, was determined to sacrifice its own happiness to the quiet of the other. A mute squeeze of the hand, a long kiss, a last embrace, and off went the young huzzar, like Max Piccolomini in Schiller's Wallenstein, to seek death, or reputation sufficient to be worthy of his bride. For they swore before they separated that no distance should sever them, and no bonds in heaven or earth destroy the everlasting harmony of their souls. He soon changed the service of the guards for that of the line, joined the allied armies in the campaign of 1813, and, on the fields of Culm, Leipsic and Hanau, earned the cross of St. Leopold, and the rank of captain.

His bride, in the mean time, was placed in the most agonizing dilemma. Her father insisted on her marrying Count K——, or on her taking the veil. The poor

girl was driven to despair. In vain did she confess her affection for the soldier, in vain did she declare to Count K—— that she could not love him, that her heart belonged to another, that even in case of her marrying he would possess nothing but the counterfeit of her existence. Her wooer and her father remained inexorable. At last she requested but six months' delay, during which Count S——y, rather than see his *beau ideal* shut up in a convent, interceded in behalf of his rival, and induced her to marry him, on condition to be spiritually his own.

The ancestral halls of the Barons of F——n were exhibiting the merry scene of a nuptial festival. The dark Gothic rooms were lit up with a thousand tapers, throwing their magic light on a motley crowd of the proudest and most chivalric nobles of Austria, while the loud and maddening notes of the clarion which drowned every individual voice, hurried the dancers irresistibly along through the mystic mazes of the waltz. Who would have thought this the scene of unspeakable wretchedness, and utter despair? Count K—— held the trembling hand of his pale bride, and beside him stood, with calm resignation, the Platonic lover, with his heart lacerated not on his but on *her* account. And as the bashful bride lifted up the fringed curtains of her eyes and beheld him to whom her first vows were pledged, she renewed silently her oath of fidelity which no ties that she could form should ever break. As his eyes met hers her thoughts became manifest to his mind, and, three times happier than the groom, he hurried home—to his barracks.

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Two years had passed, and the Countess K—— had become the mother of a lovely daughter, when Count S——y, who, in the mean time, had resigned his commission in the army and repaired to London for the purpose of studying the improvements in steam navigation, received the news of the demise of her husband. The time of her marriage seemed now to have been but an indivisible moment—a mere dream that had disturbed his imagination and interrupted his real happiness. Mathilda was again free to dispose of her hand; her father's spell was broken. Though the world might call her widow, to his fancy she was still the blushing maid to whom his love was plighted. Now was the time to overcome all obstacles—to acquire a name in his country, and to be ranked among her first patriots and statesmen. He had the power of making himself worthy of her, and he resolved to do so. He now meditated nothing less than the development of the immense resources of a large and valuable portion of the Austrian monarchy; to connect Vienna by means of steamboat navigation with the Black Sea and Constantinople; and to make the Danube the route from the Rhine to the Dardanels. English machinists were invited to Pesth and Vienna, and, in a short time, the route from the latter place to Presburg, and thence to Pesth was completed, which was soon extended to Constantinople. But to be not merely the author of commercial improvements, he created, with a society of patriots, the academy of the Hungarian language, which is almost as richly endowed as that of Paris, and at the succeeding diet proposed the abolition of the feudal tenures in Hungary.

His name was now in every mouth. Prince Metternich himself invited him to Vienna to confer with him on the changes that were to be made in the Hungarian constitution. Wherever he showed himself in public he was greeted with loud huzzahs, and he was now hurrying to the capital to fly into the arms of his Mathilda. Alas! she had long ago given up the hope of again clasping him to her breast. How could she suppose that in the career of ambition which he had now struck out for himself, he would remember *her*. A thousand noble familes would now be proud of an alliance with him, and hers, in the mean time, had grown poor by extravagance. She knew he was coming to Vienna, as a true and faithful knight, to redeem his pledge. But was it fair now to hold him to his word? Did he not once sacrifice his happiness to *her* quiet, and could she now do less than prove to him that *her* love was equally generous? The young princess of D——n was known to admire the Count, and to remove every obstacle to so advantageous a connection, she resolved, with that disinterested devotion peculiar to her sex, to bestow her hand on Baron ———.

When the Count arrived in Vienna, he found himself again as free as when he was a cadet in the noble guards, but his heart was still the same. No reproach, no complaint fell from his lips. He felt that his Mathilda had made herself wretched on his account—that she had willingly resigned herself to misery to open the gates of happiness, as she construed it, to her lover. There was, however, still a hope, and to this he clung, like the shipwrecked mariner to the rock on which his bark was dashed to pieces. Baron C——y, Mathilda's new husband, was past fifty, and suffering severely from the gout. But no!—he would not give room to such a thought. His *country* should be his bride; Mathilda but his protecting angel. 'T was she who had first woke his slumbering genius—'t was she who saw it quicken into life, and she, therefore, should watch over and guide its application. He left Vienna with the firm resolve not to return thither again. She should only be present to his mind. All the favor he longed for that she could bestow, and which he ventured to express in a letter, was to have her first son named after him. This prayer was granted by Mathilda and her husband, and in return for it the count settled his fortune on the boy.

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In 1836, Mr. P——t, cousin to the member of parliament for ——— and author of a very clever work on Hungary, General T——ll, of the ——— army, and myself were invited at Pesth to the nuptial festivities of the proudest and most enthusiastically beloved nobleman in the kingdom. It was the marriage of Count S——y with Mathilda, the widow of the late Baron ———. Though the mother of eight children, she was still a handsome woman; and when her eyes met those of her bridegroom they kindled up with youthful fire, as they were wont to do when she was a heedless young girl, and he the dashing Hungarian hussar.

THE BARON'S RIDE.

BY F. M. WYNKOOP.

The setting sun had shed its rays o'er streamlet and o'er moor,
As the bold and stern old baronet rode to his postern door;
A cold and proud old man was he, though a kind and loving sire,
And the winter of his days burned bright with the heart's warming fire.

Loud rung his hasty summons out upon his castle gate,
And wrothful waxed his ready ire that serf should make him wait;
Ho, laggards! ho, seneschal! ho! is this the way ye dare
To keep your sovereign master from out his rightful lair?

Then grimly laughed the sturdy knight at his own homely jest,
For well he loved to term himself the lion on his crest;
A name his flashing brand had earned in many a bloody fight,
Ere yet the frosts of age had chilled the sinews of his might.

His summons still unanswered, fierce burst his smothered rage,
"God's malison upon the knaves! Ho! get ye down, sir page!
And try me well this postern gate, for, by my knightly word,
I'll hang the warder who thus dares to tamper with his lord."

The squire sprung lightly from his barb, and marveled he right sore,
That at his touch swung inwardly the heavy oaken door;
Whilst dashing past the wildered boy with reckless, hasty speed,
Into the court the fierce old knight spurred on his gallant steed.

His eye took in the scene at once; stretched in the outer yard,
The brave old porter, cold in death, had fallen at his ward;
His hand still grasped his heavy axe, whilst on his aged face
The frown of fierce defying scorn still held its gloomy place.

Dismounted from his noble steed, the baron's fearful look
Flashed o'er the scene, whilst every joint with strong convulsion shook;
The dark red spot upon his brow told anger strong and deep,
And his teeth churned out, in fury dire, the white foam on his lip.

He strode into his banquet hall—upon the slippery floor
The bodies of his vassals true lay stiffening in their gore;
Whilst in the centre of the board, pinned by a dagger's blade,
A billet caught the old man's eye, which hastily he read.

One moment glanced his rapid gaze across that fearful scroll,
The next, a cloud of agony swept o'er the old man's soul—
The bright young daughter of his house had from his halls been torn
By ruthless hand of craven lord, with knightly faith forsworn.

He tore his falchion from its sheath and drove it in the floor,
Then kneeling low before its cross, a solemn vow he swore,
That food nor drink should cross his lips, or sleep his body know,
Until its blade found, reeking hot, the bosom of his foe.

He rose from off his bended knee and kissed the holy sign,
Upon his brow the desperate thought was traced in many a line:
Calmly and coldly, yet with tone as hollow as the grave,
He bade his squire the country rouse and follow on to save.

Then striding to his castle yard, he vaulted on his steed,
The mettled barb which never yet had failed him in his need,
And bending low his nodding plume he passed beneath the gate,
Which ne'er to him, in war or peace, had seemed so desolate.

Oh fearful in its blighting power is grief unto the stern,
When wo with manhood struggles hard the lofty heart to burn,
There is no sorrow on this earth, no agony more drear,
Than that which dims the strong man's eye with grief's first scalding tear.

'T was midnight—darkness hung upon the bosom of the moor,
The stars, enveloped in the gloom, gave out their light no more;
'T was midnight—many a weary mile the baron's horse had passed,
Yet rapidly he thundered on, nor back his vision cast.

A stillness dwelt upon the plain—no whisper on the air,
Naught but the clatter of the hoofs to break the silence there;
Naught but the shiver of the sheath, the rider's hoarse-drawn breath,
To mark his grim and stalwart form the messenger of death.

A sound upon the rising breeze! the baron's brow grew black,
For well he knew his course was now upon the spoiler's track;
A sound upon the rising breeze! the clatter of his horse
Reaches the ear, and every man has halted in his course.

A moment, and the baron paused to let his charger breathe,
A moment, and his ready blade sprung flashing from its sheath;
Then bending low, with murmured prayer, down to his charger's mane,
He braced him for the coming fight, and thundered on again.

Like the wild, tempest-driven storm across the brow of night,
Like lightning's rapid, flashing course on dashed the brave old knight;
And not a sound escaped his lips, no signal told his wrath,
Until his trusty glaive had swept the foremost from his path.

Then high above the battle-din the warrior's cry rang out,
And quailed the craven coward foe at that remembered shout;
"A lion to the rescue! Ho! villains, I have ye now!
Where is your leader, dare he stand to bide an old man's blow?"

Swords flashed around, blade clashed on blade, and ere a minute passed
Four sturdy vassals on the sward were gasping out their last;
Whilst wheeling round the startled rest with rapid skillful blow,
The brave old warrior fearfully beat back the gathered foe.

Now God protect the veteran! full twenty falchions gleam
Above his head; for waking now as from a fearful dream,
The wildered band with zealous blow upon the baron burst,
And strive with eager, anxious hate to reach his heart the first.

There was no coward shrinking then—no failing in *his* hand,
But quicker, sterner, deadlier, rung on his heavy brand;
For in the centre of the throng, borne by the craven knight,
His daughter's pale and lifeless form broke on his anxious sight.

A fearful leap, a sweeping blow, and down through helm and head,
E'en to the throat that flashing blade its deadly errand sped,
And as the foe bent 'neath the stroke the baron's powerful grasp
Rescued the loved and cherished one from out his dying clasp.

A fierce wild shout, a trampling sound, and now the strife is o'er,
For headed by the baron's page his trusty vassals pour,
Like a wild, sweeping hurricane upon the coward foe,
Who feared to meet that whirlwind charge, and fled without a blow.

THE PIOUS SISTER.

BY JUDGE CONRAD.

Think not the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done
Shall die forgotten all. *Rowe.*

Why, what 's the world but a wide charnel-house?
Its dead, if not renewed, would swell the globe
Beyond the grasp of thought, and force the spheres,
Struggling in mazy masses, into chaos.
Death is our life: we live, and live again,
Rising upon our dust. Alas! that life
Knows but one parent—death! For all we are
And all we hope, spring from the grave. The Past.
The wizard giant stalking 'mid the tombs
Of centuries, points but to dust. And if
All nature moulders thus, until the heel
Can press no dust that is not of its kind,
Why what is life? If given for earth alone,
Better not given. Believe it not! Come with me
Unto death's chosen temple. Misery keeps
His skeleton orgies here. Couch answers couch
With the death-rattle. Pale despair clings close
To the cold breast that knows no other friend.
And yet the heaven-winged hope that mocks at ill
Is bolder here than in a palace. See
The gentle sister of a gentle sect!
A form would craze a Phidias, and a face
Brighter than dream-sick fancy limns, in love,
And yet a kneeler by a lazar couch!
Is it an angel? Ay, for Heaven can fling
O'er the pure heart that which makes earth a heaven,
Plucks pearls from life's dark depths, and from the grave
Wins smiles as from a setting summer sun.
For grief is but a shaded joy, and life,
Without it, were a dreamless sleep. What bliss
Hath more of heaven than that which thrills the heart
Of that pale sister! May I sketch the scene?
She knelt beside his couch. Her fair, slight hands
Were clasped upon her breast; and from her lips
Her spirit's prayer broke murmuringly. Her eyes,
Large, dark, and trembling in their liquid light,
Were turned to heaven, in tears; and through her frame
The panic of a moment chilly ran.
'T was but a moment; and again she rose
And bent her form above the bed of torture,
Like the meek lily o'er the troubled wave.
Her eye was brighter, and her brow more calm,
As, with untrembling hand, but pallid cheek,
She ministered unto him. *He was dying.*
The pestilence had smitten him: and he,
Like to a parchment shriveled in the flame,
Withered and shrunk beneath it. His fair brow
Grew black and blasted; and where smiles had played,
Horror, despair and agony sat throned.
His frame, knotted and writhed, lay an unsightly lump,
Wrung with unearthly tortures; and his soul
Struggled with death, in shrieks, and howls, and curses.
Men veiled their eyes and fled. Yet *she* stood there,—
Still sweetly calm and unappalled, she stood.
Her soft hand smoothed his torture-wrinkled brow,
And held the cool draught to his fevered lips.
Her sweet voice blessed him; and his soul grew calm.
Death was upon him, black and hideous death,
Rending his vitals with a hand of flame,
And wrenching nerves, and knitting sinews up
With iron fingers:—yet his soul grew calm,
And while her voice in angel accents spoke,
Rose, with her prayers to heaven! One look she gave:
He laid—a blackening, foul and hideous corse!
With sickening heart, the pure one turned away—
To bend her, fainting, o'er another couch.
Who would not give a life—a life made rich
By all that fancy craves—to win the thoughts,
By seraphs fanned, which waked that night the smile
That, on her pillow, told she dreamed of Heaven!

THE CAVERN IN THE SNOW,

OR THE MONKS AND THE MAIDEN.

A TALE OF ST. BERNARD.

BY E. M., PHILADELPHIA.

A friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures,
And ne'er betray their masters, never fawn
On any that they love not.
WELL MET, FRIEND! *Otway.*

THE day was cold even for the frozen St. Bernard. A sudden and unexpected change in the state of the weather had arrested, in their progress over Mont-joux, an unusual number of travelers; who, but for the considerate liberality of Bernard of Menthon, would not have found on this frozen elevation the *hospitium* in which they were assembled.

In the middle of the tenth century, thousands of French and German pilgrims, following the route of the great Hannibal, and encountering equal hardships, found their way into Italy, by a pathway which extends from the Lake of Geneva to the Valley of Aosta. At this latter place, Bernard, a Savoyard, archdeacon of its church, was afforded by position a good opportunity of witnessing the wondrous adventures and keen sufferings of the travelers to the seat of papal christendom. Possessed of adequate means, and a liberal disposition, the archdeacon, afterward canonized as St. Bernard, built on two eminences of Mont-joux *hospitia* for the reception and refreshment of pilgrims and travelers. From this circumstance, the monasteries, and afterward the mountains themselves, were called Little and Great St. Bernard.

It was on the highest of these hills, eight thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean, that the group of travelers already mentioned clustered around the massive fire-place of the great hall of the monastery. Their varied manners and diversified habiliments bespoke them of many and distant countries. On one side of the then huge and open hearth-place stood a group of English people, known at a glance by their unbecoming costume, stooping shoulders and large hands and feet, as well as by a cold reserve and loud intonation. They were surrounded by curs of every degree, spaniels, pointers, hounds and mastiffs, to keep peace between which and the rough dogs of the *hospice*, occupied no small share of their attention, and called forth not a few of the expletives and interjections which have obtained for that ubiquitous people the epithet or sobriquet of Monsieur G— D—. The English are always liberal in their appreciation of services, yet too often excessive *exigeants*; and this group of them was remarkable for frequent calls on the attention of the menials of the house, and for the facility with which they governed the movements of the domestics.

On the opposite side of the fire-place was arranged a party, apparently French. Although attired to a miracle for the arduous journey over the Alps, their costume was remarkable for its neatness and taste. Males and females were alike careful in the disposition of colors; and wherever, on the rustic traveling dress, an ornament would not be glaring or ill-placed, was found some decoration, to indicate that ceaseless regard to personal appearance which characterizes the Frenchman of every age and all climates. Their chief amusement—for French people always find amusement—consisted in watching their English neighbors, and smiling and shrugging shoulders, as *Mons. Jean Boule* displayed in the broadest characters his insular peculiarities. Between these two antipodal parties, in front of a forest of blazing logs, might be seen Turks, Russians, Spaniards and Italians, with a sprinkling of Germans. All were equally welcome to the kind people of the *hospice*, and any distinction made there, seemed to be founded on the presumption of the English, the then acknowledged supremacy of the French and the modest deportment of the others.

Every where around the centre of heat, lay in lazy slumber a number of huge rough dogs, whose broad muzzles and shaggy coats gave them, as they reposed, a wild and fierce expression, which instantly disappeared as they opened their large, mild eyes, and assumed a look of even child-like gentleness. One might suppose that Nature, ever so just in expression, had for once indulged in an incongruity, and given to the gentlest of animals strong sinews and long fangs, insusceptible of practical application. In a word, she seemed to have nullified utility by irrational contrasts. This appeared the more probable when the bustling attendants and rude strangers drove them away, or hurt them by treading on extended feet or tails.

Now and then the *maronnier* of the establishment, calling particular dogs by name, suspended a wine flask to the neck and a stout cloak to the girdle, and pointing to the door, intimated his wish that they should sally forth to meet the contingencies of the road. Others, just arrived, were divested of their habiliments, or, returning without them, gave occasion to a mission of bipeds under the guidance of the same dogs, who, though cold and wearied, seemed entirely willing,



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nay, solicitous, to start out again into the freezing air.

It was singularly agreeable to one so fond of dogs as I, to witness these changes of guard, as the faithful and hardy animals, instinct with reason and humanity, sallied forth to reconnoitre the wild pathways of the Alps, to succor lost or enfeebled travelers. In my forest-home, in the New World, my young imagination had often dwelt with delight but doubt on the strange stories of the miraculous instinct, wondrous devotion and collected courage of these four-footed brothers of charity; but I now saw realized even more than I had been told.

Among the sleeping animals, I was particularly attracted by the great size and beautiful proportions of one which lay at the feet of a young lady of the French party; and which now and then raised his huge face to hers, as he responded to her claims on his attention. I could not help admiring—I was young then—the gracefulness of her kindness to that dog, and both I and the quadruped seemed to be fascinated by the silver tones of her gentle voice, and fastened our eyes on hers whenever she spoke to *him*. To me she spoke not; but without much regard to the comfort or convenience of Turk or German, or Spaniard, I found myself gradually lessening the distance from the—the—dog! He was a very fine dog, and I longed to say so to the lady; but I had some English blood in my veins and that made me bashful or awkward. Still the Turks and Italians did not think me *that*, although my movements persuaded them that I was *this*, and Tartar gutturals and Neapolitan liquids expressed equally well their disapprobation of my saltatory progress across the hall.

At length I made good my position, and persuaded myself that I was delighted at being able to speak to and pat the dog; though I could not help observing hat in consequence of wishing to see what the lady thought of him, I did not always succeed in placing my hand exactly on his head. The lady smiled, but the dog paid no more attention to my caresses than he would have done to those of the Turk; although the least movement or word of the lady seemed to have for him a special charm. I did not wonder at that, for I was under a like spell myself, and, believe me, the mere idea that the dog had taste enough to admire the lady, made me resolve to make him my companion, and to buy him of the *maronnier* at any price. Calling therefore to the man, I said, "Pardon me, sir, but I have taken a great fancy to this dog. Can he be bought at any reasonable price? I should love to carry so noble a fellow to the woods of America. Why, sir, he would be a match for a bear or a panther." As I said this to the *maronnier*, while I was looking at the lady, I observed that her color changed rapidly, as if she were violently agitated. Forgetting that we were strangers to each other, and acting as if she had made a verbal objection, I said, "I presume, madam, that the dog belongs to you, and that I have inadvertently committed a trespass in offering to buy him."

"By no means, sir; the dog was mine once, but he was unhappy elsewhere, and I sent him back to his mountain-home and benevolent occupation. He is always delighted at my visits to him here; but in *La Belle France* the climate was too mild for him, and he is so much of a knight errant, that a country without adventures has no charms for him: and we have no overwhelming snow-storms, and no lost travelers in our sunny valleys. You are an American, I perceive—"

"Yes, madam," said I, with the unerring instinct of my position, "I am not English."

"I am glad"—she replied—"I mean, I—I—the English are not entirely to our taste, you know—irrational prejudice perhaps—but the Americans were our allies, and our good empress is from your side of the world."

I could have given better reasons probably for her antipathies, although my explanation might have implied that even in that gentle bosom nestled the dislike which historical memory carries to every one who cherishes the prejudice—it is one—of nationality. But nothing was then farther from my intentions than to take any other view of her feelings than that which she herself chose to give. I was too happy to have passed the barrier of etiquette, to raise up a new impediment to our intercourse; so I said many kind things of the good king who sent us assistance; praised those who cut off his venerable head; thought the emperor, who called us a nation of *petits marchands*, "considerable of a warrior," and, despite her earlier errors, would have turned knight errant for the virtue and delicacy of the empress. The lady seemed pleased, although sometimes I thought her smile savored of ridicule, when I "went it large" *for* the French and *against* the English. However, I succeeded in the great point, and had by this time established a communication with the whole party, who were delighted with me, because I was not black or coppered, and because, although I did speak English, I was not an Englishman.

All this time, the patient *maronnier* stood waiting to give me an answer, for, being an Italian, he did not understand the language in which we conversed, and therefore did not know that I had received a reply. Respectfully touching my elbow, he began to talk of a price much larger perhaps than he meant to take; but pushing him rather rudely aside, I said, "Sir! I would not take that dog from the *hospice* for the State of Virginia!" The man looked astonished, as well he might, for I had just asked the price of the dog, and the State of Virginia was a poser to him. The lady kindly undertook an explanation, and the *maronnier* resumed his occupation, repeating, "State of Virginy," and smiling as he said it. What he thought I never knew.

Rather for lack of a subject, than from any expectation of an interesting answer, I ventured to ask the lady what had given to that large dog so great a share of her regard. The question agitated her excessively; but, after a long and awkward pause, she seemed, by an effort, to collect herself, and replied—"The story is, sir, a most painful one; but, as you seem to love dogs, I will bear the recital, that you may take back to your country the strangest tale that has perhaps ever been told. In the wild land from which you come, passages of an equally wonderful character may

happen; but even here where the sagacity of the dog, and the resources of his nature, are at their height, the events I am about to relate are without a parallel.

THE FRENCH LADY'S NARRATIVE.

A very few years ago, when I was but a child, my father, with a party of friends, endeavored, early in the spring, to cross the Great St. Bernard. The roads were still encumbered with the snow that had fallen on them; and the impediments of the way were greatly increased by avalanches, which, in that year, had been remarkable for size and number; so that huge and irregular masses of snow were lying across the road. When near to the *hospice*, in which we now converse, we encountered a mound or bank of unusual magnitude, and were forced to abandon our horses and vehicles, and make the best of our way across it on foot. Travelers had preceded us, and had trodden down a narrow path, by which, taking me by the hand, my father led the way. Having reached the summit of the mass, he scanned the scene with a look of painful interest. He pointed out to me the enormous prolongation of the ridge on which we stood, extending upward to a vast distance, and sloping downward far into a wild and rocky chasm. Suddenly he called to his party, that the snow was moving; and, lifting me from the path, sprung swiftly forward. At this instant I saw, on the upward slope, at its very top, a ball in motion. It seemed the work of but a moment, yet, in that moment, I observed a mass, apparently no larger than a man's head, rolling rapidly downward over the surface of the snow. As it descended, its bulk and velocity increased in a wonderful manner. Its rapidly growing size and decreasing distance gave to its growth an unearthly cast, and riveted my whole attention. I was bewildered—silenced—overwhelmed. Downward, silently, came that growing wonder; now, but a spot on the white surface, at a distance; now a rolling balloon in middle course, and now, a mountain just over our devoted heads! So noiselessly had it approached, that my father saw it not, until it almost touched us, and then, looking suddenly up, he gave one loud cry of despair—shall I ever forget it? Never! never! He sprung forward and fell. At the same moment, I was startled, as most children would be, by being seized by a huge rough animal, a wolf, as I thought, of gigantic proportions. The snow-ball in an instant rolled over us all—child, parent and beast were swept downward. I did not lose my senses. I felt the motion growing apparently more and more rapid. I perceived that I was torn from my dear father, and I shuddered as my hand fell on the rough coat of the dreadful animal that held tenaciously to my clothes. As we lay engulfed in the maze of snow, I envied the lot of my parent, and still hoped some rough movement might rescue me from the fangs of the monster. To die buried in the snow was, to my childish fancy, a coveted fate, if I could only promise to myself that I should thus escape from being made food for a beast of prey. I struggled, I screamed. In my mortal agony, I tore the hair from his shaggy hide, and, putting my feet against his side, endeavored, with the force of despair, to extricate myself from his grasp. The clothes were torn from his mouth, but the indefatigable and collected animal only fastened upon another part; and over and over we rolled, smothered, blinded, chilled. Now and then we caught a breath, as we were thrown to the surface, and anon we seemed to descend far into the moving snow. But, above or below, breathing or breathless, I could only know the one dreaded thing—I was yet in the fangs of a beast of prey. Oh, how I wished, yes, prayed, that we might be precipitated over the side of some of those mighty mountain-cliffs, whose giddy height had often filled me with terror, that I and my enemy might perish together. When I heard the fierce grinding of the rocks over which the snow was rushing, oh how I wished that some of those mighty evolutions might drive us to the bottom, and annihilate us. The terror which kept me alive in this conflict at length exhausted me, and I became quiet through fatigue and loss of hope. I rejoiced to feel that I was dying. Oh, how beautiful, how inviting death seemed to me then! He would come, I thought, to re-unite me to my father, and to rescue me from the lacerating fangs of a savage beast of prey. What a condition! when any other death by violence was a boon earnestly prayed for.

I knew not what time elapsed, ere I recovered my senses. I awoke, as I supposed, in another world. To my dreamy revival came visions of angelic glories, and my young fancy was busy in the delightful task of making a child's paradise, full of white wings, and sweet voices, and jeweled garments—every thing young, and every thing in love. The mind delights in contrasts; and, according to its nature, mine was seeking in these opposite ideas for restoration. As I came nearer to full life, painful realities began to mingle with bright illusions. I wondered why heaven was so cold. I saw flakes of snow disporting before a freezing wind, and the crystal trees were dropping their golden leaves, and the rosy and laughing cherubs cowered under their folded wings and looked pale and cheerless. I felt the wet snow under my naked feet, as I trod the jeweled pavements, and beheld the golden tiles gleaming yet beautifully through the white covering. I saw a noble mastiff shivering at the door of a magnificent mansion, moaning for admittance. I paused, patted his shining head, and rung the bell for him. He licked my hand; but, though the bell which I had put in motion kept ringing on, no one came to his aid, and I cried aloud, "Is this heaven?" The dog looked closely into my face, even licked it, and wore so gentle an air that I said, "Let us go! Come with me back to the earth, and there you will find, at least, a warmer home and more obliging friends." As I said this, his honest face grew less heavenly—he looked more like the dogs of the world. A mist seemed floating away, and the trees, and houses, and inhabitants wore a more terrestrial aspect. Even these slowly passed away, and there seemed to me to be nothing left of that heavenly scene, but the huge face of a dark dog, and a ground of subdued whiteness. The universe was turned into a dog on a white ground. Every thing white, and, in

the midst, only that one dark face. That startled and roused me, and I found myself in a cavity of snow, and beside me there was a dog—this very fellow—looking wistfully in my face, and watching the signs of returning animation.

At any other time, my situation would have been terrifying; but my previous horror, the dread of the fate, which is to a child's imagination the most terrific of all, made me feel some consolation in the discovery that there was no wolf, no savage beast, but a gentle and sympathizing dog. I immediately recognized the character of my strange associate. His flask and cloak, of which I had often read, announced his residence and vocation. I instantly knew that from him I had nothing to fear, and, in the revulsion of childish feelings, I threw my arms around his rough neck, and wept tears whose exact meaning it would be difficult to tell. The dog seemed to understand me, and his melancholy whine expressed sympathy, and I thought despair. That idea awoke me to a sense of the extraordinary situation in which I found myself, and, withdrawing my arms, I examined the place in which we were lodged. On one side, apparently on the upward slope of the mountain, stood a huge precipitous rock, over which we must have been thrown, or around the base of which the snow on which we lay had eddied in its descent. Over our heads a huge mass of snow, hardened by water and frost, formed a roof; and around us stood walls of loose snow, through which came a light so faint as to convey the idea of enormous thickness. I looked in vain for an outlet—for some spot through which I might discern a stronger light, as evidence of a thinner covering. There was but one dead subdued color—unvaried and perplexing. I looked at the dog. He seemed to understand my appeal, examined attentively our limited prison, and, by his most piteous whine, told me but too plainly that there was no hope for us. Thoroughly chilled by cold and terror, I unloosed the belt of the dog's cloak, and, opening his wine-flask, endeavored to fortify myself against my adverse condition. As soon as the dog found himself disencumbered, he went round and round our narrow apartment, snuffing the air at every step, and pausing often, as if intent to catch some sound from the exterior world. At each tour, he gave me a look of inexpressible sympathy, and, uttering his low wail of sorrow, sat down, as if to devise some new plan of investigation. At times he startled me by sudden, impetuous and prolonged barking, in a sharp shrill tone, as if he endeavored to send his voice to the outer air, while his moving neck gave to his bell a ceaseless vibration. Now and then he dug furiously at the loose snow, until encumbered and tired, he sought for breath by retreating to the middle of our room, and panting heavily.

I laid myself down at his side, and said, "Poor fellow, you fell into this snare by your effort to rescue me, and now we must perish together; who will die first I know not, but—" And here I paused, for there rushed on my mind the thought of the possibility of being made, after death, the means of the horrible subsistence of my canine associate; and then I began to shake with terrror lest the kind and faithful dog might change his very nature under the pressure of hunger, and prove, even during life, an enemy not less dreadful than the wolf, which I had once supposed him to be. A terrific idea, once established in the mind, comes back often on very slight invitation, and I felt a dread which made me rush to the edge of the snow and bury myself in its fleecy bosom. The dog pursued me, and, pulling me back several times, seemed at last to lose his patience, and, by a low growl, quieted me through very apprehension.

There was then a long silence. I sat scanning the face of the dog for signs of coming ferocity, and he watched me, lest I should escape into the loose snow and roll out of his reach. There was terror in my face, and through his mild look I thought I could see the growing traits of hunger and cruelty. Poor fellow! how much I wronged him!

Suddenly he sprung to his feet, threw forward his long ears, and stood listening. He advanced to the edge of the snow, and, inclining his head, placed his ear close to the bank on the side opposite to the rock. A sharp, quick cry announced that he heard something, and, in a moment, the snow from his feet began to fly about my head. As fast as he removed a part, the incumbent mass would fall into its place, so that it was a long time before he made a channel of any length. Finally he succeeded in establishing a road long enough to hide him from view, but now and then he backed into the chamber to rest and recover his breath.

As he lengthened his road, and rested so as to make no noise, I began to hear what had probably attracted his attention. It was the scream of birds—of, I thought, the vultures of the Alps, to whose boding and uncouth note I had often listened as we ascended the mountain. Then I remembered that the people of these wild and dangerous hills believe that by some strange instinct these birds are able to tell the whereabouts of buried travelers, and watch above for the movements or meltings, by which they may find their dreadful prey. You may suppose that I listened with intense attention to the augmenting sounds, as they came more and more distinctly to my ear, announcing the nearer and still nearer approach of my companion to the outer air. At length I heard a sliding noise, as of snow moving over a roof, a heavy plunge, and then my ears were almost stunned by the strange sounds that broke into my chamber. I heard the low murmur of moving snow-wreaths, the wild outcry of the startled ravens, the sharp and ceaseless bark of the dog, and the mingled babel sounds of a restless world. Seated, as it were, at the bottom of a great ear, the sounds came to me in gigantic proportions, and almost stunned me.

I became bewildered through hope, and terror, and mighty sounds, and know not how I reached the air; but a cold fresh breeze playing on my face brought back my shattered senses, only to fill me with new causes of dread and sorrow. I was at the side of the dog, on the edge of a precipice extending downward for miles, as I supposed, and above me frowned a mountain of snow projecting so much above as to make me wonder why it did not descend and crush us. It seemed as if the *arduache* had

pushed over the precipice, on the edge of which I stood, and had been broken there, while the vast ruin that lay scattered over the distant rocks told of a fearful plunge and a wide destruction.

I looked in vain for any signs of succor. I could see only snow and rocks and ravens. I could hear only the sounds of falling masses, detached from the heap above, as they thundered downward into the wild abyss, far, far below. The air, too, was piercingly cold, and I began to experience that sense of drowsiness which, in these Alpine regions, is said to be the forerunner of a fatal lethargy. I was in despair. Hope deferred and often disappointed had made my heart sick, and I crept back into my den, prepared to lie down and die. The warmth of that snow-chamber reanimated me, and a dread of my fourfooted associate acted as a constant stimulant, and made me incessantly attentive to his wild and ceaseless barking. At length he paused, and, with an exulting cry, rushed into my resting place, and overwhelmed me with caresses. Then away went he again, resumed his barking, repeated his cry of joy, and returning to me, indicated plainly his desire that I should creep out again. I accordingly followed him, and, directed by his eye and certain imperfect and distant sounds, perceived that some dogs, accoutred as he had been, were perched on lateral rocks at a distance below us. In a few minutes I could see the figures of the good fathers of this *hospitium* emerging from behind them, and with a glass eyeing us carefully. I could then see them making signals, as if to persons over our heads, and after a time I could hear sounds above, but as if at a great distance. I saw that efforts were making for my rescue, but I could not perceive any possible mode of effecting an escape. The dog seemed to think otherwise, for there was a triumphant expression in his benevolent face of a most encouraging nature, and I felt, despite myself, a part of his confidence.

Following his upward look, and attracted in the same direction by falling fragments, I saw, to my surprise, projected over the edge of the snow-cliff, two or three steps of what seemed to be a ladder. Immediately a rope was thrown over the outermost one, and lowered, conformably to signals from the party in sight. It was too much to the right, and was therefore drawn up again, and the place of the ladder changed by unseen hands. This apparently perilous enterprise was repeated several times before the rope descended opposite to us. Alas! alas! what was my despair when I found that it swung off three or four yards beyond the edge of the precipice. There it dangled in the air, which seemed to take pleasure in swinging it in every direction but that which I desired.

A sound from above again directed my eyes upward, where I saw the head of a man projecting over the ladder, and its owner engaged in the attempt to give the rope its proper motion. Finally, after some time, it began to oscillate toward me, and I made several efforts to reach it. "Don't touch it, young woman," said he above; "you may be pulled off or slip. Let the dog catch it. Look out, *Ernst!* There, now he has it! Hold on, fellow! Let the young woman have it, boy, but keep hold. Now, put your feet in the stirrups at the end of the rope, slip your arms through the loops above! That's wrong! you've got the back strap in front! Put on the loops as you would a jacket, and grasp the rope. Keep hold, Ernst, until the young woman is fixed! There! now, hold fast, and don't mind a few mouthfuls of snow; you'll be safe enough in a few minutes!"

Just as every thing was ready for my frightful ascent, when my disordered fancy was full of fears of weak ropes, falling snow banks, and slipping assistants, and I had commended myself in prayer to the only safe GUIDE in so fearful an emergency, I bethought me of my four-footed friend, and endeavored to extricate myself, that I might tie the rope around him, and let him ascend before me. How, thought I, could he get up if I did not lend him the aid of my hands! My attempt was observed above, and the *maronnier*, for it was he, charged me to desist. "What are you afraid of? Don't stir, or you are lost." I looked up, in hopes of making him understand me, but he was gone, and in a moment after I was swinging in the air, and looking down on the poor dog, whom I thought I was leaving forever. He knew better; and, wagging his tail and yelping with delight, he seemed to enjoy the flight which was to me so full of terror.

That was a frightful ascent. I knew not who governed my progress—I saw the dread abyss far below me, and above me rested that slender ladder quivering as the grating rope wound over its last step. The motion of the rope, like that of a huge pendulum, was terrific—now I seemed as if flying off into the sky, and then I was plunged into the snow of the bank, until, blinded, suffocated and stunned, I even wished to be once more in the cold, dim chamber, from which so lately I would have given worlds to escape. At length, I was drawn up to the ladder, and so much indeed above it that the loops round my shoulders were on a level with it, but I was too much enfeebled and terrified to seize the ladder or incline myself forward; and there my progress was arrested, and I swooned away. The unexpected difficulty was obviated, as I afterward learned, by withdrawing the ladder, and dragging me through the snow until I reached the solid ground, on which were assembled the excellent men who had passed the whole day in the cold air, in devising and executing means for the rescue of several persons who, like myself, had been in imminent peril.

I was afterward told that great difficulty was experienced in extricating my good dog from his perilous position. The rope, it seems, to which they had subsequently attached a basket, did not vibrate in such a manner as to bring it within the reach of the dog, even with the utmost efforts of the *maronnier* for that purpose. The basket was then removed, and the rope and loops lowered, but with no better result. The increased wind swayed it too much, and, although it came within a few feet of the dog, he could not seize it. The day was wearing late, and every body suffered so much from cold, that the good men of the monastery began to seriously think of leaving poor *Ernst* to his fate, or at least to a night's sojourn

in the dim chamber on the cliff. To this the *maronnier* would not consent. His finest *maron* was in peril, and he resolved to rescue him, even if obliged himself to descend. Before doing so, he crept again to the end of the ladder, and began to swing the rope. Foiled a second time, he said, as he afterward observed, thoughtlessly, "Can't you jump at it, Ernst?" In a moment the spring was made, and the dog was swinging violently backward and forward, whilst the startled *maronnier* nearly lost his presence of mind and his place on the ladder. "Run him up, quickly. He has only his teeth to hold by. He has the rope—up—up!"

The dog was saved, and here he lies. *Maronnier*, let me have the pleasure of keeping him beside me whilst I am here. I hope to see him often, as there is here a melancholy annual duty—a visit to the tomb of my father. He often said that he would like to lie near his friend, General Desaix, whose monument meets you on the stair-case as you enter the monastery; and it was a strange fate that brought him here to die near his illustrious friend. They fought side by side in Egypt; and, when Bonaparte returned to France leaving Desaix in command, only the presence of my father could console the general for the absence of his commander. Even he could not long prevent his repining. He yearned for his chief; and, having patched up a hasty treaty with the Beys, returned to France, asked instantly for leave to join the army of Italy, and, as you know, reached the glorious field of Marengo only the day before the battle. In that battle, to the winning of which Desaix contributed so much, he served his country for the last time, and fell into my father's arms at the very moment when the retrieved field rung with the shouts of victory. The then first consul, to show his sense of his merit and service, caused him to be placed on the summit of this mighty mountain, in the highest consecrated spot of Europe; and here also repose, by choice and chance, the remains of his friend, my father.

CONCLUSION.

If I felt an interest in the beautiful girl before, the feeling deepened as she proceeded in her story, until, at its close, I was too desperately smitten to be able calmly to bear the name of a separation. But events did separate us, at least for a time. How that happened, and when and where we again met, may, if this sketch should be well received by the lovers of romance and devotion, make the subject of a tale scarcely less remarkable than that of the CAVERN IN THE SNOW.

THE PICTURE.

The beautiful engraving represents the return of the monks and their dogs from the rescue of a part of the party which had been whelmed in the snow. It speaks for itself and them, and is characterized by disinterested goodness, and a most noble and devoted instinct—shall we not say reason!

EPICEDIUM.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return. *Milton.*

When her brow, untouched by corroding care,
Like the fold of a summer cloud, was fair;
When the glance of her bright dark eye outshone
The dazzling blaze of the diamond stone;
In treacherous guise the spoiler came,
And a wintry chill ran through her frame:
From branching vein and soft lip fled
Celestial blue and the brightest red;
Her smile, ere the vital spring was dried,
To a world like ours was unallied;
On her cheek the rose grew strangely white,
And she melted away like a shape of light.

Since the cold remains of the sleeping maid
In the silent hall of death were laid,
The bright autumnal moon hath shed
Its purest beam on her narrow bed,
And winds, with sorrow in their tone,
On the dampened mould dead leaves have thrown.
Her spirit dwells in that radiant land
Where the blighted blossoms of earth expand;
Where dews from the throne of mercy fall,
And things unknown are shroud and pall;
Where beauty, safe from winter's rime,
Enjoys an endless summertime.

Her look, *all love*, had the magical power
Of gilding the darkest, the loneliest hour;
On her sylph-like form the old would gaze
And remember the freshness of younger days:
Henceforth there will be a vacant seat
In halls where the gay and lovely meet;
The brightest star of the festal throng
Will gladden the breast no more with song;
Her tuneful voice is no longer heard—
On her lip hath died the warbled word.

When sunset gilds yon azure lake,
And murmuring winds the surges wake,
She will leave, she will leave on the pebbly shore
The print of her fairy foot no more.
From his broad lap soon will youthful spring
Bright robes of green on the meadow fling,
And blossoms gemming the velvet sward,
With her couch of rest will well accord,
For our lost one was a peerless flower,
By the foe cut down in its dawning hour.

If shadows of gloom becloud the brow
When sere leaves fall from the parent bough;
If sorrow-pains convulse the heart
When the weary and gray of hair depart—
Well may the storm of grief unseal
The tearful fount in a breast of steel
When frost descends from the clear, cold sky,
And the buds of blessèd promise die;
When the ghastly king his banner rears,
And calls to his realm the young in years.

THE OLD SKINFLINT FAIRY,

AND HER GODDAUGHTER.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING.

Come follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be,
Which circle on the greene,
Come follow Mab your queene.
Hand in hand let 's dance around,
For this place is faerye ground. *Old Song.*

Once upon a time—we cannot specify the precise year, or whether it was any particular year or not—when what is now dignified as the science of Mesmerism was vulgarly called witchcraft, and long before domestic industry was banished from the fireside to the manufactory ; when the little fairy imps danced merrily by moonlight to the music of the murmuring stream, undisturbed by the din of steam engines and spinning jennies—there lived a little old woman, in a little bit of a house, by the side of a limpid stream, which, being too small to turn a mill, had luckily escaped being dammed, and was permitted to wander its way wheresoever it would. The old dame was very poor but very honest, and would not have robbed her neighbor of a pin, though she had been sure of escaping discovery. She was, moreover, as industrious as a bee, and might be seen from morning till night turning her spinning-wheel, whose humming was heard in the lonely quiet of the scene as loud as a whole hive. She had an only daughter, the most beautiful damsel in all the country round, who went to church every Sunday only to be admired, and spent all the rest of the week in the laborious task of killing time. Her name was Phillida, and she was very proud of it because it sounded so poetically. She was now eighteen, and though she might have taken the place of her mother at the spinning-wheel, she prefered idling away the whole day long, admiring herself in a neighboring crystal spring—for the little old woman was too poor to buy a looking-glass—thinking about princes and lords, and building castles in the air.

By degrees Phillida discovered that the heaviest of all burthens is idleness. Her days, except Sunday, when she dressed herself as fine as a fiddle from the earnings of her mother, and went to church not to hear but to be seen, were so wearisome that she longed for night, though it brought but little rest, that blessing being only to be bought by labor and exertion. She had neither companions nor amusements, and her mind became at length completely absorbed in foolish dreams of future happiness, founded on anticipations of marrying some high born prince or puissant lord, who would fall in love with her beauty. But the mind cannot always live on dreams, or banquet on visionary fare, and Phillida every day became more discontented and unhappy. Her mother observed it, and often asked what was the matter, but she only replied, "I do n't know," and the little old woman soon drowned all her anxiety in the humming of her spinning-wheel.

It was the universal custom in those days for every child to have a fairy godmother if possible, and she was always invited to the christening, where presents were bestowed on her, in return for the blessings she promised her godchild. The little old woman was so poor that all the fairies declined, under various pretences, to stand godmother to her daughter; but the truth was, the selfish little varlets were afraid they would get no present worth having. The only exception was an old skinflint of a fairy, who, though she had the reputation of a sensible body, was considered excessively ill-natured, and no better than she should be. She condescended to stand godmother, and being complimented by the little old woman with a skein of fine thread of her own spinning, went away in a great passion, muttering something that nobody could understand, about glass slippers and pumpkin coaches.

For a long time afterward the little old woman could never get on with her spinning. Sometimes the band would fly off the wheel; at others the flax would curl up all in a snarl on the distaff; and as sure as she attempted to draw out a fine thread it would break in the middle. The poor soul was fretted and vexed beyond measure, for now she could not do half a day's work, and as her husband was always so sick he could do nothing but eat, drink and sleep, the family were sometimes in want of the common necessaries of life. The good woman was convinced there was some foul play in the business, and, there never being any witches where fairies abound, was convinced in her own mind that she had somehow or other offended one of these testy little bodies, who had taken revenge by spoiling her spinning. All at once it occurred to her recollection that the old skinflint, Phillida's godmother, had gone away from the christening in a great passion, and it came into her head that the bitter old thing had done her this ill turn, because she had not made her a proper present. She accordingly determined to make all the amends in her power, and taking all the money, out of an old stocking, she had been saving for a month, she put on her hood, toddled away to the little town, not

many miles distant, and having bought one of the most fashionable French bonnets she could find, carried it straight to the old fairy, who lived in a hollow tree on the top of a high mountain. The old sinner at first fell into a terrible rage at seeing what kind of a present had been brought her.

"Hoity-toity!" cried she, "do you take me for an opera dancer, that you bring me such an enormity as this? A pretty figure I should cut to-night at the great ball on the banks of the stream that flows at the foot of the mountain, with this thing on my old gray head. Away with you, and bestow it on that vain, idle, good for nothing goddaughter of mine, that she may make a greater fool of herself than ever, if that be possible." But when the old skinflint—who, except her stinginess, had nothing very wicked in her—recollected that the poor woman did not know any better, and brought the present out of pure good will, her heart relented, and she added—"Well, well, go thy ways, goody, thou art an honest, industrious body, with a good for nothing husband, and a daughter not much better. Go thy ways, and I promise thee thy wheel shall hum more blithely than ever." And, sure enough, from that blessed day, it spun two threads at a time, and the little old woman won several premiums from the society for discouraging domestic industry.

Phillida continued to grow more miserable from day to day, for want of something to do, or according to the more fashionable phrase, for want of excitement, which never occurs to those who mind their own business, or attempt to be useful to others. She pined, and sighed, and moped about, indulging a thousand foolish conceits, and finally fancying herself going into a decline, or at all events under the untoward influence of some malignant fairy. She had never thought of visiting her godmother, whom in truth she seldom recollected till she wanted her advice and assistance; but now she resolved to go and consult her about the unhappy state of her mind and body. So she dressed herself in all her finery and paid the old skinflint a visit.

She found her sitting at the door of the old hollow tree, smoking her pipe very comfortably. "Hey day! Madam Phillida, my loving and affectionate goddaughter, what brought thee here? Art thou come to ask me to thy wedding? Thou lookest for all the world like a bride, dressed in her finery, and frightened half to death at the prospect of realizing what she has been dreaming for years! What brings thee here, thou paragon of duty and affection?"

Poor Phillida was almost struck dumb by this outlandish welcome, but summoned sufficient courage to tell her story, and ask the aid and advice of her godmother.

"Go SPIN!" cried the old skinflint fairy, knocking the ashes out of her pipe with such emphasis that she broke it in two pieces, and jiggling herself into the old tree in a great hurry. Phillida could not get another word out of her, and turning about pursued her way home disconsolate, till she came to an old elm, which overshadowed the stream that gurgled at the foot of the mountain, and whose mossy roots afforded a comfortable seat. Here she sat down, and it being a solitary place, and she in a sorrowful mood, beguiled her thoughts with a simple, melancholy song, of long past times, which has never been seen either in print or manuscript, but was often sung, in long past times, by the love-lorn shepherdesses of the prairies of Illinois.

There lived a lass in fairy land,
Oppressed with secret, silent woes,
Whose case no leech could understand,
Nor she herself, alas! disclose.

She wandered lone, the livelong day,
Like some pale spectre, sad and slow,
And pined her youthful bloom away,
For what, not she herself did know.

"Ah! would I were myself again!"
She sighed in whispers soft and low—
"Would I could cast this lingering pain,
Or else its secret sources know.

"For then perhaps I might endure
The nameless grief that wastes me so;
But none can ever find a cure
For that whose cause they never know."

She had no sooner concluded, and echo finished repeating her song, when she was startled by the sweet sounds of a shepherd's pipe, which, after playing a wild, delectable prelude, was succeeded by a voice discoursing in the following manner:

There lives a lad in fairy land,
That ne'er knew secret wo,
And yet can make you understand
The cause you wish to know.

'T is not disease that makes you pine,
Nor any secret wo;
The grief that wastes that frame of thine
Full well, full well, I know.

'T is idleness that weighs you down,
And if the blessing you would win
Of rosy health's enduring crown,
Go take thy mother's place and spin!

The surprise which Phillida might otherwise have felt at this unlooked for response to her complaint, was overpowered by vexation at the impertinent piece of advice.

"Spin—spin—spin!"—muttered she—"nothing but spinning. If I ask my old cross godmother's advice, she tells me to go spin; and if I complain to the rocks and woods, echo answers nothing but go spin. I can't spin—and I wont spin; so there is no use in talking or singing about it."

It will be perceived that Phillida mistook the voice for an echo, having probably heard of Irish echoes, which report says, instead of repeating what is said to them, always return very sensible, judicious answers. But she was soon undeceived, by seeing a handsome youth emerging from among the woods and vines that skirted the murmuring stream, who modestly advancing toward her presented a beautiful bouquet of wild flowers, without saying a word. Phillida was very much tempted to accept it with a blush and a smile, when suddenly calling to mind that this was doubtless the person she had mistaken for an echo, and who had given her such an impertinent piece of

advice, she rejected it scornfully, at the same time exclaiming, like a pert little baby as she was—

"No, thank you, sir. You have favored me with such a valuable piece of advice, that I can't consent to rob you of any other treasure."

The youth bowed, and passed on without uttering a word, but he could not help thinking what a pity it was, that such a lovely girl should not only be idle, but ill-natured. As to Phillida, she thought of him for several days after, and was sorry she had not accepted the flowers. The next Sunday, and for several Sundays in succession, she saw him at church, gallanting the only damsel of all the neighborhood who could dispute the palm of beauty with her, and soon after heard they were married. Then it was she wished more earnestly she had accepted the nosegay, and became more idle and depressed than ever.

Not knowing what else to do, she determined to go once more and consult her godmother, the old skinflint fairy, though in truth she expected nothing but a good scolding, and some advice which she was determined in her heart not to follow. So she got her mother to spend all her money in buying a great plum-cake, of a confectioner in the little neighboring town, who soon after retired from business, having made his fortune by concocting sugar plums, out of flour and plaster of Paris, sweetened with molasses. She found the old skinflint sitting as usual at the outside of the hollow tree, smoking her pipe.

"Well, Mistress Lazybones, what do you want now, and what have you got in that basket? Come here this instant. What a plague are you lagging behind so for? Do you think I am going to eat you?"

The old creature was almost dying with curiosity to see what was in the basket, which she snatched away as soon as poor Phillida came within reach of her.

"O!—oh!—hum—a fine plum-cake! Well, you are a good girl after all, though I did call you lazybones," quoth the old skinflint, who liked plum-cake above all things, and forthwith cut off a slice, which she began to eat as fast as her crazy teeth would permit. In doing this she unluckily closed on a hard piece of gypsum, which the confectioner, according to custom, had mixed with his sugar, whereby she received a shock that almost jarred her head off her shoulders. This put her in such a passion that she threw the cake, and then the basket at Phillida's head, and bade her go about her business. The poor damsel in vain attempted to excuse herself, for the offence of the caitiff confectioner, and begged her godmother's good offices, or at least advice on the subject of her low spirits and declining health.

"Go SPIN!" cried the spiteful old creature, and this was the only reply she would give.

Phillida took her basket and her unlucky cake and proceeded disconsolate toward home. It was a delightful spring morning; the birds caroled in the tender foliage of the woods and briery dells; the flowers breathed their young perfumes to the balmy air, and all nature, animate as well as inanimate, seemed rejoicing in one full chorus of happiness. But the damsel shared not in the general joy, for she had not the capacity of sympathizing with the beauties of creation, and was sinking under the leaden burthen of idleness, which is worse than a mill-stone about the neck. As she approached her home, Phillida heard the humming of the old spinning-wheel, which sounded harshly in her ears, partly on account of the advice of the young shepherd and her cross old godmother, partly because she could not help often secretly reproaching herself for idling away her time, while her aged mother was toiling from morning till night.

She continued to pine away every day, for want of something to do, and spent most of her time roaming about, either in the lonely wood paths or along the spritely gurgling stream, feeding her vain and idle fancies, with visionary anticipations of one day or other captivating some great lord, or perhaps prince, by her beauty, riding in a coach and six, and living in a fine house with folding-doors, and marble mantlepieces. Being so very handsome, she had many admirers among the neighboring swains, who, whenever she went to church, flocked around, and gallanted her through the grave-yard, where they read all the epitaphs, wondering at the number of excellent people buried there. But though Phillida had no objection to flirt a little with them, and indeed encouraged their attentions, she would have as soon thought of marrying the old man in the moon, as one of these ignoble clodhoppers. She aspired to princes and lords, and a squire was the lowest point of her ambition.

One of these simple shepherds, being very well-looking and agreeable, was favored by Phillida with such marked encouragement, that he fell violently in love and made proposals, which were laughed at and scorned. His affections as well as pride being thus deeply wounded, the poor youth pined away in hopeless sadness for awhile and then disappeared from the country. In process of time the news came to his parents that he had died of a broken heart; and while every body cried shame on Phillida, she for a long time reproached herself for deceiving the poor lad, and almost regretted that she had not accepted his vows. One day as she sat musing on the past and the future, the thought of her victim came over her mind with such a cloud of sadness, that she could not refrain from mournfully chanting an old ditty which she remembered, that seemed expressive of her own condition, and ran as follows:

Would I were yonder murmuring stream,
That flows in joyous melody,
Now glittering in the sunny beam,
Now shadowed by the waving tree.

And would I were yon waving tree,
Whose leaves returning spring renews,
Whose whispers always seem to me
Returning thanks for showers and dews.

Would I were yonder twittering bird,
That nestles in the scented thorn,
And when the evening comes, is heard
As blithesome as at early morn.

Would I were yonder buzzing bee,
That honey sips in dell and bower,
And in one round of ecstasy,
Flies him away from flower to flower.

Would I were any thing, alas!
But what I am, and still must be,
As down the vale of years I pass,
The sport of care and misery.

But fitting 't is that she who spurned
The heart whose worth she ne'er denied,
Should have the poisoned shaft returned,
And die the death her victim died.

This homely ballad, sung to an old Doric air, one of those immortal melodies which still survive in the feelings and affections of the children of nature, though the names of their composers are long since buried in oblivion, soothed the sorrows of the disconsolate maid, and the warm weather co-operating with her languid spirits, she fell asleep with her head resting against a venerable mossy tree, the extremities of whose branches indicated the progress of that decay which soon would reach its heart. How long she slept she could not tell, but the first object that met her opening eyes was a young man hovering over, and contemplating her with intense admiration.

"Who art thou?" exclaimed Phillida, half awake and rubbing her eyes, as if to ascertain whether she saw clearly or not.

"I am a prince in disguise," answered the stranger, in a stately voice, and with an air inexpressibly noble. "I am traveling, incog., to see with my own eyes whether the people I am destined one day to govern are contented and happy. I heard your song, and sought this cool shade to escape the burning heat, little expecting to encounter a pair of eyes brighter than the sun, and more warming than his mid-day beams. Art thou a goddess, a chanting cherub, or a mortal?"

Phillida had never heard such an elegant speech before, and blushed, not in modest diffidence, but proud exultation, at this compliment to her beauty. She simpered and bridled, and smiled and distorted herself into a variety of affectations, while the disguised prince continued gazing on her with an impudent silence that would have been offensive in the highest degree to a modest, delicate sensibility. But Phillida had at this moment but one feeling, that of gratified vanity. The illustrious stranger inquired her name, and where she lived, but she was ashamed of her parents and her home, and answered that her father was a barbarous, cruel man, who robbed and murdered all travelers that came near his castle, and that she had an old skinflint fairy godmother, who turned all the young men whom she saw in company with her goddaughter into baboons and monkeys with tremendous whiskers.

"Alas!" exclaimed the prince, casting up his eyes in despair; "alas! then, I shall never see thee more—unless—unless—you will sometimes condescend to meet me here to charm my ears with thy divine song, and ravish my eyes with thy angelic face. Wilt thou, sweet—may I not ask thy name?"

"Phillida," replied she, for it was a pretty name, and she was not ashamed of that.

"Phillida! Oh! what a sweet name. It breathes of love, music and poetry. Wilt thou meet me here to-morrow at this hour, most enchanting of all the fragrant progeny of spring and summer?"

The excitement of vanity was too delicious to the heart of the silly maiden to be voluntarily relinquished, and, after some little affected hesitation, she promised to comply with his request. The prince then persuaded her to sit down on a mossy rock, and, reclining at her side, charmed her listening ears with mingled compliments to her beauty, and florid descriptions of the splendors of his father's court, where he protested, however, there was not one of all the maids of honor whose eyes would not look like those of a dead fish, when brought into contact with those he was then contemplating. Hours passed away in this delicious communion of souls—as the prince called it,—and it was almost sunset ere Phillida returned home, with her heart infected with vanity, and her head addled by foolish anticipations. Her dreams that night were of nothing but princes and palaces, pumpkins turned into gilded coaches, mice into stately horses, and old rats into gold-laced coachmen. The only present ever made her by the old skinflint godmother, was a little book of fairy tales, which Phillida took for all gospel. Her head had been continually running for years on the adventures of the Little Glass Slipper; but she forgot that Cinderella had merited her good fortune by sweetness of temper and patient industry.

In the morning she dressed herself in all her finery, and could hardly wait the hour appointed for meeting the prince in disguise. Her mother begged her to stay at home and take care of her father, who was now almost helpless, but she pretended she was going to a prayer-meeting, and the pious old soul could not bear to interfere with such a praiseworthy design. Phillida was in such a hurry that she arrived at the old tree some time before the disguised prince, who apologized carelessly, by saying that his moustaches had been very refractory that morning and taken a longer time than usual to bring to proper subjection. The damsel was not a little mortified at his thinking more of his moustaches than his appointment, but a profusion of high-flown compliments soon restored her self-complacency, and she talked and listened to as much nonsense as could well be crowded into the same space of time. The prince did not absolutely declare his love in words, but he expressed it through his eyes, and certain expressive evolutions of the hand, which Phillida felt at her very fingers' ends. They parted, after the prince had twice opened his mouth for a yawn, but substituted a compliment in its place, and the foolish girl, at parting, said to herself, "I wonder if he will offer himself at our next meeting."

In this way matters went on day after day; the prince yawning and complimenting, and Phillida bridling and blushing, and expecting every moment he would propose to carry her to the court of his father, for the purpose of presenting her as a daughter-in-law. But his royal highness seemed in no great hurry, and, instead of becoming more ardent, by degrees relapsed into a careless sort of indifference that was very provoking! He every day brought a little pocket-glass with him, which he would place against the old tree, and, turning his back to Phillida, spend half an hour or more in adjusting his moustaches. In short, he seemed to take much greater pleasure in ad-

mairing himself than the beautiful maiden, and as for talking, he would hardly let her slip in a word edgewise. This was very provoking, but Phillida reconciled herself to being treated as a nobody, by supposing that this was the fashion at court. Still she fretted not a little when they parted, and became so testy and cross-grained that her simple parents thought she had certainly taken a leaf out of the book of her old skinflint godmother.

One day, after the expiration of a fortnight, the prince was more than usually pressing for an early meeting the next morning, having, as he said, something very interesting to communicate. Phillida thought to herself, "He is certainly going to pop the question. But why can't he do it now, as well as tomorrow?" She passed the night without sleep, and was early at the place of meeting. But she waited hour after hour and the prince did not appear. At first she became fidgety, then anxious, next fretful, next unhappy, and lastly she burst into tears, not of love but mortified vanity. "He has been fooling me," she exclaimed, "and is now gone to divert the court of his father at my expense." She threw herself despairingly at the foot of the old tree, and casting up her eyes in despair, discovered through the mist of her tears, a little billet-doux suspended from one of its knotty projections by a silken thread. She snatched it with avidity, and breaking the seal, which was a splendid coat of arms of enormous size, surmounted by a crown, devoured its contents with irrepressible avidity.

It informed her that soon after they parted, Pomeroy's express had arrived with a peremptory command from his royal and illustrious father, countersigned by her serene highness his mother, who, being the gray mare, must be obeyed instantly, to repair forthwith to court, for the purpose of marrying the Princess Rosa Japonica, sole heiress of three continents, five peninsulas, and seven islands. It concluded by assuring Phillida that he should obey his parents so far as to proceed to court, but as to wooing the princess, if she were a bottle of otto of roses, instead of a Rosa Japonica, and heiress of the seven planets, instead of seven islands, he would not resign his dear Phillida for a dozen such princesses. The letter was written in a most villanous hand, the words one half misspelled, and the grammar bid defiance to moods, tenses and conjugations. But Phillida was no great scholar, and the contents of the letter put every thing else out of her head. She pursued her way slowly toward home, sometimes wishing herself the Princess Rosa Japonica, at others that the Princess Rosa Japonica was married to the man in the moon. It should here be mentioned that the letter concluded with a promise that as soon as he could, as he expressed it, "come Irish over his mother," he would fly on the wings of the wind and throw himself at her feet, never to rise again till she lifted him up with her own lily hand, and received him forever into her alabaster heart.

Phillida waited with anxious impatience for another letter or another visit from the prince, but a whole month elapsed without seeing or hearing from him. In the mean time, her father, who had lain in bed from pure inanity, and afterward because he could not rise, died, and was only remembered by his wife and daughter by the trouble he had given them. Phillida was somewhat cast down on the occasion, as she recollected it would be indecorous to marry the prince under a year, people of high rank being very particular about mourning. The prince had related to her many curious stories of the severe code of etiquette that reigned at the court of his father, which he assured her took precedence there of the ten commandments. She would have written to the prince, only he had never told her his name, that of his father, the place of his residence, or the kingdom over which he reigned. Whenever she asked any information on these matters, he shook his head, looked mighty mysterious, and excused himself by saying he was traveling incog., and could not disclose these matters without a breach of etiquette.

The summer passed away, in dreams, hopes, fears, and disappointments; the melancholy autumn followed, and the dreary winter set in, without any visit, letter, or message from the prince in disguise. The little industrious old woman, her mother, was smitten with palsy, and lost the use of her right side, so that she could no longer ply her spinning-wheel, and as Phillida could not, or would not supply her place, they might have perished for want, had not their kind neighbors supplied them from charity, though, while doing so, they did not fail to reproach the vain and foolish girl for her idleness. She resolved once more to visit her godmother, and one cold, frosty day sought the old skinflint, whom she found seated in the hollow tree, hovering over a miserable fire of dry leaves and rotten wood that produced a great smoke and little flame. She related the lamentable condition of her mother, and besought the advice or assistance of the fairy.

"*Go spin!*" cried out the old beldam, as before, and bade her depart and mind her business.

She returned home in despair, and almost determined to try what she could do at the spinning-wheel, when suddenly the thought of how much it was beneath the chosen one of a prince in disguise to labor for the support of an aged parent, came across her mind, and she went forth among her neighbors to beg for what she was too proud and lazy to earn. Every new demand on our charity has a natural tendency to diminish its fervor, until it finally subsides into indifference or aversion. By degrees these good people, who had little to spare from their own necessities, with few exceptions, declined affording any relief, frequently reiterating the advice of the old fairy, "go spin!"

Thus passed the winter away, and the spring that brought with it the flowers, the zephyrs, the buds and the birds, afforded little relief, except that the aged mother could now crawl out of doors, and warm herself in the beams of the sun. The bloom of Phillida had gradually faded away, and the loss of her beauty afflicted her more than the sufferings of her parent. She had almost given up all hope of ever seeing the disguised prince again, and though ambition and vanity, rather than love, were at the root of her attachment,

she persuaded herself she should die of a broken heart if she never saw him more. Now that the pleasant weather invited her abroad, she left the poor little old woman, her mother, to take care of herself, and passed much of the time under the old tree, where she had been first seen by the prince. Every day she still cherished a lingering hope of his coming, and recollecting, one afternoon, that he had first been attracted by her singing, she struck up a melancholy ditty which ran as follows, in a voice so low and mournful that it seemed a sigh rather than a sound, and echo did not hear enough to repeat it distinctly:

Ah! what to me the flowers of spring,
The music that salutes mine ears;
The birds but funeral dirges sing,
And dew-drops seem but briny tears.

In vain the balmy zephyrs blow,
In vain soft airs and genial skies,
To one whose spirit is laid low,
Those truest hopes were naught but lies.

In vain the gentle river glides,
Its murmurs bring no peace to me,
For, bending o'er its flowery sides,
Naught but a care-worn wretch I see.

What dismal, deep perplexities,
Beset this world of sighs and tears;
What strange cross-purposes arise,
What empty hopes, what brimful fears!

Ah! would it were the will of Fate,
That both were bound, or both were free,
And I forget the cold ingrate,
Or he, alas! remember me.

Thus sung the disconsolate damsel, but no prince appeared. Phillida returned home, where she found her mother sitting in the old chair by her spinning-wheel, and expressed her wonder. But the little old woman returned no answer, and on further investigation she was found to be dead and cold. The good neighbors bore the expenses of the funeral, followed her to the grave, and, on her next application for charity, told Phillida plainly that now she had no one else to take care of, she might provide for herself in future. "Go spin" was the cry from one house to another. The poor girl, who had only herself to blame, was tempted to apply once more to her godmother, but when she recollected her former ill-treatment, and more especially her disagreeable advice, she determined never to go near her again.

The third day after the burial of her mother, she sat all alone in the cottage, sometimes thinking of the disguised prince and wringing her hands, at others, looking at the spinning-wheel, over which a spider had woven his web, as if to give her an example of industry and perseverance. She was tempted to try her hand at the distaff, but laziness and vanity combined in dissuading her, and, in the depression of unresisting imbecility, she burst into a flood of tears.

At that moment, she heard the sound of wheels rapidly approaching, and, wiping her eyes and running to the door, beheld a splendid coach with eight horses approaching at full speed. Her limbs trembled and her heart beat with anticipation; the carriage stopped at the door, the steps were let down, the prince, no longer disguised, but magnificently dressed, stepped forth, and, advancing in all haste, seized the hand of the delighted maiden.

"I have not a moment to spare," said he, "come with me, my Phillida, for the fates have decreed we must wed before the setting sun, or never. Come—don't mind your dress, I have robes of silver tissue, and cloth of gold, and jewels to deck thy flowing hair. Be quick, every moment is precious."

"But—but," replied Phillida, with a little hesitation, "I have just lost my mother—what will the world say?"

"Oh! never mind the world and your mother. I am above the one, and, as for the other, her death was a godsend, for she would only have disgraced us."

Phillida thought a bird in the hand was worth two dozen in the bush, and that she might never have such another chance of becoming a princess. Accordingly she gave him her hand, vaulted into the carriage, and away they galloped, making the sparks fly like a steam-engine. Just as they entered on the high road, their course was arrested by the old skinflint fairy, who, with a crabstick, not a broomstick, in her hand, and a stump of a pipe in her mouth, both black as ebony, planted herself right before the carriage, and bade them stop at their peril.

"Hoity-toity! madam, my dutiful goddaughter, where are you going in such a mighty hurry, I should like to know?"

"To be married," said Phillida.

"To whom?" said the other.

"To a prince," answered Phillida.

"To a fiddlestick!" screamed the fairy. "I'll teach you to marry without the consent of your godmother, and before your poor mother is cold in her grave. See! what a great prince you have chosen for a husband!"

Thereupon, the old skinflint fairy, who, in truth, had laid this plan to punish Phillida for her idleness and vanity, waved her black crabstick, first up and then down, then to the right and left; and, by a miraculous process of mesmerizing, in a moment changed the coach into a great pumpkin, the horses into white mice, the coachman into a venerable gray rat, the prince into a traveling tinker, and Phillida into a beautiful yellow spider, with black spots.

"There," said the old skinflint godmother, "there, now GO SPIN. When you can produce a thread as fine as the spider, you shall resume your shape once more."

The pumpkin fell a victim to a herd of hungry swine, the white mice scampered off to a neighboring wheat stack, the old rat gnawed his way into the treasury of the great republic of Elsewhere, and died of a surfeit of paper money, the tinker went off singing "There was a jolly tinker once," and Phillida very industriously set about spinning a web to catch flies, instead of princes and lords. Should she recover her shape within a reasonable period, the gentle reader will be duly notified by express.

THE BETROTHAL OF MR. QUINT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

BY MISS W. BARRINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

The valley wherein Mr. Quint dwelt, and in the midst of which his estate lay, was certainly one of the most beautiful in the country. It was particularly so in spring, when red and white blossoms glittered on the trees; when flowers shone on the banks of the streams, in the laps of the meadows, and on the bosoms of the maidens. To the traveler, it appeared as if the valley kept an eternal holiday; and Homer's gods, of whom Ovid says more than he can answer for, would certainly have arranged their little love affairs there, had it been known to them in their young days.

This said valley is nine miles long, and in the form of an oval, for it is about three miles wide, and encompassed by high mountains, in whose bosom villages lie embowered, and whose summits are verdant with broad evergreens. Old castles of the feudal times are perched on solitary cliffs, near the base of the mountain.

Lengthwise through this wonderful valley there rushes a wild stream, that often damages its banks in its ill-humor, and is the only peace-breaker that the villagers know. The road through the valley leads alternately on both sides of the stream. It creeps shyly along the skirts of the mountains, only descending into the plain when a hamlet invites it to stop awhile.

Three bridges, spanning the stream, one in the midst, the others at the two ends, unite the banks and the inhabitants of either side.

The valley is now typographically described, and he who has seen it knows its name.

CHAPTER II.

I have already said that the estate of Mr. Quint lay in the midst of the valley.

Mr. Quint—to say something of *him*—was a young man, of twenty-eight years of age, who had lived here for twelve months; before that the estate had belonged to his uncle.

Such another good man as Mr. Quint was not to be found either far or near. If his neighbors had not seen him daily with their own eyes, they would have sworn he lived any where but in their valley. He passed for very opulent and very wise; but people said that his wisdom was of the sort which is neither seen nor heard.

In our opinion, he was the best man in the world; but the world was not altogether made for him, nor was he quite fitted to the world. He loved all his cotemporaries, but avoided them; I do not think, however, from mere unsociability. He would willingly have made every thing happy, but would not listen either to requests or thanks from any one, for the simple reason that he knew not how to demean himself without becoming embarrassed. Nothing was more hateful to him than fine airs, affected manners, and artifice; his intercourse with those whom he knew well, was marked by undisguised and frank manners, combined with the utmost delicacy. All unmeaning civilities, empty compliments and ceremonies were hateful and disgusting to him. He had never yet been one of the company at a public dinner; went to no wedding feasts, and was present at no christening but his own.

He avoided all attention, and dreaded it even to anxiety. He wore his new clothes over lonely mountain paths, in the worst weather, to make them old the sooner. He was the author of several interesting works, but so modest was he that even the publishers never learned his name. Hence, "*Mensel's Literary Spy*" has never torn aside the anonymous veil that covered him. He is the author of those excellent descriptions of character, in which the inmost springs of the human heart are unlocked; a work which, by translation, has excited a sensation even among foreigners. And yet, among all judges of men, there was no one oftener deceived than Mr. Quint, who avoided every one out of pure bashfulness, and protracted solitariness.

Mr. Quint lived on his beautiful estate like a hermit; he took care of house and field; poetized, botanized, drew, read the old and new authors, and was never alone although seldom among the living.

At the southern end of the vale lived his good friend Mr. Pyk, much like himself, unmarried as he was, though a widower, also on a single estate, that was formerly an old knightly castle, with moats, loopholes and towers. Mr. Pyk, a round little man, of a serene disposition, loved company, and was, therefore, sometimes in the village and now in the neighboring town, particularly in winter when time hung heavy on his hands. Mr. Pyk liked to talk, and liked to talk about every thing. It was easily seen that he thought himself made for an orator. He was naturally very good-tempered, nevertheless he was always contriving law-suits, in order to plead publicly. Once he won a suit that he thought unjust, and then went laughingly to his adversary, gave him what belonged to him, and paid the costs.

This action excited the attention of Mr. Quint. He soon found an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Mr. Pyk; they were both in a short time intimate friends. Mr. Quint honored the rhetorical and hospitable knowledge of Mr. Pyk, and he Quint's learning. From that time no week passed that one did not visit the other, and yet they lived more than three miles apart.

CHAPTER III.

The little promiscuous intercourse that Mr. Quint had with mankind, probably caused his awkwardness in general society. Notwithstanding this, no one could deny that he was an agreeable man. A solitary life, and the happiness that springs from it, needs no praise, only it makes one too reserved; but too much company, on the contrary, makes one quite too diffuse and polite. Men in solitude resemble plants on the high Alps, for, though simple and without ornament, they have substance and vigor.

It was natural that Mr. Quint and Mr. Pyk should be friends, with even dissimilar characters. Both had good, pure natures; and what differences there were gave a spice and a charm to their intercourse. Men of the same opinions and same disposition are seldom very intimate. We are accustomed to prize that in others, which we do not possess ourselves. Therefore, the brunette generally gives the preference to the blonde, and the blonde to the dark-haired hero. Mr. Quint had chestnut-brown hair, and could love a brunette just as properly as a blonde. Unfortunately the good man seemed to fear both.

Not one man in ten thinks of external things, such as dress, attitude, the swing of the hands, the nose, the walk, the movements of the feet, and the peruque. Mr. Quint would, therefore, have preferred the company of twenty men, (setting aside the dancing master) to the company of a single well-educated young lady. He always feared becoming ludicrous, and so embarrassed himself as soon as fate had condemned him to a quarter of an hour's conversation with young ladies. Beside, he had remarked that the better he wished to appear, the stiffer and more awkward he grew.

As long as he had known Mr. Pyk, he had never seen in his mansion any of the woman kind, excepting his housekeeper, maids, and peasants. This had not a little to do with his finding more pleasure in Mr. Pyk's old castle, than in the new dwellings, mostly of foreign make, in and about the valley.

He proposed to go there the first Tuesday, if the weather should prove favorable.

CHAPTER IV.

True, it was a warm Tuesday, but pleasant, shady paths led along the banks of the stream, through the changing scenes of a fine rural landscape. On both sides were wild thickets; solitary huts, surrounded by their fruit gardens; little running mountain brooks, with simple country bridges; grazing herds; children playing, fathers laboring, and industrious mothers under the shadow of the overhanging roof of their little dwellings.

Leading to the left from the stream, toward the foot of a high mountain wall, there rose a stony road to the castle of Mr. Pyk, of which a square tower alone was visible through the undulating groves in the distance. Here, between green hillocks, and under the broad wide spread branches of the chestnut and oak, the traveler found a refreshing coolness. In this romantic little nook Mr. Quint was wont generally to rest, for the way to the castle grew rather steep. I know not how it was, but this time he was faithless to his old habit.

He was, therefore, the more tired, and the more heated when he had reached the spacious lawn, on the summit, before the castle. Mr. Quint inferred that his friend must have a great washing on that day, for the whole spot was woven over, to right and left, with ropes, on which snow-white linen was flapping, so that a passage through it could hardly be effected.

Without much consideration, Mr. Quint found it agreeable to stretch himself, for a moment or so, in the soft grass, under the shade of a great table-cloth that was hanging from the rope above him. With his face turned toward earth, he dreamingly contemplated the landscape in the grass. His fancy caused him to see hills and valleys, like those in one of Solomon Gessner's Idyles. Lonely little beasts wandered in the shade of the broad spires of the grass-forest that rose as proud as eastern palm-trees over the lowly moss bushes. Sometimes his eye followed the gnat, the bird of this unknown forest; sometimes the industrious ant, that ran to the topmost point of a spire, overlooked the distant country and quickly returned. All of a sudden, Mr. Quint's contemplations were disturbed by a remarkable insect, that certainly was not designed to inhabit the landscape in the grass.

CHAPTER V.

Not more than a span and a quarter from his nose, there appeared before him the two feet of some human form, that did horrible mischief in the quiet grass country. It must be owned, they were a pair of dainty feet. Mr. Quint looked upward, but the table-cloth hanging very low, it hid the person to whom the feet belonged.

Mr. Quint, whose present posture was an agreeable one, remained in it quietly, and awaited the withdrawal of this novel apparition. In the mean time, his eyes examined, very unconcernedly, the form and attire of the feet. He found them very small, the stockings snow-white, and the slippers red leather, rather pretty and new. The little feet, he thought, could not possibly belong to any but a boy of from twelve to fifteen years old, or to a girl of from fifteen to twenty. This last supposition, if true, would be a sorry predicament for Mr. Quint. He sunk down in great perplexity; for who in the world could be possessor or possessoress of such delicate feet, since there were no youthful inmates in the ancient castle?

Under such circumstances, a cold-blooded philosopher might be pardoned a little curiosity. But the thought of its possibly being a young lady, frightened the good Quint incredibly. He resolved, as there was yet time, to extricate himself without delay from this dilemma. He therefore raised the forefinger of his right hand, drew the table-cloth a little aside, ducked his head, squinted sideways, and saw—unhappy discovery!—saw the hem of an apron of red-striped linen, and the skirt of some woman's fine calico gown.

Tremblingly, he drew back the audacious forefinger. Though entirely prepared for any event, this glance had thrown him into a dreadful embarrassment. Here he lay, for the first time, at the feet of a young lady; for, according to the observations that had been made on the stockings, slippers, gown and apronhem, they must belong to that class of tender beings. Nothing was wanting now to increase his desperate distress but that mocking bird, Mr. Pyk, with his rhetoric.

In this critical state he had to determine whether he would get up or continue quietly on the ground. The first term of the alternative was not by any means without danger. The beautiful stranger might be startled by the sudden appearance of an unknown man; then it would become necessary for him to say something polite about his posture, and about the new acquaintance, about, Heaven knows what! and he must clear himself of all suspicion in a dexterous manner! But where should he readily find thoughts and words, without committing some blunder against *le bon ton?* No one in the world could have less judgment about this than Mr. Quint. Therefore he resolved to refrain as long as possible from any motion, in order to remain undiscovered.

But the undeserved anger of fate was not yet satisfied. He began, unexpectedly, to feel a slight inclination to sneeze that grew stronger every moment. Mr. Quint had taken up the old healthy practice of sneezing with right good will. If he did so now he would infallibly be lost. All-powerful nature would be unavoidably his betrayer! Who could withstand her? What a shock to the poor girl, if a man, till then undiscovered, should suddenly discharge at her feet a tremendous volley of tittilation from his nose! Or what a disadvantageous position for Mr. Quint, when he had raised himself and begun his before mentioned apologies, to have a thundering sneeze interrupt him.

While Mr. Quint pondered with growing anxiety, on his desperate situation, following irresolutely with his eyes the pretty morocco-slippers; a new and strange incident happened, and fortunately it was before any open outbreak in his intractable nervous membranes.

CHAPTER VI.

The two little feet, so often mentioned, set themselves unexpectedly in lively motion. They tripped awhile sideways, backward and forward—now nearer to the table-cloth, now raised on the toes, and so performed many inexplicable movements. Mr. Quint thereupon inferred that the unknown could not reach the top of the cord, on which the table-cloth was hung and fastened with wooden clasps. He was not wrong. The wavering forked poles, which upheld the rope at certain distances, were rather high. The unknown, however, full of obstinacy, would not forego her purpose until she jumped and reached the top of the pole with her hands, where she lost her balance; poles, cords, washing, all bent and fell. Mr. Quint would rather have seen the fall of heaven—the table-cloth fell open over him, and also with the table-cloth, in a direct line, the unknown charmer.

Merciless destiny!—with what words shall I paint the confusion of the shy good man? He lay there without sense or motion. He had scarcely presence of mind enough to hold himself passive under this unlooked for burden, or even to feign sleep out of politeness, that the unknown lady might be spared all embarrassment in her critical position.

He could hardly have chosen a better line of conduct, had not the same impertinent nose played him a trick, without the least respect to circumstances. It had held in long enough, and now began to roar with its utmost capacity.

The disappointed slipper-wearer had indeed perceived that another unfortunate must be buried under the table-cloth; but when she heard the hearty szeeze, she thought she had broken an arm or a leg certainly.

With a loud scream, she sprung up, and, with trembling hand, lifted the table-cloth from Mr. Quint. Mr. Quint raised himself from under it, became fiery red in the face, and almost speechless.

"Pardon me!" said he, stammering, and would have taken off his hat respectfully to the beautiful girl, who stood before him in equal embarrassment, but his hand grasped vainly in the air, for the hat yet lay under the cursed table-cloth.

"Pardon me," stammered he, "I had laid myself there in the grass, for—I am horribly—ah! ah!—"

"You have suffered no harm?" inquired she, blushing, and scarcely daring to look at him.

"I am very—I have not suffered, but—" answered he, bashfully, in a stuttering voice.

He would willingly have said more, but the time was now past. All efforts to say something agreeable to the young lady were fruitless. His lips moved, his hands did the same, but the voice was wanting.

Even a practiced man of the world might have been embarrassed by such an adventure; and had not the adventure itself embarrassed him, the sight of this pretty girl would have done so.

She stood before him, a living picture of innocence, dressed in simple and homely guise, the eyes modestly cast down, the cheeks colored with a deepening red. Mr. Quint at this sight forgot hat, table-cloth, excuses, and all the rest of the world. As often as the unknown raised her eyes to him, he looked down with his; as often as he looked at her, she with the same regularity threw her eyes down. Thus they exchanged glances with each other for a long while, and did not seem to tire of it at all.

[*To be continued.*



Engraved Expressly for Graham's Magazine by Welch & Walter from the Original Painting by P. J. Rothermel

[redacted]

of his compositions are highly meritorious. Perhaps in subjects chosen from every-day life he is most successful; but he has lately made several attempts in ravishes us with the belief that the longings of our childhood after supernal beauty have at last been realized.



UNIV. OF MICH.

VIOLA.

AN ORIGINAL PICTURE FROM BULWER'S ZANONI.

The character of Viola in Zanoni is one of the most beautiful of Bulwer's creations, and has always been to us, perhaps, the highest charm of that fascinating romance. There is something inexpressibly sweet in the devotion with which she follows the fortunes of the mystic, and in the tenderness with which she seeks to win him from what seems to her a dangerous pursuit. As the child of the musician, the singer who enraptures all, the blushing listener to Zanoni's love, the wife who bears every sorrow cheerfully because it is shared with her husband, or the deserted and almost heart-broken sufferer in Paris, she wins on us by her many feminine and endearing traits, and takes place, in our memories, with the females of Shakspeare—with Imogen, Portia, Cordelia, and Desdemona.

It is but just, however, to remark that something of this fascination is to be attributed to the contrast between her womanly, relying character, and the highly imaginative one of Zanoni. There is a relief in turning from the contemplation of the wild dreams of the Rosicrucian to the gentle love of his bride, which reminds us of the effect produced on the spectator when, after a thunder storm among the hills, the sun breaks unexpectedly forth, shooting its long lines of light across the landscape, and making the thousand raindrops on the grass glitter, as if the fields had been grown with diamonds.

Rothermel's conception of this character is just what ours would have been, had we been asked to express on canvas a Viola. There is a pensiveness about the face which we have always connected with our ideal of the heroine. No one can gaze on those mild, soft eyes, languidly half hidden under the drooped eye-lids, and doubt that the love of that meek creature was devoted, forbearing and heavenly, even beyond her sex.

To our mind, this face is the finest painted by Rothermel, and this is saying much when the rising eminence of this young artist is considered. Indeed, few of our painters have done so much, in so little time. It seems but a few months ago—it is not more than a few years—when we knew him first, then a very young man, just essaying his maiden effort in the arts. He was then, as now, modest in demeanor, but full of enthusiasm and sustained by a conviction that he might yet do something to have his name remembered; and since then he has made wonderful progress toward achieving this noble ambition. Many of his compositions are highly meritorious. Perhaps in subjects chosen from every-day life he is most successful; but he has lately made several attempts in historical painting, which show to us that he has great talents in this walk. He is now engaged on a picture of the embarkation of Columbus from Palos, the general idea of which is admirable, but which is not yet sufficiently advanced to allow us to speak of it with due justice.

The coloring of Rothermel is more brilliant than that characterizing our artists usually, and he often displays great force in light and shade. In drawing he improves rapidly, as indeed he does in all the mechanism of the profession, for he is a close and industrious student. If he would trust himself more to his own genius, we should predict, with still greater certainty, his success.

No artist, perhaps, is usually in stronger contrast to Rothermel than Mr. Sully, something of whose style is known to our readers from the picture of "Harry," in our last number. Mr. Sully is now deservedly regarded as the father, in many respects, of the living American artists, a position his age and long career would entitle him to, even if he were less a master than he is. But, in forming an estimate of his merits, it is just that his peculiar excellencies, in which his reputation rests, should be neither exaggerated nor misunderstood. There can, properly speaking, be no comparison instituted between Sully, Huntingdon, Inman, and Page; for each is excellent in characteristics wherein the others are, perhaps, less remarkable. Mr. Sully's *forte* is in depicting female loveliness. No living artist can so completely etherealize "the human face divine," and yet retain a likeness. He seizes on some fleeting expression when the face is animated by conversation, and transfers it magically to the canvas, in a way no artist has equaled since the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence. His females are women, and yet spiritual creatures, beings from a better world, and yet partakers of our feelings and sharers in our sorrows. What his mistress is in a lover's eye, that Mr. Sully makes her. What the ideal of the poet is, that the female countenance becomes under this painter's pencil. In the soul of the artist who can fling such a halo of loveliness around the face there must dwell visions of the most exalted beauty, not such indeed as reigned in the soul of Raphael, but others less divine, though still high above those of earth; for in the countenances of the women and children of Sully, especially in his ideal ones, there shines a grace and loveliness, totally distinct from mere physical elegance, which at times ravishes us with the belief that the longings of our childhood after supernal beauty have at last been realized.

"I MUST GO AND LEAVE THEE, MARY."

AN ORIGINAL SONG,
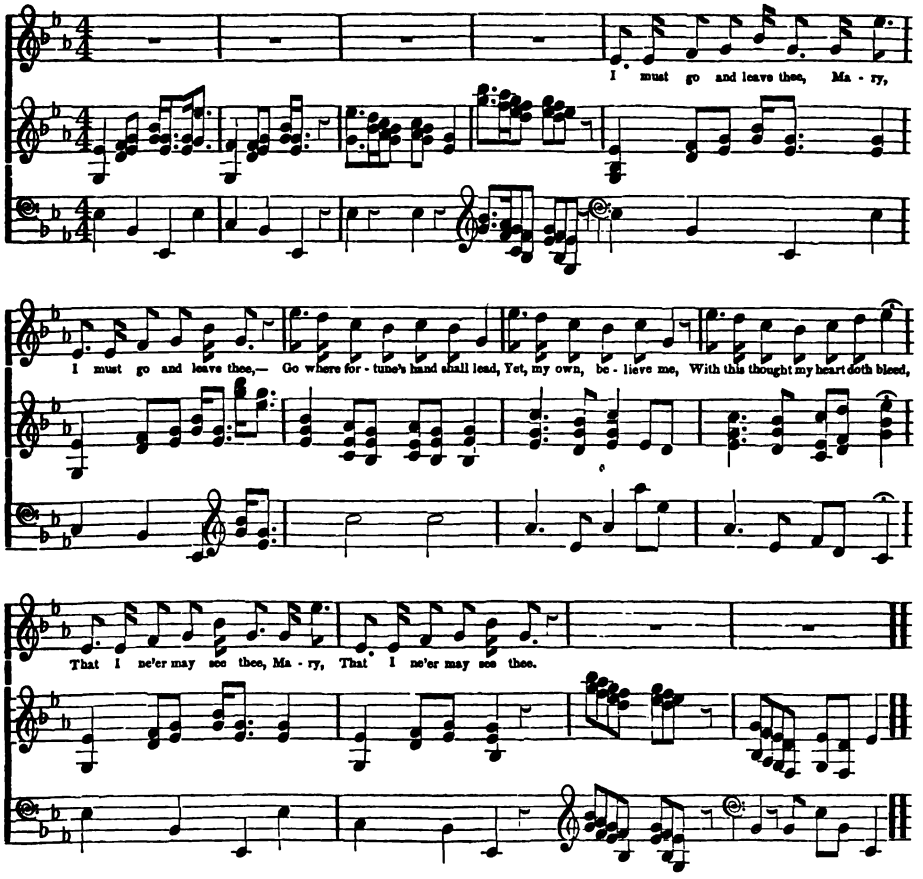
WRITTEN FOR BURNS' BEAUTIFULLY PLAINTIVE AIR,

"THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE,"

AND INSCRIBED TO

MISS MARY L———.

BY N. W. WILLIAMS.



Gladsome flew the hours by, Mary,
Gladsome flew the hours by,
When thou sattest near my side,
But with many a sigh,
Sad and slowly will they glide,
When thou art not nigh, Mary,
When thou art not nigh.

When the day declineth, Mary,
When the day declineth,
And my heart o'ercome with grief,
Sadly then repineth,
From the light I 'll seek relief,
O'er the past that shineth, Mary,
O'er the past that shineth.

Oft will I remember, Mary,
Oft will I remember,
All thy acts of kindness shown,
Words so true and tender,—
And, for years, their fancied tone
Shall a new joy render, Mary,
Shall a new joy render.

And even to life's end, Mary,
And even to life's end,
Though I roam o'er land, or sea,
Yet backward will I send
Thoughts of truest love to thee,
To thee, my faithful friend, Mary,
To thee, my faithful friend.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Mysteries of Paris: A Novel. By Eugene Sue. New York, Harper & Brothers, and Winchester.

A people who, like the French, in the short space of fifty years, have run through a period of history that might well occupy five hundred, cannot, with all their excitability, be supposed to take that absorbing interest in politics which a youthful population like our own is known to bestow on them. Nothing hangs so heavily on a nation, oppressed by the infirmities of an age of twenty centuries, as *time* either for reflection, repentance or speculation as to future events. French politics have described a huge eccentric curve, which has re-entered into itself, and, its laws being now pretty generally known and understood, ceased to surprise or amuse the people. They have seen the Republic and "The Hundred Days," the Empire and the Restoration, the Revolution of July, the Citizen King and the September Laws, and are disposed to exclaim, with King Solomon, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." The social evils which are inherent in the gregarious nature of man, and which a high state of civilization will always foster, are not to be mended by political reforms or changes of dynasties. The battle between wealth and labor, luxury and misery, must be fought with moral and religious weapons. For the cancer which is gnawing at the very vitals of the social organization of Europe there is no political panacea in the shape of Democracy, Aristocracy or Monarchy. The changes which have taken place in the political complexion of states kept, for a time, the expectations of the people alive—property changed hands—the rich became destitute, and the political or military adventurer accumulated millions; but the *laws* of property and their consequences remained unaltered, and the deluded people found that they had sacrificed their peace and their domestic happiness to a chimera.

The French have, more than any other nation of Europe, realized the vanity of political passions, and a general apathy—a state of complete indifference as regards the organization of government—has become the leading characteristic of all who lay claims to a superior education and refinement. Politics, one of the noblest sciences of antiquity, are no longer deemed worthy the occupation of the scholar, but considered rather as moral sores which are to be banished from society. The press, which, in every country, is more or less the exponent of public sentiment, partakes strongly of this feeling. Instead of examining measures or debating questions of state, it assumes a *social* position, and destroys the men who are the legitimate objects of its attacks with the power of irony, sarcasm and *persiflage*. Its conductors feel that they and the public for whom they write are as little to be affected by political lectures, as states and empires are to be established on abstract principles of philosophy. They have no political conviction, and the French people have so completely lived through every political experiment, and so thoroughly failed in all, that it is only the humblest classes—the politicians living from hand to mouth—who still dare to cherish a hope of a better future. These, however, are of no account in the present organization of Europe; they are the mere medium in which *visible bodies* move; their action is known only in the aggregate.

The French, as a nation, are a most imaginative and poetical people. They know how to gild poverty, and to give vice the semblance of decorum if not virtue. As long as a Frenchman guards *le dehors* (preserves appearances) he is not necessarily degraded in his own estimation. He may surround himself, by the happy ingenuity of his countrymen, with the semblance of comfort and even luxury, and the polish of a people big with national pride, and deeply tutored in the school of adversity, will save his self-love from a thousand mortifications which in England would add poison to the stings of poverty. With such a people vice and crime must necessarily wear a greater variety of aspects, and corrode deeper than where, like a cutaneous disease, they fly at once to the surface. Eugene Sue, therefore, had a larger and much more important scope for the exercise of his vast talents than Boz could find in England; though the minds of these writers evidently resemble each other, and the success of Boz in England and America was probably the means of stimulating the efforts of Sue.

But before we enter on the respective merits of these justly popular writers, we would yet speak of the peculiar circumstances which favored the development of the genius of Eugene Sue. The French, wearied of the profitless discussions in the Chambers and the public prints, have introduced the fashion of *feuilleton* writing, which, since the death of Armand Carel, absorbs more literary talent than the political essays written only in the interest of particular personages. A French paper is now divided into the strictly political part (seldom read by men of information) and the literary and artistical, divided from the former by a rule. The portion printed under the rule is called the "*feuilleton*," (leaflet,) and consists principally of literary and artistical criticisms, (including the drama and the opera,) and a series of original articles in the shape of popular sketches, picturings of society, biographies of eminent men, novels, &c. The writers for this branch of literature occupy a very high *social* position, (which is quite the reverse in England, as regards newspaper contributors and magazine writers,) and the best of them, Eugene Sue and Jule Janin, have accumulated ample fortunes. The latter has been known to receive as much as fifty thousand francs *per annum* for his contributions to a single journal; and Eugene Sue has been the lion of the *élite* of Paris ever since the successful publication of his "*Mathilde, ou les Memoires d'une Jeune Femme.*" Talent finding no door closed in France, the son of a comparatively obscure physician found himself soon *un homme recherché* in the most refined circles of the *Faubourg St. Germain*, and had an opportunity of watching society in all its aspects, and not only, as is the case with Boz, in the lower walks of life. Boz becomes tedious by repetition, or by representing but different phases of the same object. He knows but one class of society—the one with whom he was brought in contact. Eugene Sue knows Paris from the *fauxbourgs St. Germain and Honoré* to the *quartier du Marais* and the *faubourg St. Antoine;* and by that means France, which, socially speaking, is half of Europe. Every thing in France wears a social aspect; the Chambers themselves being but the great national drawing-room, in which wit, sarcasm, repartee and epigram are constantly employed, less for the benefit of the nation, than for the gratification of private ambition or the cravings of individual passions. The greatest of French diplomatists, Talleyrand, delivered his

opinions in the shape of *bons mots*; and his witticisms were political revelations. And yet this extraordinary man had a private secretary, Mons. de Montrond, who received a pension of 5000 francs per annum for keeping the secrets of the French governments from 1789—1840, and who was even more cunning than his master, whom he professed to love merely "because he was so completely vicious." The fact is, French society has a degree of admiration even for vice, when it bears its crest fearlessly aloft—a sense of "the sublimity of egotism" and of crime. What a field was there for the talents of such a man as Eugene Sue!

One talent our author is said to possess, *par excellence*—at least so say the women in Paris—that of depicting the sex. His "*Memoires d'une Jeune Femme*," present a hideous, and yet a striking and highly wrought picture of society as it is—not as it should be. Eugene Sue showed himself, in that work, a fearfully correct copyist, and yet one endowed with the highest powers of imagination, and possessed of the most artistical skill. In these requisites he is decidedly superior to his English rival. Boz, in using the flash language of different classes of society, often sinks the artist and descends to the character of the mere correct reporter. He describes scenes and *single traits* of character admirably; but is not equal to the delineation of *character* itself. He gives effects but no motives. Eugene Sue combines with the qualifications of Boz as an observer, those of the artist in style and the poet in conception, which enables him always to remain master of the form in which to dress his subject. Taking his heroes and heroines from nature, he yet throws such a poetical influence round them, and provides them with such a rich and highly colored drapery—that he presents to us a *work of art*, as well as a correct account of human nature.

Sue's "Mathilde," which abounds in tragical incidents, was soon travestied in the comic theatre of the *Palais Royal*, while, for the benefit of the higher classes, a Key was published, which indicated the different persons depicted in the work. The principal *mauvais sujet*, Lugarto, represents Count Demidoff—a Russian noble married to the Princess of Montfort, (daughter of Jerome Bonaparte,) now living at Florence in Italy—one of those frightful objects of fashionable criminality of which the higher classes of Russia furnish so many, and, at the same time, one of the best proofs of the civilized barbarism of that gloomy country. The principal heroine is the beautiful and accomplished Madame de ***, whose name, in all probability, is a matter of no interest to the American reader. Every character in the work is so well described, and, at the same time, handled with so much delicacy and good sense, that the work has been translated into all European languages, as containing the very best index of fashionable life, and the vices which spring from it.

With an established reputation as a writer, and having the *entrée* to every house in Paris, Eugene Sue commenced his "Mysteries," probably as an effort at *genre* painting; but the unexampled success of the undertaking prolonged it to a point not originally contemplated; so that for the first time, perhaps, the abundance of matter overpowered his genius. The whole ends as a novel, almost with a moral, and a seeming effort of the author to conciliate his reader. To those who doubt the propriety of translating the work into English, we might say what an admirer of Goethe said to one of his revilers on the score of morality: "What has morality to do with the arts? no more than nature with bashfulness." The subject of the Mysteries of Paris might have been taken from the secret Memoires of Fouché, but the execution is masterly, both in point of style and poetical amplification. Neither did the author merely intend to pamper the depraved taste of his countrymen, by describing the different garbs vice may assume to conceal itself, but rather to unmask it, so as to warn the unsuspecting to beware of it. The "Mysteries of Paris" exhibit not a common gallery of state prison crimes, but those deep ulcers in our social system which never come within the notice of the judicial tribunals or the legislature until they are incurable or have engendered a host of other diseases. Eugene Sue describes the moral scrofula of modern civilization, and the ineffectual remedies hitherto proposed to stop its progress. To a community like ours the work may have less meaning, and, as a mere matter of amusement, possess less attraction than other works of fiction; though a *good* translation of it could not fail to interest the general reader. The translations which *we* have seen remain unfortunately very far behind what we could have wished or anticipated. That published by Messrs. Harper bears all the marks of steamboat hurry, and is scarcely intelligible in some of the more highly wrought passages of the original. Instead of the *meaning* it gives nothing but the *words* of the author, and that in so commonplace a manner, and so entirely destitute of the grace, refinement, and elegance of style of the original, that one recognizes it, on the most superficial perusal, as a work got up for sale only, and without any pretension to literary merit. It is, in fact, little better than a Newgate Calendar, only somewhat more variegated and attractive on account of the female offenders of which it purposes to tell the story. The flash language used by the author, the translator either did not understand or not know how to render into English, for we do not see even an attempt made to express the same things by words conveying a similar meaning in English. As specimens we will only quote the following:

Book II. chapter V. page 254.

"Two strong hinges and a latch; to fix and shut at will, a *soupape* of two feet square." "A trap, you mean to say?" "No; a *soupape*." "I cannot comprehend what you want with a soupape?" "That is possible, but I can." "Very well, you have only to choose; there are the hinges. What else do you need?" "That 's all." "It is not much." "Get my goods ready at once, Père Micou, I will take them as I pass; I have some more errands to do." "With your cart? I say, farceur, I say a bale of goods in the bottom; is it something more that you have taken from every body's cupboard, little glutton?" "As you say, Père Micou; but you don't eat this; don't make me wait for my iron, for I must be back to the island by twelve o'clock."

Here the sense is almost entirely lost by the literal translation of the French flash terms. The same remarks apply to the passage here subjoined.

"If you only had such lodgers as the Père Micou—" "That comes and goes; if I lodge people without passports, I lodge great folks also; I have, at this moment, two traveling clerks, a postoffice carrier, the leader of the orchestra of the 'Café des Aveugles,' and a 'rentière,' (living on her income,) all very genteel people; it is they who save the reputation of the house, if the 'Commissaire' wishes to examine too closely; they are not lodgers by night, not they; they are lodgers by the full light of the sun." "Whenever it shines in your passage, Père Micou—" "Farceur, one more turn." "And the last, for I must clear out. Apropos, Robin, the big lame man, does he lodge here yet?" "Up stairs, the next door to the mother and daughter. He has consumed all his prison money, and I believe he has none left." "I say, look out! he is in '*rupture* de ban!'"

"Rupture de ban" is perfectly easy to translate, and ought therefore not to be put down as an idiom.

Why so simple an address as "*A Mons. le Vicomte de St. Rémy, Rue de Chaillot, Très pressé à lui-même*" should not be translated it is difficult to perceive, as is indeed the reason of the enormous number of mistakes which occur in the French quotations. A little more care might have obviated all these difficulties.

In the sixteenth chapter, where the author gives a piquant but strictly artistical and admissible description of the charms of Cecily, he uses the present tense in order to give his description a dramatic effect; which is wholly lost in the translation. Why such words as "*contours*," "*jambes*," "*mollet rebondi*," "*coiffure de nuit*," &c., should be printed with inverted commas, and without translation, when denoting terms used in common life, and conveying no idea at which the most modest woman in France need blush, is inconceivable; especially when coupled with English expressions which would *not* be tolerated in English or American society. The translator might, with little care, and by circumlocution, have conveyed the full meaning of the French author without trespassing on the good taste of his readers. The French original, notwithstanding its apparent freedom, is, in this respect, a model of elegance and chastity of style—in fact, the very reverse of the obscene and vulgar phraseology of Paul de Kock, the beau ideal and patron of the French chambermaid, milliner or *grisette*.

To conclude, "The Mysteries of Paris" expose, in the most striking manner, the foibles and incurable diseases of society, and excite regret and compassion rather than any feeling allied to desire. Eugene Sue is a most plastic artist; but of his high literary and artistical perfections little or nothing is seen in the translation before us. Justice to the public compels us to say that the translation published by the "New World" is superior to it in almost every respect; though none but a poet can translate the effusions of a poetic genius; and Park Benjamin, we feel assured, is not the author of the translation.

History of the Conquest of Mexico, with a preliminary view of the Ancient Mexican Civilization, and the Life of the Conqueror, Hernando Cortez By William H. Prescott. Three volumes. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1843.

The value of this work can be appreciated only by those who have undertaken to inform themselves correctly of the Mexican Conquest. The inquirers into that subject are met at every step by difficulties that dishearten many, and perplex more. The thorough student, unsatisfied by the meager history of Robertson, or the superstitious chronicle of Solis, is forced to search among conflicting early annalists, or crabbed Latin and Spanish manuscripts—all of them difficult to be procured, and many of them rewarding him with but a grain of wheat amid a superfluity of chaff. Nor has it been long that even these scanty materials have been attainable; for, until very lately, some of the most important authorities on the Conquest lay buried and forgotten in the libraries of Spain. The works of the good father Sahagun and the Tezcucan prince Ixthilxochitl, are two of the most valuable of these disinterred remains.

Even, however, with all this crude material at his disposal, it requires the most indefatigable industry united to the rarest judgment to discriminate truth from falsehood, and unravel the golden thread that runs hither and thither through this perplexed and motley web. No two writers agree on all points. The philosophic Martyr, the involved Herrara, Gomara, Las Casas, and Torquemada, contradict and steal from each other with the coolest effrontery.' One tells the history as he sees it, through the prejudices of the colonist; the other narrates it as it appears to him, residing at the Castilian court. Diaz, an actor in the scene, sits down fifty years after the conquest to tell his story; Cortez details it at the time. Yet no one is to be implicitly believed. Only the philosophic critic, accustomed to analzye doubtful historical evidence, can detect the truth amid such varying accounts; and not then, unless he has made the lives and characters of the writers his study, so that he may know how much to allow for prejudice, hearsay, misplaced patriotism, and the other causes that lead honest men to publish lying histories.

Through this labyrinth Mr. Prescott has held his course with wonderful exactness. We do not find a single statement of a fact of importance to which exception can be taken. Very rarely are we called on to demur to his inferences. His opinions of the actors in the conquest are in the main correct, though his estimate of Cortez is somewhat higher than we had adopted, or than should be adopted even on Mr. Prescott's own showing. But this is a subject that cannot be discussed in our narrow limits. A paper on Cortez, written in a dispassionate style, would be a valuable addition to the miscellaneous literature of America; but it would require the limits of a Quarterly Review, and the brilliant pen of a Macaulay to do justice to the theme. And yet what magnificent articles might be written on that romantic age, when empires were overrun by adventurers, and cities sacked by the free rovers of the seas!

The preliminary view of the Ancient Mexican Civilization is, perhaps, the most valuable, and it certainly is the most moral portion of this book. The materials for this view are derived from Sahagun and Ixthilxochitl. Their dusty manuscripts, dug out of decaying convents, inform us of the existence of a people in Mexico prior to the conquest, who had attained a civilization in many points not inferior to the Spaniards of the fifteenth century, and equal to that of the Moguls of the present day. The proficiency of the Toltecs in the arts, and their successors the Aztecs and Tezcucans, while surrounding tribes were buried in barbarism, is one of the marvels connected with the early history of America.

The arrangement pursued by Mr. Prescott in developing his story is sensible and clear. He never digresses improperly. In his hands the interest of the narrative does not flag. The reader is carried away on the stream of events and cannot pause, during a first perusal, to criticise minor faults of style and diction. And yet, even in style and diction, Mr. Prescott should not be censured by a liberal critic; for though he is at times careless and at others bombastic, he is far oftener lively, picturesque, and even eloquent. In one or two instances he soars to the sublime. Among the finest passages in the work we would instance the description, in the first volume, of the early Spanish adventurers, and the narrative, in the second, of the arrival of Cortez on the shores of the lake of Tezcuco, and his first glimpse of the long coveted city of Mexico.

The work is elegantly printed, in the same size and style as Mr. Prescott's "History of Ferdinand and Isabella." We need not say that no gentleman's library will be complete without these volumes.

Austria, Vienna, Prague, &c., &c., &c. By J. C. Kohl, Author of "Russia and the Russians." Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

The author of these entertaining sketches is a young man of a very promising descriptive talent, but who has seen too little of society and the world in general, to be able to catch more than the external and most prominent traits of a people's character. For a person who wishes to hurry through a country—to see the principal edifices, galleries of paintings, theatres, &c.—in short, for one who is in a habit of viewing the manners of a people from the top of a stage-coach, we know no better work than Kohl's. His book is twice as good, if not quite as

practical, in a pecuniary point of view, as Mrs. Stark's Italy, or the continental travels "got up" with so much success by young Bentley. But Mr. Kohl gives us no very striking views of national character, no insight into the secret motives of men and their rulers, and does not seem to depict more than the dresses, equipages and ordinary mode of living of the people whose manners he describes. This, however, he does so accurately, so much better than men who, with a few bold strokes, sketch the whole character of a nation, that his book becomes a very useful traveling companion, which we recommend to all who wish to make the tour of the European Continent. For what Mr. Kohl lacks in the power of generalization, he more than compensates by his very minute details. He has no poetic imagination, but he has taste, and describes incidents very prettily. His work on Russia, which was published at Dresden, gave us a very good idea of that country, until the Marquis of Custine gave us an insight into Russian society; and his "Austria" is unquestionably much more useful and instructive, though infinitely less entertaining, than "Austria and the Austrians" by Mrs. Trollope. Mr. Kohl describes what *he* has seen and how things appeared to *him*, but he has not yet (what every traveler ought to have) a standard of comparison.

Mr. Kohl was born, of poor parents, in the north of Germany, in the Hanse town of Bremen, and cannot now be more than twenty-five years of age. He studied at the University of Goettingen, and then set out traveling, as his readers may affirm, to some purpose. He seems, at one time, to have had some predilections for Russia; but of these his journeyings have cured him, and he appears now rather inclined to favor the views of Austria. He contemplates traveling through France, Italy, England, the United States and South America, and to write a book on each of these countries His work on Prussia and Silesia is in press; and he was not long ago engaged by Baron Cotta, the patron of so many young literary talents in Germany, to write a work on Hungary, Transylvania, and the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, on which several interesting communications written by him, in the shape of letters to the editors, have already appeared in the Augsburg Gazette. As a gentleman, he is remarkable for his agreeable, modest, unassuming manners, which are throughout reflected in his writings. His style is graceful and fluent, and he is, take him as a whole, one of the most agreeable *genre* painters of the present day. Of that heaviness, which is more or less the inheritance of all German writers on facts, he has but little, and his translator remains, in this respect, scarcely behind the author. The publishers, in case of the success of the present translation, have promised us "the remaining portions, Bohemia, the Danube," &c., and we take them at their word; hoping that they will soon fulfill their promise. To the American reader, it matters not whether the author has compiled many parts of his work from local German writers or from old chronicles; nor will he be deterred from perusing the work by the fact—which will not soon come to his knowledge—that the author never spent more than six weeks in Austria proper.

The Æneid of Virgil, with English Notes, Critical and Explanatory, a Metrical Clavis and Index. By Charles Anthon, LL. D. One volume. New York. Harper & Brothers, 1843.

The execution of this work fully equals our expectations of it, high as they were. The notes are copious and outweigh those of Cooper's Virgil immeasurably. Indeed there is no comparison between the two. American editions of the classics are now the best.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The next writer who will appear in Our Portrait Gallery will be N. P. Willis, Esq., a gentleman who has made his bow to "GRAHAM," but who is too fond of good company to be long absent from the monthly gathering of the choice assemblage of "Our Contributors." We are *promised* a fine poem, at least, for a future number.

The face and biography of every writer of note in the Union will be embraced in the series now being published in Graham's Magazine, and this must give the work a *permanent value*, in every library, apart from the writings of the distinguished authors themselves.

It has become fashionable among a certain set—a very *small* one—to sneer at the "light magazines," as if the literature of a young and growing nation must be *heavy* to be good, or would be popular if it were. The light magazines are but so many wings of a young people panting for a literature of their own—the pioneers to the mount of national fame in this regard—they are training a host of young writers, and *creating* an army of readers, who are biding their time, and urging on a happier day. We do not despair, if we live, of seeing a high-toned magazine with fifty thousand readers, *or of publishing it*, and without the aid of pictures; but the man who expects it *now* is a quarter of a century ahead of his time—a fellow with his eyes shut upon the active world around, dreaming of a heaven which he has no ability to assist in creating, or capacity to enjoy, if thrust into it by the head and shoulders.

If any of our friends of the press doubt our position, they are at liberty to *try* and *pay* for any experiment they may be pleased to make. We have convinced ourselves, and shall rest satisfied with efforts to make Graham's Magazine *the best of its class*, and, if possible, the *highest* even in literary reputation of any American magazine, and shall gradually blend with the lighter character of the work as much of the useful as may be deemed prudent.

It is perhaps true that the popular magazines of the day are too much devoted to the merely ornamental, and the department of "*Our Portrait Gallery*," with biographies of our own writers and naval heroes, and occasional able critical papers upon other topics must be hailed as a relief as well as a good omen. Our magazines must have a value above their *fashion plates*, *fancy engravings*, and *light stories*, to be in any degree exalted to the character and position of standard works.

We believe, however, that the day is not far distant when the pioneers in the lighter magazine literature may be enabled to modify much the character of their magazines. There can be no doubt that, as taste improves and extends, the public will be content with one or two exquisite original engravings, from drawings by our own painters, so carefully elaborated as to be *really worth* a dozen copies of stale prints—and ardently do we long for the day, and heartily shall we contribute to bring it about. In fact, we have already taken the first steps to secure so desirable an end. The leading embellishment in the January Number was from an original picture, painted expressly for us by Thomas Sully, Esq., and in the present number we give an original from Rothermel, a young Philadelphia artist, who is rapidly rising in his profession. We have now in the hands of engravers several original pictures, by Chapman, Sully, Leutze, Conaroe, Croome, and other well known artists; and, if these elegant prints are properly appreciated, we shall adopt at once the plan of having all our pictures painted expressly for this Magazine. In the meanwhile, gentlemen critics, please remember that ours is a magazine of *art* as well as of *literature*—that we are furthering the interests of a large number of artists as well as writers—and judge us accordingly.



GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA: MARCH, 1844. No. 3.

LUCK IS EVERY THING.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

THE course of true love, it is said, did never yet run smooth; and those who have had experience on that turnpike of the affections, or rather railroad, as it is soon run over, bear testimony to the jolts, "runnings off," and mashings up alive, of which the poets speak. We have no great taste, in this time of politics and perplexities, to dabble in "fancy stocks," and risk our reputation for gravity; yet the illustration of an aphorism of admitted truth, may be considered seasonable, and the moral deduced from the illustration may compensate some for the time of reading it.

In the year 1814—we remember the time well, because a part of the incidents of the story were connected with a great event, an event not likely to be forgotten—well, in the year 1814, a young man, who to a visionary mind, and a consequent want of employment, added a most desperate affection for a young lady, quite too good for him, if his business pursuits were alone considered, but just his match, if confiding affection, purity of mind, and innocence of purpose, are the reward of large endowments, strict integrity, and a desire for honest competence, without the means of obtaining it.

There was no more pleasing young man in the thriving village than Henry Bradford; and every body agreed with his neighbors, that he was the most agreeable person, and the best educated about. But he did not study law, he despised medicine, and did not take to the church; he had frequently thought of "merchandise," but that required a capital, which he could not raise, and so he did not get ahead, though he was forever on the brink of some wonderful success, which he certainly would have secured, if he had only entered upon the enterprise.

Mary Carver evidently loved Henry Bradford; for knowing that, excepting his handsome person, pleasing manners, and good character, he had nothing to offer, she would not otherwise have been deaf to the offers of so many young men, whose character and positions rendered them desirable to the family. These offers were repeated so often, and hints so strong were given to Mrs. and Mr. Carver, that it was deemed proper, after a serious deliberation in cabinet council, to admonish their daughter that Henry was in no business, and was not likely to be in a way to maintain a family.

Mrs. Carver opened the diplomacy with her daughter, and, after two or three conferences, retreated under the laugh of Mary, who declared that she did not doubt that Henry would one day be rich enough to take care of both, for he had had a dream that he should be. Mrs. Carver had no disposition to laugh in such a serious mission, and no desire to be angry with her daughter.

Mary, however, knew that when her father came to negotiate, she would have to use other arguments than laughter, and therefore she admonished Henry of the approaching storm. Henry thought of it two or three days, an unusual time for him to devote to any thing like his personal affairs.

At length the family was honored by a formal offer from a clergyman in a neighboring town. He was learned, pious, rich, and respected, and such an offer was not to be slighted. It was not slighted. Old Mr. Carver took the subject to heart, and Mrs. Carver gave her sheer muslin cap a double clear starching upon the very idea of becoming mother-in-law to a minister. Mary pondered these things in her heart. She saw the improbability of Henry's ever attaining a situation that would warrant matrimony. She was listening to her mother's account of his want of application to business, his apparent disregard of all the ordinary means of attaining competence, and of his utter lack of what is called common sense; and the old lady concluded her homily with a remark, that she believed

Henry Bradford would think more of a dream of wealth twice repeated, than of the best prospects that ever presented business preferment.

"Mother," said Mary, "Henry is not a fool."

"No," said Mrs. Carver, hesitatingly, "he *is* not a fool, certainly."

"Why, then, do you talk so of him?" asked Mary. "But there he is coming now," continued the girl.

"Speak to him plainly, my child," said Mrs. Carver.

Mary made no answer, for she was a little mortified at the ludicrous turn which her mother had given to Henry's rather dreamy propositions, though she never had heard him build any castles in the air out of such materials.

Henry came with his usual pleasant humor, and sat down by Mary, and, after a few words, he perceived that something was wrong.

"Mary," said he, "have you been reading the Sorrows of Werter?"

"No, Henry, but I have been listening to mother's sorrows—her lamentations over you. She says—"

"Never mind what she says, Mary, as I perceive it is not very good; just listen to what I have to tell."

"Well, what is it, Henry? I hope it is good."

"Excellent, capital; it will be delightful."

"Do, then, tell me what it is."

"Why, last Sunday night, I *dreamed that*—"

"*Dreamed!*" exclaimed Mary, with a most dolorous sigh.

"Aye, *dreamed*."

"—— Well, go on."

"I dreamed that I had drawn ten thousand dollars in the Plymouth Beach Lottery."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, I dreamed the same on Monday night, and on Tuesday night, and the number was 5, 4, 3, 2. Well, I sent right to Boston on Wednesday, and purchased the ticket, and here it is; you shall keep it, Mary, and when I go up to Boston for the prize you shall go with me."

Poor Mary smiled mournfully and reproachingly. Henry left the house, and went home satisfied that he had made a right disposition of the ticket.

Day after day did Henry watch at the postoffice, to read the first report of the drawing; but day after day passed without the desired information.

At length one of the young men was heard to remark, that Henry Bradford had shot out of the postoffice, as if he had received some strange intelligence.

"Mary," said Henry, "here is your father's paper, and look at the returns, No. 5, 4, 3, 2—TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!"

Mary turned pale—the news was unexpected.

"Let's go to Boston," said Henry, "and get the money."

"The prizes are payable thirty days after drawing," said Mary, looking at the bottom of the ticket.

That night Mary told her mother of Henry's luck.

Mrs. Carver seemed rather startled.

"Are you not pleased, mother?" asked Mary; "do you wish to oppose other obstacles to our union?"

"Mary," said Mrs. Carver, "do you recollect the most uncompromising hostility which your father has to lotteries—his utter abomination of money thus distributed? This prize will be worse to him than poverty. Ever since they refused to make him a manager in Plymouth Beach Lottery, he has set down the whole as gambling, and every prize as the devil's gift for mischief; and, to say the truth, most people begin to hold opinions with him."

"Why, mother, every body did not ask to be made a manager in the lottery."

"No, no; but people may, like your father, arrive at correct conclusions from selfish considerations, and good opinions may become general without any special motive for change."

The next day Mary gave back to Henry his ticket, with an account of the conversation with her mother.

Henry was mortified at the result; he understood and appreciated the feelings of the "old folks," and, in any other person's case, he might have approved of it.

"But what does your father want?" said Henry. "Does he suppose that the mode adopted to build churches, endow schools, and finish public works, is too impure to supply the needy purse of one who wishes to be his son-in-law?—He is more nice than wise."

"My father," said Mary, "may not think himself called upon to be as particular about what concerns the public charities, corporations, or indifferent individuals, as he is, and is bound to be, in what concerns the respectability of his own family."

"But if I acquire wealth by lawful means—"

"Henry, father never asked that you should be wealthy; he thought it proper, and he makes it a condition of our marriage, that you should have some respectable business, since you have not wealth."

"And your father is right," said Henry, "but how I am to get clear of the odium of my lottery prize, I can neither see nor guess."

"Perhaps you will dream it, though," said Mary archly.

"I can dream of nothing but schooners, brigs and ships," said Henry.

"Oh, if you only owned a good vessel," said Mary, "I do not know but father would almost forgive its coming as a prize."

"A prize to a *privateer*," said Henry, "but not in a *lottery*."

Henry wandered down toward the wharves and unoccupied ship yards. The war allowed of little or no work among the ship builders. The hull of a fine brig lay at the wharf. She had been launched a year, and there was none to purchase her. She was too clumsy for a privateer.

"Mr. Holmes," said Henry, "what is that vessel worth?"

"She is worth twenty thousand dollars," said the owner and builder; "she cost that as she is, and she will bring twenty-five thousand the very hour peace is declared."

"Would you like the money for her at a cash price?"

"Nothing would be more acceptable. But there are not fifteen thousand dollars in the county."

The remarks of Mary about her father's respect for a ship owner had been running in Henry's head ever

since they were uttered, and he beckoned aside the owner.

"Mr. Holmes," said Henry, "I have a commission to fulfill, and, as you know I am not much of a business man, I must ask you to consider a proposition which I am about to make to you, and to answer me explicitly."

"Let me hear the proposition."

"I will give you ten thousand dollars for the brig as she now lies."

"And the time of payment?"

"Within forty days. You cannot want the money sooner; the river is frozen over, and you could make no use of the cash before that time."

Mr. Holmes turned to Bradford, and said: "You know, Henry, that I am aware that you have not the means of payment, and also that you are not a person likely to be employed as an agent in such business, and yet I have every confidence in your word."

Henry explained fully to the ship owner the state of his affairs, and exhibited to him the lottery ticket, No. 5, 4, 3, 2.

"But," said Mr. Holmes, "there may be some mistake about the matter, or some failure of the lottery, by which I should lose."

Henry explained his motives and wishes, and in two hours he held in his hand a bill of sale of the brig Helvetius, which, as the papers were not obtained, he immediately renamed MARY. The condition was, that Henry was to hold the vessel for forty days, and if, within that time, he should pay ten thousand dollars, she was to be his; if not, she was to revert to Mr. Holmes, who, in the mean time, held the ticket as a sort of collateral. The bill of sale, as I saw it, bore date the 5th of February, 1815. Henry felt like a new man. He was a ship owner in a place where that character was a sort of aristocracy. He went day after day to look at his brig, wishing for the time to pass away for the prize to be paid; but he said nothing yet to Mr. Carver.

One evening, while Henry was talking with Mary, she asked him what he intended to do with his vessel when the forty days were up?

"Rig her, bend her sails, and then sell her, or send her to sea."

"Why, Henry, it took the whole of the ticket to buy the hull and the standing spars, and it will take half as much more to rig her and find canvas; and, beside that, how can you sell her for more than Mr. Holmes could?

Henry hesitated; he had not thought of that; but he did not doubt but it would all come right yet.

Henry was sitting the next day on the quarter rail of his brig, looking at the masts, well covered with snow and ice, and thinking of the better appearance she would make when the rigger had done his duty. At length he felt the hand of Mr. Holmes upon his shoulder.

"Henry," said the latter, "I am sorry to have bad news to tell you. Read that paragraph in the Boston Centinel."

"CORRECTION.—The ticket which drew the highest prize in the Plymouth Beach Lottery was 4, 5, 3, 2, and not, as our compositors stated last week, 5, 4, 3, 2. We understand that a gentleman of wealth in the southern part of this town is the fortunate holder."

"What do you say to that, Henry?"

"Only that the old gentleman will not now say that I have the wages of gambling."

"No, nor will he give you the credit of being a ship owner," said Mr. Holmes. "You have been unfortunate, Henry, and I am really sorry for you," continued Mr. Holmes, changing his tone considerably; "and regret my own loss, as I have need of the money; but, as you cannot pay for the brig, you would better hand me the bill of sale, and let us destroy it."

Henry drew from his pocket the precious document, and, while he examined it from top to bottom, he said to Mr. Holmes: "This affair has been to me like a pleasant dream, not only on account of my aspirations for Mary, which you are acquainted with, but day after day I have felt a growing energy for business, a sort of outreaching of the mind, a determination, with such a noble beginning, to proceed cautiously but steadily to do what I ought to have begun years since. Then, Mr. Holmes, as the bill has yet some days to run before I can be chargeable with violation of contract, I will restore it to my pocket-book, and, if I cannot *dream* as I have done, I shall not, at least, be awakened too suddenly."

Mr. Holmes, of course, consented, as he really had no right to claim the vessel until the forty days should have expired; and Henry went up to tell Mary of the new turn his luck had taken.

Though Mary respected her father too much to feel pleasure in Henry's new possession, yet she loved Henry too much not to feel deeply grieved at his bitter disappointment.

"That dream," said Henry, doubtingly—"that dream has not yet come to pass."

Some days after that there was, as usual, a gathering at the postoffice, at some distance from the ship-yard, awaiting the arrival of the mail. The stage, at the usual hour, drove up, and the driver said, as he handed the mail-bag into the house, that he guessed there was better news to day than he had brought since the victory on the Lakes.

"Another victory, Mr. Woodward?"

"No, not another victory, but PEACE!"

"Can you tell me," said a dapper looking young gentleman, as he slipped from the stage, "where I can find Mr. Holmes, the owner of the brig Helvetius?"

"Mr. Holmes lives on the hill yonder," was the reply, "but it is thought he does not own the Helvetius now."

"Has he sold her?"

"Yes."

"I am sorry for that—who is the owner?"

"Mr. Bradford—the young man whom you see reading the newspaper."

The stranger stepped into the house, and inquired of Henry whether he would sell the brig.

Henry said that he would cheerfully part with her.

"At what price?"

"At the peace price."

"Stage is ready," said Mr. Woodward, the driver.

"We will ride over to the village," said Henry, "and converse on the matter as we go along."

Henry soon emerged from the stage coach, and hastened to Mr. Carver's.

"You look cheerful," said Mary.

"I have drawn another prize!"

"Not another, I hope!"

"Yes, and a large one; I have sold the brig for twenty thousand dollars to a Boston house, and I am to be in Plymouth at four o'clook, to get my pay at the bank."

"But the brig was not yours, Henry. Surely you are not deranged—you could not hold the brig after the mistake of the prize was corrected."

"There is just where you are mistaken, Mary. There is a bill of sale which allows of forty days from date for the payment. Say nothing to any one," cried Henry, "and I will be with you before I sleep."

"What 's the matter with Henry?" said Mrs. Carver, as she entered the room; "has he drawn another prize?"

"I guess not, mother," said Mary; "only dreaming again, perhaps."

At nine o'clock Henry arrived from Plymouth, with an accepted draught for ten thousand dollars, in favor of Mr. Holmes, and a bank book in which he had a credit for an equal sum; and the brig Mary made some of the most profitable voyages that were ever projected in Boston.

She was in the East India trade, and, as her return was noticed in the papers, (and it was usually announced about the same time that the very respectable family of Bradford had an increase) Henry was wont to exclaim, "luck is every thing."

Some years after that, twenty-five at least, as I was riding into Plymouth, with Bradford and his granddaughter, I referred to the anecdote, and the conclusion, that "luck was every thing."

"There may be something in luck," said he; "but the HOPE which I gathered while I held the ticket, with the belief that I had a prize, the resolutions which I formed while sitting and gazing at the lofty spars of my brig, and the confiding virtue, the filial piety, and the perfect love of Mary did all for me, and I should have been rich without the brig: so, you see, it was Hope, contemplation, woman's virtue, woman's piety, and woman's love, that made me what I am. And let me add, friend C., that you and I owe more to woman than the world credits to her. Let us, at least, do her justice.

LOVED ONCE.

ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

I CLASSED and counted once
Earth's lamentable sounds—the well-a-day,
The jarring yea and nay,
The fall of kisses upon senseless clay,—

The sobbed farewell, the greeting mournfuler—
But all those accents were
Less bitter with the leaven of earth's despair
Than I thought these—"loved *once*."

And who saith "I loved once?"—
Not angels; whose clear eyes love, love foresee;
Love through eternity—
Who by "to love," do apprehend "to be."

Not God, called love, His noble crown-name; casting
A light too broad for blasting!
The great God, changing not for everlasting,
Saith never, "I loved once."

Nor ever "I loved once"
Wilt THOU say, O meek Christ, O victim-friend!
The nail and curse may rend,
But, having loved, Thou lovest to the end.

This is *Man's* saying! Impotent to move
One spheric star above,
Man desecrates the eternal God-word Love,
With his "no more" and "once."

How say ye, "We loved once,"
Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow,
Mourners, without that snow?
Ah, sweetest friend—and would ye wrong me so?

And would ye say of *me* whose heart is known,
Whose prayers have met your own;
Whose tears have fallen for you; whose smile hath shone,
Your words—"We loved her once?"

Could ye "we loved her once"
Say cold of me, when dwelling out of sight?
When happier friends aright
(Not truer) stand between me and your light?

When, like a flower kept too long in the shade,
Ye find my colors fade,
And all that is not love in me decayed,
Say ye, "we loved her once?"

Will ye, "we loved her once"
Say after, when the bearers leave the door?
When having murmured o'er
My last "oh say it not," I speak no more?

Not so—not then—*least* THEN! when life is shriven,
And death's full joy is given,—
Of those who sit and love you up in Heaven,
Say not, "we loved them once."

Say never, "we loved once,"
God is too near above—the grave below:
And all our moments go
Too quickly past our souls for saying so.

The mysteries of Life and Death avenge
Affections light of range—
There comes no change to justify that change,
Whatever comes—loved once!

And yet that word of "once"
Is humanly acceptive—kings have said,
Shaking a discrowned head,
"We ruled once," idiot tongues, "we once bested."

Cripples once danced i' the vines, and warriors proved
To nurse's rocking moved:
But Love strikes one hour—LOVE! Those *never* loved
Who dream that they loved *once*.

SKATING.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

The thaw came on with its southern wind, and misty drizzly rain,
The hill-side showed its russet dress, dark runnels seamed the plain,
The snowdrifts melted off like breath, the forest dropped its load.
The lake, instead of its mantle white, a liquid mirror showed,
It seemed—so soft was the brooding fog, so fanning was the breeze—
You 'd meet with violets in the grass and blossoms on the trees.

But shortly before the sundown, the gray and spongy clouds
Began to break above the head, and hung away in crowds;
The bland wind shifted to the west, where a stripe of brassy light
Glowed like the flame of a furnace, when the sun had passed from sight,
And, in the fleeting twilight, cold and colder waxed the air,
Till it felt on the brow like the touch of ice, as the still night darkened there.

Oh, bitter were the hours! and those who, wakeful, marked them pass
Could hear the snap of table and chair and ring of breaking glass;
Without, though the wind was quiet, crack, crack, went the maple and oak,
As if some mighty trampling power those huge stems downward broke;
The very wolf, the fierce gaunt wolf, though famishing, to his cave
Crept shivering back, nor sought again the deadly cold to brave.

And morning glowed with a heartless sun and a heaven of harshest blue,
And an air that pricked and stung the skin, as if darts invisible flew;
But oh the sight, the radiant sight that broke upon the eye!
Millions of sparkles danced around, of every varied dye;
The boughs were steel, the roofs were steel with icicles hanging down,
Steel gave a helmet to the hill—to the mountain-top a crown.

The lake, far, far it stretched, no gem more pure, more clear and bright;
Solid as iron, and smooth as glass, it froze in a single night;
As sunk the sun, 't was a watery waste with ripples upon its gloss,
As rose the sun, 't was a polished plain that a steed might safely cross;
How free would glide the skate now, hurrah for a pleasant day!
To the lakeside, to the lakeside, away, my boys, away!

We bind our feet with their steely wings, and we launch along in glee,

Hurrah, hurrah, how swift we go! no bird more swift than we;
We hiss along on glittering path—the banks slide quickly by,
The trees within spin round and round, and above is a gliding sky;
The eagle is fleet, but we envy him not, though all heaven is his domain,
He cannot feel more eager joy than we on this glossy plain.

Beneath us is the mottled ice with great white clefts athwart,
Broke by the lake in its toil to breathe—hark now to the sharp report!
What a rumble is passing all over, a groan so hollow and deep,
Surely the lake is rent in twain, each heart gives a fearful leap—
No, no, as well might the diamond break when ringing to a blow.
Hurrah! then, onward, onward boys, more swift, more merrily go!

Our shadows gleam before our track, the air hums in our ears,
The pure, clear air, the mountain air, how it braces, how it cheers!
We cluster in groups, we scatter away, we whirl, we rush, we wheel—
All round are figures of strange device, engraved by the flashing steel;
Again that dismal bellow! how the prisoned lake roars out!
But it cannot escape from its manacle, for all its angry shout.

Ha! why do the foremost in yon race upon their heels lean back?
The ground ice flies from the skate like froth, as they stop in their deep cut track;
We all approach—'t is a little space, the lake has burst for air,
Skimmed o'er with a delicate sheet of ice; back, back, for death is there!
The miller's boy, one year ago, rushed swift on a spot like this;
One crack of the brittle ice—one shriek—and he sank in the abyss.

Oh quickly we hurried toward the place, with deadly fear and awe;
Afar in the freezing element his struggling form we saw,
Oh quickly all hurried with might and main, for we knew he could not swim,
But ere the fleetest could reach the spot, no aid was there for him;
We saw his blue and ghastly face sink down in the rippling flood,
And then we gazed on an empty space with horror-frozen blood.

But by and by his father came, with a wild and frenzied look—

He reached the border of the space, and then one leap he took;
One leap he took, and the waters closed in swirls above his head,
A moment, and he rose to view, and in his arms the dead,
Dripping and drooping and crusted o'er with particles of frost,
And the strong man, weeping, bore away his only, and his lost.

We leave the spot—to the outlet bank we glide for an instant's rest,
This log, edged round with crystals, yields a seat upon its breast;
Our tight bound feet are aching, but our veins glow warm and free;
Ha, ha! in that hollow of weak white ice Joe tumbles to his knee!
But look to the icy lace-work that is fringed around the bank!
And see, how the frozen rushes stand in sparkling jeweled rank!

Again away—but the sun has sunk—and the west, what a gorgeous view!
An orange base, red, green and gray, thence deepening up to blue;
And now, low flying to their wood, those distant crows whose caws
Have faintly touched the ear, are lost, as closer the twilight draws;
And now dark night, dark starry night, for it is but a brief delay
From the golden tip of the loftiest pine to the arch of the milky way.

Dark night, dark starry night, and above how bright the clusters glow!
Here, steadily burning orbs, and there, one sheet of twinkling snow.
The banks are a mass of frowning gloom, and the ice just gives to view
A few star glimmerings at our feet, then shrinks in darkness too.
But what care we for the darkness, for the shallows of the lake
Are spotted round with stumps, and there our bonfires will we wake.

Red sparkles dance, from the smitten steel, on the leaves and sticks we heap;
Hurrah! what glorious pyramids of clear flame upward leap!
What a flashing glow is shed around! the ice in crimson gleams,
And the dark woods of the outlet are lit up by the beams;
So bare start out their depths to sight, that the moss of the old dead pines
Down hanging in flakes from the topmost limbs, like golden net-work shines.

Hark to those fierce but lessening snarls! we have frightened some wolf away,
Some prowling wolf this freezing night on the lookout for his prey;
Again—there 's a crash in the forest limbs, 't is a panther's startled spring,
From the deepest haunt of the wilderness his keen shriek soon will ring.
In the magic circle of this light we fear no forest-foe;
Hurrah! hurrah! o'er the blushing ice we merrily, merrily go!

But the hours are wearing into the night, our limbs are in need of rest,
And hark! shrill rushing down the lake is a blast from the dread northwest,
'T is the first breath of the tempest, and mark! in the spangled sky,
Like surges of a sable sea, shoot clouds of murkiest dye.
'T will be a wild, wild winter night of bitter hail and sleet,
But within the walls of our happy homes will be slumbers sound and sweet.

TO M—— E——.

BY W. W. STORY.

A PEACEFUL spirit of content,
By nature clothed in smiles of light,
Which Passion never warped nor bent,
But buoyant, cheerful, happy, bright—
I see thee with a quiet grace
Make "sunlight in a shady place."

A bubbling spring within a dell,
That sings in sunshine and in shade,
Betokeneth thy spirit well,
With which this life hath only played—
A blessing wheresoe'er it be
To glad all hearts unconsciously.

No selfish hope, no envious stain
Hath curdled thy unconsciousness;
Thy willing heart doth not disdain
The lowliest duty that can bless;
A lamp of love whose light is fed
By thoughts of purest wishes bred.

Thy heart is happiest while it gives—
Its flowing wealth is never slacked,
But yet whenever it receives
Thy gratitude overtops the fact—
And many bless the saddened hours
On which thy hand hath scattered flowers.

Thy love, impassionate and mild,
With charity doth most abide—
It is no torrent gushing wild,
But peaceful and of even tide—
Where gentle hopes and thoughts subdued
Lie imaged in a sunny mood.

Thus live forever, happy heart!
Live on in quiet peace to bless,
Live flower-like thy contented part
Removed from passion's stormy stress—
Bloom on beside Time's ebbless river
Till Death transplant, to bloom forever.

GOSSIP ABOUT GOSSIPING.

WITH HINTS ON CONVERSATION.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL, AUTHOR OF "CHARCOAL SKETCHES," "IN TOWN AND ABOUT," ETC.

It is a matter both theoretical and practical in our philosophy, (and we are reckless enough not to care who knows it either,) that, next to lounging at a front window when the weather 's sunny, to see the world from a safe and luxurious ambushment, there are few among human pleasures at once so cheap, so agreeable, and so enduring as that slipshod and unpretending delight of the leisure hour, stigmatized by ignorant incapacity under the reproachful name of "gossip." We are not, however, about to trouble ourselves to prove the correctness of the assertion. There are cases wherein the logical demonstration is an impertinence. If a truth, in matters of feeling, come not home to us at the instant of its enunciation, why, our perceptions are defective—our experiences incomplete. We have not been educated and finished up to that point. It may be, indeed, that we are not calculated to attain it, even with opportunities the most favorable to this species of advancement; and it is not in the nature of words to change the quality of the material of which we are composed, or to anticipate the results of that practical schooling which chisels away the block to bring out the man. In the profundities of wisdom, you and I learn nothing from each other. Argument and demonstration are wasted, unless there be that within which, to some extent at least, has experimentally proved the soundness of the doctrine. To be convinced, is but to recognize a conclusion towards which our imperfect intelligence had previously been tending; and hence it is that the treatise on morals is so often an incumbrance to the shelf. It addresses itself to those who are not sufficiently ripened by trial and observation to be gathered up in the harvest of the ethical essayist. Available knowledge, in the main conduct of life, is a precious ore, to be, with toils and strugglings, mined out by personal effort. It is not enough that myriads have passed through the same process and have devised to us their experiences as a legacy. We are only satisfied when, like the child, our own little hand has established the fact that fire will burn. We are sure of it then, and govern ourselves accordingly; but the mere *dictum* of mamma and all the warning voices of the nursery could not otherwise have impressed it upon us that the lighted taper is an uncomfortable plaything, as dangerous as it is brilliant. Can vanity be soothed into an unassuming temper before its inordinate appetites have caused it to falter, wearied by the very food on which it grew? Is vaulting ambition to be checked, think you, by the uplifted finger of precept? Are we to be deterred by "wise saws and modern instances" before we have felt it stinging in our inmost soul, be it by success or be it by disappointment, that unregulated impulses and morbid cravings lead to satiety and to the sickness of the heart? So, the time may be long or short, before we turn with weariness from the champagne exhilarations of existence to find health and comfort in its cooling springs; but, if we are capable of wisdom, that time must come, and happy they, who, through many stumblings, by much groping in thick darkness, with painful bruises and in sad tribulation, have reached the broad refreshing daylight of this conviction. Let them not regret the years that have been consumed. The remnant is the leaf of the sybil, its value enhanced by the antecedent destruction. Weep not over the afflictions that have been encountered in threading the labyrinths of passionate delusion. A prize has been gained worth all its cost; and we have now taken the first degree in the great university of human training.

All our refinements, in the end, resolve themselves into nothing more than an unpretending simplicity; for simplicity is itself the highest of refinements. Your "frogged" coat and your embroidered vest are indications from the circus and the theatre. Rings and jewels and *bijouterie*, though they may clink and sparkle innocently enough, do still suggest ideas of the faro-table and a predatory life; while gaudiness and assumption give rise to an inference that we are making the first attempt in a position above our habitude. The true voluptuary, he who regards pleasure as a science and would derive from existence all the delight it is capable of yielding, is economical in his enjoyments, and shuns the debauch as a serpent in the path. Ignorance may feed fat at its evening meal; but he who takes things in their connection, as if they were links in a continuous chain, looks beyond the hour, and is content with tea and toast; sweet sleep and a clear head on the morrow being essential items in his calculation. Whatever be the line of our travel and the nature of our experiences, we arrive at simplicity at last, if we are so fortunate as to survive the exploration; and those who have outlived this arduous task, which cannot be performed by proxy, and which is a conscription admitting of no substitute, will agree with us that gossip, goodly gossip, though sneered at by the immature, is, after all, the best of our entertainments. With no disparagement to the relish of professional pursuits—without invidiousness towards the ball-room, the dramatic temple, the concert, the

opera or the lecture, we must fall back upon the light web of conversation, upon chit-chat, upon gossip, an thou wilt have it so, as our mainstay and our chief reliance—as that *corps de reserve* on which our scattered and wearied forces are to rally.

What is there which will bear comparison as a recreating means, with the free and unstudied interchange of thought, of knowledge, of impression about men and things, and all that varied medley of fact, criticism and conclusion so continually fermenting in the active brain? Be fearful of those who love it not, and banish such as would imbibe its delights yet bring no contribution to the common stock. There are men who seek the reputation of wisdom by dint of never affording a glimpse of their capabilities, and impose upon the world by silent gravity—negative philosophers, who never commit themselves beyond the utterance of a self-evident proposition, or hazard their position by a feat of greater boldness than is to be found in the avowal of the safe truth which has been granted for a thousand years. There is a deception here, which should never be submitted to. Sagacity may be manifest in the nod of Burleigh's head; but it does not follow that all who nod are Burleighs. He who habitually says nothing, must be content if he be regarded as having nothing to say, and it is only a lack of grace on his part which precludes the confession. In this broad "Vienna" of human effort, the mere "looker-on" cannot be tolerated. It is not to be endured that any one should stand higher than his deserts, because he can contrive to hold his tongue and has just wit enough to dodge the question. And there is no force whatever in an unwillingness to give forth nonsense, or in the dread of making one's self ridiculous. It is part of our duty to be nonsensical and ridiculous at times, for the entertainment of the rest of the world; and, if not qualified for a more elevated share in the performance, why should we shrink from the *rôle* allotted to us by nature? Besides, if we are never to open our mouths until the unsealing of the aperture is to give evidence of a present Solomon, and to add something to the Book of Proverbs, we must, for the most part, stand like the statue of Harpocrates, with "still your finger on your lips, I pray." If we do speak, under such restrictions, it cannot well be, as the world is constituted, more than once or twice in the course of an existence, the rest of the sojourn upon earth being devoted to a sublimation of our thought. But always wise, sensible, sagacious, rational—always in wig and spectacles—always algebraic and mathematical—doctrinal and didactic—ever to sit like Franklin's portrait, with the index fixed upon "causality"—one might as well be a petrified "professor," or a William Penn bronzed upon a pedestal. There is nothing so good, either in itself or in its effects, as good nonsense. It is, in truth, the work of genius to produce the best article of the kind, and, if men and women cannot reach the climax in this particular, they owe it to the common welfare to soar as near it as their limited capacity will allow.

But, while it is regarded as a bounden duty upon all who enjoy the protection of society, to talk on proper occasions, both for the benefit of others, and that, for ulterior purposes, the strength of each individual may be properly appreciated, still there is no intention to undervalue the advantage afforded by good listeners. They are a source of blessing for which the talking world cannot be too grateful. Did they not exist, the vast steam engine of human ability would lack its safety-valve. Explosion would ensue, or we should murderously talk each other to death. The man fraught with intellectual product would find no market for its disposition. The quick fancies of his wit would beat against the bars in vain, and perish miserably by their own efforts to escape. Our thinkings are for exportation—not to be consumed within. There must be no embargo on the brain, or the factory is stopped by accumulating goods. Hence, the speaker and the listener combine to make a perfect whole. The one is the soil—the other the sun—the plant and that refreshing shower, which enables thé leaf to put forth and the bud to bloom. No man, whatever may be the intrinsic force of his genius, can form an idea of what he is capable until he is well listened to. Much of his power lies in the auditory. There is a subtle correspondence between them, which raises or depresses as the sympathetic intercommunication happens to be the more or less perfect in its vibrations. But there should be alternation in this, to develop human powers, to increase human affections, to complete the republic. There must be no division into exclusive classes, the one all vivacity, all pertness, all tongue—an unremitting volume of sound and a vocal perpetuity of motion; while the other, subdued and overwhelmed, curves into a huge concavity of ear, into a mere tympanum for the everlasting drummer to play upon. Where this happens to be the case, from colloquial encroachments on the one hand and from submissive dispositions on the other, there is a double degeneration—to words without meaning, and to hearing without heeding. They who are talked to beyond the bounds of salutary affliction, only escape the fatal result of being subjected to such cruelty, by emulating the rhinoceros in his impervious cuticle; so that the pattering storm of speech rebounds innocuously from the surface. They close the porches of the sense while elocution rages around them, and, snug within, cogitate securely upon their own ruminations. Turn from your florid rhetoric to the sharp interrogation, and you shall find the patient fast asleep as to external uproar, though his eyes be open. Nature has provided him with a safeguard—he has been bucklered by inattention, and has left you to your own applause.

To listen well, it is not enough that we yield, rescue or no rescue, and ask not for quarter when detained by the button or cornered in a *cul de sac*. More is required than hopeless resignation, as, with a sigh, we surrender to an inevitable fate. The abject look, so generally worn by the man who knows that he is going to be talked to, and evinces by his aspect that he has no hope of mercy, is unworthy of the heroic soul. It is emphatically an art, and it is scarcely necessary to state that there are moments when it is no easy art, to "lend me your ears" to our mutual profit and pleasure. This is not an anatomical demonstration we are upon, that the mere handing over of

the physical body is sufficient. Your imaginations are not to ramble all about the fields, nozzling in every bush and giving chase to every butterfly. The appropriate interjection is wanted, living, breathing, burning; nicely timed, too, and imperceptibly strengthening the oratorical wing—not like the Roman citizen of the mimic stage, whose accordance with Brutus and whose sympathies with Antony are stamped with that indifference which arises from supernumerary station, and whose limited share of the receipts causes him to care no more than the worth of fifty cents about "Cæsar's testament"—but as if the business were your own. It is imperative on you to adjust the countenance to the nicest expression of appreciating intelligence—to be in tune, not only in the tones of the voice, but in the cadence of the body—to display attention in the very play of the fingers—to laugh readily, just enough and no more, and to show by slight subsequent observation, that all which has been uttered is duly estimated, instead of bringing the speaker to the ground with a jarring shock, by betraying in an unconscious word, that his flight has been alone. The mere powers of endurance—fortitude, patience and long suffering—are indeed much; but still, they are but a part of what is demanded. If it were not so, the passive pump, which stands in sad aridity before the door, would answer every purpose. More is necessary than to be an unresisting recipient—a conversational "Deaf Burke," who can endure any amount of "punishment" without being much the worse for it. Like the red warrior at the stake, the perfect listener should so comport himself as to induce the belief that he has pleasure in his pain, and invites its increased continuance. He should be made up of tact and benevolence—of courage and humanity. His nerve should be strong—his perception nice. At one moment he needs forbearance, to suppress the almost irresistible interruption, and anon, his rapid powers of anticipation must be ridden with a curb. His philological expertness cannot be permitted to patch the gaps of hesitancy, by the impertinent suggestion of a word; but, when intuitive promptness is expected, a broken syllable should point the way to a desired conclusion. Worse, much worse than nothing, is the uneasy listener who, like "Sister Ann" upon the tower, gazes every way for relief, and "sees it galloping" at each passing cloud of dust, as if, in short, our beard were blue and our tongue were as remorseless and as sharp as a Turkish scimitar; and worse than Sister Ann is the abstracted companion, who knows nothing of the subjunctive mood, but endeavors to break the finely woven thread of your discourse by crossing you with irrelevant ideas—he who interrupts your pathetic revelations—perhaps of love—you were in love once—almost every body is—by coolly inquiring "when you saw Smith?"—As if you cared any thing about Smith—or were even thinking of Smith. Hang Smith!—Never suffer yourself thus to be overcome by Smith, and never talk to that man again, if another is to be had. Nor are kindly feelings to be entertained towards the accommodating friend, that provoking extract from the "Book of Martyrology," who sits him down as nearly as possible in the attitude which patience has upon a monument, and looks at your approach as if you were surgery itself, fresh from the schools, all glitter with instruments and draped in bandage—compassionating his hard lot, but setting his teeth to suffer. Mark it well. Should you propose to tell this fellow any thing—volunteering to explain to him how it happened, clearly and circumstantially and with no other view than to his enlightenment, be prepared for ingratitude in advance—ingratitude "more strong than traitor's arms." A cold reluctance is within him, and he tries to play Procrustes with your narrative by asking "how long it will take" to give it expression, his tolerance of you being measured horologically, as it were, by the hour-glass and dial. A shower-bath is warm encouragement compared to his notes of acquiescence; and if he do not yawn—what on earth are we to do with people that yawn?—is there no remedy in legislative action?—why, he always swears he understands—"oh, yes—perfectly"—while calculating the odds and chances of some distant speculation, to which you are not a party. It will be observed that individuals of such a sort are troubled with a propensity to know "what o'clock it is"—not that they have any particular interest in the hour, on their own personal account, but from a vague hope that the time of day may chance to have something in it alarming to you, and that you are to be scared from your present prey to attend to a remote engagement. A benevolent hearer never wants to know what o'clock it is. There is a morose misanthropy in the desire, of which he is incapable; and if an acquaintance with the precise moment be inadvertently forced upon him, he has no such cruelty in his bosom as to affect a look of surprise and consternation, while he hypocritically protests that he had "no idea it was so late." They who are loudest in saying they had "no idea it was so late," for the most part, fib. They had that idea and more. They believed that it was as late, and they hoped it might be a great deal later. They were waiting for the clock to sue out a *habeas corpus* in their case. "Didn't think it was so late," indeed. Pshaw! What question was there touching hours and minutes, when our story was but half developed? Were we singing to Maelzel's Metronome, pry'thee, that we are thus to be reminded of beats and bars and the prescribed measure of a stave? "Late," say'st thou? What is "late?"—There is no such thing as "late" in modern civilization. Steam has annihilated space, and the "dead-latch key" has left the word "late" a place in the vocabulary, no doubt; but it has been deprived of its operative meaning. When some one sat up for you, then lateness was possible; but now—do you see this little bar of steel, with its pendent and arabesque termination—this talismanic "open sesame?" "Late" expired when the powers of invention reached their climax in fashioning forth this curious instrument. No one can come in late. Sit thee still, and be not antediluvian. Now-a-days, and especially now-a-nights, it is always early enough.

But good listeners, as there has been unhappily too much occasion to show, are rarities. When they die, they should have monuments loftier far than that of

Cheops. Pyramids, with "forty centuries looking from their top," would not be too much of honor for such philanthropists; and to render education what it ought to be, the human family should be trained to listen, and, at the same time, taught to talk. To sit still with dignity and composure, is as difficult as to move with ease and grace; yet both are matters of importance in the work of refinement. But it is much more essential to success that our presence should be hailed with pleasure, because, whether speaking or being spoken to, the faculty is possessed of giving pleasure to those by whom we are surrounded. To converse well—to gossip delightfully, is an art that richly deserves to be studied. It does not follow that one is a conversationist, or a perfect gossip, by such endowments, valuable as they are when properly qualified by a little of the "allaying Tiber" of sound discretion, as fertility of mind, a magazine of facts, and a flood of fluency. "Did you ever hear me preach?" said Coleridge to Charles Lamb. "I never heard you do any thing else," was the sarcastic but truthful reply; and herein abides the common error. There is a fever of talkativeness, occasional with some, but constitutional in others, which is the bane of social enjoyment. "First-fiddleism" is as unpleasant to come in contact with, as to pass an evening encaged with a lion of literary, scientific, or metaphysical renown. Your Van Amburgs and your Driesbachs may be fitted for such an encounter, but mortals of inferior nerve find an unpleasant species of annihilation in the contact. Do not, then, attempt the lion's part, even if it be "nothing but roaring;" nor, unless assured past doubt that you possess the skill of Nicolo Paganini, is it over wise to compel protracted attention to your single string, when others have quite as strong a desire to scrape their Cremonas as that which burns in your own musical bosom. Play no more than is necessary to the harmonious effect of the whole orchestra; and, should an occasion offer for a solo, give it and be done. Monopoly in discourse is "most tolerable, and not to be endured." It should be punishable by statute, thus to invade the inalienable right of utterance.

It is not even freedom to go abroad when the garrulous kite has wing, to swoop upon his quarry. The liberty—the life itself—of the citizen is at stake, from that stoutly timbered magazine of words, who, strengthened by practice, and warmed by self-complacency, sustains no injury from wind or weather, and will dilate for hours, in frosty streets, to those who come within the dreadful clutch. We see him now



smiling in conscious triumph, as his prize shivers, shakes, and trembles almost to spectral nothingness, and feels most sadly that this is not all his sufferings—that catarrhs and feverous aches and pains creep into him at every word. Homicidal—is it not, thus to thin out our population? An oversight in criminal jurisprudence, to let destruction forth into the highways, to run at unprotected men. Cunning doctors do

not note it in their cautions, and the bills of mortality are silent on the subject; but it is no less a truth, that though the sufferer may sometimes be able to travel homeward after the catastrophe, he often gets him to his bed, if he escape the undertaker, from such combined assaults of breeze and bore as are now before us. Wouldst thou despatch thine enemy? What need of steel or poison—why lurk in slouched hat, in moustache or with stiletto? There is a safer method, and, having no other accomplice than the thermometer, waylay him as he goes, with smiling face and oiled tongue. You have him there, and safely too. Chemistry has no surer poison, if you hold him fast; and justice has no cognizance of the deed.

. . . . . .

The true conversationist requires as nice a balance of qualities as the adroit swordsman. He should have an eye, an ear and a tongue, equally on the alert, perfectly under control, and skilled to act together. It is his duty to be able to mark the moment when a slumbering idea is awakened in the mind of another, and to afford opportunity for its development. When the thought quivers in an almost inaudible murmur upon the lips of the timid, it is not to be suppressed in premature death by the rattling noise of practiced confidence; not to be driven over, if we may so describe it, by each hackney cab that thunders up the street. It claims to be deferentially educed, not so much by a display of patronizing encouragement, which is almost as fatal as harsh disregard, but by that respectful attention which creates no painful sense of inferiority. He cannot pretend to civilization, who, in his wild dance of intellectual excitement, tramples under his massive foot all the little chickens of our imagination, and scares each half fledged fancy back to its native shell. Be it rather your pleasure to chirp the tremblers forth to the corn of praise and the sunshine of approbation. Who has not found himself to be totally absorbed by the volubility of others; so that he could neither find subject nor words, even when an interval was left for their exercise? And who has not often been debarred from the delight of speaking altogether, merely because he had not space to set himself fully in motion? Many, perhaps, have resigned themselves to the taciturnity of La Trappe and have gone voiceless to their graves, from injudicious treatment in this respect. The humane citizen, then, will not of himself take all the labor of talking, lest he may be inadvertently stifling a Demosthenes, and smothering a Cicero—a case, it is true, which does not very often happen, though it might happen.

And, besides, let it be remarked, there is no fact, in our day of innovation, scheming and discovery—when we reform, remodel, and lay our hands upon every thing—which deserves to be more strongly imprinted on the recollection than this, that man does not go forth into society, "no, nor woman neither," armed, *cap-à-pie*, like a gladiator, to battle for opinion, or to thrust the sword of conversion through reluctant ribs. Let such things be confined to the dedicated halls of controversial debate, where one may be polemically impaled, *secundum artem*, expecting no better treatment. It is good to be wise—"merry and wise," saith the song; but then wisdom need not always be at our throat with spoon and bowl, determined to administer nutriment, without regard to the state of the appetite. Did it never occur to you, my game friend, as you strapped on your gaffs, and crowed defiance at a rooster of another feather, that the rest of the social circle do not derive your pleasure from the set-to, and would gladly be excused from being annoyed by the argumentative combat? And, as for hobbies, they prance prettily enough on their proper ground; but do not let them caracole in the parlor. People would rather be kicked by any thing than by other people's hobbies; and, then, these hobbies, being merely composed of wood and leather, are never wearied, and cannot stop. They outstrip everybody, and carry none with them. Hark, in your ear. Leave hobby at home; he will not be restive or break things, when you are not by. It is disagreeable to be ridden down by these unaccommodating quadrupeds. Folks do not like it.

The engrossing idea, too, should be hung up with the hat in the vestibule. It is near enough there; and, admitting that you have troubles of your own, ambitions of your own, prospects of your own, projects and inventions of your own, let it always be borne distinctly in mind that this, singular as it may appear, is, to a certain degree, the case with several other individuals of your acquaintance. What right they have to an engrossing idea when yours wishes to awaken their sympathies, is a point of equity which we cannot take it upon ourselves to decide; but it is so, nevertheless, as the groaning soldier found when rebuked by a wounded officer for making so much noise over his hurts, "as if, forsooth, no one is hit but yourself."—"Am I then reposing on a bed of roses?" said Guatemozin, in a similar spirit, to his complaining courtier, when Spanish cruelty had stretched them upon the glowing grate; and every man has, to some extent, a gridiron to himself.—To push this point still further, are they entitled to rank with conversationists, who stand as greyhounds on the slip, with straining eyes and quivering limbs, heedless of all remark, and waiting only till an opening be made, that they may course their peculiar game, rabbit or otherwise, as the case may be? Are they qualified gossips, who only talk to exercise the organ, and to luxuriate on the sound of their own sweet voices?—who, at last, dash forward over every impediment, and, by their bad example, like prairie horses in a stampede, set the whole circle into a very Babel of tongues—into what we may call a steeple chase, straight across the country, and through any man's field—each for himself, boot and saddle, whip and spur? Nay, never think it. He is scant in his schooling who shifts impatiently from foot to foot when another has the floor—who darts his restless head into the aperture of every pause, in the hope that the shoulders may be permitted to follow, and who is only kept in abeyance by those stentorian lungs which crush the puny interruption.

No—to gossip well is a delicate thing—a game of address—a school of self-command—an academy for nice perceptions. To be skilled in it, involves the

main points of an accomplished gentleman. It furnishes, moreover, a key to character. The selfish man cannot be versed in it, for he has no appreciation of the minor rights of others, and, in this garden, no compulsory code exists to prevent him from pocketing all the fruit. Harshness is incompatible with it, for it is the very essence of respectful consideration. The domineering spirit cannot gain laurels here; while pride and vanity display themselves in their true colors. The proselytes of Lavater and the disciples of Combe may, by their science, be enabled to read the soul; but, as the one traces the lines of the countenance, and the other toils among the hills and valleys of the skull, the surest observer of disposition is he who notes the deportment of those bearing part in the animated gossip. Before him, the secret unrolls like a map, and the geography of the heart is familiar to his searching eye. When the glow lights up within, there is a ray behind the best adjusted mask which reveals the features as they are.

As the day is utilitarian, the *cui bono*, the advantage and the profit, form a material part of every matter, and it will be found that to cultivate these responsive faculties—to add the art of hearing and of speaking to the catalogue of accomplishments—has a moral as well as a pleasure in it. A skillful talker, who is, at the same time, a thorough listener, is not a spontaneity—an unlessoned creature. Oaks do not bear such acorns. The spirit of such a one, if feeble, has been strengthened. His temper, if tempestuous, has been subdued. He has sympathies, cultivated and refined. He feels for those around him, in great things and in small. He is that wisest of philosophers, the well regulated man of the world, who shuns the wrong because he knows its evils, and adopts the right from having proved it to be an essential to his own happiness, and the happiness of others. And what contributes more largely to this important end than a perfect system of hearing and of being heard? Nature does not furnish it. To be nothing more than natural is to be an egotist, a glutton, a monopolizer. That the untrained steed has power enough, is not to be disputed; but, in the simplicity of his unsophisticated heart, he is apt to apply his strength in an uncomfortable manner to those who wander within range of his heel, never thinking that the joy he derives from the rapid extension of his locomotive muscles is not likely to be reciprocated on our part. He is not aware of the difference of sensation between kicking and being kicked, which is often a point to be considered. It is even so with bipeds, who have not properly undergone the discipline of the *ménage*. It cannot be denied that the child of nature has something in him of the poetical; but, in practice, he is likely to border on the uncouth and uncontrollable.

If, therefore, after the experiment of a year, according to our suggestion, it be found that the trial do not bring out the better constituents of character, while restraining those of less amiability, why, continue to chatter, without stint or limitation, to the end of your days, and throw no chance away unless compelled to it by exhaustion; or, if it please you, sit in sulky silence, and have never a word by way of change.

"A PLEASANT BOOK OF PLEASANT RHYMES."

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

A PLEASANT book of pleasant rhymes
I dearly love to read,
For then I muse on former times,
When I was young indeed—
Young in heart and young in form,
With cheeks like ruddy roses,
And all my thoughts were bright and warm
As a bank where the sun reposes.

The words the poet utters fall
Like a golden shower of rain,
And all my early dreams recall
Till they bud and bloom again;
I forget the world and its dusty toil
And cast aside my sorrow,
And forbear my present joy to spoil
With fears of a dark to-morrow.

It makes me glad to read of days
When men were frank and bold,
And life was spent in happier ways
Than a constant strife for gold;
When love was earnest and faith was strong,
And honor was more than breath,
And the bard uplifted a triumph-song
For the warrior cold in death.

Oh, there were themes for a sounding lyre
In the valiant times gone by,
And it warms the blood, like a winter fire,
When the snows are piling high,
To read the rhymes of a minstrel bright,
Whose fancy sports and dances
And fills the night with the rare delight
Of his quaint, old, rich romances!

TO FLORA.

THERE 's something in that eye of thine
That sparkles brighter far
Than diamond from the Indian mine
Or Evening's dewy star.

The roses on thy cheek will die,
And all thy charms decay,
But the keen lustre of that eye
No time can steal away.

For 't is not Youth's fast fleeting beam,
Nor Passion's feverish glare,
Nor Hope's uncertain wavering gleam—
'T is Genius lightens there.

GNOMAN.

JOHN SHAW.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE PIONEERS," "RED ROVER," ETC.

AMONG the many brave Irishmen who, first and last, have manifested their courage, and shown how strong is the sympathy between the people of their native island and this country, the subject of this sketch is entitled to occupy a highly honorable place. There was a short period, indeed, when his name and services stood second to none on the list of gallant seamen with which the present navy of the republic commenced its brilliant career. Those whose memories extend as far back as the commencement of the century, and who are familiar with naval events, will readily recall how often they were required to listen to his successes and his deeds.

The family of John Shaw was of English origin. In 1690, however, his grandfather, an officer in the commissariat of King William's army, passed into Ireland, on service, where he appears to have married and established himself. The son, who was the father of our subject, served as an officer in the fourth regiment of heavy horse, on the Irish establishment. He was actively and creditably employed with his regiment in the war of '56, serving no less than four years in Germany. During this time he was present at several battles, including that of Minden. In 1763, this gentleman returned to Ireland, shortly after marrying Elizabeth Barton, of Kilkenna. In 1779, he quitted the army altogether, retiring to a farm. The family of Barton, like that of Shaw, was also English, and had come into Ireland with the army with which Cromwell invaded that country, in 1649.

John Shaw was born at Mt. Mellick, Queen's county, Ireland, in the year 1773, or while his father was still in the army. There were several older children, and, the family becoming numerous, his education was limited, from necessity, to such as could be obtained at a country school, of the ordinary character. The means of providing for so many children early occupied the father's thoughts, and, at the proper time, the matter was laid fairly before two of the older sons, for their own consideration. One of these sons was John. This occurred in 1790, when the lad was in his seventeenth year. The father recommended America, as the most promising theatre for their future exertions; the advice agreeing with the inclinations of the youths, John and an elder brother sailed for New York, which port they reached in December of the same year. After remaining a short time in New York, the subject of our sketch proceeded to Philadelphia, then the political capital and largest town of the infant republic. Here he delivered various letters of introduction, when he determined to push his fortunes on the ocean, of which he had had a taste in the passage out.

In March, 1791, young Shaw sailed for the East Indies, being then nearly eighteen years of age. The destination of the ship was, in truth, China, all those distant seas going, in the parlance of seamen, under the general name of the Indies. The first voyage appears to have produced no event of any particular interest. It served, however, to make the youth familiar with his new profession, and to open the way to preferment. In the intervals between his voyages to Canton, of which he seems to have made four in the next six years, he was occupied in improving himself, and in serving in counting-houses, as a clerk. On the second voyage, the ship he was in, the Sampson, was attacked by a number of Malay prows, during a calm. This occurred in the Straits of Banca, and in the night. The attack appears to have been vigorous and the situation of the vessel critical. Notwithstanding she kept up so brisk a fire from six four-pounders as to compel several of her assailants to haul off, to repair their damages. A breeze coming, the Sampson was brought under command, and soon cleared herself from her enemies, who ran for the island of Borneo. This was the first occasion on which Shaw met with real service.

While on shore, young Shaw had joined that well-known body of irregular volunteers, known as the Macpherson Blues. This corps was probably, when its size is considered, the most respectable, as regards efficiency, discipline, appearance, and the characters of its members, that ever existed in the country. Several hundred of the most respectable young men of Philadelphia were in its ranks, and many of the more distinguished citizens did not disdain its service. It volunteered, in 1794, to march against the insurgents in western Pennsylvania, young Shaw shouldering his kit and his musket with the rest. The troops did not return to Philadelphia until the close of the year, having marched early in the autumn.*

* An anecdote is related of one of the "citizen-soldiers" in this expedition, which is worthy of being recorded. The person referred to was a German by birth, of the name of Koch, and was well known in Philadelphia, in his day, as a large out-door underwriter. He died some ten or twelve years since, in Paris, whither he had gone for the benefit of the climate, leaving a fortune estimated at $1,200,000. Mr. Koch, like young Shaw, was a private in the Macpherson Blues. It fell to his lot one night to be stationed sentinel over a baggage-wagon. The weather was cold, raw, stormy and wet. This set the sentinel musing. After remaining on post half an hour, he was heard calling lustily, "Corporal of der guartz—Corporal of der guartz." The corporal came, and inquired what was wanting. Koch wished to be relieved for a few minutes, having something to say to Macpherson. He was gratified, and in a few minutes he stood in the presence of the general, "Well, Mr. Koch, what is your pleasure?" asked Macpherson. "Why, yeneral, I wish to know what may be der value of dat d—d wagon over which I am shentinel?" "How the d—l should I know, Koch?" "Well, somet'ing approximative—not to be barticular." "A thousand dollars, perhaps." "Very well, Yeneral Macpherson, I write a sheck for der money, and den I will go to bets."

In the third of his voyages to Canton, young Shaw was the third officer of the ship, and the fourth he made as her first officer. This was quick preferment, and furnishes proof in itself that his employers had reason to be satisfied with his application and character.

Four voyages to China gave our young sailor so much professional knowledge and reputation as to procure him a vessel. Near the close of the year 1797, he sailed for the West Indies, as master of a brig, returning to Baltimore the succeeding May. This was at a moment when the American trade was greatly depredated on by the French privateers, and Mr. Shaw had much reason to complain of the treatment he received at their hands. The Spring of 1798, or the moment of his return to this country, was precisely that when the armaments against France were in progress, and Mr. Shaw felt strongly disposed, on more accounts than one, to take service in the infant navy. Dale sailed in the Ganges, the first vessel out, on the 22d of May, the very month when the brig of Mr. Shaw reached Baltimore.

Soon after this important event an application was made to the Navy Department in behalf of Mr. Shaw, and being sustained by the late Gen. Samuel Smith, and other men of influence in Baltimore, he was commissioned as a lieutenant. Mr. Shaw's place on the list must have been about the thirtieth, though promotions soon raised him much nearer to the top. Rodgers, Preble, James Barron, Bainbridge, Stewart, Hull and Sterret were all above him; while he ranked Chauncey, John Smith, Somers, Decatur, &c. At this time, Mr. Shaw was five and twenty years of age.

Soon after receiving his appointment, our subject was ordered to join the Montezuma, 20, Capt. Alexander Murray; a ship bought into the service, as one of the hasty equipments of the period. From the date of his commission, there is not much doubt that Mr. Shaw was the senior lieutenant of this vessel; at all events, if he did not hold this rank on joining her, he obtained it before she had been long in service.

The Montezuma did not get to sea until November, 1798, when she proceeded to the West Indies, the Norfolk 18, Capt. Williams, and Retaliation 12, Lieut. Com. Bainbridge, sailing in company. While cruising off Guadaloupe, the same month, the Americans were chased by two French frigates, le Volontaire and l'Insurgente. The Retaliation was captured, and the ship and brig escaped only by the address of Lieut. Com. Bainbridge, who induced the French commander to recall l'Insurgente by signal, by exaggerating the force of the two Americans. The Montezuma remained in the West Indies, convoying and cruising, until October, 1799, when she was compelled to come home to get a new crew, and to refit. This year of active service in a vessel of war, added to the seamanship obtained in his voyages to Canton, made Mr. Shaw a good officer, Capt. Murray having come out of the war of the Revolution, though only a lieutenant in rank, with the reputation of being one of the most active and best man-of-war's men of the service.

Our young Irishman had no reason to complain of his luck in the country of his adoption. He had now been at sea but nine years, and in America the same time, when he found himself fairly enlisted in an honorable service, and in the possession of very respectable rank. His good fortune, however, did not stop here. During the late cruise Mr. Shaw had won the respect and regard of his commander, who was a gentleman of highly respectable family, and who possessed considerable naval influence in particular, being allied to the Nicholsons, and other families of mark. Through the warm recommendations of Capt. Murray, Mr. Shaw was appointed to a separate command, and was at once placed in the way of carving out a name for himself.

The vessel to which Lieut. Com. Shaw was appointed was built on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and was a schooner that was pierced for twelve long sixes, a species of gun that preceded the use of the light carronades. She was called the Enterprise, and subsequently became celebrated in the service, for her extraordinary good fortune and captures. A few years later, Porter had her lengthened at Venice, and pierced for two more guns, and in the end she was converted into a brig, terminating her career, under the late Capt. Galligher, by shipwreck, in the West Indies. In the course of her service, the Enterprise fought nine or ten actions, in all of which she was either completely successful, or came off with credit. It was her officers and men, too, in a great measure, that carried the Philadelphia, in the harbor of Tripoli, and Decatur's own boat was manned from her, in the desperate hand-to-hand conflict that occurred under the rocks before that town. In one sense, she was more useful than any other craft that ever sailed under the flag.

Lieut. Com. Shaw got to sea in the Enterprise, with a crew of seventy-six men on board, in December, 1799. He proceeded to the Windward Island station. In February, 1800, on his return from Curaçoa, off the east end of Porto Rico, Shaw fell in with the Constellation 38, Com. Truxtun, thirty-six hours after her warm engagement with la Vengeance, a ship of larger size, heavier and more guns, and a stronger crew. The Constellation, as is well known, had been partly dismasted in the battle, and was now making the best of her way to Jamaica. Com. Truxtun sent the Enterprise to Philadelphia with despatches, where she arrived fifteen days later, having experienced heavy gales on the coast.

Lieut. Com. Shaw left the Delaware again, in March, having orders to proceed off Cape François with despatches for Com. Talbot. Having delivered his despatches, he proceeded on to join Com. Truxtun at Jamaica. Off the eastern end of the island, however, he fell in with an English sloop of war, and ascertained that the Constellation had sailed for home, when he immediately hauled up for St. Kitts, the rendezvous of the windward squadron. While off the Mona Passage, working up toward her station, the Enterprise saw a large brig to the southward and eastward, to which she gave chase, with the American ensign flying. Gaining on the chase, the latter showed Spanish colors, and opened a fire on the schooner, when about a mile distant. Lieut. Com.

Shaw stood on, keeping his luff until he had got well on the brig's quarter, when, determined not to be fired on without resenting it, he poured in a broadside upon the Spaniard. A sharp conflict ensued, the brig mounting eighteen guns, and having heavier metal than her antagonist. After exchanging their fire for twenty minutes the vessels separated, without any explanations, each being seemingly satisfied of the national character of the other. This was the first affair of the gallant little Enterprise, and it might be taken as a pledge of the spirit with which she was to be sailed and fought, during the twenty succeeding years. Both vessels suffered materially in this combat, though little was said of it, even at the time, and it appears not to have led to any political dissension. The American went into St. Thomas to refit.

In the port of St. Thomas there happened to be lying, at the time, a large French lugger, that mounted twelve guns, and is said to have had a crew of a hundred souls on board. The commander of this lugger sent a civil message to Lieut. Shaw, naming an hour when he should be pleased to make a trial of strength in the offing. As soon as this proposal was mentioned to the crew of the American schooner, it was accepted with three cheers, and the enemy was duly apprised of the fact.

At the time named in the challenge, Lieut. Shaw got under way, and stood into the offing. Here he hove-to, waiting for his antagonist to come out. Observing that the lugger did not lift her anchor, he fired a shot in the direction of the harbor. This signal was repeated several times, during the remainder of the day, without producing any effect. After dark, the Enterprise bore up, and ran down to leeward of St. Croix, where she continued cruising for several days; during which time she captured a small letter-of-marque, and carried her into St. Kitts.

After filling up his water and provisions, Lieut. Com. Shaw sailed again immediately. A day or two out, or in May, 1800, he fell in with, and brought to action a French privateer schooner, called la Seine, armed with four guns, and having a complement of fifty-four men The combat was short, but exceedingly spirited, the Frenchman making a most desperate resistance. He did not yield until he had twenty-four of his crew killed and wounded, and his sails and rigging cut to pieces. The Enterprise had a few men hurt also. The prize was manned and sent into St. Kitts.

Two weeks later, the Enterprise being to leeward of Guadaloupe, chased and engaged another privateer called la Citoyenne, carrying six guns, and manned with fifty-seven men. Like la Seine, la Citoyenne held out and fought to the last, refusing to strike so long as a hope of escape remained. When she struck it was ascertained that she had lost four men killed, beside having eleven men wounded. Capt. Shaw always spoke of the obstinacy of the resistance made by these two gallant Frenchmen with great respect. In the two affairs, the Enterprise had a marine killed and seven men wounded. La Citoyenne was also manned and sent into St. Kitts.

The Enterprise next went off Porto Rico. Here Lieut. Com. Shaw heard that two American mariners were sentenced to death for having killed two Frenchmen in an attempt to recapture their vessel. These seamen had been twice taken to the place of execution and reprieved, suffering, in addition to this cruel trifling, much in the way of ordinary treatment. In the struggle in which the Frenchmen fell, they had actually succeeded, but were recaptured before they could reach a port. Shortly after the Enterprise went into St. Kitts, when Lieut. Shaw made known the situation of these captives to the American agent for prisoners, and an abortive attempt was made to obtain their release. The affair was not finally disposed of, however, before the Enterprise sailed on another cruise.

Lieut. Com. Shaw now passed between Antigua and Desirade, where he made a large three-masted French lugger, which he immediately recognized as the vessel that had sent him the challenge at St. Thomas. The Enterprise closed in expectation of an engagement, but, after exchanging a few shot, the lugger hauled down her colors. This vessel proved to be the same as that which had sent the challenge, and from the feebleness of her resistance, in connection with the other circumstances, we are left to suppose some artifice led to her defiance. On board the prize were several officers of the French army, one of whom proved to be of the rank of a major-general. The Enterprise went into St. Kitts with the lugger, and no sooner did she arrive than Lieut. Com. Shaw put the general and a captain in close confinement, as hostages for the security of the two condemned Americans. Care was taken to let this fact be known at Guadaloupe, and it had its influence.

In the mean time, Com. Truxtun arrived on the station, and he supported Mr. Shaw in what he had done. Matters now looked so serious that the general asked permission to be sent, on his parole, to Guadaloupe, to arrange the difficulty in person. His request was granted, and, within the month, he returned, bringing back the liberated Americans in his company. Mr. Shaw's spirit and decision obtained for him much credit with the authorities of the period, and were doubtless the means of saving two brave men much additional suffering, if not ignominious deaths.

While the affair of the condemned mariners was in progress, Lieut. Com. Shaw did not keep his schooner idle in port. She had now become a favorite little cruiser, and was seldom at anchor longer than was necessary to repair damages, or take in supplies. In June she was cruising to leeward of Guadaloupe, when she fell in with another privateer called l'Aigle; a very fast and destructive cruiser, of nearly the Enterprise's force, as she carried ten guns, and had seventy-eight men on board. L'Aigle had cut up both the English and American trade very extensively, nor had her commander any objections to engage, although the Enterprise was so handled as to leave her no choice. The vessels crossed each other on opposite tacks, the American to leeward, but close aboard her enemy. Each delivered her broadside in passing, with considerable effect. The helm of the Enterprise was put down in the smoke, and she shot

rapidly up into the wind, tacking directly athwart the Frenchman's wake. This was done so quickly as to enable the American to discharge four of her six guns fairly into the enemy's stern, raking her with great effect. The enemy was now evidently in confusion, and his schooner coming round, Mr. Shaw laid the enemy aboard to windward, firing but one more gun; or eleven in all. The Americans met with no resistance, finding the crew of l'Aigle below. At first this circumstance excited surprise, the French commander having one of the greatest reputations of any privateersman in the West Indies, and being known to be as resolute as he was skillful.

On examaning the state of the prize, however, it was ascertained that a round shot had struck the French commander on the upper part of his forehead, tearing away the scalp, and he lay for dead, on deck. He recovered his senses in the end, and survived the injury. Another shot had passed directly through the breast of the first lieutenant. Nor was the fate of the second lieutenant much better than that of his commander. A shot had also grazed his head, carrying away a part of one ear, and much of the skin, throwing him on deck senseless. It was owing to these singular casualties that the men, finding themselves without leaders, deserted their quarters when the American boarded.

L'Aigle had three men killed and nine wounded, in this short affair. Three of the Enterprise's people were wounded, but no one was slain. The prize was sent in, as usual, and Mr. Shaw immediately prepared for farther service.

In July, this gallant little schooner, then cruising to leeward of Dominico, fell in with Le Flambeau, another privateer of note in those seas. This vessel, a brig, was every way superior to the Enterprise, mounting the same number of guns, it is true, but of heavier metal, and having a crew on board of one hundred and ten souls. She had also a reputation for sailing and working well, and was commanded by a brave and experienced seaman.

The Flambeau was seen by the Americans over night, but could not close. Next morning, she was discovered sweeping toward them in a calm. Lieut. Com. Shaw allowed her to approach, until the sea breeze struck his schooner, when he immediately set every thing, and crowded sail in chase. The brig spread all her canvas, and both vessels went off free, for some time, with studding-sails set. The Flambeau was apparently disposed to observe before she permitted the Enterprise to come any nearer. While running, in this manner, at a rapid rate, through the water, the Frenchman, who was then carrying studding-sails on both sides, suddenly hauled up close on a wind, boarding his starboard tack. The Enterprise did the same, hauling up nearly in her wake. In this manner the chase continued, the Enterprise gaining, until the vessels got within range of musketry, when the Flambeau opened a heavy fire with that species of arms. The Enterprise returned the fire in the same manner, until close aboard of her enemy, when Lt. Com. Shaw edged a little off, shortened sail, and received a broadside. This discharge was immediately returned, and a spirited fire was kept up for about twenty minutes. Finding himself getting the worst of the combat, the Frenchman hauled all his sheets flat aft, luffed, and tacked. The Enterprise endeavored to imitate this manœuvre, but unluckily she missed stays. There remained no other expedient for Lieut. Com. Shaw but to trim every thing that would draw, get round as fast as he could, and endeavor to get along side of his enemy by his superiority of sailing. This was done, and the firing recommenced. The foretopmast of le Flambeau had been badly wounded, and men were seen aloft endeavoring to secure it, when, a flaw of wind striking the brig, the spar came down, carrying six men with it overboard. As the Flambeau was running away from the spot where the accident happened, and the Enterprise was fast coming up to it, the latter lowered a boat, and saved all the Frenchmen. A few minutes later, she ranged close along side her enemy, when le Flambeau struck.* The action lasted forty minutes, and had been hotly contested on both sides. Le Flambeau had forty men killed and wounded, and the Enterprise eight or ten. The Frenchman was hulled repeatedly, and among other accidents that befell him a shot passed through his medicine chest, while the surgeon was busy operating on the hurt. The prize was carried to St. Kitts, and, in the end, all the proceeds were adjudged to the officers and people of the Enterprise, as having captured a vessel of superior force. In the engagement, the Enterprise mustered eighty-three souls, all told.

This was one of the warmest actions of the war of 1798. It added largely to the reputation of the schooner and her gallant commander, the services of both having been unusually brilliant for the force employed. Active as our subject had been, he was not content to remain idle, going to sea again as soon as he had repaired damages.

In August, Lieut. Shaw, cruising in the Antigua passage, fell in with another French privateer, in the night. The French endeavored to escape, but, after a chase of five hours, the Enterprise got him fairly under her guns, when he struck. This vessel proved to be la Pauline, of six guns and forty men. The French consul at Porto Rico was a passenger in this vessel. La Pauline was sent into St. Kitts, like all her predecessors.

In September, still cruising in the Antigua passage, Lieut. Shaw captured, after firing a few guns, a letter-of-marque, called le Guadaloupéenne a vessel of seven guns and forty-five men. On board the prize was found the same general officer who had been taken in the three-masted lugger and exchanged, and who now became a prisoner, the second time, to Lieut. Com. Shaw, in the same season.

How much longer this success and activity would have continued, it is hard to say; but, by this time,

* This account of the combat between the Enterprise and le Flambeau differs, in several particulars, from that given by the writer in his History of the Navy of the United States. The account in the latter work was written from the statements of an officer of the Enterprise, who admitted that he trusted altogether to memory. The present account is taken from memoranda made by Captain Shaw, himself, and is doubtless correct.

the health of Mr. Shaw was suffering severely through the influence of the climate, and, induced to follow the advice of his medical attendants, he asked to be relieved. The malady was a continued diarrhœa, and was not to be neglected in that latitude. Highly as the activity of Mr. Shaw was appreciated, he was ordered to transfer the command of the Enterprise to Lieut. Sterret, late of the Constellation, and permitted to sail for the United States in the Petapsco, sloop of war, where he arrived late in November. Lieut. Shaw did not reach Washington until early in January, 1801, where he was personally thanked by the President for his services. The Secretary also paid him a similar compliment. He was promised promotion, and had actually received verbal orders to prepare to go to Boston, where he was to assume the charge of the Berceau, a prize corvette of twenty-six guns, which was a post-captain's command. This arrangement, however, was defeated by the progress of the negotiations, and a treaty of peace was ratified by the Senate the following month.

In March, 1801, Mr. Jefferson's administration commenced, and the peace establishment law, which had been passed under the government of his predecessor in office, was now carried into effect. The Berceau was restored to the French by the conditions of the treaty, and, so far from promoting any of inferior rank, there existed the necessity of disbanding the greater portion of the gentlemen already on the list of captains. Of more than thirty captains and commanders then in service, but nine of the former rank were to be retained. The law, however, directed that thirty-six lieutenants were to continue on the list. This was a reduction of nearly three-fourths, and it became a serious question who was, and who was not to be disbanded.

Under ordinary circumstances, there is little question that Mr. Shaw, a native of a foreign country, and without political support, with less than twelve years' residence, and not yet three years' service in the navy, would have been among those who would be compelled to retire. But, the cruise of the Enterprise had been far too brilliant to suffer this injustice. In six months that schooner had captured eight privateers and letters-of-marque, and fought five spirited actions; two of which were with vessels of superior force. In four of these actions she had actually captured her antagonists, and in that in which the combatants separated as not being lawfully belligerents as respects each other, she had nobly sustained the honor of the flag. It was impossible to overlook such service, and Mr. Shaw was retained in his proper rank. His name appears as fourth on the list of lieutenants, under the peace establishement law, leaving Stewart, Hull, and Sterret above him.

In the spring of 1801, the government sent the George Washington 28, armed *en flute*, into the Mediterranean, with the tribute for Algiers. To this vessel Lieut. Com. Shaw was appointed, as honorable a command as could be connected with such duty. After delivering the stores, the ship remained out, convoying and looking after the interests of the American trade, until the following year, when she returned to America. The whole service occupied about a twelve-month; the usual extent of a cruise in that day, when crews were shipped for only a year. On her return home, the George Washington, which had been an Indiaman bought into the navy, was sold and returned to her original occupation.

By the new law Mr. Shaw was now put on lieutenant's half-pay, which, at that period of the history of the navy, was only twenty dollars a month. Necessity compelled him to ask for a furlough, on receiving which he made a voyage as master to Canton, touching at the Isle of France. On this voyage he was absent about eighteen months, returning to the United States in September, 1804. Previously to this, Mr. Shaw had married a lady of Philadelphia of the name of Palmer. Elizabeth Palmer was of a family of Friends, but attachment to the subject of our biography induced her to break the rigid laws of her sect, and, of course, submit to being rejected by her church. It was this marriage, and the birth of one or two children, that compelled Mr. Shaw to seek service in the Indiaman just mentioned.

During his absence on the India voyage, or May 22d, 1804, the rank of master commandants was restored to the navy, by the promotion of the eight oldest lieutenants. Of course, Capt. Shaw became the fourth officer of that rank then in service. This was at the moment when Preble was carrying on his brilliant operations before Tripoli, and the subject of gun-boats was much discussed in the naval circles. Early in January, 1805, Capt. Shaw addressed a letter to the Secretary, offering to carry a flotilla of these craft into the Mediterranean. His idea was to build them in time to sail in March, expecting to be able to reach the point of operations in the succeeding May. To this offer, Capt. Shaw annexed a request that the commodore on the station should be instructed to give him the command of the gunboats he should succeed in navigating in front of the enemy's port. The arrival of Com. Preble, in this country, induced the government to construct the boats, but Capt. Shaw, himself, was appointed to the command of the John Adams 28, and in May he sailed for the Mediterranean, having three of the gunboats in company. On their arrival on the station, it was found that peace had been made, and shortly after the John Adams returned home. The ship was now laid up in ordinary, at Washington, at which port she had arrived in December, after a cruise of seven months.

Capt. Shaw received orders to repair to New Orleans in January, 1806, or the month after his return home, with directions to construct a flotilla of gunboats, for the service of those waters. This was the commencement of the great gunboat system in the country, those already in use having been built for special service abroad. The following winter he was made acquainted with the existence of the plot of Burr. This compelled him to use extraordinary exertions to equip a force equal to commanding the river, under circumstances of this nature. Early in February, he appeared off Natchez, with a flotilla mounting sixty-one guns, and manned with four hundred and forty-eight seamen and soldiers. The two ketches, Ætna and

Vesuvius had joined him in the river, composing more than a third of this force. The services of Capt. Shaw, on this occasion, met with the approbation of the government.

After the dispersion of Burr's force, Capt. Shaw was ordered to Washington, and was sent to Richmond, as a witness on the trial of the accused. At the close of the year 1807, he was commanded to sit on the court which tried Com. Barron for the affair of the Chesapeake, having been promoted to the rank of a post-captain the 27th August, previously.

After the court rose, Capt. Shaw received orders, of the date of May, 1808, to take charge of the navy yard at Norfolk. On this station he continued until August, 1810, when he was commanded to proceed, once more, to New Orleans. On this occasion, he repaired to his station by land. On reaching Natches, he met Governor Claiborne, who had been directed to seize Baton Rouge. A flotilla of gunboats had been lying off Natches some time, and, taking command of it, Capt. Shaw covered the débarkation of the troops that effected this piece of service.

During the year 1811, Capt. Shaw was principally engaged in making preparations to defend New Orleans, in the event of a war with Great Britain. He examined all the approaches to the place, though the storm blew over, and little was done by the government toward effecting this important object. These labors, however, were of service when the war so suddenly and unexpectedly broke out, the following year. As the enemy paid no great attention to this part of the country until late in the war, Capt. Shaw had little other duty to perform, while he remained on this station, than to make such preparations as his means and orders allowed. Among other things, he commenced the construction of a heavy block ship, that subsequently was used in the defence of the place. In 1813, Gen. Wilkinson seized Mobile, Capt. Shaw commanding the maritime part of the expedition. On this duty the latter was employed about three months, having a strong division of gunboats and light cruisers under his orders. On this occasion, the navy transported the guns and stores to the point, where the troops erected the work subsequently rendered distinguished by the repulse of a British attack by water. The communication with New Orleans, by sea, was also kept up by means of the flotilla. On his return to New Orleans, Capt. Shaw was much engaged in procuring cannon, ammunition and gun-carriages, for the defence of that important place. To obtain the latter, a quantity of mahogany was purchased, and on this material about forty heavy guns were mounted. These guns were subsequently used by the army that repulsed the enemy, in 1815.

In the spring of 1814, Capt. Shaw left the station and repaired to Washington, at which place he arrived early in May. After settling his accounts, he obtained a short leave of absence to visit his friends. After discharging this domestic duty, he proceeded on to Connecticut, and took command of the squadron lying in the Thames, between New London and Norwich. This force consisted of the United States 44, Macedonian 38, and Hornet 18. As these ships were vigilantly blockaded by the enemy, the Hornet alone was enabled to get out. She effected her escape under Capt. Biddle, and subsequently captured the Penguin 18, but the two frigates were kept in the river until peace; or March, 1815.

As soon as the war terminated, the United States proceeded to Boston, under Capt. Shaw, with orders to prepare for a cruise in the Mediterranean. In September of the same year she joined the squadron under Bainbridge, at Malaga. Peace with Algiers, however, had been made by Decatur, and, there being no necessity for retaining the large force that was out in the distant sea, Com. Bainbridge came home, leaving the station in command of Capt. Shaw, the next senior to himself in the Mediterranean. The force left with Com. Shaw consisted of his own ship, the United States 44, Constellation 38, Capt. Crane, Ontario 18, Capt. Elliott, and Erie 18, Capt. Ridgely. The Java 44, Capt. Perry, joined him soon after.

Com. Shaw retained this command until the following year, cruising and visiting the different ports of that sea, when he was relieved by Com. Chauncey, in the Washington 74. Capt. Shaw continued out, however, until November, 1817, when he exchanged for the Constellation, and came home, that ship requiring repairs. The Constellation anchored in Hampton Roads December 26, 1817, making the cruise of her commander extend to about twenty-eight months. Com. Shaw got leave to visit his family in Philadelphia, from which he had now been separated, on service, nearly five years.

Com. Shaw never went to sea again, in command. He was shortly after put in charge of the Boston navy yard, where he remained the usual time. When relieved he was placed in command at Charleston, S. Carolina, a station rather of honor, however, than of much active duty. September 17, 1823, he died at Philadelphia, where he had been taken ill, the place that he considered his home, and where he had first established himself, on his arrival in the country, thirty-three years before. As Com. Shaw was born in 1773, he was just fifty when he died.

Com. Shaw was twice married. His first wife was Elizabeth Palmer, the Quakeress already mentioned. By this lady he had several children, all of whom, but two daughters, died young. Of these two daughters, Elizabeth, the eldest, married Francis H. Gregory, Esquire, of Connecticut, a captain in the navy, and now in command of the Raritan 44; and Virginia, the youngest, is the wife of Wm. H. Lynch, Esquire, of Virginia, a lieutenant in the navy of fifteen years' standing, and late commander of the steamer Poinsett. By Mrs. Gregory, there are seven grandchildren, the descendants of Com. Shaw; and by Mrs. Lynch, two.

Com. Shaw was a man of great probity and sincerity of character. As a seaman, he was active, decided, and ready. No man was braver, or more willing to serve the flag under which he sailed. As has been said, the cruise of the Enterprise, in 1800, if not positively the most useful, and, considering the force and means employed, the most brilliant, of any that ever occurred in the American navy, it was cer-

tainly among the most useful and brilliant. Of itself, it was sufficient to give a commander an established reputation. His other services were of a respectable order, though circumstances never placed him subsequently in situations to manifest the same qualities.

Com. Shaw was a man of fine presence, and had the manly bearing and frank demeanor of a seaman. His character answered to his exterior. There was a warm-heartedness in his demeanor toward his friends, that denoted good feelings. Few officers were more beloved by those who served under him, and he was disposed to deal honorably and justly by all mankind.

A EULOGY

ON THE GREAT UNKNOWN MR. JOHN FROST.

BY ELIZUR WRIGHT, JR.

O DO you know an ancient wight,
A crusty fellow, crisp and tight,
Whose locks and beard are very white,
A silversmith, if I am right,
Who loves to ply his trade by night,
Producing then his wares most bright,
Without a cent for fire or light,
Himself aye keeping out of sight?
I 'm sad to say he gripes the poor:
The rich against him shut the door;
No doubt he is a grievous bore,
But on this point I 've said enough.
His countenance, I s'pose, is gruff:
His ways are rugged, rude and rough;
I 'm sure his heart is very tough;
Without a mitten or a muff,
Or e'en a particle of flinching,
Just when the cold is sorest pinching
Then he 's the busiest and smartest
And shows himself the most an artist:
Shows by his works, I mean to say,
For see himself no mortal may.
Could I but see him, I would pay
No trifling tribute in my way,
(Not surely in the bills of banks,
But just a rhymer's hearty thanks,)
For divers of his merry pranks.
For lately, when we all have slept,
Up to our windows he has crept,
And penciled gaily on the panes
A wealth of palaces and fanes,
A wealth of glorious warrior plumes,
And mazes vast of forest glooms,
Vast armies with their bows and quivers,
Broad lakes and mighty sweeping rivers,
Rocks, gorges, grottoes, Alpine mountains,
Brooks, torrents, cat'racts, jetting fountains,
Great cities with their glittering spires,
Volcanoes with their awful fires,
Tremendous avalanches crashing,
Niaguras from mountains dashing,
Old moated castles with their towers,
And gardens—O what wealth of flowers—
Ten thousand forms beyond the powers
Of Flora's Botany to match—
And all got up with such despatch!
Through which the moonlight streaming
Gives them a silvery gleaming,
Which makes their bright enchasing richer
Than e'er adorned a blazoned pitcher—
Aye, better done to please us
Than could be bought by Crœsus.

His feats abroad, o'er hill and dale,
Are far beyond my power to tell,
For there upon a mightier scale
He works in ice and snow and hail;
He makes the flood a coat of mail,
And clothes the mountain and the vale
With vesting softer than the draper's,
Whereon the winds cut queerest capers.
But chiefly with the shrubs and trees,
When he can catch asleep the breeze,
And then a shower contrive to freeze,
He sports his genius plastic,
And frolics most fantastic,
Then look for bowers enchanting
Beyond all human vaunting;
For arched halls of banquet, spread
As if to feast the mighty dead,
And garnished with ten thousand things
That mock the little pride of kings.
What wealth of feather and festoon!
What sovereign perfectness of taste!
What wild profusion without waste!
O Jack! well have you earned the boon,
To be upholsterer to the moon!

But when the sun your work surprises,
As in his cloudless strength he rises,
Then, Mr. Frost, you think it wise is
To scud to where eternal ice is.
Perhaps Old Sol your art despises;
I wish he 'd stop before he tries his.
Golconda's diamonds fade before the
Unbounded flood of dazzling glory,
Where every little bush, in sheen,
Outdoes the proudest jeweled queen.
To tell what wonders I have seen,
And how enraptured I have been,
This rhyme of mine is all too mean.
And therefore, Jack, my rhyme must close;
I love thee, Jack, as Heaven knows,
Though I have borne thy viewless blows;—
Though thou hast often pinched my toes,
And sometimes even pulled my nose.

LOVE vs. ARISTOCRACY.

OR SHILL-I, SHALL-I?

BY "MRS. MARY CLAVERS," AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME."

In the palmy days of alchemy, when the nature and powers of occult and intangible agents were deemed worthy the study of princes, the art of sealing hermetically was an essential one; since many a precious elixir would necessarily become unmanageable and useless if allowed to wander in the common air. This art seems now to be among the lost, in spite of the anxious efforts of cunning projectors; and at the present time a subtle essence, more volatile than the elixir of life—more valuable than the philosopher's stone—an invisible and imponderable but most real agent, long bottled up for the enjoyment of a privileged few, has burst its bounds and become part of our daily atmosphere. Some mighty sages still contrive to retain within their own keeping important portions of this treasure; but there are regions of the earth where it is open to all, and, in the opinion of the exclusive, sadly desecrated by having become an object of pursuit to the vulgar. Where it is still under a degree of control, the seal of Hermes is variously represented. In Russia, the supreme will of the Autocrat regulates the distribution of the "airy good:" in other parts of the Continent, ancient prescription has still the power to keep it within its due reservoirs. In France, its uses and advantages have been publicly denied and repudiated; yet it is said that practically every body stands open-mouthed where it is known to be floating in the air, hoping to inhale as much as possible without the odium of seeming to grasp at what has been decided to be worthless. In England we are told that the precious fluid is still kept with great solicitude in a dingy receptacle called Almack's, watched ever by certain priestesses, who are self-consecrated to an attendance more onerous than that required for maintaining the vestal fire, and who yet receive neither respect nor gratitude for their pains. Indeed, the fine spirit has become so much diffused in England that it reminds us of the riddle of Mother Goose—

> A house-full, a hole-full,
> But can't catch a bowl-full.

If such efforts in England amuse us, what shall we say of the agonized pursuit every where observable in our own country? We have denounced the fascinating gas as poisonous—we have staked our very existence upon excluding it from the land, yet it is the breath of our nostrils—the soul of our being—the one thing needful—for which we are willing to expend mind, body and estate. We exclaim against its operation in other lands, but it is the purchaser decrying to others the treasure he would appropriate to himself. We take much credit to ourselves for having renounced what all the rest of the world were pursuing, but our practice is like that of the toper who had forsworn drink, yet afterward perceiving the contents of a brother sinner's bottle to be spilt, could not forbear falling on his knees to drink the liquor from the frozen hoof-prints in the road; or that other votary of indulgence, who, having once had the courage to pass a tavern, afterward turned back that he might "treat resolution." We have satisfied our consciences by theory; we feel no compunction in making our practice just like that of the rest of the world.

This is true of the country generally; but it is nowhere so strikingly evident as in these remote regions which the noise of the great world reaches but at the rebound—as it were in faint echoes; and these very echoes changed from their original, as Paddy asserts of those of the Lake of Killarney. It would seem that our *elixir vitæ*—a strange anomaly—becomes stronger by dilution. Its power of fascination, at least, increases as it recedes from the fountain head. The Russian noble may refuse to let his daughter smile upon a suitor whose breast is not covered with orders; the German dignitary may insist on sixteen quarterings; the well-born Englishman may sigh to be admitted into a coterie not half as respectable or as elegant as the one to which he belongs—all this is consistent enough; but we *must* laugh when we see the managers of a city ball admit the daughters of *wholesale* merchants, while they exclude the families of merchants who sell at *retail;* and still more when we come to the "new country" and observe that Mrs. Penniman, who takes in sewing, utterly refuses to associate with her neighbor Mrs. Clapp, because she goes out sewing by the day, and that our friend Mr. Diggins, being raised a step in the world by the last election, signs all his letters of friendship, "D. Diggins, Sheriff."

There is Persis Allen, the best and the prettiest girl to be found within a wide belt of forest, must be quite neglected by the leaders of the *ton* among us, because she goes out to spin, in order to help her "unlucky" father. Not that spinning is in itself considered vulgar—far from it. Flocks are but newly introduced among us, and all that relates to them is in high vogue; but going out! there is the rub! Persis might have lounged about at home, with her hair uncombed and her shoes down at heel, only "helping" some neighbor occasionally for a short time to earn a new dress, without losing caste. But to engage herself as a regular drudge, to spin day after day in old Mr. Hicks' great upper chamber all alone, and never

have time or finery to go to a ball or a training—she must be a poor, mean-spirited creature, not fit to associate with "genteel" people.

The father of Persis is a blacksmith, and an honest and worthy man, but he is one of those who are described in the country as having "such bad luck!" When he first came into the wilds, he put a sum of money that constituted his all in a handkerchief about his head, and then swam over a deep and rapid river, because he was too intent on pursuing his journey to await the return of a boat which had just left the shore. He saved his hour, but lost the price of his land; and so was obliged to run in debt for a beginning. During the haying of his first western summer he was too ardent in his endeavors to retrieve his loss to allow himself a long rest at noon, as the other mowers did; and the consequence was an attack of fever which put him still further back in the world. Once more at work, and no less determined than before, he employed his leisure time in assisting the neighbors in the heavy and dangerous business of "logging;" and once more "unlucky," he attempted to stop by his single arm a log which threatened to roll down a slope, and the next moment he lay helpless with a dislocated shoulder and a hand so mashed that it was long doubtful whether it would ever regain its powers.

All through these disasters his faithful help-meet struggled on, enfeebled by ague, and worn with nursing and watching and pitying her husband. Early and late—out of doors and within—she was at work, endeavoring to preserve a remnant from the general wreck, aided and cheered by her eldest daughter, who, like many children so situated, became prematurely thoughtful and laborious, and seemed never to have known the careless joyousness of childhood. At length Mrs. Allen took a heavy cold in searching all the evening for her cow, through grass and bushes dripping with dew, and she was seized with a rheumatism which made a cripple of her, just as her husband was able to go to his forge again. So our pretty Persis seemed, as I have said, born the "predestined child of care," but she held the blessed place of comforter, and that consciousness can throw somewhat of an angelic radiance over even the face of care. She looked neither pale nor sad, though she was seldom smiling; and from the habit of constant effort and solicitude at home, she seemed when away and among young people as if she hardly knew what to do with herself. But in old Mr. Hicks' spinning-room she was in her element; the great unfurnished chamber is cool and shady, and across its ample floor Persis has paced back and forth, at her light labor, till she has acquired an elastic grace of motion which dancing-masters often try in vain to teach. Indeed, I fancy that few of my fair readers know the real advantages of a thorough acquaintance with the spinning-wheel; the expanded chest, the well developed bust, the firm, springing step which belong to this healthiest and most graceful of all in-door employments. And let me whisper to some of my pretty, mincing pit-a-pat friends, that an easy and elastic step is no trifling point in the estimation of those who know what real elegance is, independently of *stupid fashions*. Many a young lady can manage the curve of the wrist prescribed by the French prints, and let her shoulders fall so low that one can hardly help trembling for the consequences, yet her walk, after all, needs all the charitable shadow afforded by long dresses. But we must not indulge in impertinent digressions.

Spinning differs from other feminine labors, inasmuch as its profits are dependent on the superior skill or industry of the spinner. Let a poor girl sew ever so steadily, she can earn but little addition to her miserable *per diem;* but in spinning there is, by ancient custom, a measure to the day's work; and a good hand may by extra exertion accomplish this twice in a June day. So poor Persis worked incessantly when she could be spared from home, encouraged by the thought that all she could accomplish over and above her "run and a half" was so much clear gain. Again in home comforts, sweet Persis! but a terrible loss elsewhere.

The loss of caste was the less an evil to the Allens, because their home troubles had hitherto prevented their mingling much with the people about them, and they had not yet fully adopted the public sentiment. But they learned to know all about it in time.

There is one white and green house in the village, and that, where paint is still so rare, is by good right the Palazzo-Pitti of our bounds. It is shown to the passing traveler as a proof of the civilization of the country, and elicits not a few remarks from the farmers who pass it slowly in their huge wagons. It is worth looking at, too, for even its outer decorations are a masterpiece of taste. The siding is plain white to be sure; but the frames of doors and windows, the cornices, the "corner-boards" and the piazza railing are all bright green. The sashes are in black—rather prison-like but vastly "genteel"—and the front door is in an elaborate mahogany style, with more "curly-wurlies" than usual. Within doors, a taste no less gorgeous is evident, for the wood-work is all of the brightest blue—probably in imitation of lapis-lazuli.

In this favored and much-envied dwelling resides a lady who is considered by the public in general, and herself in particular, as the very cream of our aristocracy.

Mrs. Burnet is a fair and plump dame, whose age can only be guessed by considering a grown up son. Not a wrinkle mars her smooth brow; not a gray hair mingles with the smooth brown tresses that are laid so demurely on either temple. Her countenance wears a fixed smile, and her words are measured by the strictest rule of propriety; and the tones which convey them to the ear are of so silvery a softness that one can hardly think the most yielding of all substances could melt between those correct lips. (This paraphrase is the result of much laborious thought.) But in the full brown eye above them there lurks—what shall we call it?—to say the least, a latent power which is felt through all those silvery tones, and in spite of all that winning softness. The initiated are exceedingly careful how they rouse this sleeping power; for in those singular tones—to convey which to the reader would require music-paper and some skill at annotation—things are sometimes said which

other people might say passionately or sharply, but which Mrs. Burnet knows how to make the more bitter by sweetness.

This lady's household consisted usually of only two members beside herself—a serving-maid with a flat white face and a threatening beard—for Mrs. Burnet had an instinctive dislike of youth and beauty—and a young man toward whom nature had been more bounteous, but whom fortune had so neglected that he was fain to "do chores" for his board at Mrs. Burnet's, while he picked a very scanty education out of the village school. This poor youth, Cyprian Amory, was the nephew of the great lady, but only the gloom of her glory fell on him; for his mother had made an imprudent marriage, and her orphan boy was a heavy burthen to Mrs. Burnet's pride. She could not quite make an outcast of her sister's son, but she revenged the mortification which his poverty occasioned her by making his situation as odious as possible; taking care always to represent him as an object of charity, although his services were such as would have earned ungrudged bread any where else. Cyprian was of a mild and quiet temper, and being unfitted by delicate health for the labor of farming, he was intent on preparing himself for that poorest of all drudgery, the teaching of a district school. So he bore all in a silence which his aunt ascribed to stupidity, but which a few friends that he loved, and whose love consoled him, considered the result of a patience and resignation almost saintly.

Besides Cyprian and the flat-faced serving-maid, Mrs. Burnet's family boasted yet one member more—her only son and heir, of whom more, presently.

Mrs. Burnet's establishment was at no great distance from the humble dwelling of William Allen; indeed the two gardens joined at their farther extremity. And at that corner the wide difference between the two was not so evident, for the fruit-trees hid the splendid white and green mansion, while the roses and lilies which adorned Mr. Allen's garden had evidently never heard of our aristocracy, since they bloomed with a provoking splendor which Mrs. Burnet's did not always exhibit. That lady's general plan was so thrifty, that her grounds were largely devoted to corn and potatoes; and she did not remember to pay much attention to flowers, unless she longed for their decorative powers on some great occasion.

Such an occasion had arrived; for George Burnet had just come home after finishing what he called his "law studies;" studies which we rather think were comprised in six months' "sharp practice," as clerk to a gentleman who had quitted the shoemaker's bench for the law, on the supposition that the art of pettifogging would prove a stepping-stone to a bench of more dignity. This gentleman's neophyte, Mr. George Burnet, was such a youth as the only son of a doting mother is apt to be—willful, conceited and very hard to please; in short, not voted particularly agreeable for any qualities of his own, but much reverenced as the heir-presumptive of the white and green house, and also on account of his aristocratic pretensions—his father having once been elected to the legislature. He was fully sensible of his advantages, and not a little apt to boast of his expectations; was good-natured when he was pleased, and very kind where he took a fancy—in short, one of those people who intend well, or at least intend no ill, but are never to be depended on for a day.

Mr. George Burnet came home in high spirits, determined to enjoy to the uttermost the interval between the finish of his preparation and the opening of sharp practice on his own account. He was extravagantly fond of dancing, and his mother had always promised him a grand party when he should have got through his studies, on the express condition, however, that he was to return immediately to business, and not stay to hunt and fish and serenade about the neighborhood. George found it easy to promise, and the party was now to come off.

The preparations for this great event had for some time been foreshadowed in the active brain of Mrs. Burnet; and George's "freedom suit" was duly bespoken, and two violins secured, long before the arrival of the graduate. But, as the appointed day drew nigh, who shall tell of the hopes and fears, the consultations and the arguments, which were expended on and over the list of favored guests. Enough to say that it was almost the ditto of those familiar to the town-bred getters-up of splendid hospitality, (!) and that the principle of the whole thing was precisely the same, though set forth and put in practice in homelier guise. Who will do to invite? Who may be left out? Who will look best? Whose presence will reflect most honor on the entertainers? Whose enmity will be least formidable among those who ought to be excluded on account of want of *caste*, or want of *savoir faire?* George Burnet and his lady mother found it hard to agree in their estimate of the guests; George insisting upon all the pretty girls, and these for the most part portionless belles, being the last to be selected by Mrs. Burnet.

"Mary Stevens," said George.

"Poh! She goes out sewing!" said Mrs. Burnet.

"I don't care for that," said the dutiful son, "she has rosy cheeks, and I'll have her."

"There's Mary Drinkwater, I shall ask, of course," observed Mrs. Burnet.

"Squint-eyed!" said George.

"No matter for that," was the reply, she's got a farm of her own. I hope you'll be very civil to her."

"Mother," said George Burnet, "I would n't marry Polly Drinkwater if there was n't another girl in the world!".

"I have n't asked you to marry her; though, for that matter, it is just as easy to love a rich girl as a poor one," said Mrs. Burnet. "But, George, it is high time for you to have done with nonsense, and behave like a man. Mary Drinkwater is, after all—"

"Hush! mother," said George, politely laying his hand on his mamma's mouth; "no use talking—let's go on with the party. There's Jane Lawton is a nice girl."

"But her mother's a fright," said Mrs. Burnet.

"Leave her out, then," said George.

"No, no; if you ask Jane, we must have the old folks."

"Lump 'em, then," said George; "and who has Phebe Penniman got tacked to her?"

"Nobody, thank fortune!" said his mother; "her old lame grandmother can't go out; but Phebe 'll come, in a shilling calico."

"I do n't care what she comes in," said the youth, "if she only brings those pretty bright eyes of hers with her; and Phebe 's a good hearty girl, too; she can dance all night. But who was that splendid looking girl that was with her this morning? By George! I never saw such a step!"

"That was Persis Allen," said Mrs. Burnet; "a new family that moved in after you went away. But I will *not* have her, so that 's settled! She 's as proud as a peacock, for all she goes out to spin by the day at old Hicks'. I won't have her, though I long for some of those lilies to dress the supper-table with. I can't get the lilies without asking her, but I 'd rather go without."

"But she 's a screamer of a girl," persisted Master George; "I 'd rather have her than all the rest."

"But you won't have her, though," said Mrs. Burnet; and George, seeing her so determined, let the matter drop, a sure sign that he was determined, too.

But all his strategy was vain. No surprise, no coaxing, no pouting, had the least effect upon Mrs. Burnet. The Allen family had pertinaciously omitted all that courting which, we regret to say, follows wealth and power even to the wilds; and they had, moreover, found occasion, more than once, to resent certain impertinences which Mrs. Burnet was in the habit of offering to her poorer neighbors. So the lady was inexorable; and, strong in her smooth bitterness, she carried her point. Persis was left out.

But, on the eve of the great day, when the preparations were in great forwardness, those dazzling lilies were again mentioned; and George, who was never much hampered by the restraints of good-breeding, declared he would get the lilies without inviting the damsel, and, on this glorious thought intent, he climbed the intervening fence, by moonlight, and made directly for the spot rendered lovely by the choicest flowers of our poor Persis. This was the neighborhood of a little arbor, over the rustic framework of which a luxuriant wild-grape had been trained, to shade a soft bank covered with abundant mosses. The overpowering perfume of the lilies, called forth in double measure by the dew, guided our adventurer directly to their place, even before they became visible in the moonlight, and he was about to rifle the bed when his eye was caught by as white an object in the arbor. George's conscience whispered that it was a "sperrit," but, after the first moment's start, he could not resist venturing a little nearer; and there was Persis Allen, her fair forehead upward toward the sky, fast asleep on her mossy couch, a book still open on her lap, and a lily fallen at her feet, fit emblem of her own purity and beauty.

Mr. George Burnet stood entranced. He had seen no such personification of beauty and romance in the whole course of his law-studies. He ventured nearer, —nearer still—until he could distinguish the lightest curl waved by the evening breeze, and even the satin smoothness of the skin beneath. But while he still gazed, the sleeping beauty stirred—opened her eyes—uttered a slight exclamation, as if not quite sure that what she saw was real—and our gallant youth darted off, as much frightened as if the opening of those eyes had threatened literal instead of only figurative death. The young girl did not scream, although she ought, in propriety, to have done so. She had no presentiment that she was to be made a heroine of; and, in truth, men of all sorts are too plenty, and too unceremonious, at the West, to excite much alarm. So, concluding that the intruder had been only some neighboring marauder in search of her father's fine raspberries, she picked up her bonnet, and walked quietly into the house.

Meanwhile, our scared swain had reached his own maternal mansion; and, coming empty-handed, was closely questioned, and not a little laughed at when he recounted the failure of his adventure.

"But, hold on a little till I tell ye!" interposed Master George: "If she had n't been there I 'd have got 'em easy enough; but the sight of such a white thing, you know, right in the moonlight, made my heart beat so that I could hardly see. But, by George! what a girl! Mother! I must and will have that girl at my party, and so there 's an end of it."

"How can you be so vulgar, George?" replied his mother.

"Vulgar or not," persisted he, "if she do n't come, I do n't! I 'll go and spend the evening with her instead of those dowdies."

"George," said Mrs. Burnet, "you always were an obstinate boy, but I was in hopes you had more sense now."

"So I have," said the dutiful youth, "and that 's the reason I want my own way. Come, mother, get your bonnet and shawl, and let 's go over and invite that pretty—what 's her name? and then we 'll ask her for the flowers."

And George at length carried his point, and dragged his mother over to William Allen's.

"Persis, dear," said Mrs. Burnet, in her most seducing and mellifluent tones, as soon as the requisite salutations were over, "will you come and spend the evening to-morrow? We shall have a number of young people—"

"And fiddles," interposed George, in way of parenthesis.

Persis murmured something in reply, but Mrs. Burnet proceeded without waiting for an answer.

"And, if you *can't* come, you will at least give me a few of your beautiful flowers to dress my supper-table. I must have some of those lilies. You have so many that I am sure you can spare me some."

"Oh yes, certainly," Persis said; "you shall have the lilies and welcome."

"But you 'll come," said George, whose eyes had devoured the beautiful face with no measured stare all this time; "you 'll come, won't you?"

"I—I do n't know—I 'll ask mother," said Persis.

"Well! I 'll send for the flowers in the morning," said Mrs. Burnet, hurrying away quite unceremoniously.

George was very reluctant to be dragged off without a promise from Persis, but he was obliged to be content with the advantage he had gained. He felt that the tone of his mother's invitation had not been what it should be, but he hoped his own urgency had supplied all deficiencies. An invitation to the Palazzo was not likely to be contemned by any of the village damsels. We must confess, it occasioned no little flutter in the innocent heart of Persis; but she was, as we have said, prematurely sober and self-restrained, and sought good advice before she ventured to decide on a point so important. She did not even think "What shall I wear?" perhaps the scantiness of her wardrobe saved her the trouble. She only said to her parents, "Had I better go?"

They were naturally disposed to think Persis might safely follow her own inclination in the matter; and the young girl had as naturally been inclined to what all young people love. But the next morning, when Persis went as usual to her spinning, she mentioned the whole affair to old Mr. Hicks and his good sister; the visit of the evening before, the hasty tone of the mother as contrasted with the urgency of the son; and also, for we must own that Persis, like many a simple country damsel, had a quick perception of the ludicrous—the odd way Mrs. Burnet had of coupling her request for the lilies so closely with the invitation for the evening.

"Just like her!" said Aunt Hetty, "she's the coldest-heartedest crittur that ever spoke."

"She is a proud, unfeeling woman," said old Mr. Hicks, "and, if you'll take my advice, my dear, you'll keep clear of the Burnets altogether. George is always crazy after some pretty face or another, and it's no credit to a young girl like you to have his acquaintance. If he or his mother should meet you in the street, at B——, they would n't know you at all. Don't go, Persis."

At this advice from the plain-spoken old man, Persis blushed deeply, and the vision of the grand party, which had begun to loom large in her imagination, faded away almost entirely. She had so much respect for farmer Hicks, who was known as the oldest settler and universally looked up to by the neighbors, that she resolved at once to follow his advice, and decline the tempting invitation. Besides, in a cooler view, an instinctive self-respect whispered that Mrs. Burnet's manner was any thing but what it should have been, and that the only urgency had been on the part of the young man. So she told her good old friend that she would not go to Mrs. Burnet's.

The lilies went, however, and formed the crowning decoration of the feast, dividing the public eye with the splendid "pediment" of maccaroons which had been brought with great care and solicitude from B——. The entire gentility of the neighboring village was collected. There was the lawyer's lady, and the clergyman's lady, and the storekeeper's lady, all drest as primly as possible, and looking as solemn as the occasion required. Then, there was Mrs. Millbank, the tailor's lady, a very "genteel" woman, and she wore an elegant black bombazine, with pink satin bows on the shoulders, and a flounce half a yard deep. Mrs. Perine, the harness-maker's lady, was in plain white, but she wore a scarf of rainbow hues, and a most superb and towering head-dress of black feathers and pale blue roses. Miss Adriance, the school-ma'am, was invited, because she was "genteel" and wore spectacles, though her calling was scarcely the thing for a select party; and she honored the occasion by appearing in a green merino, and a mob-cap, full trimmed with yellow ribbons. But it would require the accuracy of a court-circular to describe the costume of every star that twinkled in Mrs. Burnet's parlor on that distinguished evening. We can but observe that the eyes were brighter than the candles, and the conversation much less blue than the Cerulean mantelpiece. The very beaux were inspired, and, instead of sneaking into corners, or getting behind the door, they came boldly forward, talked and laughed among themselves and looked sideways at the girls, with most unwonted assurance.

George, arrayed in the "freedom suit"—solemn black, of course, as became his profession—made the agreeable to his male guests after the most approved style—shaking hands heartily, and asking them to "take something to drink." But the festivities had reached no great height, when the youthful heir, scanning closely the tittering circle, missed the bright mistress of the lilies, and, finding or making an opportunity to speak to his mamma, asked if "the Allen girl" had not come.

"No, my dear," said the honey-voiced Mrs. Burnet, "I dare say she could n't get her frock washed in time, or she would have been here."

As the lady turned away, with a gentle titter at her own wit, her young hopeful vanished by the nearest door.

"Where's your girl?" said he a few moments after, addressing Mr. Allen.

"Gone to bed," was the cool reply.

"Why! is n't she coming to our 'us?"

"Not this night, I think," replied her father, very composedly; for, be it known, that the ceremonies of acceptance and apology are not in vogue among us—every body exercising his democratic privilege of going or staying away, without rendering account to any one.

"Why! that beats all!" exclaimed Mr. George, in considerable vexation. "Why did n't she come?"

"Well—I believe she did n't want to," said Mr. Allen.

"I do n't believe that," muttered George, and, going out of the door, he looked up at the only upper window.

"Halloo! Persis—I say, Persis!"

No answer.

"Persis Allen! what's the matter with you?"

Dead silence; and poor George, casting a wrathful look at the papa, quietly smoking his pipe in the kitchen, went his way back to the party, resolving to pay the most provoking attention to Miss Drinkwater, by way of revenging himself on Fate and Persis Allen.

The party went off in the usual style—that is to say, dull and stiff at first, chattering and warm secondly,

and then, after due attention to the vivers, coming to an uproarious finale. Mr. George, early excited by drinking with his "dear five hundred friends," more or less, became quite stupid before the company departed; and, when the last shawl had left the entry-table, and the second supply of tallow candles began to burn low in the sockets, Mrs. Burnet was obliged to call in the strong arm of Huldy from the kitchen to get Mr. George up to bed.

The next day, it became but too evident that the freedom-party had cost Mr. George Burnet a violent fever. He awoke out of a long sleep with an agonizing pain in his head, and a pulse going at railroad speed. Before evening medical aid had been summoned, heads and vials shaken, and a cot put into George's room for Mrs. Burnet, and a smoked ham into the pot for the "watchers." (Watchers are always expected to be very hungry.) In short, it was a serious case, and excited much interest with the two Galens of the neighborhood.

"Midnight!—and not a nose—" from one end of the village to the other—"snored"—for the screams and ravings of the unfortunate youth freighted the weary echoes.

"Persis! Persis Allen! why don't she come?" rung in the night air, so distinctly that the owner of the appellation lay trembling in her little attic, with vague dread of distress and impending disaster. All night long did the heart-rending tones of the sufferer keep her awake, and it was scarcely daylight when a messenger from Mrs. Burnet knocked loudly at her father's door, to entreat Persis to come but for a moment to George's bedside, hoping that the sight of her might have some effect in soothing his irritation. She went, though trembling and almost fainting with fright and agitation, never doubting, in her simplicity, whether it was proper for her to comply with so unusual a request. There is a sort of sacred reverence for the sick in those regions, where there is scarce any reverence for any thing else.

The moment George's delirious brain became aware of the presence of the pale beauty, he would have sprung from the bed but for strong arms that held him down. It was indeed surprising that her image should have taken so firm a hold on his memory and imagination; but it soon became very evident that nothing but her presence would soothe his more than "midsummer madness." So there the poor girl was obliged to sit, her cold hand clasped between his burning palms, and his wild eyes fixed upon her face, hour after hour, listening to his raving vows that she and she only should be his wife, spite of his mother and—a less smooth-looking personage.

We are not to suppose that Persis was unmoved by the sound of all these passionate words. Words have a power of their own, as we have all doubtless experienced, and besides, George Burnet was rather a handsome young man, and the certain heir of a still handsomer property. So that we shall not pretend that his protestations, though made in all the wildness of delirium, fell upon deaf ears or a stony heart. On the other side the bed stood Cyprian Amory, unwearied in his attention to the sick man, but watching with a painful anxiety the changes in the pale face of Persis, and frequently suggesting something which might tend to quiet George and relieve her unpleasant situation. At length George's ravings grew fainter, his grasp gradually slackened, his eyes closed, and he fell asleep, murmuring blessings on the fair being who had so kindly soothed his wretchedness. Persis was removed, half fainting, and it was not until some hours' rest that she was able to return home, so completely had her nerves been overwrought by this distressing scene. Yet Mrs. Burnet dismissed her without the slightest acknowledgment of the sacrifice she had made to humanity; evidently rejoiced to get rid of so dangerous a friend.

But there was further trouble in store for the politic mamma. George's delirium subsided, it is true, but his memory proved wonderfully tenacious of the subject of his ravings. As he gained strength his natural willfulness showed itself, and a determination to make good all he had said to Persis was but too apparent. The violence of his disease was not of long duration, but it had so shattered him that his convalescence was slow; and, during the weeks of his scarce perceptible amendment, his talk was continually of his fair neighbor. His mother would not stay in the room to listen to what so deeply offended her; but Cyprian was always there, and into his unwilling ear did George pour all his plans for the future.

"We shan't live here, Cyp," he would say; "she's too splendid a creature for the woods, and beside, mother would worry her life out. Isn't she a sweet creature, Cyp? Stay—what do you go away for? You shall be my clerk, Cyp, you write so much better than I do—you shall study law with me—take care of my business whenever I'm away. I shall be sent to Congress by and bye, and, while I'm gone to Washington, you'll be head man at home. Only help me to persuade my mother. Won't *she* make a figure at Washington? Such a step! and how she carries her head!" and he would run on by the hour after this fashion, holding Cyprian fast till his new found strength would be entirely exhausted, and he would fall asleep only to wake and renew the strain.

Matters could not long go on thus. It never entered the head of either mother or son that Persis Allen would have to be asked more than once; and Mrs. Burnet only waited her son's more complete recovery to put an end to his fine dreams. When the time came for the execution of this her fixed purpose, there was a scene indeed. George cried and swore alternately, while his mother, calm as usual, with her lips compressed to a thready thinness, and that unearthly light in her eye which malicious eyes will perversely emit when their owner most desires to seem angelically virtuous, she expressed her unalterable determination to disinherit him if he persisted in marrying a girl who earned her living by spinning.

This was a tremendous engine, and wielded with the coolness so peculiar to Mrs. Burnet, it bore with terrible force upon poor George, who had been brought up to expect a fortune which was entirely in his mother's power. But opposition only contributed to keep alive a determination which would otherwise

most probably have shared the fate of many others which George had made and broken. He did not venture to defy his mother openly, for, in his eyes as well as hers, the possession of property was all that made any essential difference between one man and another. But there had been nothing in his education which forbade his pursuing covertly what he had not courage to defend; and Persis was doomed to be waylaid on all occasions by her impetuous admirer, till she was almost ready to marry him in order to get rid of him.

George had now entirely recovered, and his mother insisted on his returning to his business according to promise. Cyprian took charge of the village school, and the white and green house presented a silent and very haughty-looking exterior—Mrs. Burnet having subsided into her usual aristocratic grandeur, and not even knowing the poor spinning-girl when she met her. Cyprian Amory, it is true, though he belonged to the great house, was troubled with no such shortness of memory—indeed it would have been fortunate for him if he had, poor fellow! for why should he remember Persis? They often encountered at sunset, when each was returning from the day's task, and it was perhaps from an idea that Persis' own youth had not passed without its trials and struggles, that Cyprian was led at times to be rather confident on the subject of his condition and its difficulties. It was thus that the fair spinning-girl learned that the only chance to which Cyprian looked for an escape from the horrors of a district-school, was George's consenting to receive him as a clerk, a destiny not in itself to be coveted, yet far preferable to its alternative. Such was the pity and sympathy excited in the gentle breast of Persis, that she almost wished sometimes that she had accepted George, since she might then have been of so much service to poor Cyprian!

But the time came when Cyprian no longer met Persis, as he sauntered along the road, after shutting up the school-house. She was bound, day and night almost, to the death-bed of her kind old friend, farmer Hicks, whose sister, quite infirm, and almost imbecile, depended on Persis as on a daughter. Inured to care and to personal sacrifice, the aid of Persis about the sick-bed was invaluable, and the old man, with his dying breath, blessed her, and recommended his sister to her kindness.

After he was gone, and his will came to be opened, it was found that he had left Persis his entire property, with the sole burthen of a comfortable support for the aged sister, "feeling," the will said, "that she could not be in better hands."

Here was an overturn of affairs! and, at first, it seemed likely to be the overturn of poor Persis' wits, too; not that she was elated, but perplexed and embarrassed in the extreme by the surprise, and by the sudden weight of responsibility. She was to live in her own house, that the old lady might not be subject to the pain of a removal, and, as Persis' younger sister was now able to supply in part her place at home, this was soon arranged; but other matters presented more formidable difficulties.

We must not pretend that our village maiden had been indifferent to the addresses of a young gentleman who was considered by the entire democracy about her to be so much "above" her. She had a kind and noble heart, but, after all, she was human, and subject to the influence of *caste*, as well as the rest of us. George Burnet, a young "lawyer," the beau of the country, and heir of the splendid white and green house, and of the fine farm appended to it, would have been irresistible, perhaps, but for a something—an unexplained, troublesome something, which presented itself before Persis' mental vision whenever she had time to think of the matter. There was drawn, by some magical or invisible power, on the retina of her mind's eye, a pretty rural scene—a log-house, plain but small, shaded with trees and surrounded with gay flowers. In the upper chamber of this humble abode was a neatly drest damsel plying the great wheel, and in the little garden which her window commanded, was a tall, slender young man, busily tending some well-kept rows of vegetables, and occasionally casting a glance upward at the window. The damsel at the wheel was Persis herself, the youth in the garden, her friend, Cyprian Amory.

This pretty picture had often presented itself to Persis, while she was still a simple spinning-girl, and it stood very much in the way of George Burnet's interest. And yet, if Persis could only marry George, how much might she brighten the lot of her friend, Cyprian. George would take Cyprian into his office, and, once on the way, Cyprian might, nay, must, rise to a condition in life so much better suited to a mind like his. A farmer's life would never do for that delicate frame, and a school in the country is only another name for starvation, and not reputable starvation either. It was such considerations as these that had caused Persis sometimes to listen to George Burnet, and try to make up her mind to like him, though she had told him no a thousand times.

It was only a few days after the funeral of old Mr. Hicks, and the old aunty and her young guardian were still seated at the tea-table, when they were surprised by a visit from Mrs. Burnet. That agreeable lady was decked in her sweetest smiles, and paid her compliments of condolence in the choicest phrase, crowning all by hoping that as Miss Allen must be quite at leisure she should have the pleasure of seeing her often—very often. She was so fond of the society of young people! and now they were to be such near neighbors, she hoped Persis would be "sociable."

This visit was followed at no great distance by another, with the avowed object of pleading George's cause, the match being now warmly desired by the devoted mother. She had understood, she said, that there had been an attachment, (she did not say a mutual one, though her manner implied it,) but Miss Allen must be aware that nothing could be more imprudent than engagements hastily made, and without proper provision for the future. *Now* there could be no possible objection; and she hoped her dear Persis would not object to an early day, since poor George would find it impossible to engage in business until his mind was at rest.

All this was delivered so volubly that Persis had no opportunity for a word, but even while Mrs. Burnet was speaking, her mind had been unconsciously applying all these prudential observations in another direction. It was a brilliant thought, truly, and it was marvelous that it had not suggested itself before—that she was an heiress, and could do as she liked. She had money enough for two, and Cyprian could hire workmen, and oversee the farm as old Mr. Hicks had done. All this was concluded in a moment; and, as a finish to the cogitation, grown worldly wise by suffering, she considered that if any thing should yet be lacking, she could still ply the wheel as before, and so make all right.

And, when Mrs. Burnet had exhausted all her eloquence, and paused for a reply, she got only a plain and somewhat absent negative.

Who shall give the faintest idea of her rage? Who paint the gleam of that eye, or the sharp thinness of the compressed lips? Bitter sweet was she at parting, but Persis was so occupied with her new idea that she felt no embarrassment at having offended the great lady.

But how to put her plan in Cyprian's head? We can account for what follows only in one way—the intensity of the thought which dwelt on him for so long a time must have drawn him to her side; for he no sooner understood that Mrs. Burnet had been to see Persis than he found himself irresistibly impelled toward the old farm-house.

And there, in the parlor, by the great western window, sat Persis; her head leaning on her hand, her eyes fixed on vacancy, and her thoughts so absorbing that she did not perceive Cyprian's entrance until he stood before her. A start—a fluttering blush, and the magnetic influence was evident to both. Cyprian was not yet so much of a schoolmaster that he could talk nothing but grammar; and though you might have found it difficult to parse what he said to Persis on that occasion, the meaning was, on the whole, remarkably clear to her mind. She felt satisfactorily convinced that Cyprian had long loved her, though pride and poverty would forever have sealed his lips, but for the rumor that she had decidedly refused a rich lover.

And what did poor George Burnet do? He talked undutifully to his amiable mamma, and swore he would go and be a Patriot. Mrs. Burnet took both these things quietly, and George, after all, had to marry Polly Drinkwater.

NEW YORK FOUNTAINS AND ASTOR BATHS.

BY CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

As I opened my window this morning the air came in freshly, and as sweetly as if it were freighted with the fragrance of all the blossoming orchards on Long Island. I did not resist its invitation, and left my darkened chamber for a morning walk. "God made the country and man made the town," Cowper said in poetic phrase, and thousands have repeated the sentiment in prose and poetry. But is the city *all* man's journey-work? We leave out of consideration its inner world, where, in its most abject conditions, Crabbe and Dickens have found the elements and most abounding sources of poetic creation. But is not the sky, God's noblest architecture, hanging over the thronging homes of the city? Do not the eloquent tides of the ocean twice in twenty-four hours beat against it? And is there no natural beauty in the young trees planted on either side of our streets, whose boughs almost interlace over our heads? There are noble old trees, too, marking the site of some former country-home, now taken into the heart of the city and surrounded with brick and mortar walls; they seem like patriarchs looking complacently on the new homes of their children, and the fresh wreathing of their old boughs in this spring-time is like the clasp and embrace of childhood. Windows are filled with the loveliest flowers of the season, and Nature's hymn is not less sincere nor less touching because it comes from the prisoner-birds that are hung on the outer wall. With their music chimes in well the chorus of merry boys' voices, who are letting out the gushing water from an open hydrant. Children, birds and flowers are fresh from the hands of their Maker, and have still the air of Heaven about them. Such thoughts came thronging as I pursued my walk. I felt that God's witnesses were around me, and, undisturbed by the dissonant morning cries, I walked up to Union Square, where the din of the busy city subsides into a distant murmur. The herbage within the railing was freshened by last evening's shower, and the fountain was playing. The smaller fountains were sparkling around it—no, *playing* too, for this word, which all the world uses, best expresses what seems the sentient joyousness of a fountain.

If an artist can perceive divine forms in the unwrought marble, a poet should discern a divinity or nymph showering brilliants from her floating tresses invested in this column of water as it springs sixty feet sheer up into the blue atmosphere.

We are called a boastful people, and it must be confessed that we sometimes deal in superlatives when it would be more true as well as modest to fall a little lower in the scale of comparison, but surely we may hold up our heads beside our fountains. We have seen the renowned fountains of Rome. Those before St. Peter's are exceedingly beautiful from the simplicity and grace of their ornaments, but their small amount of water makes them inexpressive compared with ours. The Fontana Paolina, though its

name was designed to illustrate its architect and Pope Paolo V., does them little honor. The effect of the rich volume of water is impaired by the cumbrous ornaments that are placed about it. Art has indeed oftener injured than adorned the abounding fountains of Rome. We can see neither reason nor beauty in water being poured through the mouths of lions and dragons; and an immense labor and expense seems to us wasted on the huge fountain of Trevi, which has been thus pleasantly enough described.

"The fountain of Trevi has been renowned through the world, and so highly extolled that my expectations were raised to the highest stretch; and great was my disappointment when I was taken into a little, dirty, confined, miserable piazza, nearly filled up with one large palace, beneath which spouted out a variety of tortuous streamlets that are made to gurgle over artificial rocks, and to bathe the bodies of various sea-horses, tritons, and other marble monsters, which are sprawling about in it. After some cogitation, you discover they are trying to draw Neptune on, who, though stuck up in a niche of the palace wall as if meant to be stationary, is standing at the same time with his feet on a sort of car, as if intended to be riding over the waters."

In our fountains we are safe in our simplicity. Nature is made our captive by art, and then left to her own power and inimitable grace. Is not this wisest? If the art of the old world, aided by the profuse expenditure of papal revenues, has failed to attain its object, we could hardly hope for success.

We are but beginning to feel the immense benefits to be derived from the introduction of the Croton water. If we have said "something too much" of our canals and unpaid and unfinished railroads, this great work of the Croton aqueduct has been going quietly on, and the people have intelligently given their consent, man by man, to an enormous tax to procure the incalculable good of pure water and plenty of it at every door—yes, plenty for our present handfull of three hundred thousand—and plenty, too, for the three millions in perspective.

So unobtrusively has the work been done, that to many visiters to our city it is first proclaimed by the voice of the fountains.

Calculations have been made of the economical effect of the water in the promotion of health, and the reduction of insurance against fire. But has any one calculated the refining influence of the power to cover every ragged wall with a grape-vine, and to fill every yard—be it but a space of ten feet square—with flowers. Heat and water are the elements of vegetation. That we have heat enough, and tropical heat, no one will deny that has survived a New York summer; and now we have pure water without measure.

The lovely fountains seem like a message from the spirit-land. They give a new value to existence in our city, see and hear them when we may; in the brightest of hot noonday, or with the rose and purple of the twilight clouds upon them, or with the rainbow hovering round them—in the moon-beams, or by the pale star-light, or if you but hear their silken rustling in a dreary winter's night, when nothing can be seen but the dimmed lamp-light struggling through the foggy atmosphere. Material results may be estimated, but who that marks the hard faces softening into smiles as they gather round the basins of the fountains, and the clusters of children that linger there, will undertake to calculate the amount of soul they breathe into this dull mass of humanity? Body and spirit, languishing in the fiery summer heat of the city, will be refreshed by these fountains. Old age will have its tranquilizing seats about them, and friends and lovers moonlight strolls within the sound of their music.

They will inspire ideas of grace and beauty, and prompt longings for higher species of enjoyment than mere animal gratification. A scrubbed little boy brought a parcel to a lady in Union Square the other day. She told him she was sorry she must detain him for half an hour. "Oh, never mind, ma'am," he replied, "I can go in and look at the Fountain!" How many dead and idle half hours may thus have life and enjoyment breathed into them! How many fretted and galled in the harness of dull working-day life may here find refreshment! The gifted and educated have more direct ministrations to their spirits, but the Fountains are ministers to the great mass, whose minds are reached only through their sensations. And, perhaps, as their dews fall on the cheeks furrowed in Wall Street, the cares accumulated there may press less heavily—and perhaps, too, as their cool airs float around younger and fairer brows, the mass of city frivolities may melt away, and a response come from the living nature, deep buried in the heart, to beautiful external nature.

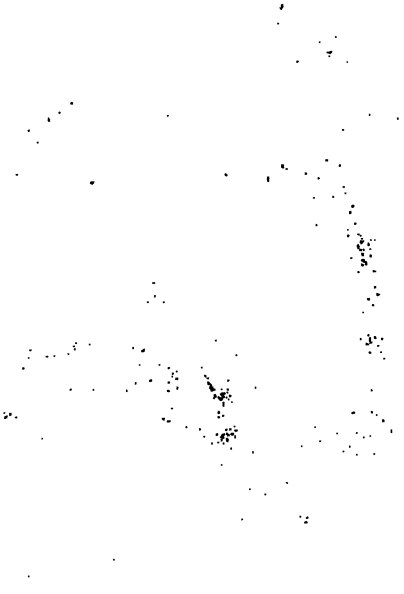
No—if man has made our city, God has not abandoned it. We have gained another great source of spiritual refinement in the Greenwood Cemetery. The position of this burial place is well chosen, being separated by water from the city, so that it can never, in any case, endanger its health; while it is near enough to be of easy and pleasant access. We can hardly imagine a mind so dull as not to be excited by a visit to this great cemetery. There is magnificence in its extent. It was a great thought to rescue from our accumulating, thronging, living population, four hundred acres for the repose of the dead. Near as it is to the city, the consecration of nature is yet upon it. Man has not mutilated nor in any way changed the natural form of the ground. There is every variety in its face, hills and wavy eminences, glades, dells, and ravines. There are still lovely woodlands, where the dog-wood blossoms in the springtime over sheets of violets and anemones. There are bits of water that look out upon you like living eyes from the green earth, and deep sunk amidst surrounding hillsides is a little lake—"Sylvan Water." It is fitly set here, still, serene, and shadowy, an image of death, and silently breathing forth in its reflection of the ever-burning light of Heaven, a promise of immortality.

There are points of view where you perceive your proximity to the city, and this juxtaposition produces the effect of sublimity. There is the "full tide of human existence," and those living throngs whose blood is now hot with projects, pursuits, loves and hates,



Thy hair is darker than the night,
When brooding o'er the silent seas—
Thy voice is soft as sound of lute,
Or songs in dreamy reveries—

In purest beauty can compare—
And Europe say the brightest maids
Are those who look on Stamboul's waters—
But one is lovelier than all,
She is the rose of Ceylon's daughters!



are to be borne, one after another, in solemn procession, hither to await the resurrection and the life. What a comment on their present being!

The noblest and perhaps the most harmonious feature of this scene, is the far-stretching view of the ocean—the best image of eternity—the sublimest type of His power, whose power is love.

It is in its scenery that Greenwood Cemetery seems to us far to surpass any thing we have seen at home or abroad. Beside the metropolitan city and its suburbans, (we beg pardon of beautiful, independent Brooklyn) there is the bay, and its accompaniments, islands, fortifications, ships and steamers, the lovely villages of Long Island, that seem sleeping on the lap of their mother earth, while Heaven smiles on them; the fruitful farms and homesteads of the Long Island farmers, images of rural occupation and contentment.

These multiplied objects are not stretched out before you in one great overwhelming and confusing scene, but are in parts perceived at different points as you emerge from the deeply shaded drive, each view an harmonious picture beautifully set in a leafy framework. Yes! surely this Greenwood Cemetery is an antagonist spirit to our city-world.

But, to return once more to the fountains. I crossed Union Park this evening in the twilight, and saw a man, as I thought, asleep on one of the benches. As I approached I recognized him. "Are you sleeping here?" I said. He roused, and smiling replied, "Yes—no—yes, I have been in a sleep, or *reverie*, as my mother calls it, when she has been surprised in her chair in what the rest of us call rather a profound nap. At any rate, I have been dreaming."

"Of some Undine?"

"No, but of some things naturally suggested by the fountain, and naturally enough too, intermingled with previous thoughts. As I passed Mr. Astor's door this morning I saw him getting into his carriage. I looked at the old gentleman, who you know is infirm, and has rather a sad countenance, and I sighed—for truly I do not envy any man his riches—at the thought that his immense wealth could procure for him neither health nor happiness. And now, as I sat dreaming here, I thought some years had passed over my head, and that I was wandering about the city, from which I seemed to have been absent for many years. Suddenly I came upon a pretty range of buildings that were new to me. On a tablet over a door was inscribed, in large golden letters,

ASTOR BATHS,

and underneath,

The Lord forgetteth not him who remembereth the Poor.

"Astor baths!" I exclaimed to a passer by, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Oh, you are a stranger in the city," he replied. "This building, sir, was erected by our rich fellow citizen, Mr. Astor, soon after the introduction of the Croton water, for the free use of the poor. A very noble charity it is, sir. I live at the next house, and I see sometimes hundreds in a day—certainly hundreds during the hot months—who go in here wearied and exhausted, and come out refreshed and invigorated. Mothers, from close streets, and over-crowded habitations, bring their pale little children here. It would do your heart good to hear their splashings and shoutings."

"Strange," I said, "that I never heard of this before—I have heard of a library Mr. Astor gave to the city."

"Yes," replied my informer, "he did that too, and that was a noble benefaction—food and refreshment for the mind. I have heard it was that put him upon thinking of doing some great thing for the poor. He could, you know, without wronging relations, or friends. It would be well if all rich men would think, as the shadows of the grave are falling upon them, that they but hold in trust what God has given them. They say Mr. Astor was a happier man ever after he built these baths, and I should not wonder if it were true. The breath of thanksgiving that rises from the comforted poor should make a healthy atmosphere about their benefactor; and surely when he departed hence, this work followed him to His bar, who saith, 'By their works shall they be judged.'"

Would it were not a dream!

THE BRIDE OF CEYLON.

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

The golden light of Eastern skies—
  The blue wave of the Indian sea—
The bulbul, heaven-born, that floods
  The ev'ning air with melody—
The pearls that lie upon thy cheek,
  Like starlight upon shaded waters—
Are scarce as beautiful as thou,
  The fairest rose of Ceylon's daughters!

Thy hair is darker than the night,
  When brooding o'er the silent seas—
Thy voice is soft as sound of lute,
  Or songs in dreamy reveries—

The warm light of thy sunny clime
  Is colder than thy melting glances—
And the dark beauty of thy cheek
  The richly roseate blush enhances.

Oh! Spain may talk of languid eyes—
  And France extol her virgins fair—
New England boast that none with hers
  In purest beauty can compare—
And Europe say the brightest maids
  Are those who look on Stamboul's waters—
But one is lovelier than all,
  She is the rose of Ceylon's daughters!

THE BETROTHAL OF MR. QUINT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

BY MISS W. BARRINGTON.

(*Continued from page* 90.)

CHAPTER VII.

It must be owned that young ladies far exceed men in quickness and presence of mind, under the same circumstances; it was not so this time, for Mr. Quint quite excelled himself.

The good girl remained dumb. Mr. Quint was the first to think of bringing words and sounds into the conversation. For he wisely thought his silence must be broken some time; this place must be left sooner or later, and to run away from it silently would be a lamentable piece of awkwardness.

Now, when it was Mr. Quint's turn to cast his eyes down, for the unknown was looking at him, he noticed that she had lost both her slippers, and was standing with her snow-white stockings in the grass.

He slipped aside, took up the little red slippers and handed them to their owner with the best grace in the world.

"May I have the pleasure?" said he, with a soft voice, and looking at her very courageously.

"I thank you!" answered she, holding out her hands and looking him likewise in the eyes.

Here was a look on both sides at the wrong time, for Mr. Quint, somewhat confused, forgot to give, and his companion, in her bashfulness, to take the slippers. Their hands had both fallen together, without any especial intention on either side. Two fingers of the damsel's hand lay on his. This touch seemed to enervate him; he involuntarily let the slippers fall, and, while catching them, he seized the hand of the unknown, but of course entirely against his will. Now, to let go such a hand—which evidently had been laid in his by fate—and to choose instead the leather covering of the feet, appeared to him quite an impolitic exchange. He, therefore, remained *in statu quo*, although the matter grew therewith palpably worse, and the denouement of the scene more difficult.

Suddenly, as if struck with an ague fit, the fear recurred to him that he was making himself ridiculous by his awkwardness. He saw himself, as in a glass, hand in hand with a beautiful anonymous, in about the same position that he would take were he leading the lady through a minuet. He found his attitude in very bad taste.

"What in the world art thou driving at?" thought he to himself; "an entire stranger—thou takest her hand—starest at her—placest her in the bitterest embarrassment—how wilt thou release thyself with a good grace? It is wonderful that she does not shrink back—not yet——"

"Are you already such good friends?" suddenly cried a loud voice between the two, that carried them far asunder.

It was Mr. Pyk, *in propria persona*.

CHAPTER VIII.

The author acknowledges that Mr. Pyk appeared rather too soon for him, as it disturbed an important remark that he was just taking the opportunity to make.

It is beyond a doubt that Mr. Quint quite forgot his advantage beside the bashful country girl. There are certain things that must by no means be done with a serious face; one of which is the forming of a new friendship, be it with a learned man or a young lady—the two species of the human race with whom it is more difficult to form an intimacy than with any other. It is the best plan to make a joke of the first meeting with such, till nature herself makes it earnest.

Mr. Pyk, this *deus ex machina*, by thus breaking in upon them had brought all things in their proper tracks; the strayed slippers to their feet, and the fugitive hat on its head. As it soon after appeared, there only remained, out of order—the hands of the two young people.

Mr. Pyk was, in fact, more knowing than one would think. He would not be persuaded that the two adventurers had so dazzled each other, and that they could not see the open path by broad daylight. The hat and the slippers confirmed his suspicions. He smiled, took Mr. Quint by the arm and led him into the house.

"And you, Bessy," said he, frowning at the frightened girl, "do you not know that our strawberries are waiting for us in the arbor? But I suppose you may bring them into the room; it is cooler there."

CHAPTER IX.

When Messrs. Pyk and Quint had seated themselves at table, Mr. Quint began with adventurous wisdom to try to hide his embarrassment. He wished to ask about Bessy, who she was, and how she came there, what she intended to do, her value, &c., &c. Instead of that, he began thus:

"It must be allowed that the knowledge of the

starry heavens exceeds in interest every other science. Only to think of the singular and tremendous sweeps of the Earth through space—"

"Eh," cried Mr. Pyk, "what are you trying to say there? I hope that you and my niece have not been gazing at the stars in bright daylight?"

Mr. Quint became very red. "So, she is your niece," said he.

"Ay, Mr. Neighbor," cried Pyk," you cannot impose upon me. I cannot be hoodwinked if I have not before now observed the monstrous sweeps of your world—but you are shot like a fox, and will not believe it. Come, now, frankly, tell me the truth about the matter. You are smitten!"

"What are you talking about?" returned Mr. Quint. "I do not understand you! What does smitten mean?"

The voluble Mr. Pyk continued, very naughtily—"You would like to hide yourself behind the fig-tree, like grandfather Adam, after the fall. But, Mr. Neighbor, I do not suffer myself to be played hide and seek with by every jackanape—there it is out, and amen to it! Bessy has brought you to the knowledge of good and evil; however, I will not on that account banish you from paradise. Rely upon me!"

Bessy, happily or unhappily, interrupted this conversation. She brought strawberries and fresh wine. Mr. Pyk caught hold of his beautiful niece, saying, "Will you not remain with us, Bessy?"

"Blushingly, she pleaded the most urgent business.

"Dost thou know this gentleman?" inquired he farther.

"I have seen Mr. Quint several times, as he rode through our village," answered she, modestly.

Here Mr. Quint opened his mouth, for he felt it was the time to bring in something complimentary. In truth, he had a particularly happy thought; but it remained there in his open mouth, for he continued speechless.

Bessy turned away quickly, and escaped from the company. Mr. Quint had now lost all confidence in himself, and in the dear world of God.

CHAPTER X.

As quick as possible, he prepared himself for retiring from the castle. He swore in his heart never to step into that place again; lost to the world, he would bury himself in solitude, and rest contented with the simple pleasures that he could procure in himself, like a flower dwelling forever on the same border.

Mr. Pyk thought his neighbor very odd that day. He endeavored to enliven him in many ways, but in vain. They made some little promenades in the shade of the chestnut trees; Bessy wandered in the distance,—Mr. Quint squinted that way, and—complained of a pain in his left eye.

"My niece," said Mr. Pyk," is better acquainted with medicine than I. She has it from her aunt, by whom she was brought up. Women are much better fitted for that than men. We men treat every thing on a large scale, women in detail. We judge every thing as a whole, they in separate parts. We are capable of creating something original, great, entire; they, on the contrary, are more ingenious in ornamenting, mending, improving. The science of surgery should be entirely given up to them. Come, let Bessy look into your left eye!"

"It is getting better of itself," said Mr. Quint, anxiously; "the pain is not so very great, after all."

"So much the better," returned Mr. Pyk; "but, in future, gaze less at the stars. Astronomy may have its advantages, so long as one is unmarried. I fancy, however, that your eyes looked at other heavens than the starry ones. But that 's none of my business."

"You talk so obscurely," sighed Mr. Quint, "that I know not how to answer you. It would be, for me at least, a wicked thing to marry; I am not handsome, I am not rich enough, I am not daring enough, I would also rather not be married—and so I shall never get a wife."

"Eh! nonsense!" answered Mr. Pyk; "do you believe that our fathers were all angels, and in the possession of baronies before they could find mothers for us? There is nothing easier in the world than a wedding. And, although our Eves pretend that no creature under heaven is so superfluous and indifferent to them as a man, rely upon it, they would not much relish a world without one. If you, instead of looking at the stars, would place your ears sometimes at the key-hole you would find that where three women are together their talk invariably begins about a man, and ends with a christening. And the poor children are not to blame for it. They have no states to govern, no battles to engage in, no books to write, no sermons to learn by heart, and something they must do. They first play with dolls, then with men, then with children. Their destiny is to be brought up, and to bring up."

Although Mr. Quint heard this speech of his neighbor's, not without pleasure, yet he feared to answer it; for they stood not far from the castle, and before the door, in the shade of a grape vine, sat Bessy.

Mr. Quint looked toward heaven, pointed with his left hand to the setting sun, while with the right he took off his hat, to say farewell to his neighbor. He could be kept no longer. Mr. Quint was expected at home on most urgent business. He must depart.

Pyk resolved to accompany him. He turned round and called Bessy. Bessy, as if she had neither heard nor seen any thing of them, instead of coming nearer, ran back into the house. Mr. Pyk vainly called and whistled, she did not return.

"I beg you will remember me to her," stammered Quint, and he felt that he could lie down and weep bitterly.

"The girl is foolish!" said Mr. Pyk; "but never mind, I will read her the Evangelist and Epistle on that point. She does not go home till day after to-morrow."

With that, both strolled from the castle height down into the plain. Mr. Quint was full of vexations. He overwhelmed himself with the most immoderate reproaches for having been dumb enough, foolish enough, obstinate enough, to deserve the slight that

she had publicly given him that day, by not saying even adieu to him.

"Your niece appeared to be angry with me," said he; "perhaps rightly so. I have been a great blunderer to day."

"Ah, do not talk so!" returned Mr. Pyk; why be angry with yourself! I discovered in her precisely and unequivocally the contrary of what you suspect. But to discover that, one must have experience. And I say it again to you, Mr. Neighbor, and don't forget it; he who wishes to know the world must look oftener through the key-hole than through the telescope."

The lord of the castle was certainly right this time. Bessy had no sooner observed that Mr. Quint was preparing for his retreat than she lost her sprightly disposition. She got up, and would have approached her uncle under some pretence or other, in order to be once more near his guest. But the uncle spoilt it all, by calling to her. So she would not show herself, as she perhaps thought that it might appear unbecoming in her, or that she should captivate Quint's attention more by avoiding him than by meeting him in the ordinary way. Enough—she ran, as hard as she could, (to escape from her uncle) up two or three flights of stairs, till she reached the window in the roof, whence she could see the landscape below, the path by the stream, and the two friends.

Her heart beat aloud as she saw Mr. Quint.

"What will he say of thee?" thought she. "O, how naughty thou hast been toward him! He will never forgive thee, that didst fall on him. Thou hast not even asked his pardon. And then to run away just as he was departing! He must despise thee. He will come here no more. Thou deservest it. O, Mr. Quint, fare thee well!—a thousand, thousand times! I did not mean to vex thee!—and thou art right not to pardon me."

While she thus conversed with him in thought, her beautiful eyes were filled with tears.

CHAPTER XI.

The following day, Mr. Quint looked very thoughtful. The occurrences at the castle had not been of the common sort. Bessy's form, countenance, and attire, had imprinted themselves too deeply on his memory. He wished to divert himself. He wished to write, and drew Bessy's beautiful head twenty times on the paper; he went to the piano, and all the chords sent back the strangest harmonies; he visited his favorite walks, and held formal conversations with Bessy, as if she were walking by his side.

Though not altogether astonished, he yet felt how much the inmost recesses of his heart were transformed by the adventure of a moment. All his principles, all his favorite ideas, all his stoicism, all his old and new authors, all the wisdom of the universities, and common schools—all that, till now, had had charms and value for him, all that, till now, he had set his pride upon—all were thrown aside, like worn-out household furniture—like faded playthings.

"O, beautiful, holy enthusiasm!" sighed he, as, at the close of the day, he sat on the wooden bench before his house, in the shade of a chestnut tree that reflected the red sunlight. "Of what use is our greatness and glory, and our knowledge and power? We shall never be gods; let us remain simple, good men. And the great mass of our brethern, are they happy in possessing much, in knowing much, in doing much? Certainly not; but they are happy, because they rock themselves in the arms of pleasant illusions. Is a whole day of cold intellectual investigation worth a single moment of warm, affectionate enjoyment?

"O, Bessy, Bessy, if thou feelest as I do! Mayest thou take into thy heart the enchanted dream which thou hast created! By thee, with thee, it would last throughout eternity. This is no longer the world that I saw yesterday. The grass of the meadow, Bessy, springs up only to weave a soft carpet for thy foot-step. Such is the power of beauty that she is always green wherever she is; all nature owns her, awaits her, listens to her trustingly; that, by her side, all things may grow better; more satisfactory, more lovely."

It is clearly to be seen that Mr. Quint stood no longer on the old footing with himself. He often thought a quarter of an hour at a time on these changes and reveries which he had never known before; and he could not fathom it after the most earnest endeavors, whether he had become wiser or more foolish.

He, therefore, determined to note down carefully his thoughts and fancies, in the belief that he must one time or another become sober, like the rest of his brethren.

"The maiden does not go home till day after to-morrow! Mr. Pyk had declared very distinctly yesterday. Out of that it follows, very naturally, that Bessy must pass to-morrow through the length of this valley—from her eloquent uncle's to her hospitable aunt's. She might be seen on the way, without any trouble—she might be talked to without fear, and all the past would be forgotten in his conversation—her tender heart would be tried, and, perhaps—he might hope—" Mr. Quint became giddy when he tried to spin out the thought farther.

In the midst of his blessedness, there remained a heavy burden of fear and anxiety to carry. He would not allow himself to think that, under any possible supposition, Bessy could ever listen to his modest wishes; for he felt keenly that it would be easier for him to learn Arabic in half an hour, than to learn a well-concocted declaration of love in four weeks.

CHAPTER XII.

The next morning, the first ray of the sun that glanced over the high mountain, as it lay dissolving in pale vapor, found Mr. Quint opposite the mirror. He made one innocent remark, that the spring of his days was not yet past. "Twenty-eight years old!—a fine age. Ten years more make thirty-eight—not so bad neither. Ten years more, then forty-eight! O, Bessy, Bessy, then the winter blows down the tree, and the saps dry up, and the branches decay!"

He tastefully arrayed himself, more so than common. Black silk breeches, and a sea-green frockcoat. His hair well crisped, and powdered even to whiteness; his head-dress small and elegant, and of the newest fashion. There could no longer be any doubt, Mr. Quint was fitting himself to storm a heart.

All his domestics wondered at him, particularly the old housekeeper, Anna Maria, who could not remain quiet. Women have great tact in such cases. Anna Maria laughed in her sleeve, and whispered secretly in the ear of another: "There will be great changes in the house," the other thought that, "in this world, nothing was impossible;" and so, when there was a chance, they peeped after their wandering master, through window and door, and through court-yard and house.

Mr. Quint, who, in his finely intended attack, had not counted on the shine of the black silk breeches, nor on the tasteful form of the new hair-bag, thought that in any case he should have need of other weapons. A beautiful book from his library, a fragrant cluster from his flower-garden, kept him company. Both could, at least, do him service, as innocent pretexts and mediums of conversation.

Thus armed, he left the house, and, with an unparalleled want of fear, went toward the rushing stream, and over the bridge, and over the meadow to the highway, which, leading from one end of the vale to the other, could not well be avoided by Bessy.

Nature awoke amidst the trill of larks, the clouds stole away from the bosom of the mountain, and rolled themselves up to the golden sun. A gentle breeze rustled in the forest; light streamed down from the glowing clouds of heaven upon the powerful firs of the rock, and upon mossy stones and weeds.

Mr. Quint folded his hands together in quiet rapture. He looked out into the blooming, glittering valley, as if into a new life, the angel of which was Bessy. All the magnificence and splendor of that early hour were to him the solemn entrance to the epopee of his futurity, the announcement of his great festival!

Dreaming, he continued on the road that led toward the great village Thosa, from which the beloved would come. The way rose up from the bank of the stream over mountain rubbish and rocks; both right and left grew old oak, fir, and larch trees, and intricate thickets.

From the summit above the tops of the lofty fir trees, a lovely landscape unfolded itself, in the midst of which his land was beautifully situated. From this place the road could be overlooked for some distance in front, it then lost itself again amidst woods and rocks, scattered over with wild-flowers.

Here Mr. Quint determined to take his position, and await Bessy. For he would not yet allow himself to run to meet her, without any preparation. The acquaintance was too fresh, and that, together with the unlucky misfortune—the table-cloth—this was like an electrical discharge. Love let his wings fall, Mr. Quint his bouquet; a cloudy blast came over the brightness of nature, like the sigh of a bad spirit—the unhappy remembrance of the table-cloth, raged with the hand of winter in the spring-like garden of his fancy. All pleasures and hopes died away; he stood there as one who belongs to none; like a pilgrim in a foreign land, in the sudden fog, or like a drunkard who, in the midst of his follies, becomes sober.

He stamped with his foot angrily on the ground. Great heavens! there the fool is again, and again makes himself ludicrous before the loveliest creature under heaven! She will be ashamed of me. And then to be so awkward and so clownish! "O, why was I not merely *unhappy;* why must I be more than that, even ludicrous!"

Mr. Quint threw his flowers fiercely to the ground. "It is over! It is certain. She loves me not; and if she would, she could not! The blockhead would be again nicely adrift, if he should pay her a compliment, as if she were an old, a true, and long made acquaintance and friend! Let him take himself quietly from here—let him leave the grass to grow over his foolishness!"

Thus poor Quint, in imagination, ill-treated himself with Carthusian severity. He saw his fault at that moment in the form of a giant, that pressed him down, and his virtues appeared as dwarfs. He despaired so much that he hated himself with all his heart. Beauty, riches, graces, wit, renown, brilliant employments, good traffic, and all that might subdue a beautiful girl . . . . . .

"Ah, all is wanting to me—all—all! to be worthy the love of the loveable!"

He pushed his hat deeper over his face, half turned himself about, and would have commenced his return home, when, to increase his ill-luck, Satan maliciously blew in his ear: "And, before thou hast become wise and loveable, Bessy will have found a husband."

The idea made him shudder. He stood still. All his possible rivals in the vale passed before his mind's eye like shadows before a magic lantern. Beautiful men, intellectual men, agreeable companions, rich youths, remarkable families—and Quint's self-esteem, instead of being entirely dissolved, awoke anew under this mustering of enemies. Involuntarily, he compared himself with each man, and found that he was not quite so despicable, not quite so worthless after all. The clouds of ill-humor broke away; the sunshine of hope spread itself over his inner world, and showed again some solitary light spots in the nightly desert.

By continued pleasant reflections, he raised himself by degrees from consolation to peace, from peace to hope, from this to expectation, from expectation to joy, and from joy to rapture. "And now that I think on Pyk's words, on Bessy's looks!" he cried, in the newly awakened glow of hope and love, "O, every thing is yet possible! We will try it! Bessy will be obtained! Paradise appears! trallalla, trallallaera; tralla, trallorium!" This last very ungerman-like word he neither thought nor said, but sang it with a clear, audible voice, dancing at the same time from one side of the road to the other, and back again.

This jubilee dance, which may have much resembled that of the Kingly David before the Ark of the Covenant—he might have continued probably

much longer, being something between a minuet and a waltz, had not——enough! Mr. Quint sprang with one bound aside, like a shy horse when he rears. He slipped into the thicket, between the highway and the running stream below. And thither, on the road toward the height, Bessy came, with her beautiful, stately person. She was alone.

CHAPTER XIII.

He who has once loved will clearly understand the changeable state of mind of poor Mr. Quint; tossed about between fear and hope, anxiety and enthusiasm. I will also wager that the greater part of my readers have already danced, somewhere, the pleasure dance of Mr. Quint; but they were perhaps more fortunate than our philosopher, who was caught unawares in his jubilee, and unfortunately by the very person for whose sake this secret honor and pleasure dance had taken place, accompanied by simple vocal music.

Mr. Quint, who had never in his life designed to figure as a solo dancer, was so much alarmed and disconcerted at Bessy's appearance, that all his limbs trembled. If Bessy had recognized him up there on the height, with his jumps, backward, sideways, and in the air, it was inevitably over with him forever. What would a girl think, to see a well dressed man set himself suddenly to dancing in a wood; a man generally shy, respectful, well-bred, and thought intelligent by all the world? And when this man should have advanced toward her with a declaration of love! For God's sake, Mr. Quint, what has become of your understanding?

The good man did penance for his short pleasure in the most sensible manner. He was obliged to hold fast with both hands on a neighboring tree, for the bank under him, running down to the water's edge, was steep and high, and his feet were only supported by gravel and sand, that fell away with every motion.

In any event, he must remain in that disagreeable situation till Bessy would be past, and yet it seemed to him he could not keep a moment longer upright. The ground shook now and then under his feet. He could stand more firmly either to the right or to the left, but not so sheltered from Bessy's eyes as here. Added to this, there was, unavoidably, a betraying rustle with every change of his position, a crackling of stones and sands as they rolled down the hill.

Putting aside the fatal dreams, in which the sufferer wishes to run away, while a fatal enchantment fastens his feet to the ground, or would scream for help without having any voice—putting aside such bedeviled stories, that are sometimes told us in our sleep by bad angels, Mr. Quint had never felt any thing of the kind more unpleasant.

The ground moved slowly from under his feet, according to the laws of nature. A long, downward journey, over gravel and stones, was to be feared. It was dizzying to look down, and the damsel, Bessy, had just reached the top of the mountain road, and stood two steps from Mr. Quint, who lost his breath with affright. She stood still, and considered wonderingly the beautiful garden flowers cast away, and scattered on the road.

Every one would have looked with pleasure on the little traveler as she stood before Quint's flowers; attired neatly in simple country guise, and yet to the advantage of her beautifully formed figure; she was thoughtful, and with the face of an angel in the red morning light. Mr. Quint trembled with love and—fear.

She bent and gathered up the flowers, went on one side and seated herself on a piece of rock. With the flowers in her lap, she arranged them in a tuft, but without haste, for her glance wandered in the neighboring landscape, where Mr. Quint's estate, dwelling-house, and garden, lay in the morning mist.

"He also has flowers in his garden," thought she; "and people say that it is a handsome garden."

Her hands sunk into her lap on the cool flowers, a trembling sigh raised itself slowly from her bosom.

Involuntarily—for who expects the like?—she thought herself the mistress over these, and thought they will then plant for the kitchen as well as the eyes. The position of the front door, of the windows, of the chimney, &c., explained to her, physiognomically, the interior of the dwelling, the relations of rooms and chambers, of kitchens and cellars, of stairs and halls. "There," thought she, "there is much yet to clean and adorn; it would be pretty, both winter and summer, to have snow-white curtains before the windows, for they ornament the house both within and without. And, summer evenings, they must sup in the gay arbor, and in winter the little room looking toward the highway must be warmed; there the piano must stand. Mr. Quint plays well on it; the mistress would then spin the yellow flax.

"And of whom thinks he?" thought she further; "O, I know well, many think of him. He is rich, young, and pleasant. That ill-luck should always pursue me, poor child! Had the table-cloth never existed! Why was I so awkward? I shall be ashamed of it all my life. I shall never dare to raise my eyes to him. But, it is true, he sometimes casts his friendly eye on me; an eye so beautiful, so clear and penetrating that I could scarcely bear it. And I would much like to know what he said to uncle Pyk. O, my uncle! I know him well. Do not believe him, poor Bessy, he is but quizzing thee. Would so rich a man as Mr. Quint, so happy a man, whom all love, think of thee, a poor ignorant girl? He must be a learned gentleman, he will seek a learned wife, perhaps a girl from the city. For thou art not worthy of him. And he does not know thee—has certainly forgotten thee since day before yesterday."

With these words, an Egyptian darkness fell upon her dreams.

She folded her hands together, stretched them with a sorrowful glance toward the dwelling of Mr. Quint, and said, (for she did not think herself listened to) with a trembling voice, "Ah! Mr. Quint!"

Mr. Quint, in his blessed concealment, had with joy seen his beloved opposite to him, though under a thousand apprehensions from his unfirm hold. He

was full of rapture. But when she spread her beautiful arms toward his dwelling, and as the betraying whisper, "Mr. Quint," flew from her little purple lips · · · · Heaven opened itself before him; he would fly to Bessy's feet; never did Fortune smile more kindly; he spread his arms toward her, and · · ·

With a dull noise, the gravel broke from beneath him, the loosened earth rolled crashing down; Mr. Quint followed the mineral kingdom. He cursed on the way, but in vain. It would not have helped him had he even prayed, with greater devotion. The peril was more imminent than ever. The foundation being disturbed, earth and rubbish rolled after, and rushed over him, threatening to bury him. He looked anxiously above, beneath. There remained no other way for him than to follow the will of fate, and finish the journey down.

CHAPTER XIV.

In poetical relations, (which can deify mankind, and make a heaven of earth) when a prosaical accident suddenly happens, who, that had the feelings of a lamb, would not be angry? And yet the poor life of man is but a romance mixed with verses, an opera without music, a thing out of which few draw any wisdom, and therefore it happens that even the most gentle souls become sometimes wild, and shake their silk wool like a lion's mane.

This Mr. Quint now did, as he happily raised himself on his feet at the foot of the mountain, and escaped the assaults of various rolling stones by scientific jumps. But, in the midst of his anger, he knew not whether to curse most his misfortune, or thank most his good luck, for accomplishing his audacious descent without breaking an arm or a leg.

Climbing the mountain again, and seeking Bessy, was not to be thought of. Probably the good child had wisely saved herself by flight, during the horrible avalanche. Beside, Mr. Quint could not in any way conceal that his black silk breeches were not in a state to show to the eyes of his beloved. He ought to be happy, if he could hide the spots and rents in them, and reach his home in broad day without being seen.

He cried with rage! Even philosophers lose their philosophy under certain circumstances. There has no man yet been found, wise in every hour of the day. Mr. Quint, the Bruyère and Theophrast of his vale, Mr. Quint, so learned in human nature, would certainly not have brought those tears into the account, had he described his own character. And yet it would have hit him so clearly! But such tears are not shed at the market, nor at the tea-table.

CHAPTER XV.

The following day, Mr. Pyk appeared at Quint's house. It was a rainy day; thick clouds were driven downward, from defile to defile, through the hills, and the peaks of the mountains were lost in the heavy rain from heaven. Such days were always welcome to Mr. Quint. The wide-spread silence, the uniform darkness of the landscape, the want of diversion without, threw him on his own resources. He thought himself more alive than usual, and he never was more fruitful in brave projects than at such times.

Forgetting his disasters, he worried himself with schemes as to how Bessy was to be won. From the time he awoke, he had been brooding over them. The projects were nearly matured, when Pyk appeared, and bound his horse under the window.

Never had the neighbor been more welcome. He came directly from Rottheim. In Rottheim Bessy lived, with the sister of Mr. Pyk. It was now noon. The horse must be put in the stable. Mr. Pyk threw off his wet clothes, and was pleased with the possession of Quint's dressing-gown and slippers. He also concluded to spend the night, for it was evening, the road was bad, and the rain more violent every moment.

As they now sat together, Mr. Pyk lighted the tobacco pipe, and said:

"Do not take it amiss, Mr. Neighbor, that I like to be at my ease, and that I like to be with you; but had you a charming house-wife, who, with a friendly countenance, would herself cover the table for supper, and, at the same time, scold me a little out of pure friendship—why, it's just as well—but I should be five per cent. more content. I like to have a young woman scold me, for I am wont to be naughty. And by that I can easily tell whether the woman has heart and soul and feeling enough for friendship. Young women who like to scold smilingly, love truly and tenderly, and become affectionate, respected mothers. When your waiter enters, or your maid, and lights the lamp, or spreads the table-cloth—dear Heaven, it is just as if it had not happened, and does not entice one to the meal. When the heart is not warm, the dishes are cold."

"You are quite right," returned Mr. Quint, and his countenance burned; "I feel that you have spoken truly. But it is difficult now to find a good girl, who will be drawn to the altar by a man's heart. And I know no maiden with whom I could be happy, but, to speak openly—your beautiful niece, Miss Bessy." Mr. Quint lost his breath at the last word.

Mr. Pyk laughed maliciously. He lighted the pipe again, and said, "So quickly?"

Quint bent, and raised a paper-folder from the ground. The rubicon was passed; he no longer dared go backward.

"I have already found it out," continued Mr. Pyk. "The girl and you, hem! You are not good actors, or you would disguise yourselves better. You were like bewitched people—both bewitched. That I saw at the first glance. Short and quick, and all together!—"

Mr. Quint interrupted him. "Do you think, Mr. Neighbor, that—Bessy remembers, that—I would say, do you believe that your niece—even were it fatal to our friendship. I will openly acknowledge to you, for of what use is concealment from you, when it must come out some time—"

"Eh!" cried Mr. Pyk; "just let me finish talking. I look upon the thing as a finished matter."

"So much the better!" said Mr. Quint. "You are observing, and saw from the first hour how unspeakably I loved your Bessy—but, dear Heaven, I cannot believe, cannot hope—Bessy does not know me yet!"

"Poh! there you are going astray! She has known you this long time!" cried Mr. Pyk, laughing. "Women have lynx-eyes, and physiognomy is born with them, as the knowledge of flowers is to bees. The glances that they cast on a man in passing, are true balls of fire, that make our inmost thoughts as clear as day. The first judgment that they make of us is therefore the most just; the good children are afterward generally so modest that they believe our words more than their own instinct. For instance, Bessy has described and talked of you, as of a fifty years' acquaintance."

"So she has spoken of me?" asked Quint, in pleased astonishment.

"Ay, speak, as you think. Have you not observed that Bessy is half crazed by you? It is true, she sought to deny, with all her might, that she thought of you, but, till the last moment of her departure, she spoke of none but you, she thought of nothing else. No doubt at her aunt's it is not a hairbreadth better. Her aunt said to her face, this morning, 'Thou art in love!' and I added, 'It is the same with him!'"

"In the name of Heaven!" cried Mr. Quint, and was beside himself, "what have you done? You make me miserable. What will Bessy think of me?"

"Nonsense!" returned the uncle. "What will she think! She will think you are what you ought to be, and that is of some importance to her. And to you I will own it, you young people are dear to me. It has been a little plan of mine to bring you together; and had you been pleased with each other, I would soon have brought the matter to rights. Bessy has a nice little fortune, and is a good child. Heaven has willed, (since it led you to me) that you should meet sooner than I thought. Now it is clear. There is my hand upon it."

Mr. Quint was beside himself. He caught the hand of the valiant Pyk, threw himself on his neck, kissed him with passion and fervor, and his eyes were damp with tears.

"Now, there, there!" cried Mr. Pyk, "what is the matter? Are you bewildered? Have you mistaken the uncle for the niece?"

Quint drew back—the weight was off his heart.

"I have had a long and full conference with my sister," continued the uncle. "She is well contented with the match. I like to be short and quick. Day after to-morrow is Sunday. Bessy and her aunt are then coming to my house. Mr. Parson, the lawyer, and some witnesses shall dine with me. The betrothal shall be made, and then, once for all, published in the church—"

"I pray you," Quint interrupted, uneasily, backing his chair round the room; "I pray you, be slower, a little slower—you talk too much—you want too much, and want too quickly. Sunday—betrothal—Parson—dinner-party—notary—publishment—"

"Stop!" screamed Mr. Pyk, "there you are wrong. Such a thing must be done quickly, I say quickly, but in proper order. There are things in the world that must be taken quickly, to have them succeed, to wit: a medicine, an assault, a wife. Just so with christening, marriage, and burial. Those are the three chapters in the book of life, or the titles of a chapter, that are all much alike. By baptism, we renounce the devil, by marriage, old Adam, and by death, all tears and sorrow. Amen. It remains with you. The betrothal can be made a year hence, if you like."

"No!" said Mr. Quint," by my body it shall not. Do as you will. I commit myself to you entirely. I am the happiest creature under the sun. I have naught in the world against the betrothal, but only against the pompous display of parson, lawyer, and witnesses. I hate ostentation, complimenting, ceremonious airs. Cannot I then take a wife to myself without all that bustle?"

[*To be continued.*

IT IS SAD.

BY HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

It is sad with dark surmise
To watch a lonely wreck at sea
On the billows fall and rise
Drearily.

It is sad as daybeams fade,
Amid the graves to muse of fate,
And the hearts that time has made
Desolate.

It is sad to hear the gale
O'er a ruined city sweep,
Like a nation's dying wail,
Loud and deep.

It is sad to bend above
The lifeless image of a friend
And feel that days of mortal love
Have an end.

But it is sadder far to trace
Genius, loveliness and youth
In a cherished maiden's face
Without truth.

VIRGINIA,

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL OF KENTUCKY.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

"Six for a fip! Six for a fip! Matches! matches!" The voice was clear and glad as a bird's, and Russell Hartley turned to see from whence it proceeded; a little, bare-footed girl, about ten years old, with the sunniest, sweetest face he had ever seen, was tripping just behind, and, as he turned, she held up her matches with such a winning, pleading, heavenly smile in her blue eyes, that he bought nearly all she had at once.

Her fair hair fell in soft light waves, rather than curls, nearly to her waist, and a hole in her little straw hat let in a sunbeam upon it that turned it half to gold.

In spite of the child's coarse and tattered apparel, in spite of her lowly occupation, her manner, her step, her expression, the very tones of her voice unconsciously betrayed a native delicacy and refinement, which deeply interested the high-bred youth whom she addressed. Impelled by an irresistible impulse, he lingered by her side as she proceeded. "What is your name, my child?" he asked.

"Virginia, sir. What is yours?"

"Hartley—Russell Hartley," he replied, smiling at her artless and naive simplicity; "and where is your home?"

"Oh! I have no home, at least not much of one. I sleep in the barns about here," and again she looked up in his face, with her happy and touching smile.

"And your mother?"

In an instant the soft brow was shadowed, and the uplifted eyes glistened with tears.

"I will tell you all about it, if you will come close to me. I don't like to talk loud about it," she replied, in low and faltering tones.

Russell Hartley took her little sunburnt hand in his, and bent his head in earnest attention.

"We had been in the great ship ever so many days, mother, and father, and I, and all the other people, and one night we were in the room they called the Ladies' Cabin, and mother had just undressed me, and I was sitting on her knee singing the little hymn she taught me, and she had her arm round my neck—mother loved me—oh! so dearly—and she was so sweet and good!—nobody will ever be so good to me again!" and here the little creature tried to repress a sob, and wiped her eyes with her torn apron. "Well, and so I was just singing my pretty hymn,

I 'll know no fear, when danger 's near,
I 'm safe on sea or land,
For I 've, in heaven, a Father dear,
And He will hold my hand;

All at once, there was a dreadful, confused sound, a rumbling, crashing, shrieking noise—a terrible pain, and then—I woke up, and there I was on a bed in a strange room, and some people standing by the fire, talking about a steamboat that had burst her boiler the day before, and I found that I had been washed on shore, and that Mr. Smith had found me, and taken me home to his wife, and she had put me into a warm bed and tried to rouse me; but she could n't till I woke up myself the next day. And when I cried for my own sweet mother, they looked sad, and said she was drowned, and I should never see her again! And then I wanted to be drowned too, but they said that was wicked, and I was sorry I had said so, for I would not be wicked for the world! Mother always loved to have me good; and so I tried to be happy as they told me I must; but I could n't—not for a great while—I used to pine so at night for her dear arms round me! At last, I found a little comfort in doing just as I knew she would like to have me, and in knowing she could see me still, and in talking to her; and I used to sing my little hymn to her up in heaven, just as I did when I sat on her knee, and I sing it now every night. Mr. Smith and his wife both died and left me all alone again; but I am hardly ever sad now, for I am almost always good, and you know good people must not be unhappy," and the beautiful, loving smile shone again through her lingering tears, as she finished her simple story.

Russell was touched to the heart. His own eyes were moist, and, bending down, he kissed the innocent cheek of the little orphan, and bade her go with him, and he would give her money to clothe and feed herself.

But the child drew gently, yet somewhat proudly, back and said, earnestly, "Oh! I never take money *as a gift;* mother would not like it." Then, kissing tenderly the gentle hand, that still held hers, she tripped lightly round a corner, and, a moment after, Hartley heard her soft, silvery, childish treble, far in the distance, singing, "Matches, matches! Six for a fip! Who 'll buy my matches!—matches, ho!"

Russell Hartley kept that sweet picture in his soul, undimmed, through years of travel and change and care. He visited, with enthusiasm, the noble galleries of painting and sculpture in England, France, and Italy, and many a gem of art was enshrined and hallowed in the mosaic tablets of memory, but there was none to rival the *gem of nature*—the matchless little match-girl of Kentucky! with her fair hair streaming on her scanty red cloak, the glad and innocent smile in her childish eyes, and the lovely sunbeam stealing through the hole in the old straw hat to light, as with

a message from Heaven, the lovely head of the orphan girl. That beautiful ray of light!—made more beautiful by its chosen resting place, giving and receiving grace!—it seemed a symbol of the Father's love for the poor little motherless wanderer. It was only the *hole* in the hat that let in the sunshine—it was her *poverty* and her lonely, lowly state, that made her especially the child of His divine pity and tenderness; and they, like the sunbeam, changed to gold her daily care, and smiled through every cloud that crossed her little heart.

Seven years flew by—on butterfly wings to joy and thoughtlessness, on leaden ones to sorrow and "hope deferred"—and our little Virginia, now a lovely girl of seventeen, had earned money enough, by her bewitching way of offering matches for sale, to introduce herself as a pupil into one of the first boarding-schools of the country, not to commence, but to *finish* her education; for, with a passionate love of books, she had found means to cultivate her tastes and talents in many ways.

The lovely and lonely little orphan had struggled with hunger and cold and fatigue, with temptation in its most alluring and beguiling forms, with evil in a thousand shapes, yet had she kept the heavenly sunshine of her soul pure and unclouded through it all. She had never taken money as a gift, nor as a bribe. She had assisted, from her little store, many a child of misfortune, still humbler and poorer than herself; and, with faith, truth, and purity—an angel guard around her—by the light of her own innocent smiles, she glided, like a star, through the gathering clouds unharmed, unstained, unshadowed. In the words of our beautiful poet—

> "Peace charmed the street, beneath her feet,
> And honor charmed the air;"

and music—the music of her own sweet heart and silver voice went always with her through the world.

It was on the evening preceding that on which the annual ball of the school took place. The young ladies were discussing, round the school-room fire, the dresses they were to wear. Virginia, a little apart, listened to them, and half wished she had a fairy godmother, like Cinderella's, to deck her for the festival. "Pearls, diamonds, japonicas! Satins, laces, velvets! She, alas! had none of these! She had only the plain, white dress in which she had been crowned Queen of May the spring preceding. It was so very plain, not even a bit of trimming round the throat."

"And what are you to wear, Miss Lindon?" said one of the aristocrats of the school, turning, with what she fancied an imperial air, toward the young stranger.

Virginia blushed, and said, simply, "My white muslin."

"And what ornaments?"

Virginia smiled. "Oh, I can find some bright autumn leaves for a wreath."

Imogen Grey would have given her diamond necklace for such a blush and smile; for her own sallow cheek was never so illumined; but she sneered nevertheless at the white muslin and the garland of leaves, and deigned no further question.

Virginia's delicate and sensitive spirit felt the sneer intensely, and she left the room with a swelling heart and tearful eyes. Once safe, however, in the asylum of her own little chamber, peace descended again like a dove into her soul, and, after undressing, she knelt in her night-robe, by the side of her bed, and said her prayer, and sung her little childish hymn—

> Of old th' Apostle walked the wave,
> As seamen walk the land,
> A power was near him strong to save,
> For Jesus held his hand!
>
> Why should *I* fear, when danger 's near?
> I 'm safe on sea or land;
> For I 've in heaven a Father dear,
> And He will hold my hand.
>
> Though on a dizzy height, perchance,
> With faltering feet I stand,
> No dread shall dim my upward glance,
> For God will hold my hand.
>
> But oh! if doubt should cloud the day,
> And sin beside me stand,
> Then firmest, *lest I lose my way*,
> My Father! hold my hand!

Doubt, and danger, and sin, were nearer than she thought, but her little hand was held by One Who *would not let her fall*. As she rose from her devotions, she saw, for the first time, a box on a table by the bed. It was addressed on the cover simply to "Virginia." She opened it, wondering, and found a set of exquisite pearl ornaments, for the arms, neck and head. Her little heart beat with girlish delight. She hurried to the glass and wound around her hair a chain of snow-gems, less fair and pure than the innocent brow beneath. Next she bared her graceful arm, and clasped a bracelet there. How exquisitely the delicate ornaments became her childish loveliness! She thought she had never looked so pretty—not even when she used to deck her hair with wild-flowers, by the clear pool in the woods. And she could wear them to the ball! But who could have sent them? Again she looked at the box, and this time she saw a note peeping beneath the cotton wool on which the gems had rested. Virginia's fair cheek flushed as she read—

> "Let Innocence and Beauty wear the gift of Love.
> HOWARD GREY."

Had the bracelet been a serpent, with its deadly sting in her arm, Virginia could scarcely have unclasped it with more fearful haste. The chain too was snatched from her head, and both, with the note, replaced in the box; and then the fair child threw herself again on her knees and buried her face in her hands. After a silence of some minutes, broken only by faint sobs, she sung once more, in low and tremulous tones, the hymn, which seemed to her a talisman for all evil, and then calmly laying her head on the pillow, and, murmuring the name which was music to her soul, sunk into the soft and deep slumber of innocence and youth.

For nearly a year had the young libertine, Howard Grey, pursued her with his unhallowed passion, aided as he vainly imagined by his costly and tasteful gifts; but there seemed a magic halo around the young Virginia,

through which no shadow of evil could penetrate. Besides the native purity and delicacy of her mind, there were two other influences at work in the beautiful web of her destiny, to prevent any coarse or dark thread from mingling in its tissue: one was her spiritual communion with her mother, and the other, her affectionate remembrance of Russell Hartley—the only being in whose eyes she had ever read the sympathy for which her lonely and loving heart yearned always.

It was evening again. The young ladies had assembled, dressed for the ball, in the drawing-room—all but Virginia. "Where *is* the sweet child?" asked an invalid teacher, to whom she had endeared herself by her graceful and affectionate attentions.

"She was so long helping me and sister dress," said a little shy-looking girl, "that she has been belated."

"I will go and assist her myself," said the principal of the school, pleased with this proof of kindheartedness on the part of her new pupil.

She softly opened the door of Virginia's room, and almost started at the charming picture which met her eye. Robed in white, with her singularly beautiful hair falling in fair, soft curls around her face, which was lighted up by a smile of almost rapturous hope and joy, the young girl stood in an attitude of enchanting grace, raising in both hands to adjust, amid the braids behind, a half wreath of glowing and richly tinted autumn leaves.

"Let me arrange it for you, my child," said the lady approaching, and Virginia bent her fair head modestly to her bidding, and then, hand in hand, they descended to the drawing-room. Many of the company had arrived—the doors leading to the ball-room had been thrown open, and Virginia was almost dazzled by the splendor of the scene into which she was thus suddenly ushered. She blushed beneath the eyes that were riveted upon her as she passed.

"An angel!" "A grace!" "A muse!" whispered the gentlemen to each other. There was one among them—a noble, chivalric-looking man—who did not speak his admiration! An indefinable something in the heavenly beauty of that face had touched, in his soul, a chord which had not vibrated for many years before. Virginia knew him at once. The rich chestnut curls of the boy of twenty had now assumed a darker tinge, the eyes a somewhat softer fire, and the youthful and flexile grace had given place to a manly dignity of mien; but there was no mistaking the *soul* in the glance of Russell Hartley.

And Virginia was decidedly the belle of the ball. Gay, but gracefully so, for her sportive mood was softened and restrained by a charming timidity that enhanced her loveliness ten fold, she looked and moved like one inspired. She had met Hartley's admiring gaze; she was almost sure he would ask an introduction, and she felt as if her feet and heart were suddenly gifted with wings. She floated down the dance like a peri through the air, and then Russell approached and was introduced.

The sunny smile of the little match-girl shone in her eyes, as she accepted his arm for a promenade. "Surely I have seen that look somewhere before!" he exclaimed, half aloud. "Matches! matches! Six for a fip!" murmured Virginia, looking archly up in his face, and the mystery was at once explained.

Imogen Grey's diamond necklace was worthless dross in comparison with the wreath of autumn leaves, which Hartley laid beneath his pillow that night, and all her brother's costly offerings could not have purchased the smile which accompanied the gift.

Reader, if you ever go to Kentucky, come to me for a letter of introduction to Mrs. Russell Hartley. She is looked up to, respected and beloved by all the country round, and I am sure you will enjoy her graceful and cordial attention, and the luxuries of her elegant home, all the more for remembering that the distinguished and dignified woman to whom you are making your very best bow, was once the little match-girl of my story.

MARGARET.

BY MRS. B. F. THOMAS.

Oh! fondly I remember yet
The lattice low,
Where oft at eventide we met,
Long years ago.
I think I see the vine-leaves now
With dew drops wet—
You shook them laughing o'er my brow,
Wild Margaret!

Oh! ne'er shall I forget the mill
Whose moss-grown wheel
Kept whirring in the moonlight still—
There would we steal,
And silent, with thy hand in mine,
The hours forget,
Dissolved in feelings half divine,
Loved Margaret!

Thou art no more in mortal guise—
But oft in dreams
I hear a singing from the skies,
And thine it seems;
It hath strange power to assuage
This heart's wild fret—
Oh! thus still cheer my pilgrimage,
Lost Margaret!

REVIEW OF ORION.*

BY EDGAR A. POE.

In the January number of this magazine, the receipt of this work was mentioned, and it was hinted that, at some future period, it should be made the subject of review. We proceed now to fulfill that promise.

And first a word or two of gossip and personality.

Mr. R. H. Horne, the author of "Orion," has, of late years, acquired a high and extensive *home* reputation, although, as yet, he is only partially known in America. He will be remembered, however, as the author of a very well-written Introduction to Black's Translation of Schlegel's "Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature," and as a contributor with Wordsworth, Hunt, Miss Barrett, and others, to "Chaucer Modernized." He is the author, also, of "Cosmo de Medici," of "The Death of Marlowe," and, especially, of "Gregory the Seventh," a fine tragedy, prefaced with an "Essay on Tragic Influence." "Orion" was originally advertised to be sold for *a farthing*; and, at this price, three large editions were actually sold. The fourth edition, (a specimen of which now lies before us) was issued at a shilling, and also *sold*. A fifth is promised at half a crown; this likewise, with even a sixth at a crown, may be disposed of—partly through the intrinsic merit of the work itself—but, chiefly, through the ingenious novelty of the original price.

We have been among the earliest readers of Mr. Horne—among the most earnest admirers of his high genius;—for a man of high, of the highest genius, he unquestionably is. With an eager wish to do justice to his "Gregory the Seventh," we have never yet found exactly that opportunity we desired. Meantime, we looked, with curiosity, for what the British critics would say of a work which, in the boldness of its conception, and in the fresh originality of its management, would necessarily fall beyond the *routine* of their customary verbiage. We saw nothing, however, that either could or should be understood—nothing, certainly, that was worth understanding. The tragedy itself was, unhappily, not devoid of the ruling cant of the day, and its critics (that cant incarnate) took their cue from some of its infected passages, and proceeded forthwith to rhapsody and æsthetics, by way of giving a common-sense public an intelligible idea of the book. By the "cant of the day" we mean the disgusting practice of putting on the airs of an owl, and endeavoring to look miraculously wise;—the affectation of second sight—of a species of ecstatic prescience—of an intensely bathetic penetration into all sorts of mysteries, psychological ones in especial;—an Orphic—an ostrich affectation, which buries its head in balderdash, and, seeing nothing itself, fancies, therefore, that its preposterous carcass is not a visible object of derision for the world at large.

Of "Orion" itself, we have, as yet, seen few notices in the British periodicals, and these few are merely repetitions of the old jargon. All that has been said, for example, might be summed up in some such paragraph as this:

"'Orion' is the *earnest* outpouring of the oneness of the psychological MAN. It has the individuality of the true SINGLENESS. It is not to be regarded as a Poem, but as a WORK—as a multiple THEOGONY—as a manifestation of the WORKS and the DAYS. It is a pinion in the PROGRESS—a wheel in the MOVEMENT that moveth ever and goeth alway—a mirror of SELF-INSPECTION, held up by the SEER of the Age essential—of the Age *in esse*—for the SEERS of the Ages possible—*in posse*. We hail a brother in the work."

Of the mere opinions of the donkeys who bray thus—of their mere dogmas and doctrines, literary, æsthetical, or what not—we know little, and, upon our honor, we wish to know less. Occupied, Laputically, in their great work of a progress that never progresses, we take it for granted, also, that they care as little about ours. But whatever the opinions of these people may be—however portentous the "IDEA" which they have been so long threatening to "evolve"—we still think it clear that they take a very roundabout way of evolving it. The use of Language is in the promulgation of Thought. If a man—if an Orphicist—or a SEER—or whatever else he may choose to call himself, while the rest of the world calls him an ass—if this gentleman have an idea which he does not understand himself, the best thing he can do is to say nothing about it; for, of course, he can entertain no hope that what he, the SEER, cannot comprehend, should be comprehended by the mass of common humanity; but if he have an idea which is actually intelligible to himself, and if he sincerely wish to render it intelligible to others, we then hold it as indisputable that he should employ those forms of speech which are the best adapted to further his object. He should speak to the people in that people's ordinary tongue. He should arrange words, such as are habitually employed for the several preliminary and introductory ideas to be conveyed—he should arrange them in collocations such as those in which we are accustomed to see those words arranged.

But to all this the Orphicist thus replies: "I am a SEER. My IDEA—the idea which by Providence I am especially commissioned to evolve—is one so vast—so novel—that ordinary words, in ordinary collocations, will be insufficient for its comfortable evolution." Very true. We grant the vastness of the IDEA—it is manifested in the sucking of the thumb—but, then, if *ordinary* language be insufficient—the ordinary language which men understand—*à fortiori* will be insufficient that inordinate language which no man has *ever* understood, and which any well-educated baboon would blush in being accused of understanding. The "SEER," therefore, has no resource but to oblige mankind by holding his tongue, and suffering his IDEA to remain quietly "unevolved," until some Mesmeric mode of intercommunication shall be invented, whereby the antipodal brains of the SEER and of the man of Common Sense shall be brought into the necessary *rapport*. Meantime we earnestly ask if *bread-and-butter* be the vast IDEA in question—if *bread-and-butter* be any portion of this vast IDEA; for we have often observed that when a SEER has to speak of even so usual a thing as bread-and-butter, he can never be induced to mention it outright. He will, if you choose, say any thing and every thing *but* bread-and-butter. He will consent to hint at buckwheat cake. He may even accommodate you so far as to insinuate oatmeal porridge—but, if bread-and-butter be really the matter intended, we never yet met the Or-

* *Orion: an Epic Poem in Three Books. By R. H. Horne. Fourth Edition. London: Published by J. Miller.*

phicist who could get out the three individual words "bread-and-butter."

We have already said that "Gregory the Seventh" was, unhappily, infected with the customary cant of the day—the cant of the muddle-pates who dishonor a profound and ennobling philosophy by styling themselves transcendentalists. In fact, there are few highly sensitive or imaginative intellects for which the vortex of *mysticism*, in any shape, has not an almost irresistible influence, on account of the shadowy confines which separate the Unknown from the Sublime. Mr. Horne, then, is, in some measure, infected. The success of his previous works had led him to attempt, zealously, the production of a poem which should be worthy his high powers. We have no doubt that he revolved carefully in mind a variety of august conceptions, and from these thoughtfully selected what his judgment, rather than what his impulses, designated as the noblest and the best. In a word, he has weakly yielded his own poetic sentiment of the poetic—yielded it, in some degree, to the pertinacious opinion, and *talk*, of a certain junto by which he is surrounded—a junto of dreamers whose absolute intellect may, perhaps, compare with his own very much after the fashion of an ant-hill with the Andes. By this talk—by its continuity rather than by any other quality it possessed—he has been badgered into the attempt at commingling the obstinate oils and waters of Poetry and of Truth. He has been so far blinded as to permit himself to imagine that a maudlin philosophy (granting it to be worth enforcing) could be enforced by poetic imagery, and illustrated by the jingling of rhythm; or, more unpardonably, he has been induced to believe that a poem, whose single object is the creation of Beauty—the novel collocation of old forms of the Beautiful and of the Sublime—could be advanced by the abstractions of a maudlin philosophy.

But the question is not even this. It is not whether it be not possible to introduce didacticism, with effect, into a poem, or possible to introduce poetical images and measures, with effect, into a didactic essay. To do either the one or the other, would be merely to surmount a difficulty—would be simply a feat of literary sleight of hand. But the true question is, whether the author who shall attempt either feat, will not be laboring at a disadvantage—will not be guilty of a fruitless and wasteful expenditure of energy. In minor poetical efforts, we may not so imperatively demand an adherence to the true poetical thesis. We permit *trifling* to some extent, in a work which we consider a trifle at best. Although we agree, for example, with Coleridge, that poetry and *passion* are discordant, yet we are willing to permit Tennyson to bring, to the intense *passion* which prompted his "Locksley Hall," the aid of that terseness and pungency which are derivable from rhythm and from rhyme. The effect he produces, however, is a purely passionate, and not, unless in detached passages of this magnificent philippic, a properly poetic effect. His "Œnone," on the other hand, exalts the soul not into passion, but into a conception of pure *beauty*, which in its elevation—its calm and intense rapture—has in it a foreshadowing of the future and spiritual life, and as far transcends earthly passion as the holy radiance of the sun does the glimmering and feeble phosphorescence of the glow-worm. His "Morte D'Arthur" is in the same majestic vein. The "Sensitive Plant" of Shelley is in the same sublime spirit. Nor, if the passionate poems of Byron excite more intensely a greater number of readers than either the "Œnone" or the "Sensitive Plant"—does this indisputable fact prove any thing more than that the majority of mankind are more susceptible of the impulses of passion than of the impressions of beauty. Readers do exist, however, and always will exist, who, to hearts of maddening fervor, unite, in perfection, the sentiment of the beautiful—that divine sixth sense which is yet so faintly understood—that sense which phrenology has attempted to embody in its organ of *ideality*—that sense which is the basis of all Fourier's dreams—that sense which speaks of GOD through his purest, if not his *sole* attribute—which proves, and which alone proves his existence.

To readers such as these—and only to such as these—must be left the decision of what the true Poesy is. And these—with *no* hesitation—will decide that the origin of Poetry lies in a thirst for a wilder Beauty than Earth supplies—that Poetry itself is the imperfect effort to quench this immortal thirst by novel combinations of beautiful forms (collocations of forms) physical or spiritual, and that this thirst when even partially allayed—this sentiment when even feebly meeting response—produces emotion to which all other human emotions are vapid and insignificant.

We shall now be fully understood. If, with Coleridge, who, however erring at times, was precisely the mind fitted to decide a question such as this—if, with him, we reject *passion* from the true—from the pure poetry—if we reject even passion—if we discard as feeble, as unworthy the high spirituality of the theme, (which has its origin in a sense of the Godhead) if we dismiss even the nearly divine emotion of human *love*—that emotion which, merely to name, *now* causes the pen to tremble—with how much greater reason shall we dismiss all else? And yet there are men who would mingle with the august theme the merest questions of expediency—the cant topics of the day—the doggerel æsthetics of the time—who would trammel the soul in its flight to an ideal Helusion, by the quirks and quibbles of chopped logic. There are men who do this—lately there are a set of men who make a practice of doing this—and who defend it on the score of the advancement of what they suppose to be *truth*. Truth is, in its own essence, sublime—but her loftiest sublimity, as derived from man's clouded and erratic reason, is valueless—is pulseless—is utterly ineffective when brought into comparison with the unerring *sense* of which we speak; yet grant this *truth* to be all which its seekers and worshipers pretend—they forget that it is not truth, *per se*, which is made their thesis, but an *argumentation*, often maudlin and pedantic, always shallow and unsatisfactory (as from the mere inadaptation of the vehicle it *must* be) by which this *truth*, in casual and indeterminate glimpses, is—*or is not*—rendered manifest.

We have said that, in minor poetical efforts, we may tolerate some deflection from the true poetical thesis; but when a man of the highest powers sets himself seriously to the task of constructing what shall be most worthy those powers, we expect that he shall so choose his theme as to render it certain that he labor not at disadvantage. We regret to see any trivial or partial imperfection of detail; but we grieve deeply when we detect any radical error of conception.

In setting about "Orion," Mr. Horne proposed to himself, (in accordance with the views of his junto) to "elaborate a morality"—he ostensibly proposed this to himself—for, in the depths of his heart, we *know* that he wished all juntos and all moralities in Erebus. In accordance with the notions of his *set*, however, he felt a species of shame-facedness in not making the enforcement of some certain dogmas or doctrines (questionable or unquestionable) about PROGRESS, the obvious or apparent object of his poem. This shame-facedness is the cue to the concluding sentence of the Preface. "Mean time, the design

of this poem of 'Orion' is far from being intended as a mere echo or reflection of the past, and is, in itself, and in other respects, a novel experiment upon the mind of a nation." Mr. Horne conceived, in fact, that to compose a poem merely for that poem's sake—and to acknowledge such to be his purpose—would be to subject himself to the charge of imbecility—of triviality—of deficiency in the true dignity and force; but, had he listened to the dictates of his own soul, he could not have failed to perceive, at once, that under the sun there exists no work more intrinsically noble, than this very poem *written solely for the poem's sake*.

But let us regard "Orion" as it is. It has an under and an upper current of meaning; in other words, it is an allegory. But the poet's sense of fitness (which, under no circumstances of mere conventional opinion, could be more than half subdued) has so far softened this allegory as to keep it, generally, well subject to the ostensible narrative. The purport of the moral conveyed is by no means clear—showing conclusively that the heart of the poet was not with it. It vacillates. At one time a certain set of opinions predominate—then another. We may generalize the subject, however, by calling it a homily against supineness or apathy in the cause of human PROGRESS, and in favor of energetic action for the good of the race. This is precisely *the* IDEA of the present school of canters. How feebly the case is made out in the poem—how insufficient has been all Mr. Horne's poetical rhetoric in convincing even himself—may be gleaned from the unusual bombast, rigmarole, and mystification of the concluding paragraph, in which he has thought it necessary to say something *very* profound, by way of putting the sting to his epigram,—the point to his moral. The words put us much in mind of the "nonsense verses" of Du Bartas.

> And thus, in the end, each soul may to itself,
> With truth before it as its polar guide,
> Become both Time and Nature, whose fixt paths
> Are spiral, and when lost will find new stars,
> And in the universal MOVEMENT join.

The upper current of the theme is based upon the various Greek fables about Orion. The author, in his brief preface, speaks about "writing from an old Greek fable"—but his story is, more properly, a very judicious selection and modification of a great variety of Greek and Roman fables concerning Orion and other personages with whom these fables bring Orion in collision. And here we have only to object that the really magnificent abilities of Mr. Horne might have been better employed in an entirely original conception. The story he tells is beautiful indeed,—and *nil tetigit*, certainly, *quod non ornavit*—but our memories—our classic recollections are continually at war with his claims to regard, and we too often find ourselves rather speculating upon what he might have done, than admiring what he has really accomplished.

The narrative, as our poet has arranged it, runs nearly thus: Orion, hunting on foot amid the mountains of Chios, encounters Artemis (Diana) with her train. The goddess, at first indignant at the giant's intrusion upon her grounds, becomes, in the second place, enamored. Her pure love spiritualizes the merely animal nature of Orion, but does not render him happy. He is filled with vague aspirations and desires. He buries himself in sensual pleasures. In the mad dreams of intoxication, he beholds a vision of Merope, the daughter of Œnopion, king of Chios. She is the type of physical beauty. She cries in his ear, "Depart from Artemis! She loves thee not—thou art too full of earth." Awaking, he seeks the love of Merope. It is returned. Œnopion, dreading the giant and his brethren, yet scorning his pretensions, temporizes. He consents to bestow upon Orion the hand of Merope, on condition of the island being cleared, within six days, of its savage beasts and serpents. Orion, seeking the aid of his brethren, accomplishes the task. Œnopion again hesitates. Enraged, the giants make war upon him, and carry off the princess. In a remote grove Orion lives, in bliss, with his earthly love. From this delirium of happiness, he is aroused by the vengeance of Œnopion, who causes him to be surprised while asleep, and deprived of sight. The princess, being retaken, immediately forgets and deserts her lover, who, in his wretchedness, seeks, at the suggestion of a shepherd, the aid of Eos (Aurora) who, also becoming enamored of him, restores his sight. The love of Eos, less earthly than that of Merope, less cold than that of Artemis, fully satisfies his soul. He is at length happy. But the jealousy of Artemis destroys him. She pierces him with her arrows while in the very act of gratefully renovating her temple at Delos. In despair, Eos flies to Artemis, reproves her, represents to her the bareness of her jealousy and revenge, softens her, and obtains her consent to unite with herself—with Eos—in a prayer to Zeus (Jupiter) for the restoration of the giant to life. The prayer is heard. Orion is not only restored to life, but rendered immortal, and placed among the constellations, where he enjoys forever the pure affection of Eos, and becomes extinguished, each morning, in her rays.

In ancient mythology, the giants are meant to typify various energies of Nature. Pursuing, we suppose, this idea, Mr. Horne has made his own giants represent certain principles of human action or passion. Thus Orion himself is the Worker or Builder, and is the type of Action or Movement itself—but, in various portions of the poem, this allegorical character is left out of sight, and that of speculative philosophy takes its place; a mere consequence of the general uncertainty of purpose, which is the chief defect of the work. Sometimes we even find Orion a Destroyer in place of a Builder up—as, for example, when he destroys the grove about the temple of Artemis, at Delos. Here he usurps the proper allegorical attribute of Rhexergon, (the second of the seven giants named) who is the Breaker-down, typifying the Revolutionary Principle. Autarces, the third, represents the Mob, or, more strictly, Waywardness—Capricious Action. Harpax, the fourth, serves for Rapine—Briastor, the fifth, for Brute Force—Encolyon, the sixth, the "Chainer of the Wheel," for Conservatism—and Akinetos, the seventh, and most elaborated, for Apathy. He is termed "The Great Unmoved," and in his mouth is put all the "worldly wisdom," or selfishness, of the tale. The philosophy of Akinetos is, that no merely human exertion has any appreciable effect upon the *Movement*; and it is amusing to perceive how this great *Truth* (for most sincerely do we hold it to be such) speaks out from the real heart of the poet, through his Akinetos, in spite of all endeavor to overthrow it by the example of the brighter fate of Orion.

The death of Akinetos is a singularly forcible and poetic conception, and will serve to show how the giants are made to perish, generally, during the story, in agreement with their allegorical natures. The "Great Unmoved" quietly seats himself in a cave after the death of all his brethren, except Orion.

> Thus Akinetos sat from day to day,
> Absorbed in indolent sublimity,
> Reviewing thoughts and knowledge o'er and o'er;
> And now he spake, now sang unto himself,
> Now sank to brooding silence. From above,
> While passing, Time the rock touch'd, and it oozed
> Petrific drops—gently at first and slow.
> Reclining lonely in his fixed repose,
> The Great Unmoved unconsciously became
> Attached to that he pressed; and soon a part
> Of the rock. *There clung th' excrescence, till strong hands,*

Descended from Orion, made large roads,
And built steep walls, squaring down rocks for use.

The italicized conclusion of this fine passage affords an instance, however, of a very blameable concision, too much affected throughout the poem.

In the deaths of Autarces, Harpax, and Encolyon, we recognize the same exceeding vigor of conception. These giants conspire against Orion, who seeks the aid of Artemis, who, in her turn, seeks the assistance of Phoibos (Phœbus.) The conspirators are in a cave, with Orion.

Now Phoibos thro' the cave
Sent a broad ray! and lo! the solar beam
Filled the great cave with radiance equable
And not a cranny held one speck of shade.
A moony halo round Orion came,
As of some pure protecting influence,
While with intense light glared the walls and roof,
The heat increasing. The three giants stood
With glazing eyes, fixed. Terribly the light
Beat on the dazzled stone, and the cave hummed
With reddening heat, till the red hair and beard
Of Harpax showed no difference from the rest,
Which once were iron-black. The sullen walls
Then smouldered down to steady oven heat,
Like that with care attain'd when bread has ceased
Its steaming and displays an angry tan.
The appalled faces of the giants showed
Full consciousness of their immediate doom.
And soon the cave a potter's furnace glow'd
Or kiln for largest bricks, and thus remained
The while Orion, in his halo clasped
By some invisible power, beheld the clay
Of these his early friends change. Life was gone.
Now sank the heat—the cave-walls lost their glare,
The red lights faded, and the halo pale
Around him, into chilly air expanded.
There stood the three great images, in hue
Of chalky white and red, like those strange shapes
In Egypt's ancient tombs; but presently
Each visage and each form with cracks and flaws
Was seamed, and the lost countenance brake up,
As, with brief toppling, forward prone they fell.

The deaths of Rhexergon and Biastor seem to discard (and this we regret not) the allegorical meaning altogether, but are related with even more exquisite richness and delicacy of imagination, than even those of the other giants. Upon this occasion it is the *jealousy* of Artemis which destroys.

—— But with the eve
Fatigue o'ercame the giants, and they slept.
Dense were the rolling clouds, starless the glooms;
But o'er a narrow rift, once drawn apart,
Showing a field remote of violet hue,
The high Moon floated, and her downward gleam
Shone on the upturned giant faces. Rigid
Each upper feature, loose the nether jaw;
Their arms cast wide with open palms; their chests
Heaving like some large engine. Near them lay
Their bloody clubs, with dust and hair begrimed,
Their spears and girdles, and the long-noosed thongs.
Artemis vanished; all again was dark.
With day's first streak Orion rose, and loudly
To his companions called. But still they slept.
Again he shouted; yet no limb they stirr'd,
Tho' scarcely seven strides distant. He approached,
And found the spot, so sweet with clover flower
When they had cast them down, was now arrayed
With many-headed poppies, like a crowd
Of dusky Ethiops in a magic cirque
Which had sprung up beneath them in the night.
And all entranced the air.

There are several minor defects in "Orion," and we may as well mention them here. We sometimes meet with an instance of bad taste in a revolting picture or image; for example, at page 59, of this edition:

Naught fearing, swift, brimfull of raging life,
Stiffning they lay in pools of jellied gore.

Sometimes—indeed very often—we encounter an altogether purposeless oddness or foreignness of speech. For example, at page 78:

As in Dodona once, ere driven thence
By Zeus *for that* Rhexergon burnt some oaks.

Mr. Horne will find it impossible to assign a good reason for not here using "because."

Pure *vaguenesses* of speech abound. For example, page 89:

——one central heart wherein
Time beats twin pulses with Humanity.

Now and then sentences are rendered needlessly obscure through mere involution—as at page 103:

Star-rays that first played o'er my blinded orbs,
E'en as they glance above the lids of sleep,
Who else had never known surprise, nor hope,
Nor useful action.

Here the "who" has no grammatical antecedent, and would naturally be referred to sleep; whereas it is intended for "me," understood, or involved, in the pronoun "my;" as if the sentence were written thus—"rays that first played o'er the blinded orbs of me, who &c." It is useless to dwell upon so pure an affectation.

The versification throughout is, generally, of a very remarkable excellence. At times, however, it is rough, to no purpose; as at page 44:

And ever tended to some central point
In some place—nought more could I understand.

And here, at page 81:

The shadow of a stag stoops to the stream
Swift rolling toward the cataract and drinks deeply.

The above is an unintentional and false Alexandrine—including a foot too much, and that a trochee in place of an iambus. But here, at page 106, we have the utterly unjustifiable anomaly of half a foot too little:

And Eos ever rises circling
The varied regions of Mankind, &c.

All these are mere inadvertences, of course; for the general handling of the rhythm shows the profound metrical sense of the poet. He is, perhaps, somewhat too fond of "making the sound an echo to the sense." "Orion" embodies some of the most remarkable instances of this on record; but if smoothness—if the true rhythm of a verse be sacrificed, the sacrifice is an error. The effect is only a beauty, we think, where *no* sacrifice is made in its behalf. It will be found possible to reconcile *all* the objects in view. Nothing can justify such lines as this, at page 69:

As snake-songs midst stone hollows thus has taught me.

We might urge, as another minor objection, that all the giants are made to speak in the same manner—with the same phraseology. Their characters are broadly distinctive, while their words are identical in spirit. There is sufficient individuality of sentiment, but little, or none, of language.

We *must* object, too, to the personal and political allusions—to the Corn-Law question, for example—to Wellington's statue, &c. These things, *of course*, have no business in a poem.

We will conclude our fault-finding with the remark that, as a consequence of the one radical error of conception upon which we have commented at length, the reader's attention, throughout, is painfully *diverted*. He is always pausing, amid poetical beauties, in the expectation of detecting among them some philosophical, allegorical moral. Of course, he does not fully, because he cannot uniquely, appreciate the beauties. The absolute necessity of reperusing the poem, in order thoroughly to comprehend it, is also, most surely, to be regretted, and arises, likewise, from the one radical sin.

But of the *beauties* of this most remarkable poem, what shall we say? And here we find it a difficult task to be calm. And yet we have never been accused of enthusiastic encomium. It is our deliberate opinion that, in all

that regards the loftiest and holiest attributes of the true Poetry, "Orion" has *never* been excelled. Indeed we feel strongly inclined to say that it has never been *equaled*. Its imagination—that quality which is all in all—is of the most refined—the most elevating—the most august character. And here we deeply regret that the necessary limits of this review will prevent us from entering, at length, into specification. In reading the poem, we marked passage after passage for extract—but, in the end, we found that we had marked nearly every passage in the book. We can now do nothing more than select a few. This, from page 3, introduces Orion himself, and we quote it, not only as an instance of refined and picturesque imagination, but as evincing the high artistical skill with which a scholar in spirit can paint an elaborate picture by a few brief touches.

The scene in front two sloping mountains' sides
Display'd; in shadow one and one in light.
The loftiest on its summit now sustained
The sun-beams, raying like a mighty wheel
Half seen, which left the forward surface dark
In its full breadth of shade; the coming sun
Hidden as yet behind: the other mount,
Slanting transverse, swept with an eastward face
Catching the golden light. Now while the peal
Of the ascending chase told that the rout
Still midway rent the thickets, suddenly
Along the broad and sunny slope appeared
The shadow of a stag that fled across
Followed by a giant's shadow with a spear.

These shadows are those of the coming Orion and his game. But who can fail to appreciate the intense beauty of the heralding shadows? Nor is this all. This "Hunter of shadows, he himself a shade," is made symbolical, or suggestive, throughout the poem, of the speculative character of Orion; and occasionally, of his pursuit of visionary happiness. For example, at page 81, Orion, possessed of Merope, dwells with her in a remote and dense grove of cedars. Instead of directly describing his attained happiness—his perfected bliss—the poet, with an exalted sense of Art, *for which we look utterly in vain in any other poem*, merely introduces the image of the tamed or subdued *shadow-stag*, quietly browsing and drinking beneath the cedars.

There, underneath the boughs, mark where the gleam
Of sun-rise thro' the roofing's chasm is thrown
Upon a grassy plot below, whereon
The shadow of a stag stoops to the stream,
Swift rolling toward the cataract, and drinks.
Throughout the day unceasingly it drinks,
While ever and anon the nightingale,
Not waiting for the evening, swells his hymn—
His one sustained and heaven-aspiring tone—
And when the sun hath vanished utterly,
Arm over arm the cedars spread their shade,
With arching wrist and long extended hands,
And grave-ward fingers lengthening in the moon,
Above that shadowy stag whose antlers still
Hung o'er the stream.

There is nothing more richly—more weirdly—more chastely—more sublimely imaginative—in the wide realm of poetical literature. It will be seen that we *have* enthusiasm—but we reserve it for pictures such as this.

At page 62, Orion, his brethren dead, is engaged alone in extirpating the beasts from Chios. In the passages we quote, observe, in the beginning, the singular *lucidness* of detail; the arrangement of the barriers, &c., by which the hunter accomplishes his purpose, is given in a dozen lines of verse, with far more perspicuity than ordinary writers could give it in as many pages of prose. In this species of narration Mr. Horne is approached only by Moore in his "Alciphron." In the latter portions of our extract, observe the vivid picturesqueness of the description.

Four days remain. Fresh trees he felled and wove
More barriers and fences; inaccessible
To fiercest charge of droves, and to o'erleap
Impossible. These walls he so arranged
That to a common centre each should force
The flight of those pursued; and from that centre
Diverged three outlets. One, the wide expanse
Which from the rocks and inland forests led;
One was the clear-skied windy gap above
A precipice; the third, a long ravine
Which through steep slopes, down to the seashore ran
Winding, and then direct into the sea.

Two days remain. Orion, in each hand
Waving a torch, his course at night began,
Through wildest haunts and lairs of savage beasts.
With long-drawn howl, before him trooped the wolves—
The panthers, terror-stricken, and the bears
With wonder and gruff rage; from desolate crags,
Leering hyenas, griffin, hippogrif,
Skulked, or sprang madly, as the tossing brands
Flashed through the midnight nooks and hollows cold,
Sudden as fire from flint; o'er crashing thickets,
With crouched head and curled fangs dashed the wild boar,
Gnashing forth on with reckless impulses,
While the clear-purposed fox crept closely down
Into the underwood, to let the storm,
Whate'er its cause, pass over. Through dark fens,
Marshes, green rushy swamps, and margins reedy,
Orion held his way—and rolling shapes
Of serpent and of dragon moved before him
With high-reared crests, swan-like yet terrible,
And often looking back with gem-like eyes.

All night Orion urged his rapid course
In the vex'd rear of the swift-droving din,
And when the dawn had peered, the monsters all
Were hemmed in barriers. These he now o'erheaped
With fuel through the day, and when again
Night darkened, and the sea a gulf-like voice
Sent forth, the barriers at all points he fired,
Mid prayers to Hephæstos and his Ocean-Sire.
Soon as the flames had eaten out a gap
In the great barrier fronting the ravine
That ran down to the sea, Orion grasped
Two blazing boughs; one high in air he raised,
The other, *with its roaring foliage trailed*
Behind him as he sped. Onward the droves
Of frantic creatures with one impulse rolled
Before this night-devouring thing of flames,
With multitudinous voice and downward sweep
Into the sea, which now first knew a tide,
And, ere they made one effort to regain
The shore, had caught them in its flowing arms,
And bore them past all hope. The living mass,
Dark heaving o'er the waves resistlessly,
At length, in distance, seemed a circle small,
Midst which one creature in the centre rose,
Conspicuous in the long, red quivering gleams
That from the dying brands streamed o'er the waves.
It was the oldest dragon of the fens,
Whose forky flag-wings and horn-crested head
O'er crags and marshes regal sway had held;
And now he rose up like an embodied curse,
From all the doomed, fast sinking—some just sunk—
Looked landward o'er the sea, and flapped his vans,
Until Poseidon drew them swirling down.

Poseidon (Neptune) is Orion's father, and lends him his aid. The first line italized is an example of sound made echo to sense. The rest we have merely emphasized as peculiarly imaginative.

At page 9, Orion thus describes a palace built by him for Hephæstos (Vulcan.)

But, ere a shadow-hunter I became—
A dreamer of strange dreams by day and night—
For him I built a palace underground,
Of iron, black and rough as his own hands.
Deep in the groaning disemboweled earth,
The tower-broad pillars and huge stanchions,
And slant supporting wedges I set up,
Aided by the Cyclops who obeyed my voice,
Which through the metal fabric rang and pealed
In orders echoing far, like thunder-dreams.
With arches, galleries and domes all carved—
So that great figures started from the roof
And lofty coignes, or sat and downward gazed
On those who strode below and gazed above—
I filled it; in the centre framed a hall:
Central in that, a throne; *and for the light,*
Forged mighty hammers that should rise and fall

On slanted rocks of granite and of flint,
Worked by a torrent, for whose passage down
A chasm I hewed. And here the god could take,
Midst showery sparks and swathes of broad gold fire
His lone repose, lulled by the sounds he loved;
Or, casting back the hammer-heads till they choked
The water's course, enjoy, if so he wished,
Midnight tremendous, silence, and iron sleep.

The description of the Hell in "Paradise Lost" is *altogether inferior* in graphic effect, in originality, in expression, in the true imagination—to these magnificent—to these unparalleled passages. For this assertion there are tens of thousands who will condemn us as heretical; but there are a "chosen few" who will feel, in their inmost souls, the simple truth of the assertion. The former class would at least be silent, could they form even a remote conception of *that* contempt with which we hearken to their conventional jargon.

We have room for no farther extracts of length; but we refer the reader who shall be so fortunate as to procure a copy of "Orion," to a passage at page 22, commencing

One day at noontide, when the chase was done.

It is descriptive of a group of lolling hounds, intermingled with sylvans, fawns, nymphs and oceanides. We refer him also to page 25, where Orion, enamored of the naked beauty of Artemis, is repulsed and *frozen* by her dignity. These lines end thus:

And ere the last collected shape he saw
Of Artemis, dispersing fast amid
Dense vapory clouds, the aching wintriness
Had risen to his teeth, and fixed his eyes,
Like glistening stones in the congealing air.

We refer, especially, too, to the description of *Love*, at page 29; to that of a Bacchanalian orgie, at page 34; to that of drought succeeded by rain, at page 70; and to that of the palace of Eos, at page 104.

Mr. Horne has a very peculiar and very delightful faculty of enforcing, or giving vitality to a picture, by some one vivid and intensely characteristic point or touch. He seizes the most salient feature of his theme, and makes this feature convey the whole. The combined *naïveté* and picturesqueness of some of the passages thus enforced, cannot be sufficiently admired. For example:

The arches soon
With bow-arm forward thrust, on all sides twanged
Around, above, below.

Now, it is this thrusting forward of the bow-arm which is the idiosyncrasy of the action of a mass of archers. Again: Rhexergon and his friends endeavor to persuade Akinetos to be king. Observe the silent refusal of Akinetos—the peculiar *passiveness* of his action—if we may be permitted the paradox.

"Rise, therefore, Akinetos, thou art king."
So saying, in his hand he placed a spear.
As though against a wall 't were set aslant,
Flatly the long spear fell upon the ground.

Here again: Merope departs from Chios in a ship.

And, as it sped along, she closely pressed
The rich globes of her bosom on the side
O'er which she bent with those black eyes, and gazed
Into the sea *that fled beneath her face.*

The fleeing of the sea beneath the face of one who gazes into it from a ship's side, is the idiosyncrasy of the action—of the subject. It is that which chiefly impresses the gazer.

We conclude with some brief quotations at random, which we shall not pause to classify. Their merits need no demonstration. They *gleam* with the purest imagination. They abound in picturesqueness—force—happily chosen epithets, each in itself a picture. They are redolent of all for which a poet will value a poem.

— her silver sandals glanced i' the rays,
As doth a lizard playing on a hill,
And on the spot where she that instant stood
Naught but the bent and quivering grass was seen.

—

Above the Isle of Chios, night by night,
The clear moon lingered ever on her course,
Covering the forest foliage, where it swept
In its unbroken breadth along the slopes,
With placid silver; edging leaf and trunk
Where gloom clung deep around; but chiefly sought
With melancholy splendor to illume
The dark-mouthed caverns where Orion lay,
Dreaming among his kinsmen.

—

The ocean realm below, and all its caves
And bristling vegetation, plant and flower,
And forests in their dense petrific shade
Where the tides moan for sleep that never comes.

—

A fawn, who on a quiet green knoll sat
Somewhat apart, sang a melodious ode,
Made rich by harmonies of hidden strings.

—

Autarces seized a satyr, with intent,
Despite his writhing freaks and furious face,
To dash him on a gong, but that amidst
The struggling mass Encolyon thrust a pine,
Heavy and black as Charon's ferrying pole,
O'er which they, *like a bursting billow*, fell.

—

—— then round the blaze,
Their shadows brandishing afar and athwart,
Over the level space and up the hills,
Six giants held portentous dance.

—

—— his safe return
To corporal sense, by shaking off these nets
Of moonbeams from his soul.

—

—— old memories
Slumbrously hung above the purple line
Of distance, to the East, while odorously
Glistened the tear-drops of a new-fall'n shower.

— Sing on!
Sing on, great tempest! in the darkness sing!
Thy madness is a music that brings calm
Into my central soul; and from its waves,
That now with joy begin to heave and gush,
The burning image of all life's desire,
Like an absorbing, fire-breathed, phantom god,
Rises and floats! here touching on the foam,
There hovering over it; *ascending swift*
Starward, then swooping down the hemisphere
Upon the lengthening javelins of the blast!

—

Now a sound we heard,
Like to some well-known voice in prayer; and next
An iron clang *that* seemed to break great bonds
Beneath the earth, shook us to conscious life.

—

It is Oblivion! In his hand—though naught
Knows he of this—a dusky purple flower
Droops over its tall stem. Again! ah see!
He wanders into mist and now is lost!—
Within his brain what lovely realms of death
Are pictured, *and what knowledge through the doors*
Of his forgetfulness of all the earth
A path may gain?

But we are positively forced to conclude. It was our design to give "Orion" a careful and methodical analysis—thus to bring clearly forth its multitudinous beauties to the eye of the American public. Our limits have constrained us to treat it in an imperfect and cursory manner. We have had to content ourselves chiefly with assertion, where our original purpose was to demonstrate. We have left unsaid a hundred things which a well-grounded enthusiasm would have prompted us to say. One thing, however, we must and will say, in conclusion. "Orion" will be admitted, by every man of genius, to be one of the noblest, if not the very noblest poetical work of the age. Its defects are trivial and conventional—its beauties intrinsic and *supreme*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems by James Russell Lowell. Cambridge: Published by John Owen.

This new volume of poems by Mr. Lowell will place him, in the estimation of all whose opinion he will be likely to value, *at the very head* of the poets of America. For our own part, we have not the slightest hesitation in saying, that we regard the "Legend of Brittany" as by far the finest poetical work, of equal length, which the country has produced. We have only to regret, just now, that the late period at which we received the volume, and the great length to which Mr. Poe has been seduced into a notice of "Orion," will preclude an extended notice and analysis this month of Mr. Lowell's volume. This, however, we propose at some future period. For the present, we must content ourselves, perforce, with some very cursory and unconnected comments.

Mr. Lowell is, in some measure, infected with the poetical conventionalities of the day—those upon which Mr. Poe has descanted in speaking of Mr. Horne's epic. He has suffered himself to be *coteried* into conceptions of the *aims* of the muse, which his reason either now disapproves, or will disapprove hereafter, and which his keen instinct of the beautiful and proper has, long ere this, struggled to disavow. It will not be many days before he dismisses these heresies altogether; and, in his last, longest, and best work, we clearly see that he is already growing wearied with them—although the distaste may yet be scarcely perceptible to himself. We mean to say that he will soon find it wise to give every thing its due time and place. He will never the less reverence the truth—nor ever will the welfare of his race be less precious in his eyes than now—we should grieve, indeed, could we think it would—but his views of the *modes* in which these objects are to be advanced will undergo modification, and he will see distinctly, what he now but vaguely feels—that the sole legitimate object of the true poem is the *creation of beauty*.

The "Legend of Brittany" includes a hundred and eighteen of the Don Juan stanzas. Its subject is exquisitely beautiful. Whether it is original with Mr. Lowell we know not—most probably it is not—but the story itself (from whatever source derived) forms one of the truest and purest poetical theses imaginable. A Templar loves and betrays a maiden. Afterward, to conceal his guilt, he murders her, *enceinte*, concealing the corpse, temporarily, behind the altar of his church. A nameless awe prevents him from removing it. Meantime, a festival is held in the church; and, during the swell of the organ, the spirit-voice of the deceased addresses itself to the murderer. It represents that she, the murdered, cannot enjoy the heaven which she inhabits, through grief at the destiny of the unbaptized infant in her womb. She implores its baptism. The poem ends with the performance of this rite, and the death, through remorse, of the repentant lover.

The naked digest here given conveys, of course, only the most feeble idea of the rare beauty of the whole; nor of this beauty could we convey any just conception even in many pages of comment. The *sublimity* of human love was never more magnificently portrayed. We cannot refrain from quoting some passages from the words of the spirit:

Think not in death my love could ever cease.
  If thou wast false more need there is for me
Still to be true; that slumber were not peace,
  If 't were unvisited with dreams of thee ·
And thou hadst never heard such words as these,
  Save that in heaven I must forever be
Most comfortless and wretched, seeing this
Our unbaptized babe shut out from bliss.

—

This little spirit with imploring eyes
  Wanders alone the dreary wild of space;
The shadow of his pain forever lies
  Upon my soul in this new dwelling place;
His loneliness makes me in Paradise
  More lonely, and unless I see his face,
Even here for grief could I lie down and die,
Save for my curse of immortality.

—

World after world he sees around him swim,
  Crowded with happy souls, that take no heed
Of the sad eyes that from the night's faint rim
  Gaze sick with longing on them as they speed
With golden gates that only shut out him;
  And shapes sometimes, from Hell's abysses freed,
Flap darkly by him, with enormous sweep
Of wings that roughen wide the pitchy deep.

—

I am a mother—spirits do not shake
  This much of earth from them—and I must pine
Till I can feel his little hands, and take
  His weary head upon this heart of mine;
And might it be full gladly for his sake
  Would I this solitude of bliss resign,
And be shut out of Heaven to dwell with him
Forever in that silence drear and dim.

—

I strove to hush my soul, and would not speak
  At first for thy dear sake; a woman's love
Is mighty, but a mother's heart is weak,
  And by its weakness overcomes; I strove
To smother bitter thoughts with patience meek,
  But still in the abyss my soul would rove,
Seeking my child, and drove me here to claim
The rite that gives him peace in Christ's dear name.

—

I sit and weep while blessed spirits sing;
  I can but long and pine the while they praise,
And, *leaning o'er the wall of Heaven*, I fling
  My voice to where I deem my infant strays,
Like a robbed bird that cries in vain to bring
  Her nestlings back beneath her wing's embrace;
But still he answers not, and I but know
That Heaven and Earth are both alike in wo.

—

The description of the swelling of the organ—immediately preceding these extracts—surpasses, in all the loftier merits, any similar passage we have seen. It is truly magnificent. For those who have the book, we instance the forty-first stanza of the second book, and the nine stanzas succeeding. We know not where to look, in all American poetry, for any thing more richly ideal, or more forcibly conveyed.

The music is suddenly interrupted by the nameless awe which indicates the presence of the unseen spirit.

As if a lark should suddenly drop dead
  While the blue air yet trembled with its song,
So snapped at once that music's golden thread,
  Struck by a nameless fear that leapt along

From heart to heart, and like a shadow spread
With instantaneous shiver through the throng,
So that some glanced behind, as half aware
A hideous shape of dread were standing there.

The defects observable in the "Legend of Brittany" are, chiefly, consequent upon the error of *didacticism*. After every few words of narration, comes a page of morality. Not that the morality, *here*—not that the reflections deduced from the incidents, are peculiarly exceptionable, but that they are too obviously, intrusively, and artificially introduced. The story might have been rendered more *unique*, and altogether more in consonance with the true poetic sentiment, by suffering the morality to be *suggested*; as it is, for example, in the "Old Curiosity Shop," of Dickens—or in that superb *poem*, the "Undine" of De la Motte Fouqué.

The other demerits are minor ones. The versification is now and then slightly deficient—sometimes in melody—sometimes in force. The drawing out of "power," "heaven," and other similar words into two syllables, is *sure* to enfeeble the verses in which they are so drawn out. The versifier, where a doubt, however slight, exists, *never errs on the side of excess*; but this is a point we cannot argue just now. Of the positively rough lines, we quote only one:

Earth's dust hath clotted round the soul's fresh wing.

Here the harsh consonants are excessive. But we feel ashamed of alluding to trifles such as these in the presence of beauties so numerous and so true. We extract, at random, a few of the smaller gems of the poem.

Her spirit wandered by itself and won
A golden edge from some unsetting sun.

—

For she was but a simple herdsman's child,
A lily chance-sown in the rugged wild.

—

Not the first violet on a woodland lea
Seemed a more visible gift of spring than she.

—

Low stirrings in the leaves, before the wind
Wakes all the green strings of the forest lyre.
Faint heatings in the calyx ere the rose
Its warm voluptuous breast doth all unclose.

—

Flooded he seemed with bright delicious pain,
As if a star had burst within his brain.

—

So, from her sky-like spirit, gentleness
Dropt ever like a sunlit fall of rain,
And his beneath drank in the bright caress
As thirstily as would a parched plain
That long hath watched the showers of sloping gray
Forever, ever, falling far away.

—

And when he went, his radiant memory
Robed all his fantasies with glory fresh,
As if an angel, quitting her the while,
Left round her heart the halo of his smile.

—

Like golden ripples, hastening to the land
To wreck their freight of sunshine on the strand.

—

Hope skims o'er life as we may sometimes see
A butterfly, whose home is in the flowers,
Blown outward far over the moaning sea,
Remembering in vain its odorous bowers.

—

She seemed a white-browed angel sent to roll
The heavy stone away which long had prest,
As in a living sepulchre, his soul.

—

In the court-yard a fountain leaped alway—
A Triton *blowing jewels thro' his shell*
Into the sunshine.

—

His heart went out within him like a spark
Dropt in the sea.

—

———as if all fäerie
Had emptied her quaint halls, or, as it were,
The illuminated marge of some old book,
While we were gazing, life and motion took.

We have left ourselves no room to speak of the other poems in detail. Those which we think best, are "The Moon," "To Perdita Singing," "Midnight," "Rosalie," "Reverie," "The Shepherd of King Admetus," and "A Dirge." These are *crowded* with excellences of the loftiest order. "Prometheus" we have not yet read so attentively as we could wish. Altogether, we intend this as merely an introduction to an extended review of all the poems of Mr. Lowell. In the mean time we repeat, that he has given evidence of at least as high poetical genius as any man in America—if not a loftier genius than any.

Animal Chemistry, or Organic Chemistry in Its Application to Physiology and Pathology. By Justus Liebig, M. D., Ph. D., F. R. S., M. R. I. A., Professor of Chemistry at the University of Giessen. Philadelphia, Campbell & Co.

This is an extraordinary work in many respects, and marking, if we mistake not, an era in natural science. It is valuable, not so much by what it actually teaches, as on account of the *method* which it indicates for the discovery of truth and the investigation of natural law. In regard to the essence of matter, of organized life, and of the vital principle in animals, it very properly not even ventures upon a hypothesis; considering every inquiry of that sort as entirely useless, and the faintest approximation to truth, in that respect, as wholly beyond the comprehension of the human intellect. On the other hand, the author is particularly happy in the evolution of the *law* which governs the various organic and chemical processes of production and waste, absorption and expulsion, formation and metamorphosis of organized tissue. We know nothing of the things we call electricity, light, magnetism, heat, &c., yet we understand the *laws* by which they are governed; in what manner these *forces* become manifest, and by what *resistance* their action may be impeded or destroyed. And we know, from a thousand experiments, that the vital forces in plants and animals obey similar laws, and that their momentum, like that of every other terrestrial force, may be increased in proportion to the mass and the velocity of the elements from which it is evolved. The vital force of animals is spent either in producing mechanical results by the motions of the limbs, or in increasing the involuntary activity of the viscera. These two effects are in direct proportion to one another. The waste of force is supplied by nitrogenized compounds, similar to those of which the globules and the serum of the blood are composed, taken in the shape of food, and the animal heat necessary for the proper functions of the viscera is produced by the combustion of the carbon contained in the metamorphosed tissue. This combustion is performed by the oxygen of the atmospheric air, taken into the lungs by the process of respiration, being carried by the globules of arterial blood (to which it attaches) to every part of the body. To entertain respiration, a sufficient quantity of organized matter must be constantly metamorphosed into lifeless compounds, the carbon of which, after uniting with the oxygen, is given out in the shape of carbonic acid. The nerves may be compared to the wires of a galvanic battery, which are the conductors of a force that overcomes chemical affinity, cohesion and gravitation, and yet remain themselves unaffected by the agency to which they thus offer an uninterrupted passage. The state of health is the equilibrium between all the causes of waste and supply—destruction and restoration of the animal body. The destruction of this equilibrium is the cause of *disease—death*, the total absence of all resistance to waste. A greater generation

of force than is necessary to supply waste, produces *fever*. The human body is a self-regulating steam engine, burning daily (in an adult) 13.9 ounces of carbon. The motive force of animals is the excess of force generated by food over the necessary supply for waste. In plants this whole force is expended in growth, in animals in muscular force and motion.

There is throughout this work not a single attempt to perplex the reader with technical terms and abstruse reasoning. On the contrary, no expression occurs which is not explained, or supposed to be familiar to the reader from the most elementary course of reading. When reasoning, the author always employs the most striking comparisons and analogies, of which the following may serve as an example:

"Man, when confined to animal food, respires like the carnivora, at the expense of the matters produced by the metamorphosis of organized tissues, and just as the lion, tiger, hyena, &c., in the cages of a menagerie, are compelled to accellerate the waste of the organized tissue, by incessant motion, in order to furnish the matter necessary for respiration, so the savage, for the very same object, is forced to make the most laborious exertion, and go through a vast amount of muscular exercise. He is compelled to consume force merely to supply matter for respiration."

And again—

"Cultivation is the economy of force. Science teaches us the simplest means of obtaining the greatest effect with the smallest expenditure of power, and with given means to produce a maximum of force. An unprofitable exertion of power, the waste of force in agriculture, in other branches of industry, in science, or in social economy, is characteristic of the savage state or the want of cultivation."

The most remarkable circumstance connected with the work before us is that its author is not a person who has consumed years in making scientific experiments; on the contrary, we learn nowhere that himself has tortured nature to reveal him her secrets. He avails himself simply of his vast knowledge of the experiments and observations of others, and applies the extraordinary powers of his intellect to the establishment of a theory, which shall admit of their mutual explanation. Others have examined the witnesses: he merely sums up the evidence and produces—conviction.

HARPER & BROTHERS have sent us a new edition of the celebrated French Grammar of ROEL and CHAPTAL, revised and corrected by C. P. Bordenave, Professor of Languages, in New York. This is one of the very best works of the kind, and our readers who are mastering French cannot do better than buy a copy.

From the same firm we have also received "Bangs' Life of Arminius," No. 3 of "Gibbon's Decline and Fall" and No. 1 of the "Pocket Edition of Select Novels," containing "The Yemassee," by W. Gilmore Simms, a novel too well known to require praise here.

LINDSAY & BLACKISTONE have published a very handsome volume entitled "Introits, or Ante-Communion Psalms for the Sunday and Holidays." The plan and typography of the work are admirable.

GRAHAM & CHRISTY, No. 2 Astor House, New York, have just issued an "Abridged and Practical Grammar of the French Language, by Bernard Ullman." The same gentlemen are the exclusive agents for New York for all the popular magazines of the day, and supply agents on the same terms as the proprietors. Their establishment is one of the largest and handsomest in that city.

LITTLE NELL IN THE STORM.—We presume that there is not a reader of "GRAHAM," who does not remember "LITTLE NELL," the most exquisite creation of the genius of DICKENS. This character is alone sufficient to give him an immortality of fame, and we never think of it, but we are more than half inclined to pardon his ill-nature, and forget his absurdities.

Our townsman, G. W. CONARROE, has admirably painted the scene in the Storm, and the burin of STEEL well conveys it to our readers. Mr. CONARROE is yet what we may call a young artist, but his rapid improvement and advance in his profession augur well for his future fame. Some of his late pictures evince a cultivated taste and high genius, and all show creditable powers. We purpose frequently to give original pictures to the subscribers to "GRAHAM" from his pencil.

The following is the description from which the artist took his subject:

"One evening, a holiday night with them, Nell and her grandfather went out to walk. They had been rather closely confined for some days, and, the weather being warm, they strolled a long distance. Clear of the town, they took a footpath which struck through some pleasant fields, judging that it would terminate in the road they quitted, and enable them to return that way. It made, however, a much wider circuit than they had supposed, and thus they were tempted onward until sunset, when they reached the track of which they were in search and stopped to rest.

"It had been gradually getting overcast, and now the sky was dark and lowering, save where the glory of the departing sun piled up masses of gold and burning fire, the decaying embers of which gleamed here and there through the black veil, and shone redly down upon the earth. The wind began to moan in hollow murmurs, as the sun went down, carrying glad day elsewhere; and a train of dull clouds coming up against it, menaced thunder and lightning. Large drops of rain soon began to fall, and, as the storm-clouds came sailing onward, others supplied the void they left behind, and spread over all the sky. Then was heard the low rumbling of distant thunder, then the lightning quivered, and then the darkness of an hour seemed to have gathered in an instant.

"Fearful of taking shelter beneath a tree or hedge, the old man and the child hurried along the high-road, hoping to find some house in which they could seek a refuge from the storm, which had now burst forth in earnest, and every moment increased in violence. Drenched with the pelting rain, confused by the deafening thunder, and bewildered by the glare of the forked lightning, they would have passed a solitary house without being aware of its vicinity, had not a man, who was standing at the door, called lustily to them to enter.

"'Your ears ought to be better than other folks' at any rate, if you make so little of the chance of being struck blind,' he said, retreating from the door, and shading his eyes with his hands, as the jagged lightning came again. 'What were you going past for, eh?' he added, as he closed the door and led the way along a passage to a room behind.

"'We did n't see the house, sir, till we heard you calling,' Nell replied.

"'No wonder,' said the man, 'with this lightning in one's eyes, by-the-by. You had better stand by the fire here, and dry yourselves a bit. You can call for what you like if you want any thing. If you do n't want any thing you 're not obliged to give an order, do n't be afraid of that. This is a public-house, that 's all. The Valiant Soldier is pretty well known hereabouts.'

"'Is this house called the Valiant Soldier, sir?' asked Nell.

"'I thought every body knew that,' replied the landlord. 'Where have you come from, if you do n't know the Valiant Soldier by James Groves—Jem Groves—honest Jem Groves, as is a man of unblemished moral character, and has a good dry skittle-ground. If any man has got any thing to say again Jem Groves, let him say it to Jem Groves, and Jem Groves can accommodate him with a customer on any terms from four pound a side to forty.'

"With these words, the speaker tapped himself on the waistcoat to intimate that he was the Jem Groves so highly eulogized, sparred scientifically at a counterfeit Jem Groves, who was sparring at society in general, from a black frame over the chimney-piece, and applying a half-emptied glass of spirits and water to his lips, drank Jem Groves' health."

UNIV. OF MICH.

... the day, and supply agents on the same terms as the proprietors. Their establishment is one of the largest and handsomest in that city.

... Groves, who was sparring at society in general, from a black frame over the chimney-piece, and applying a half-emptied glass of spirits and water to his lips, drank Jem Groves' health."



Engraved Expressly for Grahams Magazine by J. W. Steel from the Original Painting by G. W. Conarroe



OUR CONTRIBUTORS. Nº XI.

Yours most faithfully

N. P. Willis

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL [illegible] NO. [illegible]

OUR CONTRIBUTORS. NO. X[illegible].

NATHANIEL PARKER W[illegible]

WITH A [illegible]

[illegible] ...fense the world of injustice or [illegible] ...est world, at heart; its [illegible] ...from [illegible] knowledge. [illegible] Like the rest of us, [illegible] appear[illegible] it is subject to the [illegible] to decide pre[illegible] on many [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] better, but a little [illegible] ...occurred to us not unnatural [illegible] with our Subject. The world which [illegible] with some diligence, set [illegible] length, by a certain [illegible] main; and even if [illegible] some particulars, seem to go beyond what is popularly acknowledged, it will consist chiefly in our giving the shape of statement and opinion to that which is the, perhaps still unconscious, conviction of the world, or it will relate to certain matters of fact upon which the truth has never fully been made known. Indeed, the writings of Mr. Willis have sufficiently vindicated to themselves the favor and applauses of the community; but, in regard to considerations of a mere personal nature, some

echoes [illegible] haps [illegible] fancy [illegible] the [illegible] with [illegible] to those [illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible] ment of other [illegible] in some degree [illegible] to aid [illegible] letters, as his pen is to recognize them when they have emerged into it, to explain their merits and expand their reputation. Those who have needed him have seen his benevolence; those who have trusted him have found him faithful; those who have favored him know that he is grateful. Conduct such as he has exhibited, and such a character as he enjoys among his friends, a superficial or spurious virtue





OUR CONTRIBUTORS. № XI.

Yours most faithfully

N. P. Willis.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—NO. XI.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

IT is a mistake to accuse the world of injustice or malignity. It is an honest world, at heart; its faults proceed in reality from want of knowledge, or from defects in judgment. Like the rest of us, it is liable at times to bald misapprehension; it is subject to the imposture of appearances; it is prone to decide precipitately; on many subjects, it is not well-informed, and so is exposed to the arts of charlatanism and the arrogance of pretenders; nay, what was hardly to be looked for in so old a subject, it suffers from an extreme of diffidence, and, from a want of confidence in its own clearest impressions, will believe one thing when it knows another, and will be dictated to by men who well might go to school to it. As respects sagacity, it cannot be characterized as weak, but it is slow. A subject must be removed some distance into the past, before its myriad eyes can get the focus. When it does see, we must all give up to it. The rectification of popular opinion is, therefore, a process of anticipation rather than of change; and, in venturing upon the task of correction, we profess not to have thought better, but a little faster.

These reflections occurred to us, not unnaturally, in connection with our subject. The world, which, a few years ago, was, with some diligence, set wrong in that matter, has at length, by a certain instinct, brought itself right in the main; and even if what we shall now say may, in some particulars, seem to go beyond what is popularly acknowledged, it will consist chiefly in our giving the shape of statement and opinion to that which is the, perhaps still unconscious, conviction of the world, or it will relate to certain matters of fact upon which the truth has never fully been made known. Indeed, the writings of Mr. Willis have sufficiently vindicated to themselves the favor and applauses of the community; but, in regard to considerations of a mere personal nature, some echoes of the whispers that once were circulated perhaps still vibrate on the public ear. What Mr. Willis is in literature, what his faculties of understanding, fancy, wit, and humor are, every one may judge; but what any man is in his temper and in his conduct, in the privacy of his feelings and in his daily habits with his fellows, can be known to those only who, without motives to bribe their affections or seduce their judgment, and with capacity to discriminate between the show of things and their reality, have seen him in the familiarities of friendship, and had relations with him under all conditions of circumstance and season. Such a man desires now to bear his testimony upon the subject of Mr. Willis's personal and private qualities.

There is not, in this country, or in any country, among any class, or rank of life, a man of a more rooted excellence of principles, of a higher pride of honor, of a more erect and manly spirit, or more liberally endowed with all the virtues and all the graces of the heart. I speak of that which I have seen and know. His breast is the seat of generous and noble impulses. He is a stranger to envy, jealousy, and all the wretched little arts of detraction and intrigue. No man is of a more open and prompt disposition in respect to the appreciation and encouragement of other literary men, who are always, of course, in some degree, literary rivals. His hand is as ready to aid them when struggling toward distinction in letters, as his pen is to recognize them when they have emerged into it, to explain their merits and expand their reputation. Those who have needed him have seen his benevolence; those who have trusted him have found him faithful; those who have favored him know that he is grateful. Conduct such as he has exhibited, and such a character as he enjoys among his friends, a superficial or spurious virtue

could neither inspire nor sustain. The world has a distrust of too much refinement—which it refers to a tainted heart or a feeble head—and the distrust is not unnatural; but, in the present instance, it was upon a wild stock of the most vigorous sense and feeling that a finished taste engrafted all the elegance of the most accomplished manners. Willis is a man who if he possessed more cant would be thought to have more virtue; whose morality has not pretension enough to be popular, and who, if he had more hypocrisy of speech, would undoubtedly be credited for a better heart.

The causes of the misapprehensions which have been prevalent on this subject might easily be discovered. One of them arose out of circumstances more honorable to his spirit and independence than altogether prudent. In the beginning of his career, he quarreled with the reviewers; and I believe it is generally agreed that a man had better have a bad epitaph after his death than their ill-report while he lives. His taste, his good feeling, his disgust at imposition, and his hatred of oppression, drove him into that quarrel, and his ability and the justice of his cause carried him triumphantly through it. He spoke of Captain Marryat, in the high day of his popularity, as the whole world now acknowledges that Captain Marryat deserved to be spoken of; and he retorted with memorable vigor upon Mr. Lockhart, who, having violated the law of decorum, himself, with the shamelessness of a prostitute, now stickled for its strictness in others with the fastidiousness of a prude.

In respect to intellectual and literary endowments, Mr. Willis deserves to be the pride and boast of this country, and ought certainly to be placed in the very first rank. Those who do not taste the peculiarities of his merit, or are willing to be thought difficult, have imputed to his style the faults of affectation and conceit. I agree that *fineness* of sense and feeling is the Dalilah of his taste, under whose fascination he is sometimes shorn of his strength. But I can pardon something to the exuberance of youthful faculties, more to circumstances, and a great deal to the natural excesses of human temper, by which a man in pursuit of refinement may verge upon effeminacy. Where there is great and uncommon merit, a liberal mind will overlook and forget little defects and weaknesses in the glow of enjoyment and admiration. Has anybody yet found out how to defend Shakspeare's quibbles and clenches, or Dryden's freedoms, or Pope's unvarying monotony? I believe not; yet nobody, I suppose, is on that account less moved when Othello rages over the scene, or less open to the influence of brilliant sense and lively passion in the writings of the other two. I have not labored to acquire that waterish judgment which, under the name of critical, bears up and floats upon its surface all the light straws and empty rubbish with which valuable things are often surrounded, and lets every thing that is weighty sink out of sight. Mr. Willis has no failings but those which proceed out of a worthy, or, at least, a pardonable cause; a hatred of pomposity and parade, and a contempt for the arts of pedantry and professional mystery. In truth, the old dignified and solemn style was so thoroughly done to death, that, for my part, I like even the extravagances of this natural and simple school. Let us then, with a certain candor which becomes men who would judge, estimate the nature and extent of his capacities.

No man has appeared in our literature, endowed with a greater variety of fine qualities. He possesses an understanding, quick, acute, distinguishing even in excess; enriched by culture, and liberalized and illuminated by much observation. He commands all the resources of passion; at the same time that he is perfect master of the effects of manners. The suggestions of an animated sense are harmonized by feeling; and are adorned by a finished wit. His taste is new, but it is not narrow or bigoted, and his sympathies with his reader are wonderfully intimate and true. His works exhibit a profusion of pointed and just comment on society and life; they sparkle with delicate and easy humor; they display a prodigality of fancy, and are fragrant with all the floral charm of sentiment. He possesses surprising saliency of mind, which in his hasty effusions often fatigue, but in his matured compositions is controlled to the just repose of art. But distinct from each of these, and sovereign over them all, is the vivifying and directing energy of a splendid poetical talent; that prophetic faculty in man whose effects are as vast as its processes are mysterious; whose action is a moral enchantment that all feel, but none can fathom. This influence it is which, entering into and impregnating all his other faculties, gives force to some, elevation to others, and an unrivalable grace and interest to them all.

There is obviously something very peculiar in the compositions of Mr. Willis; so much so, we have always thought, as almost to constitute a separate school of literature, in which no one had preceded him, and none has as yet followed. This peculiarity, it seems to us, according to its simplest expression, consists in his having united in himself, and reconciled in art, two powers which are so distinct and even inconsistent that not only do they scarcely ever enter into the same genius, but rarely can be appreciated and enjoyed by the same taste. In what painter, for example, has the rapt imagination of Guido been joined with Teniers' close sympathy with the actual and familiar? or, what reader follows with equal enthusiasm the pedestrian range of Smollet, and the far and swan-like flights of Spenser through a world of softer and more splendid ether, gleaming with a lustre above mortality? If the ideal faculty has, in any author, co-existed with the opposite talents of wit and observation, the two have yet been distinct, and have been exercised upon separate works; but in Mr. Willis they seem to us to be identified to a great degree, and in his productions their influence is interfused and blended together. In his tales, for example, he leads us into a drawing-room; the persons of the story are mere human gentlemen in coats and stocks, and ladies, not "in beauty dight" *alone*, but appareled with the aid of strings and hooks and so forth. The beginning of the tale is simple, its progress easy, and its end satisfactory. Here the function of an ordinary story-teller would cease; but it is precisely here that

Mr. Willis's art begins. What he has of remarkable lies beyond this; it lies in the faculty which can add the loftier without taking away the less; which can create the wonderful without destroying the familiar; which can make the scheme ideal without its ceasing to be real; can shed the rich lights of glowing fancy over the unaltered forms of common life; can carry us through a romance without tasking our invention, and delights us with all the interests of poetry without startling our most common sympathies. This is a great faculty which Mr. Willis possesses; and how the result is accomplished is to us as great a mystery as the coloring of Titian.

Mr. Willis's genius does not affront the sterner shapes of imagination that wait to be bodied by the poet; it woos the lighter and lovelier forms of fancy which are not less abiding in their beauty. The weapon which he wields is not the two-handed sword of Richard, but the lithe, glittering blade of Saladin. He exhibits the force of dexterity, and the strength of skill. There is so little of effort or strain, so little of preparation and slow approach, that when the miracle of art has been performed under our eyes, we doubt for a moment the reality of an effect of which we saw not the intention, and cannot comprehend the means. The author seems to let his fancy wander at its own quaint will, and to contemplate no loftier end than his own amusement. But when we return to consider the impression which has been produced and remains; when we note what rare and delicate creations we have gazed upon; of what strange, yet genuine and lofty beauty were the forms that floated around us; when we observe the essential truth that is wrapped up in the careless comment, and what deep experience breathes in that which seemed but the wantonness of a capricious pen, then we recognize that this seeming negligence is real toil; that there is an earnest purpose in this apparent trifling, and that much art has been concealed with more artifice.

After all, the basis of his literary character, and the most valuable of all his qualities, is *common sense;* out of which I shall always, and do believe, that the best literature must proceed. Mr. Willis gets very thoroughly at the truth of life; his perceptions are not blinded by the pre-judgments of a visionary philosophy, and his conclusions are neither warped by his own passions nor racked to fit the prejudices of a faction. He is not forever dealing with sublimated theories, and bewildering reality with transcendental fallacies. His conceptions possess that spontaneous force and interest, that native vigor and richness which recalls the strong days of England, when her literature spoke the language of nature and not the cant of systems; breathed the fresh air of life, and not the sickly atmosphere of schools.

There is an intimate connection between genius and language, or, in more general terms, between the powers of conception and those of expression. Phrenology has recognized the latter as distinct, intellectual faculties; and the law of relation between the two and their mutual reaction is one of the contributions which knowledge expects from that science. As to no man are given the trembling sensibilities, the thrilling sentiments, the delicate apprehensions of the poet, but with them is given the power to impart every nicety of his impressions in the appropriate dialect of his art, so upon none is bestowed this marvelous gift of tongues but those to whom is given a higher inspiration which it is their privilege to set forth. Indeed, it is only when the divinity of genius rides upon the language, that the vehicle thus becomes, like the car of Kehama, itself animated with life. What magic sits upon the syllables of Shakspeare! how the phrases of Bacon glitter and ring, like the arrows of Apollo! What rich and dazzling influence in the purple words of Thomson, and the jeweled speech of Gray! Expression, then, is one certain test of genius; and Mr. Willis satisfies that test more entirely, perhaps, than any of his cotemporaries. He is a master of the hidden sorceries of speech. He can unbind the rainbow hues that are wrapt up and hidden in the colorless light of our common language, and shed their lustre over thought and passion. Like the great authors of an earlier day, he aims to attain those fine and rich impressions which dwell only in language, and have no being but in words. An error is made by those who do not discriminate between science and art. In matters of reason, the thought is everything, the setting forth of it nothing. But with the fine arts, the expression is a great part of the creation. The fine arts exist at that point where mind and matter coalesce; they are the issue of spirit embracing with sense; hence their most genuine effects flash into existence only when the inward thought passes forth into the outer medium, be it sound, color, form, or language, and the two have become incorporate forever.

Such are the chief elements that enter into the costly weavings of Mr. Willis's composition. We must go back, far back into the days of *completer* character than we now behold, if we would find an author in whose writings substantial sense is so well adorned by the drapery of a refined and courtly manner, and the shrewd reflections of the practiced man of the world, so charmingly blended with the spiritual suggestions of the poet.

Mr. Willis's early poems on scripture subjects have lately been printed together in an extra number of the New Mirror: and we have read them with deliberate and questioning care. We do not perceive what these compositions lack that poetry ought to possess. They are marked by an exquisiteness of moral perception—a delicacy of penciling, like the touches of the morning light along the heavens, and a noble sympathy with truth and virtue. The snowy gleams of morning hope are joined to a glow of passion as golden as sunset; and the mingled ray flushes every thing into beauty. To equal the best that America has yet done, Mr. Willis needs only that profound study of poetry as a great art, and that patient and energetic development of his faculties, without which the old sublimities of verse were never reached.

Mr. Willis did not follow up these brilliant successes of his youth, but turned to a very different field of literature. Sir Egerton Brydges has observed that

the practice of poetry is the best education for a prose writer; and Mr. Willis's name may be added to the illustrations which the remark has received from the examples of Dryden, Cowley, Addison, and Sir Egerton himself. In fact, it is in the higher walks of prose, alone, that a poet can find full scope for all the resources of his power.

For myself, bred in a school of letters too severe, perhaps, in the extent and nicety of its exactions, I am not apt to throw my admiration about promiscuously; to that which is modern and popular, I yield it not unreluctantly. Yet the deliberate and mature impression of my own taste is, that Mr. Willis has written some of the most exquisite prose of the present time. Who is the writer now in England that combines upon his pages so many of the qualities that contribute to form that copious, rich and mellow composition which characterizes the old models of strength and beauty? The literature of England has, in modern times, unquestionably degenerated: it has become factitious, feeble and false; technical, narrow and dogmatic. The strong, bold music which once rose from it, and shook the heavens with its kingly tones, is changed to a lean and scrannel pipe, whose thin sounds tinkle in the chambers of the ear, but neither reach the understanding nor rouse the heart. Mr. Willis very wisely turned away from the irretrievable barrenness of this metaphysical school, to refresh his faculties at the fountains of a more genuine inspiration. The type of his manner might be found in the writings of the best class of those choice spirits who flowered into literature a little before and after the period of the Restoration; men of thought and of action; at once geniuses, scholars and courtiers. He might be called the Waller of the age. He possesses that delicate propriety of sentiment, instinctive grace, and truth combined with refinement of perception, together with a rare felicity of words, which drew down on Waller the weighty praise of Dryden, who often called him the father of our English elegance, and taught Pope, in the next age, to appreciate and enlarge his merit. There is the same usage of actual life in its best phases; the same knowledge of the heart, if not in its deeper and darker workings, yet in all the wide range of healthful, fine and pleasurable emotion; the same spontaneous good sense, suavity of manner, and perpetual soft play of wit. For ourselves, we must confess that this school of letters has in it something very charming: it addresses our sympathies, if not with the force of some which went before it, yet with an intelligence, breadth, and distinctness which none that have succeeded it have reached. It is the literature of gentlemen. Those who are familiar only with the violent tribunitian style of this time will not at once recognize its strength; and those who have had their virtue stretched upon the theological racks of the age, will hardly give it credit for the solid and genuine integrity which it conceals under an entire simplicity of manner.

Our associating Mr. Willis's name with this class of writers, is in respect to the quality of tone rather than the measure of talent: for the republican obviously possesses a far larger soul of poetry, a much diviner gift of genius than was vouchsafed to the brightest and least earthly of that courtly college. From them he learned, that to refine is not always to weaken, and that, as it was the prophet's word of old, in quietness there is strength: but the freshness of sympathy, the grace of enthusiasm, and the fire of poetry are all his own. Those resources of taste and manner which constituted their whole faculty, serve him but as the minister of a higher inspiration.

Upon the whole, it appears to us, that Mr. Willis is justly entitled to the name of the most accomplished writer of the age; the author who, departing least from nature, has reached the most admirable results of art. For my own part, though never disposed to dogmatize myself, where it is at all reasonable to doubt, I have no idea of suffering any of the modern school of England to dictate judgments to me upon literary subjects. I see nothing in their performances which should make me afraid of their opinions. This is a world in which nations, like individuals, must take care of themselves. Whenever America chooses to claim her own, she may hold forth the name of this gifted person, as that of the writer who, beyond any of his cotemporaries, has felt, and been faithful to, the great mission of Art; which is, not to lend itself to the perversions of schemes and theories, but to develop, to animate, and to beautify the native, spontaneous, deathless sympathies and aspirations of humanity. Above all, this is his peculiar characteristic as an author, that, while others touch but one string, or entertain us with the echoes of a single note, there proceeds from his productions a rich and infinitely varied chime of reason, passion, sentiment and fancy, whose tones enrich the air with charming melody, and long will float upon the breezes of the future.

Mr. Willis was born in Portland, January 20, 1807. He was fitted for college at the Boston Latin School and the Academy at Andover, and entered Yale College at the age of seventeen. Immediately after his graduation, he was employed by Mr. Goodrich to edit the "Token" and "Legendary," and soon started the American Monthly Magazine, which he united with the Mirror, for the purpose of visiting Europe. On his arrival in France, Mr. Rives, our then minister to that country, attached him to his embassy, and with a diplomatic passport he visited all the courts of Europe, traveled in the East one year, and last of all visited England. Here he remained two years, and married. On his return to the United States, he purchased a farm on the Susquehannah, which severe losses in England and America compelled him to relinquish, and he is now, in connection with his old friend and former partner, General Morris, editing the New Mirror, in the city of New York.

The portrait given in this number is a very felicitous one, representing Mr. Willis's expression of face in the repose of his more thoughtful hours. It meets with the warmest commendation of his more intimate friends. He is six feet tall, powerfully though slightly made, and ruddy with constant and vigorous health. His personal manners are frank, bland and winning.

L.

LOVE AND PLATONISM.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO MISS SMITH.

I AM a devout believer in Platonism. I am not sure that it does not produce a more agreeable kind of happiness than love. I have had great experience in both sentiments, and am qualified to write about them as few men of my age are qualified, although, truth to speak, I am a bachelor of thirty-two. I am very glad that I am not forty; for I do not wish to marry, and I take that to be the proper marrying age for men; women, I may as well remark here, should be just twenty-four, neither more nor less. I detest your green girls; under twenty they doat upon you to-day with a passionate fervor that is wonderful to behold, and to-morrow they just remember that they did *rather* like you better than some others.

Recently, and in spite of all my experience, I was silly enough to be captivated by a damsel of nineteen. She was not beautiful, but had one of those entrancing faces that are more rare than regular features and rosy bloom. It was purely accidental, or I should never have fallen over head and ears in love with her as I did—confound me, for a simpleton! At first, warned by various twinges of memory, I stood shivering on the brink of passion for a season, I knew how it would be; and so I reluctcd even at forming her acquaintance. Nevertheless, as the miserable fates would have it, I resigned myself to her sweet society. I declared—she confessed, though not very warmly—and I retired voluntarily; absolutely withdrew under encouragement that other men would have regarded as conclusive. Not more than a week elapsed, when she wrote to me—such a letter!—wanting to know how she could have forfeited my esteem, and begging to see me. Graduate as I am in the College of Cupid, with all the honors, I was foolish enough to be sported with. I saw her, as she appointed—and now I should like to know, my dear Miss Smith, what do you imagine was the result? Why, at a second interview, she quietly told me that we must part forever. Exquisitely cool, that! considering that I had, but a little time before, parted forever of my own accord. *N'importe*, I acquiesced gracefully, nothing loth; not caring enough about the matter to expostulate with the vacillating minx.

Perhaps, Miss Smith, you think that this was the end. Not at all. In spite of my having a second time, and, at her own request, given up the pursuit, she wrote another letter—she did, by my halidome! She wanted to know why I was offended; she could n't realize that I was offended, not she! Now it struck me—I do n't know how it may strike you—but it struck me that this was the supreme of coolness. I have met fools in my day, but if I had consulted my looking-glass just about then, I should have seen the face of the greatest I ever encountered. I hardly expect to be believed; but I actually went to another interview, and, in that, she swore eternal fidelity after the most approved fashion of the poets. As Dr. Holmes observes, in one of his most touching effusions—"She said she loved me dearly." What was the consequence to myself? I gave the rein to my passion, and, like a high-mettled courser, it leaped exultingly over all obstacles. But, not to be prolix, I will add nothing more, except that, after many hours—stolen hours too—such as only lovers pass, I was entreated to bring the affair to a conclusion by consulting the proper authority. I did so; papa's consent was asked, and he, not ungraciously, deferred giving me any reply until he had conversed with his daughter. Looking upon the affair as settled, I called upon the old gentleman—and—goodness gracious! what of all things do you suppose that he said? Why, his daughter had informed him that I had misapprehended her feelings! This was something more than cool—it was wicked. I give you my honor, Miss Smith, as a gentleman, that, not twenty hours before, she had assured me that she should go perfectly mad with misery unless she could be mine!

Then and after I resolved that no female could possibly know whether she was in love or not till the age of twenty-four. I fix upon that period, because a friend of mine solemnly asseverates that he once met with a woman of that age who was positively in the same mind for a week. In writing out the circumstances, I have not detailed them precisely as they occurred, but the differences are immaterial, and, instead of exaggerating, I have diminished (is "diminish" an active verb?) the facts. All this may possibly read like digression—it is no such thing—it is perfectly pertinent to my subject; it is an example, moreover, profitably held up for the warning of mankind. There was no Platonism about it—it was love, pure love, founded in no sentiment of friendship, and therefore as easily dissevered as flax "that falls asunder at the touch of fire."

I trust in Platonism—I trust in it more entirely than in the deepest passion. Win a woman's friendship and it is eternal. Love may be built upon it, and, if it be, the superstructure will be as lasting as the foundation. In that case, you exclaim, it ceases to be Platonism—how then can you believe in it? Because I believe that it may exist without superinducing love. Nay, I am confident that Platonism may survive the love of both parties for others. To be more clear, I think, Miss Smith, that you and I may entertain the sincerest regard for one another—we may confide to one another our most secret thoughts—and yet you

may be tenderly disposed toward Mr. Jones, and I may be enraptured with Miss Brown. I cannot state the reasons of this conviction on my heart, further than that I have proved it to be true in more cases than one. I have been honored with the confidence of lovely and high-minded women. I have entertained for them a feeling absolutely fraternal. I never, though they were beautiful, young and accomplished, pasted in their presence the limits of quiet, deep, enduring friendship. I said that the happiness produced by this sentiment was more agreeable than that of love. It was disturbed by no fears; it was overshadowed by no doubts; it flowed on perpetually like a strong, bright river, whose current was never lessened. Alas! distance now separates me from the first of those fair friends—and the second "is not." I stood by the death-bed of the latter; I held her hand in mine, as from her lustrous eyes the light of life departed. I heard her last words—and often in those my sad hours, when the curtains of darkness are drawn around the earth, they sound in my ears with all their mournful meaning. "Farewell, my best friend," she said, "so live that you may meet me in the better land." I mourned for her as few husbands have mourned for their wives—and yet, had she lived, I would have seen her the wife of another with a pleasure equal to that with which I witnessed the marriage of my first fair friend, who is now living with her artist-husband in some marble palace in the city of the Cæsars. Therefore am I a devout believer in Platonism.

Were I, adorable Miss Smith, to relate for your delectation my experiences in love, you would be too much astonished. I could tell things much more remarkable than the affair with the fickle damsel of nineteen. I know you would be delighted to hear them, but I shrink from the task. Tom Moore sings,

> You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!

which is doubtless true; but having no great partiality for the odor of stale rose leaves, I will not present them to your beautifully chiseled olfactories. Enough if I remark, concludingly, that the result of my adventures in the fairy land of Love, has left me with but little desire to re-equip myself for new feats of *arms*. I am un-Quixoted. My last affair did it. I am a devout believer in Platonism. P. B.

THE WATERMAN.

FROM THE GERMAN, AFTER THE OLD DANISH.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

"O, MOTHER, give me good counsel and aid,
How shall I meet the beautiful maid?"
She built him a steed of the watery wave,
And a bridle and saddle of sand she gave.
She dressed him like a knight so gay,
And to Mary's church-yard he rode away.
He tied his steed at the church door,
He went round the church three times and four.
The waterman into the church then went,
While great and small around him bent.
The priest stood at the altar there,
And cried—"What pale knight have we here?"
Then smiled to herself the lovely maid—
"O would the pale knight were mine!" she said.
He stepped over one stool and two:
"O, maiden give me your troth so true."
She gave him her hand right willingly;
"Here hast thou my troth—I'll follow thee."
They went with the marriage crowd away,
And danced all fearlessly and gay.
They danced down on the ocean strand;
They were alone now, hand in hand.
"Hold, beautiful maid, my steed for me—
The neatest little ship I'll bring to thee!"
And when they came unto the sand,
Then all the ships turned into land.
And when they came upon the Sound,
The beautiful maid sunk on the ground.
And long upon shore they heard the cry
Of the beautiful maid come shrieking by.
I counsel ye, maidens, as well as I can—
Go not to dance with the Waterman.

SONNET.

"SOME FELL BY THE WAYSIDE."

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD," ETC.

Not yet, not yet, oh pilgrim! cast aside
The dusty sandal, and the well-worn staff;
Athirst and fainting, yet must thou abide
One peril more—and strength in thy behalf
Shall once again be born—it is the last!
Thou sinkest by the lonely wayside down,
And life, o'erspent and weary, ebbeth past.

The lengthening shadows on thy path are thrown,
And thou wouldst rest, forgetful of life's dream,
Deluding, vain, and empty, and here die.
Not yet! not yet! there still is left one gleam
To onward lure thy too despairing eye;
Gird on thy staff, the shrine is yet unwon;
Oh! lose not thou the prize, by this last work undone.



The Artist's Daughter

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine.

born women barter away their delicate persons—I will not say hearts. Heaven knows I had early warning."

"You are young to have conceived such prejudices," faltered Sir Henry, coloring, for the late Lady

of fire, from the tortured pride of my [illegible]—never while I have a mind to comprehend the worthless blandishments of your high-born women—their heartlessness and their hollow pretensions."



Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine

THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

OR THE CASTLE AND THE COTTAGE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER I.

"I saw her on a nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too;
Her household motions light and free
And step of virgin liberty;
A countenance on which did meet
Sweet records—promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows—simple wiles—
Praise—blame—love—kisses—tears and smiles."

"WELL, Sir Henry, I have listened very patiently, and acknowledge myself much edified," said the earl, lifting a glass of Burgundy to his lips, but scarcely tasting it; "still am I unconvinced. I admit Lady Jane to be all you describe her—beautiful, highly bred, and of noble lineage—but these are the very qualifications that I object to. I have never yet seen a meek belle—high breeding but too often polishes the blush from a maiden cheek, and—"

"But do you object to beauty and birth?" interrupted Sir Henry.

"Beauty is a pleasant thing in a rose, which is unconscious of it—but save me from your highly bred women—creatures who torture their very hearts into fashion—and, as for birth—the pomp and pride of birth—that, too, is not unpleasant, when it runs with the family estate to the male heirs, with whom such things should be left."

"But surely you would not marry one of inferior birth?"

"I have no thoughts of matrimony at all," replied the young earl smiling, "and, if I had, it is just possible that an earldom which traces back to the Conquest, might sustain its dignity without the aid of matrimonial connections."

"But surely you intend to marry some time? This is a strange whim for a nobleman of five-and-twenty, who has just come in possession of his estates," urged Sir Henry, who had three sisters just ready to leave the school-room.

Lord Seymour shook the wine in his glass till a drop or two dashed over the edge, a grave expression—as if a train of unpleasant thoughts had been agitated—stole over his face, and there was something of sternness in his manner when he spoke again.

"I have seen but little of true domestic felicity in my own class of life," he said; "my very soul sickens at the mercenary heartlessness with which our high-born women barter away their delicate persons—I will not say hearts. Heaven knows I had early warning."

"You are young to have conceived such prejudices," faltered Sir Henry, coloring, for the late Lady Seymour had been remotely connected with his own family.

"I was young to imbibe them when my poor father stood widowed by the sin of his wife—not by death—amid the splendor of his ancestral home, with three orphan children to share his disgrace. I can remember the proud, imperious beauty of the frail being who gave me birth—she was the daughter of a duke. Our escutcheon was unstained till then. My proud father loved another, but he would not wed beneath his rank—the conventional code of family honor was his religion. An aristocrat in soul, he must wive nobly, so he blended his own haughty blood with that of a still more exalted line—he must be girded around with family honors. Sir Henry, you know how this ended. She left my father's roof—her children—every thing, for a base adventurer. Our family pride—where was it then? crushed and trodden to the earth, by the very being to whom my father had sacrificed the best affections of his heart, that it might be exalted. It broke his heart—not immediately—strong hearts do not give way so; but his wounded pride, his thwarted affections, recoiled upon him, in his splendid solitude it rusted into his thoughts, and at length ate away his life. His death happened years after, but still this base act sent him to his grave at last. You knew the earl as others knew him, a haughty, reserved man, whose thoughts no penetration might fathom, whose very being was knitted to his rank; but I was his child, scarcely four years old when this mildew fell upon his pride; I witnessed the stern sorrow which the world never dreamed of. I grew up amid the gathering gloom of his desolate splendor. The first strong impression taken by my young mind was that of woman's perfidy; as I grew up the impression strengthened with my strength, and became a portion of my manhood. The hand of my own mother planted the seed—her sex and class must reap the fruit thereof—I will never wed with one of my own order, never wed at all, unless my entire soul is poured out in love to that one being who shall share my destiny."

"You will think better of this; but let us change the subject," said Sir Henry, dismayed by this burst of indignant eloquence in a being usually so refined and passionless.

"Never, while I can remember my own desolate infancy, the tears which I have seen wrung, like drops of fire, from the tortured pride of my father—never while I have a mind to comprehend the worthless blandishments of your high-born women—their heartlessness and their hollow pretensions."

"This is but your second season in town—Almack's opens in a week, and, my word for it, some of the fair débutantes will avenge the sex on you before it closes again," said Sir Henry, forcing a tone of gaiety which he could not feel, for there was so much of feeling—deep, passionate feeling—in what Seymour had uttered, an earnestness and force that quite discomposed the calm, easy baronet, who could never comprehend any passion, good or evil, after it arose above the dignity of a sensation. Lord Seymour tried to smile, but the effort was at variance with the kindling eye and flushed cheek which betrayed deep and serious emotion.

"It is seldom I speak of my mother," he said, wiping the drops from his forehead, "would to Heaven that thoughts were as easily crushed as words! I am a young man yet, but my heart is old in suspicion, worn callous with distrust of the sex."

"Worn callous by a fiddlestick! away with such nonsense—one swallow does not make a summer, nor does the mildew which settles on a rose touch the whole bush. Throw off this morbid nonsense and come with me to the opera. Lady Jane expects you."

"Excuse me, I leave town in the morning."

"Leave town, just as the season is commencing! are you mad, or only romantic?"

"A little of both, perhaps," replied Lord Seymour with a smile, for he had made a strong effort to fling off thoughts so unsuited to the place, and partially succeeded; "but, on second thought, I am at Lady Jane's disposal for the evening, a little music may humanize me again. Come, I hear your carriage at the door, mine is unnecessary if you will set me down."

As the two young men were stepping into their carriage at the door of Lord Seymour's dwelling, a hackney coach drove by, and a sweet, girlish face bent eagerly forward, as if attracted by the glittering equipage. Before the young earl could obtain a second glance the head was drawn back, but those delicate features, that wealth of golden curls falling over the brow, haunted him like a dream.

In half an hour Seymour was an inmate of Lady Jane's box, self-possessed, and gracefully rendering all those nameless attentions to the high-born beauty, which were so liable to be misconstrued by the world even should they fail to interest their object. All at once he started, leaned forward and looked earnestly into the pit. He had seen that face again, more beautiful a thousand times than it had appeared in the dim lamplight. The opera had commenced, and the young girl was deeply absorbed by the music. Her eyes, so tender and deeply blue, were lifted to the stage with a look of bewildering joy, such as exquisite harmony, heard for the first time, might kindle in the face of a seraph. The light gave a richer tinge to the ringlets of pale gold, broken up as they were in a thousand gossamer waves, loosely confined by the wreath of tiny roses garlanded over her brow. A dress of pure muslin was folded over her bosom, and hung in loose drapery down her arms, where bracelets of large pearls gleamed whitely through. She was slender and girlish in her appearance, and her soul seemed bathing itself in the voluptuous music that swelled through the building. Seymour could almost fancy that he saw the pulsations of her heart as it rose and fell to the sweet sounds, awaking it to a new and more delicious life.

Lady Jane had addressed him twice and received no answer—she turned her dark eyes to his face, saw the fixed expression of his gaze, and slowly raising the jeweled glass which glittered in her hand, looked down upon the pit. The head was turned away, Lady Jane saw nothing but a white shoulder glancing beneath a fold of pure drapery, with two or three long golden ringlets falling over it and trembling in the light. She languidly dropped the glass to her lap and asked Seymour what he was gazing at so intently.

"True, it is wonderful, I did not dream that music could affect one so."

Lady Jane opened her large eyes, surprised by a reply so inapplicable to the question, and, as Seymour still kept his gaze on the pit, she lifted her glass again.

"Ah!" she said, with a slight downward curve of the coral lip, "you have made out my little *protégé* and her reverend papa. A pretty rustic, is she not? One can almost fancy that she brings the scent of our spring violets in her clothes."

"Do you know her?" inquired Seymour, aroused to sudden interest in what his companion was saying.

The lady smiled with a still more scornful expression—"She was born on my father's estate," was the concise reply.

"The daughter of a tenant," persisted the earl, with his eyes fixed on the beautiful vision so earnestly that he did not perceive the scornful smile that deepened on the beautiful face of his companion; "the daughter of a tenant—impossible!"

"I believe our rector at Grayton has charge of her—she may be his daughter—I really have very little knowledge of the matter."

There was something in the manner of this reply that arrested Seymour's attention; he looked up, and a quiet smile, that had a gleam of her own scorn in it, came to his lips. "I see your ladyship's father in Sir Henry's box, he will probably be able to give me some farther information."

The next moment Lady Jane was alone, the smile had left her mouth, and, as she looked down on that fair girl in the pit, an unpleasant gleam came and went over her haughty face.

CHAPTER II.

It was the close of a beautiful autumn day, the haw leaves took a golden tinge from the sunset, and the shadow of a little gothic church, overrun with ivy, seemed to have rusted its image on the bosom of a stream that swept heavily along the foot of a thickly wooded hill, which, at that hour, enveloped the whole of a pretty village in its shadow. On an opposite acclivity the turrets of a lordly castle rose in hoary grandeur against the sky. Its park swept greenly down to the village, and, even from the little church, the glow of its flower garden might be detected through the distance, as if the warm sunset were itself turning to blossoms on the hill side.

On the bank of the stream, and just above the little church, was a pile of gray rocks covered with lichen and wild blossoms. On a fragment which had been rent away from the mass and bedded in the thick ferns, sat a young man, with a sketch-book in his hand, and a pencil lying between the leaves. Now and then he opened the book and began to sketch the old church, which formed a picturesque object enough to tempt any artist into the open air on a night so quiet as that; but it seemed rather remarkable that every leaf of the book was embellished with the same object, all from that very position, and yet no page was finished up, and the whole building had not once been taken as it stood. Still the sketches, as far as they went, were bold and masterly, betraying not only superior skill, but genius for the art. But that evening the artist worked fitfully; his eye often wandered beyond the church when he seemed to be examining its proportions. He became more and more restless as the twilight darkled around him, though every object in that beautiful landscape was tranquil as an infant's dream. The faint tinkling of a sheep-bell in the distant hills, and the soft flutter of a bird as it nestled itself down to sleep in the leaves above his head, were all the sounds that stirred in the hazy air. Still he opened and closed his book impatiently, and at last flung his pencil into the stream, and, starting up, walked toward the church.

Scarcely had the young man entered the shadow flung by that picturesque little building, when a young girl sprung lightly into the porch, and, pushing back the ivy that fell in thick masses all around it, looked eagerly toward the rocks.

At the first glimpse of her golden ringlets the young man's face brightened; but he turned and went hurriedly back to his former position, where he waited her approach, his fine countenance beaming with pleasant expectation.

The girl sprung eagerly on, casting a look behind, as if terrified lest some one might see her from the village. She checked her pace a little just as she came to the pile of rocks, and went round the point that concealed her lover more leisurely. It was a modest wile, and only done that he might not deem her too eager for the meeting; but the sweet girl was breathless when she reached him, and her cheeks glowed like a damask rose kindled by the sunshine, partly from exercise and partly from the ardent welcome which sparkled in the dark eyes bent upon her.

"So you are come at last," he said, joyfully. He held out both his hands and she placed her own within them, and her cheek taking a still deeper red as he bent his lips down and pressed them warmly upon the little prisoner's. She lifted her clear eyes to his and smiled.

"Yes, at last I got away."

That was a sweet, low voice, which might have troubled a less excitable heart than listened to it with restless dreams, and there was a world of affection beaming in those blue eyes. The young man gazed into the soul-lit depths till all the poetry of his warm nature was aroused. He bent down and kissed her forehead.

"It was cruel to keep me waiting so—very cruel, Clara."

She blushed, and a pretty, roguish triumph sparkled in her eyes.

"You will know how pleasant it is; I was here full ten minutes before you last night, trembling in the porch there like a poor bird, and peeping through the leaves every half minute till *you* came."

"And so you kept me here full of anxieties on purpose to try your strength," said the young man, tapping her cheek with his sketch-book, but still with a manner that had something of displeasure in it. "Woman, woman—alike everywhere—there is no trusting you with power!"

The girl instantly became serious, for her ear had caught that lurking tone as a sarcasm, or reproach.

"Indeed I would have come before—I did my best to get away from poor papa, but he was reading his next discourse to me, and you know I could not appear impatient, it would have pained him so."

"And was it a good discourse, Clara?" said the young man, smiling kindly upon her.

A change came over her face, her eyelids drooped, and there came a flush upon them, as if tears were mustering beneath.

"It made me very sad," she replied, after a brief pause.

"And why, child—why did your good father's sermon make you sad?"

"I do not know. But it set me to thinking—"

"Well, dear."

"Thinking seriously on what I am doing. Charles, am I doing wrong to meet you here?"

"My dear Clara!"

"Not wrong—I did not mean that—not wrong in meeting *you*, but in concealing it from my father, my poor kind father who has always been so good to me."

The young man did not speak, but his countenance changed slightly, and she perceived it.

"Do not mistake me," she added, quickly, as she bent, with child-like grace, and pressed her lips timidly to his hand. "I mean that you are wise and generous—that you could not ask me to do wrong, but they tell me that men do not judge of a maiden's arts as women do, and I have no mother!"

She broke off, for the tears were forcing themselves from her eyes, though she had closed the thick lashes over them rapidly once or twice as she spoke, in a vain effort to disperse the moisture before it formed into drops. He drew her gently to his bosom, and smoothed the golden hair back from her forehead with his hand.

"Do not distress yourself in this way, my sweet girl," he said. "You have done no wrong, though these same women might tell you so—even the mother you talk of, were she alive. Do not reproach me with tears, girl; you are blameless in all things—if there is fault, it rests with me—I mean, that I should have spoken with your father before this."

She looked eagerly in his face. "And you will, Charles—you *will* speak with him now!"

Her lover shook his head. "He would ask what a

poor artist had to do with love, and what should I answer?"

She looked in his face with much earnestness. "Say that his daughter loves the poor artist."

The young man was greatly moved, his dark eyes glistened with moisture, and some severe struggle seemed going on in his bosom.

"I know that she does—that she thinks so, at least, but time and absence may work great changes, even here." He had turned from her and muttered these words to himself.

She approached him timidly, and, nestling her hand in his again, stood by his side in silence.

"Clara," he said, drawing her toward him, and looking earnestly in her face; "Clara, you are right; it is not well that we meet here so often. To-morrow I shall leave the village."

The girl turned very pale, but ceased to weep.

"I may be absent months, perhaps years, but my return is certain. Meantime, you are free to wed any one who may present himself." She grew more deathly pale, and her large eyes filled with troubled light.

The artist did not seem to heed it, but he drew her hand to his arm, and they walked along the brink of the river through a footpath which led from the village.

"Clara," he said, at length, pausing by the stream, and looking down into the deep water eddying in a flash of dying sunlight; "Clara, do you fully and from your whole heart confide in me?"

"With my entire soul," she answered.

Again they walked forward in silence, both lost in agitating thought. Unknown to herself, a painful doubt lurked in the bosom of that young girl, for where concealment exists there must be doubt—her heart was alternately swayed by hopes and fears; she felt that there was mystery somewhere. She believed that he loved her truly and well, but why conceal it from her father? Poor child, her heart was torn with misgivings, but she would not acknowledge a doubt even to herself.

And the artist, were his reflections happy ones?—by the knitting of his arched brows—by the uneasy motion of his lips and the restlessness in those dark eyes, one might safely answer no. Was he one of those men who awoke the melody of an innocent heart, that his ear may feast on the sound of its breaking strings? *Had* he deceived that loving and innocent young creature? Was he about to add deeper wrong to that already committed? There was something in that open forehead, so high and full of intellect—an expression lying about the finely chiseled mouth, and the misty tenderness brooding in his eyes, that forbade the supposition. Yet though he *might* be honorable, he *was* selfish—intensely selfish, as most men are in their dealings with women. He knew that the gentle creature by his side had rendered up the great treasure of her womanhood—its first, deep love. He knew that love to be pure, and felt in his innermost soul that no trial was necessary to prove the depth and disinterestedness of her affection. Still, with that unaccountable feeling so frequently connected with the most ardent love, he was preparing a mental torture for her which few hearts could have endured. Her soul must go through the fiery furnace of doubt and fears before it could be deemed of that pure gold which he must receive in exchange for his own firm but exacting love.

Our natures would seem to be made up of contradictions; how often is it that we can deliberately torture or trifle with the feelings of a beloved object for the mere pleasure of proving the power we have obtained over one human heart, and yet how deeply may that object be loved all the time. It would sometimes appear that men of the highest intellect are most given to this species of mental torture. But the affections of a good heart are costly playthings even for the great, and that man who plays wantonly with the feelings that are twining around him may feel them give way when his own proud soul must tremble at the shock.

The lovers sat down beneath an oak tree which had often terminated their rambles. The artist took the hand which still rested on his arm. It trembled violently, not with the gentle heart-thrill that had so often caused its pulse to flutter, but with a sharp, nervous tremor that spoke of suffering—suppressed, but acute suffering."

"Clara," he said, "do you love me?"

She looked at him almost proudly, and a faint smile, not of pleasure, stole over her lips, as she replied to a question which, under the circumstances, was ungenerous and selfish.

"Do I love you?" she said, with a proud effort to stifle the emotions that were almost choking her. "Have you brought me here to ask *that* question?" She turned away her face and pretended to trifle with a tuft of crimson wild blossoms that grew by the gnarled root on which she was sitting. It would not do—that meek heart was full—she bent her head still lower and sobbed aloud. The artist sat by, a little agitated, it is true, but still firm in the course he had decided on.

"Listen to me, Clara," he said, still retaining her hand; "I am but an humble artist, poor and without patrons; as such I should not have sought the affections which you tell me are enlisted in my favor. Clara, in one thing I have deceived you!"

She started as if a blow had been struck upon her heart, but did not look up or change her position.

"Not in your professions of affection," she said, in a choked voice; "say that you are true to me there, and I can submit to any thing else."

The artist turned to conceal the struggle it cost him, but made no reply.

"No answer," she cried, starting to her feet and clasping her hands in agony. "No answer—then you do *not* love me!"

She sat down again, and struggled hard against her tears, for still he made no answer. For a moment, there was silence between the young pair—silence, save the quick, half stifled sobs that broke from Clara's bosom. At length she spoke again, but with her hands clasped in her lap, and her eyes bent upon the grass at her feet.

"You loved me once—I am sure of it," she said; "was it wrong when I confessed how much, how completely you were beloved in return?—wrong to say that with my lips which every act and tone betrayed each moment?"

"No, not wrong," said the young man, half smiling; "though much frankness is not often found in the great world."

"The great world," repeated Clara, with tender bitterness. "*This* is my world—here where my father's church stands—where my father lives and blesses me. In this world I have been taught to speak the truth, or remain silent."

The artist took her hand and slightly clasped it.

"And are you happy here—perfectly content, Clara?" he said.

"Content—yes, till you came to trouble and bless—since then—happy, oh, *how* very happy, but not content—I shall never know tranquillity again; have I not kept secrets from my father?"

"It shall be thus no longer—to-night you may tell him all."

Clara caught his hand and kissed it eagerly.

"But listen to me, girl. We must part here, and perhaps for years. Nay, do not look so mournfully surprised. Absence must test the strength and power of the love we feel for each other, or think we feel. I solemnly believe that years of separation can never erase your sweet image from my soul—and I trust, nay, am almost certain that you will not love another, and that when I return to this, your quiet world, the angel that has made it a paradise to me will appear in the little porch yonder, smiling, faithful, and lovely, as now. But first love is a deceitful thing, Clara; it should be tried and well understood before two human beings can stake the future upon it. Absence is a severe but certain test. Like gold in the furnace, true and deep affection becomes more holy and enduring by it—mere fancy takes its own worth and sinks to the insignificance of all tinsel. I am exacting as well as poor, my girl, but something in my own heart tells me that we shall only love each other better for trial and separation. You must learn patience, and I—the poor artist—will go into the great world and come back, some few years hence, wealthy and great perhaps, who knows?—time works wonders. Possibly it may transform my circumstances, and leave the heart still faithful—we shall see."

"And we part to-night, and for years?" said Clara, preoccupied by this one overwhelming idea.

"To-night," was the calm reply.

"But you love me—you *do* love me!" she rejoined, clasping her hands on his arm, and lifting her tearful but sparkling eyes to his.

"As my own life—as my own soul!" he replied.

The young girl drew a deep breath, her hands unclasped from his arm and fell into her lap, then she lifted them to her face, and happy tears came rushing between the slender fingers, like rain-drops broken in their fall by a cluster of damask rose-buds.

"Can you trust me now? Part with me here in full faith, believing, *knowing* that I will return though years pass by, and—if you still desire it—claim you for my wife."

Clara removed the clasped hands from her eyes, laid them trustingly in his, and her eloquent eyes answered him. He drew her to his bosom, kissed her forehead, her hair, her hands, and the soft, violet eyes that were still dewy with tears.

"God bless you—God forever bless you!"

He was gone. These last words were sounding in her heart, but she was alone. The twilight deepened around her, the golden atmosphere grew purple, and slowly darkened into night. A star came out—another, and another. Then the young girl arose, passed through the dusky porch of the church, and entered her own dwelling.

The rector was in his little study, musing over the pages of a manuscript sermon that lay on the table before him. The window, which opened into a rustic garden, was up, and the odor of a flowering vine that clung about the sash enriched every breath of air that fanned his temples. A benevolent and almost femininely gentle face was that of the good divine. The repose and dignity of age hung about him, yet he was but little beyond the middle stage of life. Scarcely a tinge of snow mingled with the fine, but scanty hair that waved over his forehead, and his hands, almost girlishly small, were white, and rendered youthful in their appearance by a contrast with the dark color of his clerical vestments. As the good man sat musing over his labor of Christian love, the door softly opened and Clara glided into the room. She was paler than usual, and a faint flush about the eyes was just discernible as the lamplight fell upon her face. She moved gently forward, knelt down at her father's feet, and kissed his hand. It must have been a familiar act of affection, for, without lifting his eyes from the manuscript, the rector drew his hand from those rosy lips and smoothed the golden hair of his child gently, and as if the fond movement had become so natural to him that his hand had learned to caress the sweet girl while the mind was half occupied in religious meditations.

Clara bent beneath the caressing hand of her parent till her forehead almost touched his knee.

"Father!" she said, at length, in a low voice.

"Well, my child."

The rector did not lift his eyes from the manuscript as he spoke, but Clara was silent, and the struggle that was going on in her heart imparted itself to her frame. The father felt her tremble, and turned his eyes anxiously on her face. Those sweet features bore traces of recent agitation, but they were then calm, and, though pallid, gentle and resolute in their expression.

The rector moved the pile of manuscript from him and bent over his child—

"Clara," he said fondly, "I am afraid these evening dews are not wholesome; thy hair is wet with them, child; thy cheek is white, and even in this bland summer air thy limbs tremble with cold."

"Father, it is not cold, nothing could make me tremble so but the thought that I have had concealments from you, my kind good parent."

"How, Clara, how concealments, what does this mean?"

"I have been out much of late, father," said the girl in a faltering voice, "but not alone."

"Not alone, Clara," repeated the rector with bewilderment.

"No, father, the young artist—the—"

"Well, child, well!"

"He joined me in my walks—for a time it was by accident, then by tacit understanding, and at last I met him every evening by the rock beyond the church."

The rector shook his head; a faint, troubled smile came to his lips—

"Oh, Clara, Clara!" he said with mournful tenderness, "it was not well, child, it was not well."

Then, as if to soften even this gentle reproach, he laid his hand on her head again and murmured—

"Poor child, she has no mother, and I am too much with my books. Well, this handsome artist, child, he loves thee, is it not so? and would ask the rector's pardon for having stolen away the affections of his only child—his pardon and his blessing. Have I guessed aright?" said the distressed parent in a voice tremulous with anxiety and sorrow, but still kind.

"Alas! he is gone, I have come alone for pardon, *only* for pardon," murmured Clara, and her head fell upon her father's knee. "He is poor, very poor, and has gone hence for years, it may be forever," and now the poor girl could restrain her grief no longer, but covered her face and sobbed aloud.

"Hush, child, hush! the young man will write to us—of course he will write—and till then we must think of some way to help him. He seems modest and intelligent—we shall see—we shall see—the parsonage is large enough for us all—the neighborhood is full of beautiful views—of course the young man has gone up to London—I will write to my patron regarding him should he prove worthy—don't cry, child—hush—hush—it will all turn out well—there is plenty of room in this little study for his easel, and I shall love to look over him as he paints, it will be a relief when I am tired of writing. I only wish he had not gone away—I had begun to love the youth as if he had already been my son. That is well, very well; it joys me to see a smile on thy cheek again. Come, come, all will be well," and drawing his child to his bosom the rector talked of the future; and, when she had told him all—the mystery of his last interview, every thing—the guileless man encouraged her to hope—was sure as herself that the artist would return, and dismissed her to rest comforted and almost happy.

The moment he was alone in his study, the curate sunk to his knees and prayed; tears, hitherto restrained, broke from his eyes, and as the lamplight fell upon his forehead it revealed a struggle of feelings which no human being had ever witnessed in that mild face. Toward midnight he arose from his knees, pale, but with a tranquil smile upon his lips, and as he took up the lamp and entered his sleeping-room he lifted his meek eyes devoutly upward, murmuring—"Yes, all will yet be well!" [*Conclusion in our next.*

CHILDHOOD.

FROM THE DANISH OF BAGGESEN.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THERE was a time when I was very small,
When my whole frame was but an ell in height,
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,
And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,
And rode a-horseback on best father's knee;
Alike were sorrows, passions, and alarms,
And Gold, and Greek, and Love, unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this World far less in size,
Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far;
Like points in Heaven, I saw the stars arise,
And longed for wings that I might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the island fade,
And thought "Oh were I on that island there!
I could find out of what the moon is made,
Find out how large it is, how round, how fair!"

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through western skies,
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night,
And yet, upon the morrow, early rise,
And paint the eastern heaven with crimson light.

And thought of God, the gracious, heavenly Father,
Who made me and that lovely sun on high,
And all those pearls of heaven, thick strung together,
Dropped, clustering, from his hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence my young lips did say
The prayer my pious mother taught to me;
"Oh, gentle God! Oh, let me strive alway
Still to be wise, and good, and follow Thee!"

So prayed I for my father and my mother,
And for my sister, and for all the town;
The king I knew not, and the beggar-brother,
Who, bent with age, went, sighing, up and down.

They perished, the blithe days of boyhood perished,
And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!
Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished—
God! may I never, never lose that too!

HATE AND FATE.

A SEA STORY.

FROM THE DIARY OF BURKHARDT, THE PILOT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

I CAN remember nothing of my earliest childhood, except that I lived in a narrow and silent street, in Hamburg, or rather an alley, too close to allow of the passage of carriages. I was called "Heinrich" by the old woman who took care of me, and by the few poor people who came to visit her; was always dressed with rather more care than the other children in the neighborhood, and every Christmas I received a handsome present of toys and other nice things. When I asked why other children had a father and mother, and I none, I was told that my parents were dead, and that I must not ask such troublesome questions. At the age of six, I was sent to school, where I acquired so much learning as to enable me to write, and to calculate figures.

I remember receiving visits, at long intervals, and always after dusk, from a lady closely wrapped in a mantle, who used to send for me in the little parlor, and caress me affectionately, and who rarely went away without leaving me some little present. Her face, as I recollect distinctly, was pale and sad, but very beautiful, and its sweet sorrowful expression produced so strong an impression on my feelings that I never forgot those interesting features.

Ten years passed away in a very monotonous manner, and I began to be tired of going to school. One day a man of stately figure presented himself at our door, and inquired for me. He gave me a salutation from the lady above mentioned, whom I had not seen for three years, and informed me that he was about to change the course of my life. It was time, he said, that I should choose an occupation which could render me a useful citizen.

This exactly suited my wishes, for I had looked with longing eyes into the world beyond the limits of that narrow dwelling. I eagerly asked the friendly stranger if I could go to sea, on board one of those beautiful ships.

This question decided my fate. After some further examination, it was determined that I should be a sailor. Three weeks afterward I received orders to repair to Captain Borcher, of "The Artemisia," who had been directed to instruct and prepare me for the duties of a seaman. I shed no tears at parting with my old nurse, for she had always treated me with the greatest indifference. I had hitherto felt alone, having no one to sympathize with me, or to share my thoughts; now the whole world was open to me; all my past sorrows were forgotten, and the future seemed decked in the brightest colors.

I became a sailor; henceforth my narrative must, after the fashion of my craft, assume the character of a diary.

I was well received by Captain Borcher; he asked me a few questions, and engaged me as cabin boy, at eighteen marks a month. I entered at once upon my service. In the afternoon came the friendly man who had recommended me to this place; he brought me a seaman's chest, full of clothes, bed-linen, and books—with an inventory of every thing, I was completely furnished.

Wind N. N. E. Tide up. The captain gave orders to prepare for sailing. The vessel had its full freight. The water-casks were filled. · · · · All ready. Wind S. E. and fresh. · · · A boat came alongside with two passengers, a man and a woman. It was moonlight and clear. Preparations were made to set sail immediately. I was ordered to be on the first night watch.

Wind S. E. Seven knots. Clear the whole day.

The next morning—the wind continued S. E., and the log showed eight knots. As I came on deck, I saw, near the cabin door, our male passenger. Close by him sat a lady, whose face I could not see, because she wore a large drooping hat, and a long veil. But I recognized the man at once; it was no other than my benefactor; the same who had brought me from my wearisome school-life, and introduced me into the present scene of excitement and usefulness. I hastened to him, seized his hand and pressed it to my lips, while he regarded me with a look of kindness. The lady drooped her head, and I heard her sob gently. When the stranger noticed this, he took me by the hand, led me to the vessel's side, and said—"Very good, my son! but control your feelings, and behave so as not to provoke the raillery of your comrades. Now go—and see that breakfast is soon ready for this lady."

I obeyed; and as they both descended into the cabin, the captain called to me above to bring him his glass. I did so, and was standing near, awaiting his farther orders, when the boatswain came up to him and, with a bow, said,

"Captain, is not the old man who came on board the day we sailed to go on the voyage as a steerage passenger?"

"Exactly," answered the captain; "it was so he took his passage."

"If that is the case, captain," continued the boatswain, "we all beg of you to give him a place between the decks to sleep. I say it not on my own account, I speak in the name of all the men. He can

eat with the sailors, but not sleep with them—and for the simple reason that he does not choose to sleep at all. He is so restless that he cannot lie still, nor be silent for five minutes together, and he does not mind disturbing us. Now, captain, we have to do our work, and we must have sleep."

"Go along; you shall not be overtasked; I will speak with the old man," answered the captain.

I was surprised to learn there was a passenger on board whom I had not seen, and knew nothing about, and concluded he must have come the evening before we sailed, while I was on land attending to some preparations of my own. The weather all that day was rough and stormy, and neither the lady nor her companion appeared on deck. Toward night I saw the old man, who had been told the captain wished to see him, go up and inquire what was wanted. His manner was courteous but guarded.

"Master Wilner," said the captain, as he motioned him to a seat on a poultry coop near, and seated himself beside him, "I have given you passage to the West Indies in my vessel, but it was understood that you should lie quiet, and give no cause of complaint. How is this? all my men complain of you, that you disturb their rest by your singular behavior. They desire that you be not permitted to sleep below. I charge you to let me hear no more of this, for if to-morrow I find the disturbance has been repeated, I shall be under the necessity of giving you a place to sleep among the barrels and boxes between the decks."

"I will do what I can," replied the old man, sullenly. "But your crew are a thoughtless, frolicsome set, who have never known trouble, and know not how to feel for an unfortunate man. I am old and have borne much in the world. I do not know, captain, if you are a married man?"

The captain answered in the affirmative.

"Well, then, I am also, and—but I will tell you my story. I am a native of Hamburg. A friend in Jamaica, many years since, promised me his daughter in marriage, and I went over to fulfill the contract. To be brief, I found that the girl had engaged her affections to some one else, and she repulsed me with haughty words. All in vain, however; for I was her father's creditor to a large amount, sufficient to reduce him to absolute beggary. My friend, the father, saw I was not to be trifled with, and commanded his daughter to receive me. She was, indeed, one of the loveliest maidens I had ever beheld. When she found her father inexorable, she endeavored to excite my compassion, but I did not choose to give up my claim to her hand. In short, I gave her the liberty of choosing between the two, to take me as her husband, or see her father brought to beggary and a prison. I need not tell you what was done to influence her decision; suffice it to say, fourteen days after she became my wife. I might now have been happy, for I had a real passion for her, had not her paleness and obstinate grief been a constant reproach to me. She seemed to accuse me of having caused her life-long wretchedness. I did not often inflict my presence on her, and, though a married man, led as lonely a life as before, in hopes that with time her heart might be softened toward me. Was it not a worthy self-sacrifice, that I should make myself thus unhappy on her account?

"One morning I was walking in a grove that adjoined the plantation of my father-in-law, not far from the house. Suddenly a man passed me rapidly, and I saw that he was young and of fine figure. I knew him, by the description that had been given me, to be no other than the man my wife had so long loved. I looked after him till he disappeared, and then I perceived something white among the bushes. Pursuing it, I saw a female figure hurrying toward the house. I stood still with surprise and anger. The blood rushed to my face, I trembled in every limb, for I became convinced in a moment that my wife was still carrying on her intrigue with her former lover. When I had somewhat composed myself, I turned toward the house, and, as I turned, saw a pocket-book lying on the ground. It belonged beyond doubt to the man who had passed me. I opened it eagerly; the name of the owner was within; it was Walter Hermann, and there was a date of Kingston. Among the papers I found several that indicated an intimacy of long continuance between this Hermann and Madame Wilner. Among others—judge if I had not matter for rage and despair—was this letter, written to him by my wife."

The old man here took a manuscript letter from his pocket-book, and read aloud—

"Our fate is irrevocably decided—we are lost to each other forever! That holy man who united us, who alone witnessed our vows, *is dead!* With him all proof of our marriage has perished; for my cruel father has artfully possessed himself of the papers—of all that could serve to prove it—and has destroyed them. Should all be made known, I should now be regarded only as a guilty and abandoned woman, cursed by her parents, and by all the world. Yet his fate, too, is in my hands. To bend me to his will, my father has sworn—and I know his fearful resolution—to kill *you*, if I do not submit. Alas! dare I hesitate for one moment? You must live, Walter—not only for my sake, but for the sake of our son! That hapless orphan—to save him from murderous enemies—must bear neither your name nor mine; he must be brought up in ignorance of both his parents. He is delivered, Walter, to your care; be his protecting angel, his happy father, and forget his most miserable mother,

MATILDA."

"Judge," continued the old man, "if I had not cause for the fury I felt on reading this treacherous letter! Of course, I did not believe in the pretended marriage; but I knew that I had wedded a worthless woman. I hastened to the presence of my deceitful father-in-law, and my faithless wife. Foaming with rage, scarce master of my words, I displayed the letter before their eyes. The father grew pale as death, and could not find language to reply to my just accusation; he hung his head in shame and confusion. But Matilda—see the boldness of a guilty woman! and yet at that moment she looked more beautiful

than ever!—collected herself at once, and declared that all written in the letter was true.

"'Now you know all!' she cried. 'Know, too, that I abhor, and shall abhor you as long as I live! It is you who, through my father, have compelled me to become a wretch whom the world justly regards with horror; a perjured wretch—the wife of two husbands! By infernal cunning and cruelty, I have been deprived of the proofs of my lawful marriage; but I swear before Heaven to be faithful ever to my rightful husband! You have banished my child, and for that, too, I hate you!'

"Thus spoke Matilda, and from that day she never spoke to me, either for good or for evil. She knew she was, in the eyes of the world, my wife, and fulfilled every duty which devolved upon her as mistress of the house, but without a word, without a smile, and with a cold sternness of manner that was appalling. You may imagine that this behavior, with the discovery I had made, would naturally have produced an aversion in my mind toward her. Ah! she was beautiful—my passion increased daily, and I knew no means of controlling the feeling that had taken possession of me. With my love grew jealousy, its inseparable companion; and I was continually tormented by the fear that Hermann, who pretended to superior rights over my wife, would endeavor to see and speak with her. At last, I put in execution a plan of going secretly to Europe. I arranged all with my father-in-law so secretly that, to the day of our departure, none but us two knew what was to take place. Matilda's father remained to superintend our plantations. When, twenty-four hours before we were to sail, I informed my wife of my determination, she was like one distracted. I rejoiced, even in sight of her agony, that I had at length found the power of moving her, and refused to delay our departure a single hour. She wept bitterly all that day, but seemed more composed as evening approached; made her preparations coldly and silently, and went on board the vessel without a sign of emotion, bidding no adieu to her father, whom she regarded as the cause of her calamities. The cause of this change in her demeanor I afterward discovered; she had found means to acquaint her lover with all that had occurred. A year after our return to Hamburg, one day at the Exchange, I met Hermann, who seemed no longer to wish to conceal himself from me. It was now evident to me that he had brought over his child, and that its mother paid it frequent visits; but all my watching could not discover where the child lived, nor detect Matilda in her stolen excursions. A deep and tormenting jealousy took possession of me; my thoughts were full of this mystery—I attended to nothing else. Time brought me no relief; I neglected my business, and at last saw myself on the verge of bankruptcy. The failure of some moneys my father-in-law had promised to transmit to me from the West Indies completed my ruin.

"We were reduced to poverty, and lived a long time thus, often borrowing even the necessaries of life with difficulty. Poverty! It can mar the peace of a happy home; what a hell it made of mine, where I met ever the same rigid, stern, pitiless look! Nay, Matilda was haughtier and more repulsive than ever."

The captain seemed much interested in the old man's narrative; I, who stood near, was intensely absorbed. I could not help feeling the liveliest sympathy in the sufferings of Matilda, and her poor forsaken child. What had become of the orphan! but as I wiped a tear from my eyes, Master Wilner continued.

"Love could not survive such injuries; but it was a savage pleasure to know her even more miserable than myself. Conceive, then, what my feelings must have been when, returning home from business one day, I found my wife had gone and left the following letter:

"'I have never regarded myself as your wife, so that you cannot be surprised that I leave you. You concealed from me the illness of my father, but I have discovered it, and a daughter's duty calls me to him. He has not treated me as a father should, it is true; but he cannot die in peace without seeing me, and receiving my forgiveness. As to you, sir, I hope we shall never meet again. When I receive tidings of your death, I will forgive the crime by which you have embittered my life.'

"What was I to do? I resolved immediately to follow her. Without doubt, she has fled with Hermann; but I will pursue, I will punish, I will be revenged upon them! I trust to the excellence of your good ship, captain, to reach the West Indies as soon as they; though I have not been able to ascertain in what vessel they have sailed."

The old man ceased. I had observed that the captain, while listening attentively, had yet looked displeased; he evidently thought Master Wilner concerned in making large drafts upon his sympathy. He made no comment on the story, but simply advised the old man to go below, and remain quiet in future—as it was out of his power to do any thing for him, at least before his arrival in the West Indies. Till then, he had better avoid complaint, and give the sailors no opportunity of complaint against him.

Thus advised, Wilner returned to the mess-room, and the captain left the forward deck. Nothing worthy of note occurred for some days.

Wind S. S. E., and the long swelling waves gave us notice that we had entered the Spanish Sea. The weather was delicious, and the men began to talk of Madeira. Saw three ships, and spoke one of them, the commander being an acquaintance of our captain. The sky was clear, and at night the stars shone more brightly, while the sea glittered like fire. · · · ·

The weather became warmer; though the air was fresh, the heat of the sun during the day was overpowering. An awning was spread over the quarter-deck, and the deck carefully washed every morning. I saw many strange fish, and the men endeavored to take some of them. We were in the tropics. The sunsets were gorgeous beyond description. · · ·

We were now about to cross the line. The sailors, in superstition or in frolic, made preparations to celebrate this event. The weather was mild and serene. The novices, that is those who had never witnessed

these nautical ceremonies, were ordered below. I was, of course, among them, and listened with much curiosity to the strange noises, the going to and fro overhead, which announced that something unusual was in progress. After about an hour, we heard a hoarse loud voice at a little distance.

"Ship ahoy!"

The captain answered the hail through his trumpet.

"What is your name?"

"The Artemisia, of Hamburg."

"Your captain?"

"Claus Borcher."

"You are upon the line."

"We know it."

"You have men on board who have never been in these waters."

"I believe so."

"Fetch them on deck, and bring to—we are coming on board."

It was done, the ship was brought to; one of the oldest sailors came and ordered us to go on deck. There stood at the bows a tall figure, closely muffled, representing Neptune; he held in one hand a trident, and in the other a large book. His wife followed him, with a garland of sea-weed in her hand, dripping with brine, and a little figure in the rear passed for his son; he carried a large broom, with which he used to sweep away, as he said, the foam from the bows as the vessel sailed, so that it should not impede her course. All this pageant, as may be supposed, was got up among the crew. We were ordered to approach, and to have our names inscribed in the book, which could not be done without the payment of a small fine, to be spent in drinking to our safe voyage.

Formerly these ceremonies were very tormenting to the uninitiated seamen. They filled the long boat with water, and laid a plank across to serve as a bridge. The novices were compelled to sit on it blindfolded, and then told that they must be shaved. A horrible mixture of tar and grease was applied to their chins, and scraped off with a dull iron knife, to represent a razor. After the poor men had endured this disagreeable operation, the cry was raised that they must wash after shaving; the plank was suddenly overturned, and they precipitated into the water in the boat. Of course, they took it for the sea, and their shrieks of alarm occasioned much merriment to their comrades.

These barbarities were now, however, out of vogue, thanks to the better taste and feelings of our seamen, and the ceremonies were only a pleasant joke. A barrel of water was carried aloft, and a pipe attached to it which terminated in a cap. This cap was placed on the head of the novice, who was at the same time presented with a glass of wine, and told to drink the ship's health. As he raised the glass to his lips, a sailor emptied a bucket of water into the pipe, and this was called the baptism of the line. Afterward the captain and crew drank the ship's health, without the bath.

These ceremonies were over, and the sails braced once more, when some of the men complained that the passengers had not appeared, and demanded that they also should be required to receive the welcome of Neptune, and to drink the ship's health. The captain, desirous of honoring old customs, agreed to this, and went down into the cabin to acquaint the lady and her companion with the request of the crew, while others went into the steerage to fetch old Wilner. They were quite reconciled to his company by this time, as he gave them no farther trouble with his restlessness at night.

Had any one told me what was to happen, I should not have awaited with such indifference the appearance of the pair I had seen on first coming on board. Though I did daily service in the cabin, I had never yet seen the lady's face. Being not yet strong, she spent the time either in her own state-room, or in the evening in the captain's apartment, with her husband. She came on deck, accompanied by him; the boatswain advanced respectfully, the cap in one hand, and presented her with a glass of wine, entreating her to drink to the good luck of the Artemisia. Bowing her head gracefully, she threw back her veil. Heavens! the dream of my childhood was there! It was the same lady who had visited me so frequently in my infancy and boyhood, who had caressed and wept over me, and given me so many tokens of kindness. I could not repress a scream of surprise and joy, and was about to throw myself at her feet, when I was checked by the sight of old Wilner, led forward by one of the men. On seeing the lady, he uttered a cry, she looked at him, grew deadly pale, and fell back into the arms of her companion, closing her eyes with a shudder, and holding out her spread hands, as if to shield herself from some horrible sight.

"Be calm, Matilda!" said her companion, whom I now knew to be no other than Hermann. "We are beyond the bounds of Europe, here other laws prevail. He can have no claim upon you."

"And were you beyond the bounds of the earth," cried Wilner, in a voice hoarse with fury, "you should not escape my revenge, which shall crush you both!" With these words, he seized a handspike that chanced to be near, and rushed upon his foe. I could restrain myself no longer. I sprung forward, threw my arms around Wilner, and held him back with all my strength. But I was not strong enough; he burst from my grasp. I still clung to his arm, which I squeezed as forcibly as possible, so as to divert his attention by the pain it gave him. Irritated at my opposition, he turned upon me, seized me by the shoulders, and, with a horrible oath, dashed me on the deck. As my senses reeled with the blow, I heard the lady shriek, "My son!—he is killing my Heinrich!" but I heard no more. All swam before my eyes, and I became insensible.

When I returned to consciousness, I was lying on a bench, in the cabin. Hermann stood by me. As I raised my head and looked at him, his face lighted up with joy; but the next moment, with an expression of anxiety, he bade me lie down again, placing his hand on my forehead.

"Remain still, Heinrich," he said, with tenderness. "Your fall has injured you more severely than you

think, for your head struck against an iron ring. You must not rise, or talk now."

"And my mother?" I asked faintly.

"You shall see her, but not just now. Be patient, and try to sleep a little, my son."

I obeyed; how gladly! It was my father's first command; oh! how delightful to feel that I had a father! I closed my eyes, and dreamed of a happy future.

In a few days I recoverd. I was brought out of the cabin, and permitted to sit under the awning on deck, free from pain, but weak and exhausted. I looked around eagerly, to find my mother; Hermann took me by the arm, and led me to the right side of the quarter-deck, where, pale and emaciated, she was sleeping on a couch. I sunk on my knees beside her. Hermann touched her hand. "Matilda," he said, "wake, and bless your child." She opened her eyes and looked at me, with a sweet and serene smile. "Heinrich, my son!" she murmured, "may God be with you, and bless you, forever!"

"We must leave her now," said Hermann, after a few moments; "she is fearfully weak, and has need of rest."

I retired with my father, and he then told me all it was necessary for me to know. His narration was nearly the same with that I had heard from old Wilner. My grandfather had secured and, they supposed, destroyed the papers proving their marriage, with the certificate; and, as they had no witnesses, the death of the priest reduced them to despair. The wealthy planter had great influence in Jamaica, and after the scene of Wilner's discovery of the lover, which could not remain concealed, he suffered it to be generally believed that Hermann had seduced his daughter. Thus the young man found himself the object of odium to all, and in danger of imprisonment; he contrived, however, to conceal himself on the island, and to take care of me, till he followed his unfortunate wife to Europe.

After the lapse of years, my mother received intelligence of her father's illness; he wished to be reconciled to her before his death. A beam of hope penetrated her soul; her father, perhaps, at last penitent, might restore the important papers! She confided in Hermann; he urged her to leave Wilner, and sail with him for the West Indies. She consented only on the condition that I should go also; and my father, thereupon, secured for me a place as cabin boy.

My mother grew every day weaker and weaker; her life hung by a thread. One night, it was oppressively warm, she begged to be brought out into the open air. We watched by her side, with the captain, who had shown himself more than usually friendly toward us. By his orders Wilner was kept under restraint, and watched, that no outbreak of his might disturb the invalid.

My mother was slumbering. It was near morning, and the ship's bell struck the hour; the strokes sounding like soft music in the clear fresh air. The east grew crimson, and I remember that a seabird of large size sailed majestically over our heads, from west to east, and was lost in the purple glow of the heavens.

The men who had been on duty went below, and all was so still around us that the ripple of the water under our bows was distinctly heard.

Suddenly a sunbeam—the first—fell upon my mother's pale forehead. She looked almost spirit-like, so thin and wan had she grown. Raising her hand slowly and with effort, she beckoned to my father, and whispered—"Let Wilner be called hither; I would see him before I die."

In his grief and despair her husband did not dream of questioning her least wish. Wilner was summoned. When the words—"The lady is dying" fell on his ear, he started and seemed visibly agitated; but composing himself he walked unsteadily across the deck. My mother stretched out her poor thin hand—"My last hour is come," she murmured; "I forgive you; let there be peace between us!"

He remained silent.

"Wilner!" said my mother solemnly—and the hollow tones of her voice sounded like something unearthly—"You have embittered my life; you have destroyed my earthly happiness. But with unforgiving heart I may not appear in the presence of God. Be peace between us!"

The old man still refused to answer.

"I conjure you by the great Being who watches over, and is near us now, peace!" cried she, collecting her strength for a last effort.

A sullen "Never!" was at length his reply.

"I have done my duty!!" said the dying lady. "God has pardoned my sins—and counted in atonement the sufferings I have endured. Farewell, beloved! Come nearer—thus—receive my last—blessing—God bless you!"

My mother was no more. How shall I describe the bitterness of anguish that followed, for long days and nights, this mournful scene?

The dead was to be committed to the deep. The corpse was wrapped in canvas, leaving only the head free, and weights attached to the feet. Preparations were made for the solemnity, and the crew assembled. It wanted an hour to sunset. They bore the corpse to the ship's side and laid it on two planks that projected over the water. The bell tolled; I sunk on my knees beside my dead mother; my father stood close to me with folded arms and countenance of speechless grief; Wilner, with gloomy looks, leaned against the mast. The funeral service was read, and all the crew responded; the captain then rapidly gave his orders; the planks were lowered, and the body slid downward and sunk in the devouring waves.

My father, absorbed in his feelings, stood still; I continued to kneel, with my face buried in my hands; the men were silent, from sympathy. Then I heard the captain's voice giving orders for the flag to be hoisted again, and the vessel put on her course. He was obeyed immediately; the mournful solemnity was over; my poor mother had no monument, save in my heart.

I had no one on earth but my father, and after my mother's death he too began to fail. The captain noticed his change, and treated us with the greatest kindness, permitting me also to spend much time in

his apartment. He gave me lessons in the sailor's business and some good advice, by which I have since profited. For he saw too plainly, alas! that I was soon again to be an orphan. . . . . .

Why linger on the details of that sad voyage? My pen fails—my journal is blotted with tears. It was the thirty-ninth day from Hamburg, and we were close to Jamaica; land was in sight. What events were to occur before I set foot upon that land!

The weather had been gloomy and threatening for some days, and toward night the heavy masses of clouds began to be in motion. Before midnight the wind had risen to a storm, which in an hour's time raged fearfully. The men were all ordered on duty, but it seemed that no human power could govern the tossed vessel driven about at the mercy of winds and waves, racked and groaning in all her timbers, and evidently in no condition to withstand long the fury of the elements. The storm increased; the lightning rent the heavens with lurid flashes; the thunder pealed frightfully; it was a tempest such as is known only in the tropics.

At the first alarm my father had risen and come on deck; I followed him, and we stood clinging to the main-mast. My senses were confused; my brain stupified in the fearful din, and every crash I heard seemed our death knell. A man passed us, undistinguishable in the darkness; my father spoke to him. "Heaven help us! it seems that this night is to be our last!"

"Who dares say such words on board the Artemisia?" cried the hoarse voice of the captain. "Have courage, Master Hermann! And, for Heaven's sake, speak no more in so dismal a tone—you would paralyze the spirits of my men." And he hurried on to give some orders, while the storm raged more wildly than ever.

"If we are destined, dear Heinrich, to follow your mother to-night," said my father, "we will show firmness in our last hour—and courage worthy of those she loved. Come nearer, my son, and pray with me."

"Let *me* join your prayers!" cried a voice close to us, with a mocking laugh, which we knew to be that of old Wilner. "Well, sir thief, will you give me place beside you?"

My father was silent, but moved a little as the old man approached. The two mortal enemies stood side by side amid the roar of conflicting elements!

"Thunder and death!" cried the boatswain to us, as a flash of lightning showed him the group, "are you standing there to sing your death hymn? To work! to work! we have need of every hand! Quick, to the pumps! There is half a foot of water in the hold!"

"We obeyed him in all haste, and the pumps were plied vigorously, without, however, much relief or lessening of the danger. The water seemed to gain on us. Then suddenly a lightning flash illuminated the whole heavens, almost blinding us with its fierce glare, followed by a peal of thunder that seemed to shake the very firmament. There was a cry of dismay from the crew, and then a pillar of wild light shot upward and spread far out on the hissing and foaming waters. The main-mast was in flames! The rain fell in torrents—but it could not quench that fearful blaze, and now sparks of fire flew in every direction, and a crackling was heard, more appalling than the roar of the storm.

"Cut the main-mast!" thundered the captain's voice; and the men hastened to the perilous task; the blows fell thick and fast till the mast rocked and groaned and fell with a tremendous crash, still burning, into the black waters.

The horrible illumination made the whole scene visible, and the mate, who had been looking out some time, suddenly called out—"Breakers ahead!"

"Put the ship about!" roared the captain.

It was done, but with difficulty. We stood crowded on deck in fearful suspense; our sails swung, streaming with water, from the remaining masts. Again the mate's voice was heard—"Breakers ahead!" and it chilled the blood in our veins.

"Put the ship about!" again thundered the captain; but in vain; she would not obey the helm! We were at the mercy of the elements.

"Land ahead!" once more sounded that ill-boding voice; and we all discerned a dark frowning mass—blacker than the black night, and fearfully near. At its feet the breakers were dashing themselves with tremendous fury, and their white foam, seen by the fitful lightning, seemed a field of snow piled in irregular drifts. At the same moment the vessel struck, and remained wedged between two masses of rock. The next mountain wave broke in her bows; the water rushed into her cabin; her planking gave way; she would hold together but a few minutes longer.

When the captain saw that nothing could save her, he ordered the boats to be got ready with all possible despatch and care, and went himself into the cabin, at the risk of his life, to secure some important papers. Returning, he awaited the last moment before he would quit the ship. My father drew me to him and whispered—"If I do not live to reach the shore search for my body; I have nearly all my property about me in gold and jewels." I clung to my father, and besought his blessing—the last—for we were interrupted by the cry—"To the boats!"—"To the boats!"

The men crowded to secure places; none waited for another, and in the haste and confusion I was separated from my father. I saw also in that dreadful moment that Wilner was in the same boat with him.

Hermann called for me; I answered with a despairing cry. "A thousand dollars," he cried aloud, "to him who brings my son safe to shore!"

"I will do it, Hermann," answered the boatswain, and clasped me firmly in his arms. The boats were forced asunder—I heard my father's voice for the last time! Before we got far from the ship, a fearful uproar and crash announced that her end was come; we saw her hull go down. The men were silent as they plied the oars. Suddenly a giant billow swept over us, the boat was overturned, and we were precipitated into the deep. I felt myself still clasped by strong arms; I was conscious of a strangling sensation, and remember no more.

When my senses returned I felt the warm sunshine

on my face. I sprung up; what a scene was around me! I was in a grove of luxuriant trees such as are peculiar to the tropics; the dusky tamarind, the fragrant orange tree, with many other varieties, offered refreshing shade on either hand. On the left rose a mass of rock, tall, dark and threatening, that overlooked the sea. Along the shore were many negroes, securing fragments of the wreck. I wondered as I looked at them, whence they could have come; when I was recalled to complete recollection of what had passed by the voice of the boatswain, who had saved me from drowning.

"So, you have come to yourself at last!" cried he, "now let us search for the other boat. It was driven to leeward; but we shall find it. But, tell me, how will your father have saved the dollars to pay me for bringing you ashore?"

We toiled till noon, assisted by several of the blacks, in search of the boat, which at last we found driven under the sand by the violence of the waves. Not a living soul was near her; alas! they had all perished who were in her. I found first Wilner's body; my father lay near him; in neither was there a trace of life. Both were stripped of their clothing; so that the boatswain found himself cheated of his reward. He vented his rage in curses and departed, leaving me the care of the dead, alone with my wretchedness. I was poor and helpless, in a strange country—without an acquaintance beside the corpse of my only friend. I sunk on the ground; I wept aloud; I watered the burning sands with my tears. As the sun declined, I bethought myself of rendering burial to the beloved corpse. I drew it upon the beach, so far that the sea could not reach it, and with some pieces of wood and sharp stones dug a grave; then I tore off part of my own garments and wrapped up the body of my father. I laid him, with many tears, in that humble grave, and sat down to rest before I covered him with earth.

My eyes then fell on the corpse of Wilner, that lay still on the sand. Should I leave it there unburied—a prey to carion birds? I looked in my father's face; and seemed to read in the pale features a command to obey the first impulse of my heart. I returned to the water's edge; I took the corpse of the man who had been my father's deadliest enemy, who had caused the misfortunes of my mother, and bore it to the spot hallowed by grief and affection. I laid it also in the grave. Those whom hate had separated in life, in death slumbered peacefully together! What a comment on human passions! Was not Fate stronger than Hate?

I knelt down and prayed—prayed forgivingly—that the injured and the injurer might alike find rest in Heaven! Then I filled up the grave, and, overcome with fatigue, slept all night beside it.

Early the next morning I awoke. Hunger and thirst tormented me. I dare not eat of the berries around me, lest they should be poisonous. I wished to preserve life, though deprived of all that could render life pleasant. Such is man!

I took leave of my father's grave and walked further inland over fields of sugar-cane. Mile after mile I dragged myself, and saw at last a fine-looking old house. I was approaching it when I met a negro, who accosted me kindly, and having picked up some words of German from the sailors he often saw, was soon made acquainted with my calamity. He took me into his hut, gave me food and drink, and offered me his bed to sleep upon. I slept long, for I was overpowered with fatigue.

In the afternoon I was awakened by my host, who informed me that he expected in the evening the customary visit from the overseer to the plantation, who would be angry to find me there. Thanking him for the hospitality he had extended to me, I prepared to depart. I learned that I was in Jamaica, and not far from the plantation of Mr. Baxter, which lay about fifty English miles from Kingston. To him my friendly host recommended me to go.

Baxter—that was the name of my mother's cruel parent! And should I go to him? Never—though my very life depended on it—never! I would starve on the high road first.

I had walked some distance and it was already sunset, when I saw coming toward me a man wearing a blue linen frock-coat and loose trowsers, with a straw hat, the ordinary planter's dress. His face was bronzed much, and the expression repulsive in the highest degree.

"Who are you? What do you here?" he called out to me.

"Who are you, who ask?" was my reply.

"I," he exclaimed, "I am the owner of this soil. Do you take this for the public highway?"

"Are you a Christian?" said I, "that you refuse a shipwrecked wretch permission to walk across your fields?"

"Shipwrecked!" he repeated with a sneer. "They are all a pack of beggars and rogues. John Baxter harbors none of such vagabonds!"

"John Baxter!" I echoed, and my knees trembled under me; I felt the blood recede from my cheeks. I stood gazing on the man who had caused such unspeakable wo to my hapless parents.

"Well," continued he, as I strove in vain to control my emotion; "would you come further? 'T is in vain: I have no room in my house, or at my table, for such as you."

"Your face assures me of that," I cried at length, "without the need of words. And were there room for the unfortunate, be assured, sir, no Hermann would ever set foot in the dwelling of a Baxter!"

He started back in utter astonishment, and looked at me from head to foot. "So, you are a Hermann!" he said slowly, "the son of that misguided woman—my daughter! I see it!" He trembled as he spoke, with visible agitation, though his voice showed no feeling.

I could not but feel pity for this unnatural parent. I told him of his daughter's death, and informed him where, on the seashore, he might find the grave that contained the remains of her husband.

"And so, young viper!" he cried, hoarse with rage, "and so you have come to me to complain, and be fed with my substance! But I will have none of you!

Begone from here! James! Pedro! Hal! Drive away this vagabond—beat him off—"

I waited not for the end, but pushing him aside, passed him and walked on till I gained the public road.

In a few days I reached Kingston, almost exhausted with the heat, fatigue and privation; having lived all the way on fruits and berries. I arrived at the place where I hoped to find a home and fortune—a poor and houseless wanderer. But there are kind hearts in the world! A Spanish sea captain, to whom I told my sad story, pitied me and took me into his service.

. . . . . .

The foregoing portion of a journal contains a sad story, says the pilot Burkhardt, and was found some years since in the chest of a seaman, who died at Havana of the yellow fever. Nothing more is known of his life, nor how long he lived after the loss of his parents and his entrance into the Spaniard's service. His story, above related, reminds me of the last time I ever went on board the Artemisia, just before she sailed from Hamburg, on some business with the second mate. I then noticed a young lad, of an open and amiable countenance, with fresh blooming cheeks, who was doubtless Heinrich Hermann. This was a long while ago, and I should probably have forgotten the circumstance, but for reading his tale, which has given me pity for the evil passions of men.

EARL ALBERT'S BIRD.

A SCOTCH SONG.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

A GOWDEN cage Earl Albert had,
A peerless bird he kept within it;
A bird o' beauty rare and glad,
But 'twas na robin, finch or linnet.

Earl Albert hung his cage wi' flowers,
Wi' gems and silken gauds he decked it,
And siller locks upon the doors—
"'T would fly," said he, "I maun protect it!"

Earl Albert thought his bird was tame,
Because its sang was saft an' tender,
And Luti was its winsome name,
And it was robed wi' jeweled splendor.

The bonnie bird! its radiant eyes,
It tones o' luve sae wildly pleading,
The passer by were more than wise
Gin he could pass unharmed—unheeding.

And unco weel he luved his pet,
And mickle care he had to guard it,
For oh! its glancing eyes o' jet
Still watched the door altho' he 'd barred it.

"Ah! gin you luve me, let me go
And I 'll come back!" sae warbled Luti.
"Nay! cauld without the wind doth blow,
Ye 're safer in your cage, my beauty."

Just then a bairn cam tripping nigh
Wi' Iris wing and gowden quiver,
He waited till the earl went by,
Then cried "*I'll* settle that forever!"

Like lightning sped the sun-tipped shaft,
The white breast heaved—the saft wings fluttered,
While saucy Luve delighted laughed—
"She 'll soon break prison now," he muttered.

Earl Albert cam when morning shone,
New dainties for his darling bringing;
The door was wide! the bird was flown!
And thus afar he heard her singing—

"Oh! gin ye 'd ruled by luve alane,
And gin ye 'd left me free to fly, sir,
Save by yer leave, I had na gane
But *tyrants'* bars I break or die, sir?"

THE HOMELESS.

BY MISS ALICE HERVEY.

WE' RE severed by mountains, by valleys are parted,
And many and wide flow the rivers between,
And vainly we sigh, when oppressed and sad-hearted,
For the smiles that once brightened the gloomiest scene.

Yet the hearts that from childhood have beat but in union,
No distance can sever, no absence can chill,
And often we meet in the soul's sweet communion
And mingle our prayers and our kind wishes still.

And the prayer which of all to the full heart is nearest,
Which often will rise to the lips as we roam,
Is to gather once more, with the few who are dearest,
As of old we were wont, round the fireside of home.

How often we see, in our fancy's gay dreaming,
The home where our childhood was joyous and free,
How white shine its walls through the foliage gleaming
Like a haven of rest from the storm-beaten sea!

We ask not a home where the bright light is streaming
On mirrors that sparkle, through palace-like halls,
Where through the rich folds the white marble is gleaming
And costly the paintings which beam from the walls.

We ask but a roof 'neath whose tranquil protection
The mother may gather her children once more,
Where the eye meeting only the glance of affection
Regains the bright smile which in childhood it wore.

And the hope which has brightened the past hours of sadness
We 'll cherish it yet through the long days to come,
And we 'll hear through the future the welcome of gladness
That summons the wanderers back to their home.

REMINISCENCES OF GERMANY.

NO. III.—FAMILY PRIDE.

BY FRANCIS J. GRUND.

BULWER reproaches the Germans with their almost ludicrous attachment to titles and noble families, and he might have added, by way of rendering this national foible still more ridiculous in England, "to families, in many instances, wholly destitute of wealth and political influence." "Even a poet on the Rhine," he observes somewhere, "is not thought of in society, unless he has the syllable *von* attached to his name. There is some truth in the remark; though a person not intimately acquainted with the German mode of reasoning might be led by it to a very erroneous conclusion. Title, office, and wealth are in Germany employed as offsets against the influence of noble families, while the little precaution the latter have taken to prevent the too rapid increase of their number has destroyed even the social prerogatives which formerly attached to their cast. In Germany, it is the ruling prince in each of the thirty states who determines the rank and position of the gentlemen of his court, and among these there has been, ever since the organization of the universities, a very considerable number of commoners. Every German student, no matter how low his birth, may measure swords with a young nobleman, and even with a prince of the blood, if the latter have offended him. What I regret, for the sake of the Germans, is that the nobility have not a greater *real* influence on society than they seem to exercise, and that their whole privilege consists in forming a few exclusive coteries, at courts, the names of which puzzle in no small degree the geographical acquirements of an English school-boy.

These insignificant retainers of powerless princes ought to be rather an object of pity than of envy; for they have no national existence, like the English nobility, nor the smallest influence on the political administration of their country. The prince selects his advisers promiscuously from the nobles or the commoners, and no sooner have the latter arrived at power, than they lord it over the old families with an unsparing hand. The women are then the only avengers of the insults borne by their husbands and relatives; and their most spiteful revenge consists in taking unceremonious precedence at the prince's drawing-room, of the wives and daughters of any of these *parvenus*. At a German drawing-room the women are always grouped in reference to family, and the masters of ceremony at the different courts have more trouble with the proper selection of places, than the ministers of foreign affairs with their diplomatic correspondence. It requires sometimes the whole social talent and the bigger part of the sovereign's diplomacy to mantain the balance of power between these contending factions, and I might tell an infinite number of *bons mots*, proving the skill of the German princes in handling such difficult matters.

"Pray, what was your father dealing in?" asked, not long ago, one of the old dowager ladies of the court of Berlin of the young Fraeulein von M—n. "In mind," replied the daughter of the wealthy banker, who had also been a clever writer. "And I perceive," interrupted the king, "that his daughter continues the business." The present king of Bavaria, by way of diverting the ladies of his court, and atoning, in a certain manner, for the appointment of commoners to high ministerial stations, used to amuse himself by exhibiting the domestic qualities of their wives and daughters, to the no small annoyance of the ancient nobles. Thus he once addressed Madam S—k, the wife of the minister of justice, a plain, good woman, who attends to her own household, in these terms: "I know, my dear madam, that you are the model of all good housewives of Munich, now tell me what you gave your husband to-day for dinner?" "The soup he likes best," answered the unsuspecting woman, "and after that *dampfnudeln*," (a peculiar Bavarian dish.) A titter pervaded the room. "Well," rejoined the king, "the next time you have *dampfnudeln* you must let me know, and I will come and dine with you." The hilarity of the company was instantly changed to seriousness.

During the old ministry of Montgelat, when the French influence prevailed in Bavaria, the king insisted on knighting one of the champions of the opposition party, then a subaltern officer in the royal chancery, by the name of "Koch," which in German means cook. That name being rather plebeian, it was changed into Gise, and the fact announced to the king by the old minister in the following terms: *Sire, vôtre* CUISINIER *est de Guisé*, (déguisé.*) The same gentleman is now minister of foreign affairs.

The king of Wurtemberg, who, on all occasions, takes side with the people against the wealthy nobility of his kingdom, has a cabinet which, with a single exception, in the case of Count Beroldingen, (minister of foreign affairs) has no social position whatever; though they virtually govern the state, with all the nobles included. One of them, the minister of finance, I believe, still adheres to his youthful habit of bathing daily in the Neckar, at Canstadt, four miles from the royal residence. Hundreds of citizens bathe with him, and it is extremely ludi-

* "Sire, your cook is disguised," (the German *Gise* being pronounced like the French *guisé*,) certainly one of the best calembourgs ever made at a German court.

crous to hear the naked swimmers address him—who, on that occasion, is certainly stripped of all his external decorations—by the title of *Excellency*. "Your Excellency will find the water rather shallow in that place." "If your Excellency will come this way, your Excellency will avoid being seen by the ladies in that carriage yonder," &c. He and his colleagues in office have repeatedly been offered patents of nobility, but they declined, preferring the social independence of commoners.

The German nobility, like that of the whole continent of Europe, has lost its power by isolating itself completely from the classes below, and by making the titles, and in many instances the lands also, descendable to all the members of the family. The younger sons of the British nobles are but gentlemen commoners, and form the connecting link between the people and the nobles; while in Austria, for instance, there are not less than sixty counts, Sichy or Esterhazy, from the wealthy head of the house down to him who has not the money to hire a hack to cross the street. All these nobles are obliged to marry daughters of nobles, if they would not lose cast, and to enter the public service, that is the service of their respective sovereigns, if they would not starve. And these sovereigns are themselves but the descendants of the felons that warred against their rightful sovereign, the emperor, and enjoying now the fruits of the disgraceful work of treason, which, by the peace of Westphalia, dismembered the German empire. The dukes of Baden, of Hesse, of Mecklembourg; the kings of Saxony, of Bavaria, &c., would otherwise be earls of Richmond, dukes of Devonshire, of Northumberland, &c., and nothing more. They would have no separate interest from the empire, and Germany would have a national instead of a provincial history. Even *now* it would be better for the nobles of Germany to take a more enlarged view of their social position, and to strengthen themselves by a more liberal intercourse with the classes immediately below them. It is not the nobility of England which maintains its power, but the industrious classes who are benefited by them, the thousands of writers, politicians, editors of papers, &c., in their interest. The German nobility stands alone, rotting at the root, while the branches of the old feudal oak are still spreading their foliage, and the people, fond of romance, still willing to repose quietly in its shade.

I am certainly not the panegyrist of feudal institutions; still the past has its enchantments, and the decline of human greatness, in whatever shape, something which makes us feel for those who are its victims. Of all the pride, based on adventitious circumstances, that of family is, perhaps, the most excusable. To be descended from the signers of the Declaration of Independence is an American pedigree, and to bear an historical name, celebrated for deeds less sensible and magnanimous, though scarcely less honorable in those rude times, is the pride of an European. The English, always shrewd and practical, have added to this pride a certain amount of worldly possession, and privileges well secured by the law; but the Germans, always theoretical, always abstract, poetical, and, let me add, just, thought that the *memory* of the past was sufficient to maintian the present, and that property was merely an accessory. Their notion of chivalry precluded the nobility from cultivating the arts of peace, or from taking a share in the commerce of the country, until by degrees, as the wealth of the people increased, the nobility found itself poor and dependent on the good will of the sovereign.

The poverty of the German nobility is unquestionably the reason of the comparatively less refinement one meets in German society, and the abundance of the higher intellectual resources of the country. Being unable to dazzle with their splendor, they have retreated within themselves, or entertain at best with music, science and literature. Declamation or the reading of a tragedy is the usual accompaniment of a Berlin tea party, and such is the taste for literature in that learned capital that these refreshments are in most cases the only ones with which the invited guests are regaled by the gentle hostess.

The pride of the German nobles is a sort of legend of former times, which contrasts sadly with their present position; yet who would not feel for a poor gentleman, and what German, that consults merely his heart, would not commiserate a broken down nobleman?

"If a man be permitted," argued a German lawyer, "to accumulate wealth and leave it to his posterity, without injustice to the community, why should he not be able to do the same with rank and title? If the knowledge of benefiting his children is a stimulus to a man's labor, why should not the hope of bequeathing to them fame and a name that shall be pronounced with reverence, be used as a means of fortifying his character, and of steeling him against the trials and viscissitudes of the world? And if he, rather than accumulate property, leave his children the memory of noble deeds, and of virtues which had elevated him above the mass of mankind, why should his offspring take a position behind the heirs of the miser, the successful speculator, or the more shrewd business man?" Modern civilization has done away with this injustice, by baronizing all the rich Jews of Germany. Yet this Jewish nobility, after all, lacks position, so that Baron Rothschild for many years, and, though he had been made a knight of the Portuguese order, *de Santo Christo*, was black-balled for admission into the Gentlemen's Cassino of Frankfort on the Maine. When he at last succeeded in winning over all his enemies, he had a new set of visiting cards struck off, bearing no other inscription than "Rothschild, member of the Gentlemen's Cassino."

Title in Germany always takes precedence of mere nobility; and "His Excellency," a title profusely bestowed on German ministers, ambassadors, and all high officers of state, always takes his seat before the mere baron, count, or even prince. Prince Puckler Muskau was perfectly astonished, when being invited to England, to mess with the officers of a particular regiment, he found the greatest attention, irrespective of *rank*, bestowed on the officer of the highest *family*. He felt, on that occasion, the whole reproach of being a *German* prince, and addressed,

at that time, quite a feeling letter on the subject to his Sophia.

With regard to the charge that the German poet, or man of science, is considered as nothing if he have not the syllable *von* before the name, I can assure Sir Lytton Bulwer that he is wrong. An English poet, if he be not respected by a particular class of society, will despair of success; in Germany it is the reading public at large which decides on his merits. The German poet is as independent of the higher classes as a monarch, and if one does not see more poets and men of science in the best German society, it is because they do not seek it. Their internal life, if the expression be permitted, makes them neglect and forget those rules of etiquette by which the social intercourse of the higher classes must necessarily be regulated, so that their company would, in many instances, be not only hazardous, but that society itself would be a very great source of annoyance to *them*. Uhland, the most popular German poet of the present day, would make but a sorry figure in an English drawing-room; and Schiller's appearance in company was so little prepossessing that, in English society, he would certainly not have passed for a gentleman. His bent head, ungraceful posture, slouched dress, and most singularly awkward legs, knocking together at the knees, gave him the appearance of a lazy peasant; and when he attempted to recite his own poems, the harshness of his voice, the wrong stress and emphasis, and the frightful Swabian *patois*, of which he could never break himself, would convince any one that he was wholly illiterate—perhaps some menial laborer who attempted to read what he was unable to understand. On one occasion, when he read his new tragedy, "Don Carlos, Infant of Spain," to the Baroness de Kalb, wife of the celebrated Baron de Kalb that fought in the Revolutionary War, the latter, after in vain endeavoring to restrain her humor at the extremely ridiculous pathos of the reader, and his not less awkward personage, burst out into a loud laugh. "This is too much!" cried Schiller, throwing the manuscript on the floor, and leaving the room in the same instant. A third person, who happened to be a witness to this scene, then took up the manuscript thus unceremoniously treated, and, commencing to read it aloud, soon moved the fair critic to tears.

Goethe was, perhaps, the first German *gentleman literate*, in the English acceptation of the word; and it is believed by many that this circumstance was rather a disadvantage to him, which separated him from the nation, by attaching him to the court of the Duke of Saxe Weimar. And, indeed, Schiller is a much more popular writer than Goethe, his works being in the hands of every one, while Goethe is more or less the parlor poet of Germany. Baron Cotta, who is the publisher of the works of both, prints regularly three editions of Schiller to one of Goethe; the last edition of the former having alone amounted to seventy-five thousand copies. When Schiller was knighted by the late Emperor Francis, of Germany, (before his abdication in 1806) the reasons which induced the act were at full length set forth in the diploma, and among these were the following: "That he sings such wonderful songs, and makes such lovely verses, and that, *being by that means brought in contact with the best society*, and with His Grace, the Duke of Weimar, the Emperor, *at the request of the Duke*, bestows that mark of his high imperial favor upon the German bard."

Tieck, the chief of the romantic school, is a gentleman of accomplished manners, and such an exquisite reader that the present king of Prussia, who is himself a tolerable declaimer, was often known to observe that he preferred the voice of Tieck to the voices of all the orators of all the legislative assemblies in the world. But, in general, the literati of Germany are too numerous and too fond of freedom either to court society or to be courted by it. And as to the willingness of being used as pepper-boxes at a nobleman's dinner-table, like the lamented Theodore Hook, or other English writers of exalted genius, they are as little fit for it as they would be willing to serve if they were; and least of all would they be content with being tolerated where their *wives* are excluded.

What is more strange, perhaps, is the habit of German nobles, when they appear before the public as authors, to write under an assumed plebeian name. Von Hardenberg wrote under the name of Novalis; Count Auersperg published his poems under the *nom de guerre* of Anastasius Grün, &c. It seems as if these men felt the necessity, on making their appearance before the people, of stripping themselves of every thing that connects them with a particular coterie; of leaving behind all that savors of specialty, in order to become men in the most enlarged sense of the term.

The great hospital for the German nobility is the army, and the corps generally chosen by them the cavalry. This looks more like tenure by chivalry, and is a service requiring far less talent and study of mathematics and other sciences, than for instance the artillery, or the *corps de génie*. But a distinguished Prussian nobleman, Bülow Cummerow, in a late work,* does not give a very glowing description of the condition of these nobles. "If, under Frederic the Great," he observes, "twenty or twenty-five years of service were necessary to obtain the command of a company or a squadron, the income of such a post was, at least, from 1500 to 1800 Rix-dollars, (from $1000 to $1200,) whereas now the younger captains' pay is but 600 Rix-dollars, and that of the older ones 1200." The lieutenants draw no more than from eight to ten Rix-dollars, or about twenty-eight shillings, sterling, a month. "Hence the necessity," argues the learned and noble writer, "not to allow the landed property of the nobles to pass entirely into the hands of the commoners; for the nobility, stripped of landed estates, would be obliged to think of other means of making a livelihood than becoming lieutenants in the army, and would diminish rapidly from the fact that they have no means of marrying and supporting a family."

Now this is really a sad picture of the *élite* of the land; and ought to make the people look with charity

* Prussia, its Constitution, Administration, and Relation to Germany. Berlin, 1842.

on their prejudices. I remember a German baron whose whole inheritance was an old castle on the Maine, without a tenantable room in it. He was so poor that I engaged him myself as a copyist; yet could he not be prevailed upon to let the old dungeon of his paternal estate (which was the only part of it that had not quite been destroyed by time) as a cellar. to a wine merchant of Frankfort, who had offered him 800 florins a year. "Spirits of my fathers," he exclaimed, when the national and generous offer was made, "hear not this insult to your bones, and do not curse me for listening quietly to such a proposal!" Now it is a very easy matter, to laugh at the prejudices of these men; but I, for my part, cannot but commiserate them. The man who starves to discharge a debt he owes to his ancestors deserves, assuredly, our respect, in the same manner as he who discharges a debt of honor, although the latter may sometimes come in conflict with his legal indebtedness. The imaginary wants are those which make man miserable; for it is these which are reflected from society; the real physical ones, few men of any education or strength of character are unable to bear with fortitude.

The German noble, as I remarked above, must not marry except a young lady of noble extraction, and yet this abstract and foolish doctrine is every day infringed upon, not so much by reason as by the master passion. The sacrifices attending the breach of this social law are in many cases highly romantic; but I leave the description of them to abler hands than my own. One attending circumstance only I would mention, as a means of illustrating the filial piety of the Germans—that in which the positive prohibition of the parents prevents the marriage of the heterogeneous couple. In this case it is usual for the parties to wait until the death of the opposing parent, and, in the mean time, to grow old and haggard with platonic affection. One of these victims I could not help pitying on my last trip on the Rhine. It was the son of the Minister Von B—, of the Grand Duchy of B—, an officer in the duke's army, and a favorite, if I mistake not, of the grand duchess herself. His faith is still plighted to a simple girl, the daughter of a baker, or some other mechanic, at C——s, and he is now upward of ten years sworn to marry her—if his grief should outlive his father.

On the part of noble women instances of such devotion are comparatively rare. In fact, I know none of them; society exercising a far greater sway over the feelings and mode of thinking of the sex. Kant, in his Anthropology, was even so ungallant as to deny women all sort of character; because, he observed, "the opinion of the world operates from necessity too powerfully upon them, ever to allow them to refer their action solely to an abstract principle." I give the observation of the great German transcendentalist for what it is worth; those who consider women less abstractedly, may, perhaps, arrive at an entirely different conclusion. Kant, like Sir Isaac Newton, was a mere savage in reference to the sex, and knew no other relaxation from his severe studies than a hand at whist.

The most aristocratic nobility of Germany is that of Austria, though it possesses virtually less political power than that of the other states. To be made a chamberlain, or some other Byzantynic dignitary, is its only ambition, though the wealth of the elder branches would be sufficient, with proper exertion on their part, to create a lasting influence.

The mediatized princes and nobility of Germany are deserving of the largest share of sympathy; their pride of family being most distressingly circumstanced. By the act of the Confederation these nobles were reduced from sovereigns to subjects, not of a mighty emperor or king, but of the neighboring petty monarchs —from little despots to refractory peers of this or that principality. But the act which despoiled them of their sovereignty expressly saved the women, who were still considered "legitimate matches" for any ruling sovereign; though, for some reason or other, not *one* of these fair daughters of the chivalry of Germany has, since that time, had an offer from a ruling prince. Every one of these (how selfish!) strives to secure his own position by marriage with a princess of a more powerful house—Russia itself not excepted; while the daughters of the mediatized nobles, not being asked in marriage by their equals, and not wishing to accept the hand of persons inferior in rank, remain, like so many statues of antiquity, a living memento of the lapse and changes of the times. It is for this reason, probably, that Jean Paul Richter, who is the most feminine writer of the Germans, has become the champion and protector of old maids. Living in the city of Bamberg, in the very midst of these noble families, he had the very best opportunity of observing the peculiar romance contained in the lives of these heroines of civilized society.

The doctrine that the offspring of a prince loses caste by not marrying a princess, has given rise to the invention of Morganatic marriages, by which the wife acquires all the rights of a married woman, without the titles of her husband, and a proper provision for herself and children, who, though legitimate, are not heirs to the estate or sovereignty of their father. These marriages are resorted to in order not to subdivide lands, or to tax the country with the support of dowager queens and duchesses, and a long line of princes of the blood. A Morganatic wife must be noble; but she need not be of the blood. All that is required of her is that her lord should not be ashamed of her, that she should as little as possible tax or incumber the already overtaxed state, and that her offspring should not interfere with the succession of the children of a former marriage. It is, in fact, a prince and tax saving invention, which eases the people's burthens, and makes them pray with a light heart, "Lord, bless our sovereign's consort." The late King of Prussia, the Elector of Hesse, and the late Margrave Max of Baden, were married in that way; the latter, under very peculiar circumstances, to a woman that was not even noble by birth. The history of that marriage bears some near relation to an event which has excited some interest even in this country, and may, therefore, be not altogether uninteresting.

An orphan girl, of surpassing beauty, but low ex-

traction, chancing to attract the attention of a lady of honor of the then Duchess of Baden, found at first a generous protectress, and at last an adviser and friend in that noble personage. The lady undertook her education, which, with regard to the accomplishments of society, was unsurpassed by the daughters of the noblest houses, and, in solid acquirements, scarcely inferior to that of the universities. When she had reached her eighteenth year, she was made a *dame de compagnie*, but the intimacy which existed between her and her benefactress soon changed that title into friend. In this capacity she was presented at court, and at once attracted the marked attention of Margrave Max, brother of the ruling grand duke.

To see her, and to admire her—to converse with her, and to be charmed—to listen to her elastic touch of the harp, and to overflow with sympathy for the fair performer—to have the clear notes of her full metallic voice strike his ear, and to conceive a violent passion for the singer—to encircle her slender waist in the maddening waltz, and to throw himself at her feet, was the work of a few hours. But he was bid to rise in terms of such unaffected candor, and with so much female dignity, as to be saved the humiliation of a second attempt at winning her young heart by storm. Still it was the first time in his life that he had met with a rebuff, and the singularity of the case rendered it sufficiently piquant for him to pursue the adventure. He asked for the privilege of visiting her, which could not be refused to a person of his rank, and soon felt in reality all that gallantry had led him to express.

The orphan could not but be flattered by his attentions. Without birth or fortune, she was preferred by him to a thousand others that could boast of both; and the Margrave, though assured by his position, had learned to treat her with distinguished respect. Being endowed with strong reasoning powers, she now calmly viewed the prospect which, provided she remained mistress of her fate, might open to her in spite of her humble extraction. The brother of the Margrave, the ruling Grand Duke of Baden, was married against his will to Stephanie, niece of Josephine Beauharnais, who had been forced upon him by Napoleon, the then Protector of the Rhenish confederation, and for whom he felt not the slightest affection. Stephanie, (the present dowager grand duchess) who had been but a *Demoiselle de Tacher* of the Island of Martinique, disliked, in turn, the duke presented to her by the French conqueror, (who disposed of persons with the same facility as of kingdoms) and had with him but two *female* offspring, who, I believe, are still living. Margrave William, the second brother, was at that time, if I mistake not, single, and Princess Caroline, his sister, married to Maximilian of Bavaria. A legitimate connection with Margrave Max, therefore, might open a bright vista, and his passion, which, by time and a more full appreciation of her worth, had almost been sublimated into love, seemed to encourage the proudest hope of the future.

At this crisis, it seemed as if the Margrave's devotion to the fair orphan was returned at least with some show of gratitude. There was a kind look for his unceasing protestations of friendship, a patient listening to his confused eloquence, an apparent growth of confidence, which by degrees banished restraint, so that he would almost have believed that she loved him, had she not constantly avoided whatever might lead to a declaration. About this time, however, an occurrence took place which, though insignificant in itself, was of lasting consequence, not only to the lovers, but *to the country*.

One evening, as the Margrave was about to pay his usual visit to the protectress of the poor orphan, he saw, in passing through the corridor, the bedroom door of the latter a few inches ajar. Though a man of honor, and a prince, he could not withstand the temptation of drawing near and stealing a glance at the lovely yet unpretending creature that had subdued his proud heart. After a short struggle with the duties of chivalry, he advanced, breathless and on tip-toe, toward the chamber; but again he paused, his conscience upbraiding him with the unmanly act. "'T is base to act the spy in one's own dominion," he muttered to himself, and was on the point of retracing his steps, when a deep sigh, as if arising from a person that had been weeping a long time, arrested his attention. It was now a nobler feeling which prompted him to draw near—perhaps to offer his assistance to one who stood in need of it, and of whose sterling merit he had such convincing proofs. Yet did curiosity and delicacy make him step lightly, when lo! he beheld the object of his vows, with disheveled hair and bathed in tears, prostrate before the image of Our Lady.

"O, help me, Mary," she cried, and the tears trickled down her maiden cheeks; "help me in this struggle between love and duty! Strengthen me in my resolution never to forget what I owe to the family of my lawful sovereign. Give me the power to resist him in whose embrace alone I can find happiness on earth! Oh! why did I not kill this passion in the bud? Why did I suffer it to grow upon me when I knew that birth had placed an impassable gulf between me and the object of my affections!" · · · · "But no," she exclaimed, and her voice recovered its usual firmness, from the mental energy to which she suddenly elevated herself; "I will bear this no longer, —my resolution is taken—I will be true to my God, my sovereign, and my benefactress. The *convent's* solitude and peace will calm this beating heart. An hour's drive brings me to Lichtenthal. I know the lady abbess." · · · "But why should I tarry here another minute? Why suffer the agony of another separation? This instant——"

"You shall be my wedded wife!" cried Margrave Max, rushing into the room and clasping her in his arms.

That very night the church pronounced its blessing over their union, which was, indeed, the most singularly blessed of all formed by the princes of the house of Baden.

The ruling grand duke had no male issue, and an unaccountable fatality seemed to attach to the marriage of Margrave William, his next eldest brother, all whose children died *in less than a week after their*

birth. Margrave Max's union with the orphan girl alone was blessed with healthy children, and they lived to inherit the dukedom.

The king of Bavaria, who had married the Margrave's sister, Caroline, had, during the campaign of 1813, by a separate secret treaty with Austria, been promised an indemnification on the Rhine, for the loss of the Tyrol, and a portion of Upper Austria, and Saltsburg, which, as an ally of France, he had acquired in the war of 1809, and it was feared, therefore, that, in the absence of *legitimate* heirs to the ducal crown of Baden, Bavaria, already powerful through the acquisition of the Palatinate and Franconia, would lay claim also to the duchy. But here again the orphan girl, that had won the affections of Margrave Max, was active in obtaining the secret acknowledgment of Austria and Prussia of the legitimacy of her son, Leopold, the present ruling grand duke. It seems then that even Prince Metternich, the very Turk of legitimacy in Europe, could find it prudent once upon a time to make a concession, dictated by sound diplomacy, in favor of the offspring of a Morganatic marriage, and that the pride of a German prince is not always proof against temptation.

When, some years ago, the appearance of Caspar Hauser created such an uncommon sensation throughout Europe and even this country; it was observed, as something singular, that he was never permitted to quit the Duchy of Baden; while the most singular rumors were circulated in reference to the Earl of Stanhope, who took such a lively interest in that unfortunate youth. He was at last publicly charged with his murder, and when the noble earl, shortly after the death of Hauser, made his appearance at the supper-table at a court ball in Munich, the dowager Queen Caroline rose and exclaimed, within the hearing of the earl, that she would never sit down at the same table "*with the murderer of her* BROTHER WILLIAM'S *children.*" From the mouth of the Countess O—, a lady of honor of Queen Caroline, and a niece of Margrave William of Baden, I also heard the following anecdote.

Queen Caroline had, for a long time, been ill and confined to her bed-chamber, during which time a painter was engaged to make a portrait of Caspar Hauser, which was hung up in a conspicuous place in the adjoining room, in such a manner that the queen on entering could not well fail to perceive it. The portrait exhibited nothing but the bare head, without any costume whatever. "Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the queen, almost fainting when she cast her eyes upon it, "who has placed the portrait of *my dear brother William* in this room!"

Countess Arcot, one of the old dowager ladies of Munich, published four years ago a memoir on this subject; but it was suppressed and only a few copies circulated among the ruling families. It is natural that Bavaria should feel jealous on the subject of the inheritance of Baden, and equally natural that the Earl of Stanhope should, after all that has passed and been said, be a great favorite of the ruling ducal family, and be particularly pleased to pass the parliamentary recess in Carlsruhe.

After this considerable episode, I must return to my subject. German family pride is not stronger than family feeling, and a relation of blood is acknowledged under all circumstances. There is no such sensitiveness on the subject of illegitimacy as in England, where, on the other hand, Lord Lyndhurst may marry a Jewess,* and introduce her as Lady Lyndhurst at the queen's drawing-room. However, this, as Sam Weller would say, "is a mere matter of taste." When old King Maximilian, of Bavaria, died, the present king, his successor, sent for Count O——, the natural son of Maximilian by a common Alsacian woman, and, embracing him tenderly, exclaimed, "*We* are now all that remains of the blood of the house of Wittelsbach!" But the fact is, family ties are, in Germany, much stronger than any where else in Europe. The country being divided into many states, no general patriotism or love of national glory is implanted in early childhood; where it is found, it is rather the result of an enlarged mind, and a liberal education. Instead of national pride, the affections are cultivated from birth. Strong conjugal, parental and filial love, romantic attachments between brothers and sisters, great veneration of all that is handed down from their ancestors, an hereditary respect for hereditary families, and loyalty, in the most enlarged sense of the word, toward their legitimate sovereigns, are leading characteristics of the Germans, which the growing democratic spirit of the age has not yet been able to overcome. The writers of "Young Germany," Heine, Boerne, Gutzkoff, and many other promising Jews, have, after all, created but little sympathy among the masses who, in Germany, will forever be guided more by feeling than by abstract reason or passion. The Germans, as I remarked on another occasion, are to the English as the negative to the positive poles of the magnet. They have all the feminine qualities of the Saxon race, while the English have received the masculine ones. But both the English and the Germans are naturally satisfied with a nobility that has *grown* with them, and not obtruded itself on their notice. They feel for *that* nobility a sort of relationship, and a disposition to stand by their old acquaintances.

An effort has of late been made to organize the German nobility after the fashion of the English—to introduce laws by which the younger sons are given back to the commoners, and to prevent, as much as may be consistent with justice, the alienation of real estates. But the time to *create* a nobility is gone; the *preserving* it is another question. Some of the liberal writers of Germany too, coming back from their notions of French democracy, turn their eyes toward England, and advocate the rights and privileges of the nobles. In the absence of a middle class of society, between the learned and the boors, they think the nobility alone capable of representing with effect the national character, and to oppose the arbitrary rule of a single task master. But unfortunately the great

* Miss Goldsmith, daughter of the celebrated Mr. Goldsmith, author of "The Crimes of Cabinets," and, for the last ten years of his life, suspected of being employed by the French government as a secret agent of the police of Paris.

hopes entertained in regard to the efficiency and patriotism of the German nobles were not realized in Hanover, the state in which the nobility enjoy more privileges than in any other belonging to the Germanic confederation; and in the south of Germany the whole action of the nobles was confined to a partial opposition to Protestantism, and the formation of what is called the ultramontane party of the Catholics.

The romantic school of poetry, the Tiecks, the Schlegels, the Brentanos, the Novalis, the Goerres, &c., find little or nothing to admire in the present state of society, and in the tendency of our modern political revolutions. They are the advocates of the internal life of man, the spiritualism of the middle ages, in opposition to the shallow materialism of the moderns. They prefer the symbolic worship of the Catholics to the ratiocination of the German Protestant philosophers; the progress of the arts to that of the sciences, faith and loyalty to the consciousness of power and independence. And, as Germany is, *par excellence*, the land of ideal philosophy, and of abstract speculation, these romantic notions of the people will yet, for many generations, preserve a high respect for the memory of their departed chivalry, and some sympathy with their living posterity, though the historian might in vain inquire for those visible distinctions which, in Britain, mark the nobility at every step as the masters and legislators of the land.

TRANSLATION

OF ZAPPI'S SONNET ON THE PORTRAIT OF RAFFAELLE BY HIMSELF.

BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

And this is Raffaelle! There in that one face,
So sadly sweet, sought nature to portray
His own high dreams of nobleness and grace,
The all of genius that she could convey
In features visible. He alone could trace
The great Idea; nor could he essay
Upon the eternal canvas thus to place,
Secure in beauty far beyond decay,
Another form so glorious as his own.
Ev'n eager death held in suspense his dart:
"How shall the painter from his work be known,"
He asks, "that I may strike him to the heart?"
"Fruitless thy rage," the great soul gives reply,
"Nor image nor its author e'er shall die."

THE RETURN.

BY MRS. E. H. EVANS.

She came once more to her sweet childhood's home,
Just as glad Spring flung roses all around,
When bird and bee upon their joyous way
Thrilled the bright air with life's mysterious sound.

The father's stately form was yet unbowed,
Years had not changed his locks of raven hair;
And still her mother's cheek retained its blush,
Her eye its light—her brow its placid air.

Her fair young sister, bounding to her side,
Seemed like the favorite votary of bloom,
With her large violet eyes, her rosy lips
And flower-wreathed tresses, breathing soft perfume.

Her noble brother, with his flashing glance,
And voice of deep-toned melody and power,
Looked, to her wondering gaze, too proudly bright
To be a dweller in an earthly bower.

And yet, amid the beauty of their home,
They deemed her presence lent the loveliest charm;
And when she left them for another clime,
The sky seemed not so gay—the air so warm.

Her voice had made the music of their life;
Her smile a fairer radiance than the day!
For on her cheek the glow of sunset dwelt,
And o'er her brow the early morning's ray!

She came—but not with merry laugh and song—
And when *she* smiled tears gushed from every eye;
Her voice but whispered all her gentle thoughts—
She only came to her sweet home—to die!

The flowers she loved her hand no more might train,
She sought to rest beneath their fragrant bloom;
The bright-winged birds, that knew her airy step,
Should pour a mellow requiem o'er her tomb!

She came, that they to whom the Almighty gave
Her pure young spirit might the trust resign—
And render back the treasure, glorified
With all the truths of His own word divine.

She came, but who shall tell the angel bands
That filled that lovely home from day to day,
Waiting, with plumes half folded, round her couch,
And shedding beauty o'er her shrine of clay?

At last, when Nature wore her richest charm,
And the warm sun his most effulgent glow,
Smiling, she turned from earthly scenes away
And wore the crown of glory on her brow!

THE BETROTHAL OF MR. QUINT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

BY MISS W. BARRINGTON.

(*Concluded from page* 132.)

CHAPTER XVI.

HERE there was a new difference in the opinion of the two philosophers. Mr. Pyk loved splendor and tumult. He was an aristocrat, and would gladly have been a noble. His house was tapestried with pictures of knights, that he had bought at a public auction, for the sake of the badges and cloud-like wigs that they wore. Of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, he thought the working days belonged to the common citizens; the birth-days and saint-days to the patrician.

Under such circumstances, it is no longer a riddle, that the bashful, good Quint should be discouraged, when Mr. Pyk absolutely insisted on bringing as witnesses, besides the lawyer and parson, the nearest relations of the gentleman bridegroom and the lady bride.

Till late in the night this business was discussed; and finally adjourned till the following day. The number of the guests to be at the wedding, bride and bridegroom *inclusive*, amounted to twenty-two persons. As to the banquet and other festivities, Mr. Pyk would immediately take care of that, as the betrothal was to be held in his house.

Mr. Quint remained sleepless. "So, after all, there is no rose without its thorns!" sighed he, and threw himself uneasily on his couch. Heaven, smiling in the rays of the moon, looked brightly through the panes of the window. "No rose entirely without thorns!—not even the simple knowledge of love. To take the oath to belong to each other eternally, an oath that would have been so much more beautiful and valuable when given in solitude and amidst tears! O you poor children of men, why do you so willingly vex yourselves? Why will you let no pleasure steal into your hearts, without waylaying its entrance—through your foolishness—with a painful tax of ceremonies?"

All this was truly of little use. Mr. Pyk did not forego his plan. He rode away early in the morning. The guests were invited, lawyer and parson notified; the feast made ready—in short, on Sunday morning all was in order, that could be needed either for a betrothal, or for a little extemporaneous family feast.

At ten o'clock in the morning, Bessy appeared in the house of her uncle, accompanied by her aunt, although the poor child knew not that it was the day of her betrothal. Uncle and aunt had agreed to this, for they intended to surprise her. At half past eleven, the parson, lawyer, and cousins and aunts appeared in troops, in holiday dresses, with plenty of small talk. The bridegroom alone was wanting.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mr. Pyk was quite in his glory on this great day. While he wished to found the happiness of two virtuous souls that were dear to him, he had, at the same time, an opportunity to show off his wealth, that bordered on opulence. The little artifice of keeping secret the object of the festival until the decisive moment, tickled him particularly. He went from room to room, said something pretty to all the guests, heard a flattering word from each, gavè commands in the kitchen and cellar, and now and then pressed the hand of the trembling Bessy with a most significant smile.

But no rose is without thorns. Two things disturbed the good nature of Mr. Pyk.

His sister, Bessy's aunt, in the pride of her heart, and with talkative friendliness, had intrusted the secret of the day to an old godmother. The godmother would rather have died than to conceal for a moment the secret, that burned on her tongue, from her dear neighbor, Mr. Barber of Thosa. Mr. Barber thought it his duty to discover it to all his particular friends present. The confidants made it known to their married loves. Enough—within three minutes the secret had been through the forty ears present; all countenances were big with importance, though lively enough. The aged lady parsoness, who was anxious for the soul's welfare of the little Bessy, went up to her with a measured step, and commenced a formal congratulation on the happy choice of the beloved, and the betrothal; and then enlarged into a learned disquisition upon the Christian duties of a betrothed bride. The parson, who saw unwillingly any one exercise his handicraft, hurried up, with lifted hands and eyes, and interrupted the sermon of his pious lady. The remaining guests would not be backward in pretty sayings. A waving and chattering flock soon surrounded the poor girl; who, red with shame from her betrayed love, (for she thought only her aunt and uncle knew it,) sat, with down cast eyes, lost in herself, or rather as if annihilated.

With eyes and ears wide open, Mr. Pyk entered the room, and saw and heard the complimenting throng. His plan was disturbed; he frowned; he remained standing; he involuntarily plucked his cravat with

his right hand, while, with the left in his vest pocket, he moved its great red silk flap, embroidered with yellow flowers, up and down like a wing, on which he would like to have swung himself into the air through indignation.

Bessy's anxious soul, attacked by anguish, love and shame, was overcome with painful sensations. A dream suddenly unfolded itself into reality, as if under a fairy's decree. The only man in the world for whom she felt herself called, and whom she did not dare to name to herself, was openly and solemnly proclaimed as her bridegroom. She should see him, to belong to him eternally. Ah, not vainly had her aunt that day forced on her finger the chased golden ring! Not vainly had she said in the tone of prophecy—"Another will take it off!"

She felt her happiness complete. The heart, too tender to withstand the sudden storm, dissolved itself in tears.

Mr. Pyk was startled. The man so versed in human nature did not understand these tears. In fact, it was not the tears themselves, nor Bessy's displeasure, that she had been asked the last in so important an event—it was nothing of this that made him shudder with affright—but the fear that, deceived by his physiognomy, he should become the sport of the valley, with his feast and the bustle of a blank betrothal.

He decided quickly, led Bessy through the noisy room into a neighboring chamber, sat himself down silently by her side, and let her—cry.

"What ails thee?" asked he several times. He remained unanswered.

"I thought the feast would be welcome to thee—thou wouldst truly—"

"Ah!" sighed the maiden, and raised, for the first time, her eyes glistening with tears; for she honored her uncle, as she would honor her father, and kept no secret from him.

"Is Mr. Quint, then, unpleasant to thee?" said he, "thou wilt not have him? Own it, I shall not be angry. It is only a very stupid fools-play that I did not tell thee previously, or sound thee as to thy feelings. Thy aunt was mistaken, and did not know which way the wind blew. It is not my fault."

Bessy, when she heard her uncle's words, and perceived the error into which her tears had led him, would have answered, but her voice died in a whisper; she blushed through her tears, and leaned her head on his shoulder.

"Yes, it is a cursed affair!" cried the embarrassed uncle, and rubbed his hands in his anxiety. For him the question now was—how he should conceal in the best manner the falling through of his plan of operation, and make the guests and witnesses imagine that in the intended betrothal he merely wished to have a little joke? Care darkened his brow. "Only be quiet, Bessy. The matter can be changed yet; one must not lose his senses in great misfortunes. That is the main point. If thou wouldst but say to me, Bessy of my heart, whether Mr. Quint is entirely and to death disagreeable to thee? Whether thou think'st thou couldst love him in time? I could tell thee stories, one after the other, in which the happiest marriages have grown out of forced ones. Unfortunately, the time is too short, and here there is danger in delay. It is not yet the last of all days. If thou wouldst but try the betrothing, provisionally so to speak. The rest will arrange itself."

"But," stammered the maiden, "do you know certainly that Mr. Quint likes me?"

"Like thee, Bessy of my heart?" screamed her uncle, and the question brought him entirely to life—"Like thee? God be merciful! he loves thee distractedly—with all his heart—till death!"

Bessy sunk on her uncle's breast in strong emotion.

"My God!" cried Mr. Pyk, and his anxiety was again as mighty as before; "explain thyself, my treasure! only speak, only try. Try the betrothal, thou thinkest the matter much more difficult than it is. No girl ever died of it yet."

The maiden heard not the exhortation of the troubled uncle; she only heard in her inmost soul the echo of the words—"He loves thee with all his heart till death!"

She raised her arms, entwined them about her uncle's neck, hid her face on his breast, and said: "Say to him, for I cannot say it, I also love him with all my heart!"

Mr. Pyk had nearly fallen to the ground. He hearkened, as if he would again listen to the echo of these words. "Ei! thou little fool," cried he, "how canst thou torment me so? So, that is thy *ultimatum*? Bravo!" He kissed her and cried—"Now I will send thee Mr. Quint, thou must say it to him thyself."

He had said it. In vain Bessy stretched her arms to hold him. He flew from them into the room, to seek the bridegroom. There the assembled guests all sat in their glory. Mr. Quint alone was not to be seen, and had not been seen.

Mr. Pyk drew forth his watch. It was already half past one. "Does not every thing to day seek to thwart me?" growled he, and went before the house.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Not to him alone, but to Mr. Quint also, this was a day of trouble. Man is not the ruler of his own fate. The circumstances make the man—man does not make circumstances.

The whole forenoon was passed by our philosopher in occupations that till then he had been a stranger to. He wrote down greetings, returns of thanks, and was dressing himself magnificently for the betrothing.

A learned man, who is to be presented to his majesty the king—a candidate of divinity, who is to utter his first sermon before a full church—an involved merchant sighing on the lottery day, whom a prize can help, and the blank can ruin—none of these mortals could feel deeper anxiety than Mr. Quint truly experienced, since he had been awakened in the morning by sad dreams, and had become conscious of the thought: this is thy betrothal day!

He saw in spirit a loved one, to whom he had really never spoken—to whom he had only stammered some fooleries—whom he had horrified by his sneezing—whom he had, without doubt, frightened by his dance

on the mountain—whom he had driven to flight by his tumble down the sand bank—there he saw nineteen witnesses and invited guests, almost all entire strangers to him, determined congratulators—stiff makers of compliments, and he in the midst of them, his manners exposed to criticism, and stared at by all the cousins and uncles! He cursed in his heart the vanity and ostentation of Mr. Pyk. He would, with pleasure, have thrown down half a ton of gold to buy himself free from the festivities in which he must act the principal part. His whole love affair itself was quite disagreeable to him.

"What gain is it to the world of fools," said he to himself, as, with hasty steps and half dressed, he ran up and down his room; "what gain is it to them to turn nature into foppery, and, for a whim, to distort the simplest things in the world? O, Bessy, why, with these hearts, these feelings, were we brought into a world, where only the coat and the roast meat are seen? Savages are happier. Two hearts beating one against the other, that is the true betrothal."

In the mean time, protestations against the fooleries of the world did not help the matter. The moments hurried away. He must be dressed, and verily a little more carefully than usual; he must give some orders, here and there, in the household; and, lastly, he must in passing think, for formality's sake, what he would say to the witnesses and guests, the bride, and the aunt, and the uncle, in order not to stand like a stick, at the decisive epoch, and commit himself before the bride and assembled relations.

While Mr. Quint sought to bring his clothes together, he studied earnestly in the making of elegant modes of address, and returning compliments. But it seemed that his mind denied him any assistance. He could find neither sense nor words. This increased his anxiety. In deep meditation, he forgot to choose the right clothes. He had brought them all from his closets, had dressed himself, and was taught by his glass how unfitting was his attire; how variegated and untasteful he stood there in white breeches, black silk stockings, and a purple coat.

The wardrobe had to be mustered anew. In the mean time, the happy thoughts, which he had laboriously patched together for complimenting, were again lost. He put back the clothes, and seated himself half angrily at the desk, to write down some extemporaneous compliments, to be used in extreme need. He felt, with indignation, his unsuitableness in fashionable society. He cursed betrothals a thousand times, and the gigantic plans of Mr. Pyk, and the vanity of all uncles. He wrote—

"Miss Bride—you see me here—" now the great question is, should Bessy be called bride now? That does not come probably till after the act of betrothal. It were better then, "Miss Pyk, you see me here as the happiest of men, who, as you grant him your very precious hand, which—" the thing don't go. It is too stiff. And yet, what is the whole business but a stiff piece of tailoring? Some kind of a declaration must be made; the more so, for till now there has been none from either side. The most beautiful declaration would be the simplest: "Miss Pyk, I like you." But, Heaven help us! what a face the good girl would make, if the whole of the humorous company, standing around in the festive circle, should break into a laugh at this laconic declaration, or should turn up their noses, or bite their pocket-handkerchiefs to conceal their giggling!

He got up again. To try writing was of no use. Perhaps an impromptu might succeed. He went before the glass, to try and say something handsome, with a smiling face and flattering voice. At that moment, two very different things put him almost beside himself.

First. He found himself dressed, but his hair yet uncurled, in nightly disorder.

Secondly. In the church of the neighboring village, it had struck ten, and the devout community of Christians, as they returned from divine service, scattered themselves over the neighboring roads and paths.

A cold shudder came over him. He could almost have believed in whitchcraft, for he was under the false impression that it was not yet nine o'clock. Granted that on the spur of the moment he had set out, it would have been a full hour and a half before he could reach the distant castle of Mr. Pyk. Then it would be half past one.

Probably the company invited to the betrothal had assembled itself already—probably he was already the object of the common conversation—probably Bessy and her aunt were already there. To escape the heat of the sun, they had probably taken advantage of the little "Valley Omnibus" to go nine miles in the cool of the morning. And the bridegroom stood yet before the glass, uncombed and unpowdered, the white hair-papers on his head.

CHAPTER XIX.

It is a characteristic of great men, that, under the most adverse circumstances, they are not disconcerted. All that is grand and moving belongs equally to their being and works. On the contrary, little things are often their conquerors. Thus, the lion scarcely notices the tooth of a tiger in battle, but he gets up at the bite of a gnat.

This is now all that can be said to save the honor of Mr. Quint. The greatest sacrifice, the greatest pains that man can endure, he would have borne with heroic courage; but at this moment before the glass, while the village clock struck, his strength left him.

For the third time, he threw off his clothes, and put himself before the powder-table, in his dressing-gown, to curl his hair. Even here a malicious demon persecuted him. Sometimes his side-curls were too high, then too low. In his hurry and distraction, he could make nothing neat out of them, (for he still studied speeches, and noted down the best of them on his tablets with his pencil,) always making worse what he had done pretty badly before. Three times he threw fiercely to the ground his comb and powder-puff, and three times picked them up again; for, finally, it was his betrothal day, and it could not be altered.

He got up, at last, worse befrizzled than he had ever been before, but not so insupportably as he be-

lieved. He was about to run through his formula of compliments once more, when the bewitched village clock struck *eleven*, and the pious bell for prayer growled three times superfluously after it.

Mr. Quint was pale with horror. He could not delay a moment. It was now impossible that he should get to Mr. Pyk's house before half past twelve. A long way, an uncommonly hot day—to his betrothal, —only think!

He caught up hastily his hat and cane, threw down the dusty dressing-gown, put on his purple coat, and then he was not ready. He must brush a little here and there. Powder had fallen on his shoes; his hat hung on the bed-post, and caught the down from the feathers; there were still household affairs that must be attended to, and which could be attended to by no one else.

It struck half past eleven, and Mr. Quint rushed despairingly out of the house.

Running does not always aid one's progress. He soon lost his breath, and was obliged to walk slowly, and seek the shade, for the sun beat down powerfully.

During the gallop, which Mr. Quint had never been in the habit of taking, he had been able to think of nothing. Not until his steps were slow, were his reflections quicker.

He felt that every thing had been frustrated. In any case, the assembled company at Mr. Pyk's must be amazed at the delay of the bridegroom; in any case, the lady bride must be irritated at the ill-breeding of the bridegroom; in any case, Mr. Pyk would have the right to scold; in any case, he must confront him with excuses—in any case, matters stood so badly that he would like to have taken post horses, and gone off to Archangel, or Kamschatka.

Besides being his birthday, he never had a more important one than this. And just this one was so unfortunate. Truly, he stood still to think better what he was about. He looked backward, forward, up toward the mountain tops, down toward the stream; good advice was scarce in every quarter.

The glowing disc of the noon-day sun hung scorchingly over the vale. The shadows shrunk back to the roots of the trees. The bare rocky sides of the mountain defiles dazzled the eyes; every footstep blew a cloud of dust over the languishing plain.

Mr. Quint had never felt so ill and uncomfortable. He almost came to the conclusion of returning home, and letting the whole concern of betrothal, banquet and festival take care of itself, under the pretence of being taken suddenly ill. He had yet an hour's travel before him, having left half an hour behind him.

To increase his discomfort, he felt great hunger. His well disciplined stomach knew the usual hour of noon, and liked old customs. Under all these circumstances, his troubles were not yet over.

There blew over the stream a cool, soothing breeze, that would certainly have done Mr. Quint good, had it not blown with it a cloud of hair, from his neck, over his shoulders. He turned himself quickly; there was no one there. He put his hand to his neck, and there found the mischief. Either his hair-bag was forgotten, or lost by the way.

There was no time to lose here. He turned about and ran back to his house, at full jump.

CHAPTER XX.

What would another have done in the place of the unfortunate man?—have renewed the attempt to reach the house of the betrothal, or remain at home, to await a more friendly destiny?

Mr. Quint chose the first, with praiseworthy determination. The hair-bag in question, of black taffety, lay in fact on the desk, near the spy-glass. Both of these movables had, till then, always borne Mr. Quint company; this time, and their most important time, they neglected their lord.

With the hair-bag in its proper place on the neck, and the spy-glass in his hand, Mr. Quint left again the quiet deserted dwelling, not without a deep sigh.

Now the clock of the church-tower struck twelve, just as if it had maliciously waited for him, to bellow one hour after the other in his ear. This robbed the good man of all courage and consolation, for he had already been driven about a whole morning in anguish and suffering, without leaving the spot. One is never more superstitious than when one fears and hopes; and one seldom hopes or fears more than when one loves. Mr. Quint took his previous awkwardness as an infallible proof that Bessy was not intended for him. With the best heart, and purest love, he did not find himself worthy of the girl; for all circumstances had conspired in making him ludicrous. Now, nothing is ridiculous without being despicable.

These reflections enlivened him but little. Slowly he crept along the accustomed road, brimful of ill-humor. He went, trusting in fate he would be at the betrothal. But it was no longer the magnet of love that drew him to the castle of Mr. Pyk; it was desperation. He raged againt himself. He would bear the worst, and would not depart a hair-breadth from the road for the greatest annoyance.

"But verily," so he talked to and at himself; "verily he is a ninny, with all his imaginary wisdom. He is, himself, the cause of all this mischief. A little earlier out of the feathers, a little more systematic in his daily duties, more caution and self-respect, and all this deviltry would not have happened to him. Let him go, then; let him be laughed at; let him come to his betrothal when the rest, tired of waiting, are sitting at table, and have finished eating; then let the simpleton stand up and make his bows to the right and to the left. What will he then say? What can he bring forward to conceal even partially the baldness of his absurdity? He can, at least, study a speech, which may be listened to in case of need."

While he was thus reading a lesson to himself, and castigating himself with reproaches, he became aware that persons in the distance were advancing toward him. He trembled and stood still. "Probably they are sent to seek thee—what wilt thou say?" He was beside himself with shame. He put the glass to his eyes. Verily, he saw, clearly and distinctly, two men, in festive attire; they advanced with quick steps. He determined to elude them, in order to find time for

the construction of some probable excuse. To the right lay the bridge over the stream. He hurriedly crossed it. Although this would cost him a circuit of an hour's length, and, before he could reach Mr. Pyk's house, he would have to recross the stream, at the other end of the valley. Fear left him no thought. Like a sinner, he slyly slipped behind the thickets, that he might not be seen by the messengers.

He happily escaped them, it is true, but what an extended walk now lay before him!

And now what good did it do him, that he had almost run through this?—and that already the towers and roofs of Thosa lay before him, rising behind the grove, and the old castle looked down upon him from the other side of the water? In the church of Thosa it struck two, and the bell was ringing for afternoon service.

"It is over!" sighed Mr. Quint, entirely disconcerted. "They await thee no longer. Thou comest, in any case, too late."

CHAPTER XXI.

To make himself more sure, he resolved to climb a neighboring woody hill, from which he could look down on the Pykish castle, and observe all that passed within and without. From here to that place it was another half hour's walk.

He chose for himself the most comfortable seat, and drew forth his spy-glass. There he saw the window open—saw a long covered table, the guests sitting round it in motley rows. They seemed pleased and not thinking of him. Hot tears rose to his eyes. He felt all the bitterness of his situation. Wearied with the long walk, weakened by the heat of the day, hungry and sad, he must look at his own betrothal feast through a spy-glass, and seated on the dead stump of an oak. Who would have kept their temper in his place?

He threw the spy-glass aside, and dried the tears of moroseness from his glowing face. He swore in his heart to separate himself from Bessy, and the whole world. He swore to seek solitude more rigidly than ever; he would belong to no one; he would renounce all the delights of the world, and find his only pleasure in being unhappy.

In these oaths there lay verily little logical coherence; but in the deep quiet of the woods he only felt more able to make entire resignation of society. He felt like one who, tossed about by the storms of the world, assumes the oath of an eternal renunciation within the cloistered walls. The peacefulness of the woods, the quiet around, the twilight under the branches, wrought soothingly on his sick mind. He took this stand as the *summum bonum* of philosophical determination.

"So let it be, then!" said he to himself. "There is yet peace near at hand. The world is not for me, and I am worthless in it."

In this disposition, he awaited evening, on the hill. Not until after dark did he resolve to wander back to his home, unseen and unknown.

Mr. Quint has since owned that the hours which he passed till evening in these woods, among a thousand dreams, belonged to the most pleasant of his life. Not to disturb in any way his self-created paradise, he left the prospect of the Pykishen estate, and the betrothal feast; chose another position, where he saw under his feet a part of the valley. He saw pearl-colored clouds glistening on the mountain peaks, or high pillars of dust dancing through the valley and over the stream, or the swallows, with their shining wings, swarming to an unaccustomed height.

As soon as it was dark, he arose to commence his return.

But a violent tempest now came from the mountains. The clouds and rocks were soon in flames, and the thunder rolled pealing through the valley, as if the mountain peaks and the eternal glaciers would rush down.

Fortunately, Mr. Quint knew his road. This fearful freak of nature did not terrify him. It harmonized with his inmost soul. When the devouring lightning flashed through the clouds; when the whirlwind roared along the mountain sides, it seemed to him that a grave had swallowed, with a sort of beneficent destruction, the sorrows of the past.

But a fearful rain soon drove him from the road, into a peasant's hut, laying beside it. Its inhabitants provided him hospitably with a scanty supper. He forgot his sorrowful day, and, being refreshed, continued on his journey, although it was already late. He hoped to reach his home before midnight; but it was midnight before he arrived at the toll-house by the bridge.

The lightning had folded itself up in the clouds, but the rain streamed down with redoubled fury. Mr. Quint, who had this day had so many disappointments, now yielded up even his last wish. He determined to pass the night at the toll-house, for he was tired. A solitary light yet glimmered in the room of the toll-keeper.

All lay already in deep sleep, except the frugal housewife alone, who was still awake, already half undressed. She knew Mr. Quint, and pitied him, the more because many travelers on the road had been driven by the rain into her house, and there was no bed left.

"Unblessed day!" growled Mr. Quint, who loved a good couch; "must every thing conspire against me?"

"But no!" cried the woman, after some reflection; "if it be not unpleasant to you, you can sleep with another person. The storm has forced our worthy Mr. Parson to turn in; there will be room enough for you—a great double bed that, in need, would hold three men. You must put up with it. But the bed is good."

"No, for Heaven's sake!" cried Mr. Quint, "I will not disturb his sleep!"

"Oh, no," returned she; "the old thick gentleman is in a deep, sound sleep, and will not take it amiss! There, take the candle. You will easily find the room; the first at the right hand, when you are up the stairs."

Silently, Mr. Quint took the candle. As soon as he

came to the door described, he modestly put out the light, not to wake Mr. Parson. The moon shone faintly through the panes. He found the bed; threw off his coat, shoes, and hair-bag, laid himself softly beside the slumbering shepherd of souls, and went to sleep, tired with many adventures.

CHAPTER XXII.

When Mr. Quint awoke, the morning sun already played gracefully among the leaves of the garden-trees, which showed themselves through the window.

It was already late for him. He had wished to be at home at the break of day. The old parson slept still, but, as it appeared, somewhat restlessly.

Mr. Quint, to save making an excuse, was in the act of slipping away noiselessly, when the spiritual man threw his arm across the horrified Quint, and exactly over his neck, between the chin and breast. Here the arm remained motionless, and as heavy as lead. Mr. Quint almost lost his breath.

It may now be said, if it has not been said before, that too great modesty was the principal fault of Mr. Quint. Another, less well disposed than he, would perhaps have thrown back the very reverend arm, without ceremony, into its proper bounds, but he did not dare to do it.

Slowly and imperceptibly, like the hour-hand of a dial, he sought to withdraw himself from under the heavy burden. He succeeded pretty well, although the creaking of the old wooden bedstead threw him twice into a deadly fear. He had reached out half the way, and the right foot already showed a disposition to leave the bed forever, when a halt was made. The unfortunate inclination to sneeze again arose in Mr. Quint, and so quickly, so briskly, so powerfully, that nothing would serve but to dampen the heartfelt sound by holding in his breath, against all rules and regulations in such cases provided. The more mighty thereby was the quaking of his whole body. The bedstead shook and creaked, as if it would fall together. The shepherd of souls must awake; and, in this new embarrassment, Mr. Quint immediately feigned that he slept.

Truly his spiritual neighbor made some movements, but let his arm remain on Quint's neck, and likewise appeared to be disposed to sleep. Mr. Quint wished not for more. He remained motionless, with closed eyes, and thought *ad interim* upon the occurrences of the past day, the unsuccessful betrothal, upon the solitude of the woody hill, and the thunder storm.

His frame of mind had suffered great changes during the night. He was not so courageous by far as the evening before. His fancies were fled—he had now to deal with the bare truth.

Explanations must necessarily take place between himself and Mr. Pyk. His becoming the jest of the colleges of the vale was inevitable. He trembled anew at thinking of a thousand disagreeable occurrences; he feared to become ludicrous to his own household; and wished that between him and the past day there lay the space of a hundred years, instead of one night. As his good genius whispered this in his ear, he hit upon the thought of taking a long journey, on account of urgent, important, secret business, that he did not precisely know himself. Out of that he could spin pretences in abundance to account for his yesterday's non-appearance; he could write to Mr. Pyk, and make the thing credible with his pen. He could write to Bessy herself a touching letter. She will read it, thought he; she will read it with sorrow, and will wish the absentee at home. What a delight! Mr. Quint blessed the happy thought; he scolded himself for not having hit it sooner—yesterday.

While he ruminated as to the where to, for how long, for what purpose, &c., &c., and while he imagined himself already among unknown men, in a strange land, there longing in home-sickness to re-visit his native valley—and as he thought of the pleasant return—as he pictured, in the most glowing colors, all the delights of meeting old friends, a strange voice sounded suddenly in his ear—"Oh, heavens!"

But it was not a man's voice. Mr. Quint thought he should have given up the ghost. He raised his eyes, without altering his position. There was no one in the room. The parson lay quietly beside him; but such a sweet, angelic sound could come from no priestly throat.

The burdensome arm, so often mentioned, withdrew itself. The ecclesiastic turned on the other side. Mr. Quint perceived that the arm passing before his eyes, with its delicate white skin, and small hand, and tender fingers, could not possibly belong to an old bishop of souls. Not without anxiety and fear of making some dangerous discovery, did he raise himself to squint at his neighbor.

There lay a beautiful female head, with the face turned away. It was wrapped in a fine linen cap, from under which the thick golden hair rolled wantonly over the half bared neck. The unknown was resting on the bed in Sunday clothes, and seemed not to have reckoned upon spending the whole night there. A more disagreeable *quid pro quo* could scarcely have happened to him. Now, good night, traveling plans! Whoever found him here, whoever saw him go out of the bed-chamber, would make remarks that might be prejudicial to his good fame. Mr. Pyk, Bessy, the whole confederacy of relations might learn it. "Then that was the reason why he did not come to the betrothal," would be said; "now it is to be seen, how will he get clear?"

With all his well known innocence, Mr. Quint felt the greatest torments of conscience. Appearances witnessed too plainly against him. He, a devout, virtuous man, whom any father would have trusted his daughter with, lay here on the same bed with Heaven knows what woman, or girl! Here no protestations would avail; no declarations that the toll-keeper's wife had shown him the wrong room, or that he had missed the room of the parson. It was too late now.

And, whoever the beauty or ugly one might be who had passed the night beside him, what would she think, believe, say, on awaking, at the sight of an unknown bed-fellow?

Leaning upon his arm, as motionless as a statue,

Mr. Quint yet gazed upon the apparition, incapable of any proper resolve. "Am I, then, born for misfortune?" sighed he to himself.

The sleeper awoke, raised herself dreamingly on her arm, looked wonderingly at the man before her, and Mr. Quint · · · · O, what would he have not given for the breaking of the last great day; for the sound of Gabriel's trumpet, and heaven and earth crashed together. It was little Bessy who gazed at him with her blue eyes.

Whoever makes the least claim to delicacy of feeling, without carrying shyness so far as our bashful shepherd, can imagine his amazement in finding himself, half lying, half sitting, near his beloved, as if by magic, at the same moment that he thought himself far from her, separated perhaps forever. His whole adventure with the girl, from the dance of the red slippers till now, had been so singular that it really needed philosophical strength not to believe it witchcraft.

Bessy, on the contrary, was less astonished. She had heard of none but him, on the preceding day; she had thought of none but him; what wonder then that she had dreamed of him by night, and, in the first moment, took the awakening at his side for the continuation of the dream, with other accompaniments.

Though wavering between sleep and waking, her mind soon understood the reality, although that was more incomprehensible to her than the vagaries of any dream could have been.

"My God!" cried she, "Mr. Quint!"

"Bessy," stuttered the poor man—"it is certainly, very certainly, and truly not—intentionally that I am here!"

"Ah, that I believe!" returned Bessy, with a sigh, and now thought for the first time on her yesterday's sorrow, when she had waited vainly a whole day for the bridegroom, and, after fruitless hopes, had finally concluded that he must either be unfortunate, or not love her; for they had sent messengers to him, had learnt his departure, had sought him throughout the valley, but nowhere found him. Unfortunate, or unfaithful! was the unanimous opinion of the guests present, who separated late, after a consolatory banquet; for which reason, the aunt and the unbetrothed, caught by the thunder storm, had also found it convenient to pass the night in the toll-house, as well as Mr. Quint.

"The wife of the toll-keeper showed me this room," continued the philosopher, "and thought the Reverend Mr. Parson slept here. I am very sorry. I am——"

Bessy saw, in Mr. Quint's honest face, that he did not lie. Verily, she would rather have seen him under other circumstances than these. But unfortunately the mischief was done. They could separate, to be sure, but Bessy had not the power of showing him the door. In the purity of her heart, she thought of nothing evil. The greatest evil that she knew of was his despising her, and wishing to loosen himself from her and Mr. Pyk, and perhaps from a hasty engagement. This it was that had extorted secret tears from her yesterday. In tears she had thrown herself on this bed, and had fallen asleep.

"You will certainly be angry with me, Bessy!" stammered Quint.

"I should have been so yesterday—" returned Bessy, with maidenly blushes.

"Oh, say naught of yesterday," cried Mr. Quint; "I have sinned upardonably. You cannot forgive me!"

He threw down his eyes sadly. Bessy read in his countenance both unaffected sorrow and undissembled love, and had already forgiven him every thing.

"But listen to me, I will confess all to you without reserve; and then if I am yet worthy of your friendship—ah! dared I then hope for forbearance from you, and that the done might be as if undone, oh, then I should not deserve the happiness—but God would not have under his heaven a more blessed man than I. Yes, truly, I will confess what passed yesterday."

So spake Mr. Quint, and related his misfortunes with the most credible honesty and minuteness.

What would the dear girl have rather heard than this tale, in which every word was a new declaration of love? and, as he spoke of his retreat on the hill, his grief, and resolution to renounce the world, and make a long journey, she became sad, and said:

"O no, you must not do that!"

"And I should have done so!" sighed Mr. Quint—"I should have done so if—" Here his hand moved toward hers; here he faltered—but the trembling, involuntary pressure, the stammering, and the sinking of his voice, and the tender entreating look, all betrayed more than his words expressed.

She trembled. Speak she could not. Her glance was lost in his. The future swam before them in its eternal distance. A more beautiful heaven spread itself above, in the glow of morning; a lovelier earth bloomed beneath them. For them there was naught earthly, naught mortal, naught unholy. With the feelings of angels, they wandered through creation, and the call of the Creator to blessedness filled their hearts.

"O, we shall be happy!" cried Mr. Quint, with upraised eyes.

"Happy!" stammered Bessy, and her head sunk slowly with a sigh on his breast.

Beneath the pressure of his hand he felt the delicate golden ring on Bessy's finger. He thought of the fatal yesterday, of the miscarried betrothal, and Mr. Pyk's probable anger.

"It is not too late!" said he, drawing off his ring and placing it upon Bessy's finger.

"Wilt thou give me thine, dear Bessy?" said he.

She handed him the ring.

The betrothal was concluded. Neither spoke a word. The tears that played in their eyes supplied the oath of eternal faith that the lips could not pronounce.

The morning sun beamed on the happy pair, with its purple colored light.

"O, Bessy—my Bessy!" cried Mr. Quint..

Had Mr. Pyk really put in requisition the entire magnificence of Solomon, he could not have celebrated more gloriously the betrothal of this pair than

where it had now taken place, in the rosy light of the morning heavens, among the trill of larks, on the chaste couch in the needy chamber of the toll-keeper.

Mr. Quint forgot his sorrows, and traveling plans. The purple coat, the dusty shoes and the queue were hastily sought and put on. He withdrew modestly from Bessy's chamber, not to disturb his beloved in her toilette.

In the company of her aunt, they drove immediately back to Mr. Pyk's. On the same day, and without a state banquet, the marriage articles were concluded, and fourteen days after, the marriage of the happy pair was solemnized with country simplicity.

But Bessy wore red morocco slippers all her life, in remembrance of the hour in which she had made the conquest.

FOREST MUSINGS.

BY HENRY W. ROCKWELL.

THIS glen, fenced in with beech woods, hath a deep
Religious stillness in its lovely gloom,
Which settles on the spirit in its moods
Of sadness with a quiet sanctity,
That half assuages the perplexities
And ills of life. Here, when thy heart is tired
Of the mad turmoil of the world, and all
Its hypocritical observances:
When thou art weary of humanity,
Or sick of that idolatry to which,
Amid the din of cities, thou hast been
A willing worshiper,—thou shalt not look
In vain beneath these stooping boughs for friends
To soothe and comfort thee. Experience
Is a stern teacher,—yet if thou, for all
Thy persevering bondage to the world,
Hast gained no recompense save weary days,
And cares, whose bitterness has made thy wealth
A very mockery:—if thou hast scorned
Thy better nature, and surrendered up
Its finer sympathies thus to be used
And infamously squandered,—thou shouldst bear
Her rod without complaining. Lose thyself
In the hot thoroughfare,—pile high thy wharves
With the rich freight of merchantmen, and fill
Thy cellars with the juice of vintages,
Yet deem it not a mystery, if thou
Inheritest therewith the wretchedness
Of having learned, by care and suffering,
What wisdom could not teach thee. Thou shalt find
In her morality a truth beyond
The wisdom of the world, yet not until,
With many tears, thou hast endured the deep
Humiliation of adversity:
Not till thou feelest, and that keenly, too,
How black a beggary of soul can sit
Upon a broken fortune, shalt thou own
The virtue of her counsels. They who were
Thy flatterers, while yet thy quays were heaped
With costly merchandise, will then have grown
Cold in their friendship, and their very looks
Shall freeze thee. Haply, in the crowded street
Where once thy voice was clamorous and stern,
Among the sons of commerce thou shalt pass
Unnoticed and ungreeted, till the last
Sad remnant of thy years is worn away
In grief and bitterness.
Such is the deep,
Detestable hypocrisy which thou
Must take for that most holy charity
Which the world prates of. 'T is for thee to learn
The truth of this great lesson,—that the earth
Is full of evil, and when thou art grown
Disgusted with its care and wickedness;
When all the usages of men to thee
Are vile and hateful,—it may be that thou
Wilt seek out purer fountains. Lost amid
The dust and uproar of the bustling mart,
Thou hast forgotten that society
Which might have made thee fitter to withstand
The torment of thy sorrow, and the shock
Of thy humiliation. All that thou
Hast earned in thy detested slavery
Hath in its turn been lost, and what is left
Is but a legacy of wretchedness,
Made up of scorn and insult. Men will look
Contemptibly upon thee, as on one
Whom gold made virtuous, yet if thou hast
That deep communion with the beautiful,
Which is more precious than the charity
Of the tumultuous and heartless world:
If thou hast not forgotten, in the depth
Of thy affliction, that morality
Which dwells in the rich gloom of waving woods,
And on wild mountains—thou hast found a joy
Amid thy deepest sadness, which the world
Shall never take from thee. Approach with awe,
For in these temples He who dwelleth not
In sanctuaries reared by human toil
Shall hear thee, and regard thy feeble prayer,
And give thee consolation! In the sweet,
Cool twilight of these boughs and dancing leaves
Thou shalt find naught to make thee sorrowful,—
For the great world with its idolatries,
And that accursed bondage, into which
Man sells himself for gold, are here unknown
And unregarded. Timidly o'erhead,
The blaze of noon let in through the green roof
Drops in large spots of gold upon fresh beds
Of sprouting wintergreen and mosses strewed
With opened pine-cones. Enter this green nook,
And hear the music of the wind that bends
The branches o'er the pool, for it shall kiss
Thy cheek in sympathy, and thou shalt pass
Back to the haunts of men with fresher thoughts
And firmer resolution. Oh! if thou
Wouldst shake off from thy heart the heavy weight
And torment of adversity,—be wise,
And deem it not vain idleness to gaze
Upon the face of Nature. Thus thy life
Shall pass away in quietude, and when
Thy steps tend downward to the sepulchre,
Thou shalt not go embittered with the thought
That thou couldst find no friends to comfort thee
When thou hadst felt the bitter, biting scorn
Of the unsteady and inconstant world.

as a line of warriors, in front of his tall car, and at a sign from Cloelia all saluted the victorious monarch, while the plain rang with plaudits, and Porsena smiled gently at their beauty and their grace, and the proud Tarquins looked on in wonder, so strange was the demeanor of the maidens, so indecorous and unroman. Once more they broke off into single files—ten files of five girls each—and, wheeling once again through the tumultuous and applauding ranks, they gained the open plain. "One more feat now!" cried Cloelia, waving her hand aloft—"Hurrah! girls, for the Tiber—for Rome! for Rome, hurrah!" and down the steep hillside they dashed amain, and over the green meadow at its base—and on to the abrupt and cliffy bank of the broad fordless river! Her words were heard through all the Latin host, so trumpet-like and clear did she peal forth her silvery accents, and down rushed one and all, archer and spearman, Lucumo and slave, in hot and desperate pursuit. King Porsena lashed out his fiery coursers, and they responded to the scourge, and thundered down the hill precipitate—Sextus spurred out, and Ancus! they only mounted of the Latins!

But vain—vain was the chase and fruitless. Cloelia has reached the brim, and, lashing her fierce charger with her loosened rein, plunged headlong—darkly the yellow stream closed over her—but instant she rose buoyant—she stemmed the wheeling tide, sitting the war-steed gallantly—she is half-way to safety—one by one, in they drove—not a girl feared or faltered—one by one, up they rose with their rich locks disheveled and their white garments dripping. False Sextus reached the bank—he spurred his steed as though he would have followed, but on the very verge his base heart failed him, he drew upon his bridle hard and halted. Curses! a thousand curses on his head!—he brandishes his javelin, he hurls it—the ponderous missile hurtles as it cleaves its way through the autumnal air—within a foot of Cloelia's head it gleams—it falls—it is buried in the shuddering waters. Lo! they have passed the stream—they strain in triumph up the steep bank—they smile serene scorn on the baffled Latins! Ye gods! with what a roar of joyous exultation Rome rushes from her gates, to greet her rescued daughters, to hail the virgin hostage.

THE DYING GIRL.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PIERSON.

It was sad
To see her feeding thus upon her grief,
And life from her young brow and tinted cheek
Wasting away, as fails the little brook
Beneath the drooping flowers.
Oh! deep despair
Held her heart's pulses in a torturing check,
So that her eye was dim and her cheek pale,
Her brain oppressed as by a weight of ice,
While in her heart the burning current lay
Like Ætna's bosomed lava, drying up
The silver springs of being; and her words
Were sad and incoherent, yet most sweet,
Like the low wailing of a sweet toned harp
Broken and "hung upon the willows,"
Where the long weepers, floating on the wind,
Sweep o'er the chords, and waken low, sweet tones,
Which melt into the spirit, as the dews
Come down into the blossom, filling it
With an oppressive sweetness till it droops
And weeps delicious tears.
The moon was down,
The stars were dim, like sleepy watchers' eyes,
The winds, the waters, every thing was still,
So still that one might almost be forgiven
For deeming that the God of Nature slept
Upon her placid breast. The last pale rose
Lay scattered like a broken diadem
Within Lucella's bower. And *she* was there,
Reclined upon her couch, wasted and weak,
And white as alabaster. Round her knelt
Her weeping maidens, while with broken sighs
She murmured of her love. "I feel," she said,
"A sick and drowsy faintness. All my frame
Grows chill and heavy. Carlos, this is death!
Our bridal hour has come. Wait for me, love!
I will go with thee soon."
And so she died.

MOLLY GRAY.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

In thy sad or merry mood,
Pretty, fairy, Molly Gray!
Whether thou art more winning
I can never, never say.

Lost in mute aspirations,
And dreams unapprehended,
I have seen thee stand in tears
Of joy and sadness blended.

And then I've heard thee singing
Joyous, pretty Molly Gray!
With full-hearted gladness,
Like a happy bird in May!

Pretty, fairy, Molly Gray!
What may thy fit emblems be?
Stream or star, or bird or flower—
They are all too poor for thee!

No type to match thy beauty
My wandering fancy brings,
Not fairer than its chrysalis,
Thy soul with her golden wings!



THE ORPHAN GIRL.

OR SEEKING A PLACE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MARRIED [illegible]

away, when the rapidly failing health of Mrs. Winthrop induced her to yield to the urgent entreaties of

would see her—

"You *thought*," repeated Mrs. Gore, in an accent of



THE ORPHAN GIRL.

OR SEEKING A PLACE.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," "PRIZE STORIES," ETC.

"God help you, my poor child," said Mr. Franklin kindly to Grace Winthrop; "an orphan with your bread to seek. Yours is a sorrowful fate. 'T is a cold hard world for the young and friendless to struggle with, and would I could shelter you from its neglect and unkindness; but you know I have scarce wherewithal to feed mine own."

"Dear sir," replied the poor girl, gratefully, "call me not friendless while I have you and Mrs. Franklin to look to for counsel and affection. I know all your kind heart would suggest, but believe me, in giving me shelter and protection until I can procure a situation wherein I can earn an independence, you are giving me all I could desire. I fear not for the future; for although it may be a cold, hard world, yet surely it will not deny the means to one who earnestly seeks an opportunity for exertion and industry—and, as to the neglect and unkindness of strangers, it can scarce add, I think, to the sorrows of one so bereaved as I am," and she glanced sadly at the deep mourning she wore, whose freshness told how recent was the blow from which she suffered. The tone of enthusiastic sorrow announcing such utter desolation of spirit, and yet so mingled with sanguine trust in the future and confidence in herself, would have told even a careless observer that she was young in affection, and ignorant of the world and its trials.

"Earn an independence," repeated Mr. Franklin, mournfully, as he looked at the youthful and delicate creature whom nature never seemed to have intended for the cruel trials fortune had thrown in her path; "there is but little independence, my child, in this world for those who have to gain their daily bread by their daily toil. But why," he added, checking himself, "should I seek to dampen the hopes that sustain you? Forebodings only darken the present, while anticipation cannot lighten the future, and," continued he, more cheerfully, "we none of us know what is in store for us. You mean then to answer this advertisement of Mrs. Gore's?"

"Yes sir. I shall call there this morning."

Our heroine was not only an orphan, as we have stated, but a stranger in a strange land. Her father had been a man of family and fortune, and Grace had been reared in all the refinements and luxury of wealth. But misfortune had overtaken them, and when Mr. Winthrop died all that was left his widow was her right of dower, which, though small, was sufficient to supply the moderate wants of herself and daughter. Two or three years had thus passed quietly away, when the rapidly failing health of Mrs. Winthrop induced her to yield to the urgent entreaties of Grace, and seek for more skillful medical aid in one of the larger cities than could be afforded them in their quiet retirement. They had, therefore, taken lodgings over a book-store kept by Mr. Franklin, who, with his good wife, soon became interested in the invalid and her lovely daughter, which interest kindled into affection for the unhappy girl when she was shortly after left alone, friendless and unprotected, without the means to supply her daily wants. They knew that her birth and education entitled her to a different sphere than that in which misfortune had cast her, and they felt that she was of different clay and superior workmanship from the beings around her, and with an innate generosity and refinement of feeling so frequently found in the middle classes for those whom misfortune has humbled, they acknowledged the superiority of her acquirements and the elegance of her manners, as much in poverty as they could have done in her prouder fortunes, and treated her with a respect and consideration that, under the present circumstances, few in the wealthier classes in which she was born would have accorded her.

"A lady wishes to speak with you, ma'am," said the servant to Mrs. Gore.

"Who can it be at this hour?" exclaimed Mrs. Gore, with surprise. "Is it a lady, or only a woman, Susan?" continued she, impatiently. "You do make such strange mistakes."

"I think she bes a lady, ma'am," said the girl; "she seems young and delicate like."

"Well! well!" interrupted her mistress. "I can see no one now. Tell her I am engaged."

"I think, ma'am, she wants to see you about something particular," continued the girl, as she lingered at the door.

"Do as I *bid* you," replied the lady, imperatively. "Say I am engaged. You should have said so at first. You know I never see any one before twelve o'clock," and Mrs. Gore resumed her occupation, which happened to be counting her silver ere she replaced it in her pantries, being part of the usual routine of her morning duties, in which she prided herself on never allowing any thing to interrupt her.

The servant came back presently with,

"Please, ma'am, when will she return? she wants to see you about an advertisement."

"Oh," said Mrs. Gore, "a governess, I suppose. Tell her she may call in about two hours."

The kind-hearted servant-girl waited a moment, as she said, "She seems very tired, and I thought if you would see her—"

"You *thought*," repeated Mrs. Gore, in an accent of

amazement at an inferior's taking such a liberty; "and pray, what business have you to *think*? Do as I command you, instantly," and the girl disappeared with her message.

"In about two hours," said Grace Winthrop, faintly. "I will call then at twelve o'clock," and she slowly turned from the door, uncertain what direction to take, as Mr. Franklin lived almost at the opposite extremity of the city to that in which Mrs. Gore resided, and the distance therefore precluded her returning there to retrace her steps within the appointed time, and to expend the little of her remaining strength in wandering up and down the streets during the interval occupied by Mrs. Gore in counting silver, ordering dinner, and scolding servants, was the only alternative left her.

Weary and faint, Grace Winthrop once more presented herself at Mrs. Gore's door, and this time not in vain. She was ushered in the parlor, where she found the mistress of the mansion, who advanced to meet her as she said,

"You are the young woman who called this morning, I suppose? Sit down."

Grace trembled a little, and her voice faltered as she answered the questions put her by Mrs. Gore, who fixed her cold gray eyes with the most scrutinizing expression and unwinking gaze upon the poor girl's face, as if she would read every lineament in the expectation of finding falsehood and imposition in some feature or look.

"You are an orphan, you say?" she asked, in a suspicious tone, as if dubious of the fact. "How long since you lost your parents?"

"My father some years ago; my mother," she added, drawing a long quick breath, "not two months since."

Mrs. Gore proceeded, in the same tone of unfeeling curiosity, to inquire into our heroine's present situation and past history, what had been her father's means, and how her mother had been maintained, interspersed with remarks as to their improvidence in leaving their child so unprovided for.

"You have no friends, then, but these Franklins, in whose house you happened to board?"

"None in this city, madam; but I am permitted to refer to the Rev. Mr. C., of P., who has known me from childhood, and to Madam B., by whom I was educated, for testimonials as to the requisite qualifications for the situation I propose to fill."

"Mr. C., of P.? I do not know him—never heard of him," replied Mrs. Gore, seeming rather to doubt the existence of such an individual. "You were educated at Mrs. B's. You speak French, of course, and understand the piano?"

"Yes, madam," replied Grace, modestly but firmly.

"German and the harp, also?"

"Neither," answered Grace.

"Neither!" repeated Mrs. Gore, in an accent of surprise, and distending her cold gray eyes, as if ears alone could hardly take in so monstrous an assertion. "Neither? German is now so generally studied that it has become almost an indispensable part of a liberal education, and if my daughters were to study but one language, I should select the German, not only for its rich stores of literature, (Mrs. Gore did not herself understand a word of the language, and seldom read in any,) but also as a discipline for the mind. I consider its study essential," and, mounting her stilts, the lady talked a little unintelligible nonsense, calculated to impress Grace with a deep sense of her own deficiency in the requisites for imparting the liberal and enlarged course of education expected by Mrs. Gore for her daughters.

"How old are you?" asked Mrs. Gore.

"Nineteen, madam," answered Grace.

"Scarce as old as that, I should imagine," rejoined Mrs. Gore, and she continued with added severity of look and voice, "you do not look strong. Is your health good?"

The sharpness with which these questions were put would seem to have indicated that delicate health and feeble constitution were faults not to be pardoned in one "seeking a place."

Grace's pale face flushed a little as she answered, "The long confinement attendant on my mother's illness has enfeebled me somewhat, but my constitution is naturally strong, and I have never been seriously indisposed in my life."

"What salary would you expect?" was the next inquiry, but, taking advantage of the momentary hesitation of our heroine, she continued, with quickness and decision, "you must be aware that your youth and inexperience, and ignorance of the harp and German, will be an obstacle in most families to your obtaining any situation higher than that of a nursery governess. Your friendless position, however, interests me, and should I, upon inquiry, find your story correct (Grace colored deeply) I might be induced to overlook deficiencies that I must supply at the great expense of procuring masters; of course, therefore, I should not think of giving you over fifty dollars a year, but, as a home must be your first object, that is as much, I presume, as you could expect to receive."

Fifty dollars a year! Poor Grace gasped for breath. Less than the wages of a housemaid, to one to whom the moral and mental culture of a family of young daughters was to be intrusted!

"On those terms, which few would offer you," continued the lady, sharply, "I am willing to engage you for six months."

Grace hesitated as she answered, "I must consult my friends first, madam, on the subject, as the terms are much less than I have been led to expect."

"Oliver asking for more," could scarcely have excited greater indignation than the modest answer of poor Grace.

"As you please," replied Mrs. Gore, haughtily. "I am sorry to see so grasping and avaricious a disposition in one so young. Most girls in your situation would be glad to secure the respectability and comforts of such a home as this, with a sufficiency—but as you please."

Grace rose, and, with beating heart and burning cheeks, took her leave of Mrs. Gore.

"She has temper," said that lady, turning to her sister, who happened to be in the room, in a tone of

displeasure at making the discovery of poor Grace's being mortal. "Did you see how she colored. Such notions as these people have. It is truly disgusting."

Thus ended Grace Winthrop's first essay at "seeking a place." How much does actual personal experience teach! Grace thought she had drained the cup of sorrow to its dregs when she found herself standing alone in the world, bereaved of the home and friends that had made her past life so happy; and when Mr. Franklin had talked of the neglect and unkindness she must prepare herself to meet, his words fell almost unheeded on her ear, feeling, in the first anguish of her affliction, that earth could add nothing to the sorrows of her present situation. Half an hour's conversation with Mrs. Gore had taught her a very different lesson, and almost changed the current of her nature. She had entered gentle, confiding, dejected—as she left, the heart that she had thought almost broken, throbbed quick with indignation, and her cheeks tingled with her first sense of doubt and impertinence.

"How weak, how foolish I am," said Grace to herself, as she walked on with a rapidity her feeble frame would scarcely have been equal to an hour before; "how foolish, to let this woman's impertinence move me so. Why should I care for the unfeeling remarks of a stranger? Surely I shall not find others like her, and why feel as I do?"

Why, poor Grace? because you are flesh and blood, a bit of poor human nature, a fact that Mrs. Gore, and others in her situation, forget when addressing themselves to those who solicit their aid, kindness, or employ.

Grace now drew from her pocket-book another advertisement, put in her hands by Mr. Franklin. Mrs. Livingston, —— Square. Trembling with agitation and fear, she now presented herself at Mrs. Livingston's door, and, almost to her relief, was told she was "not at home."

"At what hour shall I find her?"

"Indeed, I don't know," replied the man carelessly, who saw at a glance that Grace was a "nobody;" "just after dinner is as good a time as any. They dine at five, about seven, say."

"At seven, then, I will return," and, drawing a long breath, as if relieved for the present from what she felt scarce equal to encounter, Grace turned her footsteps once more to Mr. Franklin's.

Seven o'clock found Grace again at Mrs. Livingston's door. The lady was at home, and in a moment more she was ushered in her presence. This time, however, she was not subject to the searching and suspicious glances which had so pained her in Mrs. Gore's reception, for Mrs. Livingston, who sat playing écarté with a gentleman apparently some years her senior, scarce raised her eyes as she said, carelessly,

"You wish a situation as governess—speak French, of course," and, still continuing her game, said gaily to the gentleman, "*je propose.*"

Grace glanced around the richly furnished apartment, with its mirrors and French ornaments, and her eyes again rested on the delicate and high-bred mistress of the mansion, whose cold but beautiful features seemed unclouded and untouched by any sentiment more profound than that inspired by the macaw or canary whose united notes filled the apartment with a din that scarce permitted Grace to hear her own voice.

"Can you dress hair?" she continued, not raising her eyes to Grace, who, startled and surprised at the question, stammered as she answered—

"No, madam, I do not think I am very skillful in that respect."

"That is unfortunate. Do you understand plaiting and fluting, and where do your parents reside?"

Grace had found some difficulty in entering into her family history with Mrs. Gore, who, however, had extracted the whole by dint of questioning, and she found it scarcely less painful to recapitulate the past to the careless and half listening lady who now addressed her.

"An orphan, without friends," said the gentleman, raising his eyebrows and lowering his voice, as he put up his hand to his mouth to screen the sound from Grace's ear, he added, "a queer story. Have nothing to do with her. I do not like her looks."

At these words, Mrs. Livingston raised her eyeglass, and, for the first time, gave a full and deliberate look at the poor girl, who partly turned away her face to conceal the tears she felt streaming down her cheeks, while the servant girl, who entered just then, did not scruple to follow the example of her superiors in giving Grace a stare, in which, however, good-nature seemed struggling with curiosity; but the man, who had caught the whisper of his master, looked back from the door with a grin that seemed to convey an intimation not quite so benevolent.

"You 'll not suit me," was the calm and cold result of Mrs. Livingston's investigation, and Grace quitted the house with a crushing sense of insult and degradation she had never dreamed of before.

A passionate fit of weeping relieved her overcharged heart, as she retraced her steps to Mr. Franklin's house, where the warm and cordial sympathy of her humble but kind friends once more encouraged and soothed her.

"Hope cometh with the morning," and Grace rose on the morrow with renewed strength and resolution. One place yet remained untried. Mrs. Cuningham, she trusted, would prove very different from either of the ladies on whom she had already called. Grace was this time more fortunate than she had been in either of her previous visits, for she found the lady at home and ready to receive her; she was admitted, therefore, at once, and found Mrs. Cuningham surrounded by a group of children. She rose as our heroine entered, and, advancing to meet Grace kindly, invited her to be seated.

"Now, Johnny, darling," she said, turning to a little fellow some four years old, "do n't play drum for a few minutes, while mamma is talking to Miss Winthrop."

Johnny stopped for a moment, as he stood staring with his round eyes at Grace, and then began rub-a-dub-dub.

"He is so delighted with his birth-day present," continued the mother, gazing with delight at her boy. "Come here, Johnny, and show your drum to this lady," but Johnny never budged, and the rub-a-dub-dub continued without pause or mercy.

"He is our only boy, Miss Winthrop," continued Mrs. Cuningham; "I have six girls, but this is our only son. Come here, Fanny, here Charlotte," and she called little girl after little girl, whose platter faces, and pig-tails, and black silk aprons, seemed all cut after the same pattern, only varying from each other an inch or so in height.

After a little conversation as to acquirements and references, Mrs. Cuningham said,

"I should wish to impress upon you, my dear Miss Winthrop, the importance of studying the different minds of your young pupils. It is not so much in stated lessons that I look for their improvement, as to that instruction which is imparted in familiar conversation, which amuses without fatiguing the youthful mind; and, above all, I would not have them forced forward too fast. You will find Gertrude very precocious, full of ambition and excitability. Emma, again, is timid and retiring, and requires encouragement and approbation. Fanny is a child of very peculiar turn of mind, and I think it better always to yield to the prevailing train of thought and feeling which governs her for the moment; and Helen," but what was Helen's peculiarity we forget, but something that betokened rare endowments, and so Grace found that the Misses Cuningham were all very uncommon children, though from their round flat faces no mortal would have suspected it. That Mrs. Cuningham was a weak woman, and the children somewhat spoilt, required but little observation to discover, but then there was kindness in the mother's tones, and love even in her folly, and although she might and probably would overtax Grace's strength and severely try her patience, the terms being much nearer those Grace had named to herself than the sum offered her by Mrs. Gore, she gladly closed with the offer.

"We shall leave the city, however, in a few days for the summer," said Mrs. Cuningham, "and I shall not be able to receive you under two months. By the middle of September I shall expect to see you."

This somewhat disappointed Grace, as she could not bear intruding longer on the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin, but they would not hear a word to the contrary.

"Dear, dear Grace," said little Helen, putting her arms around her neck,. "how sorry I shall be when you go away from us. And then I must give up my music too, for papa says he cannot afford to give me a teacher."

"Dear child," said Grace, kissing her affectionately, "I do not mean to let you give up your music. I expressly arranged with Mrs. Cuningham that I am to have every Saturday afternoon to give you your lesson."

"Dear, sweet, good Grace," exclaimed the child, joyfully. "Now, you must sing me one of your beautiful songs after tea, wont you? It is so long since you have sung for us."

"What an exquisite voice! Mr. Franklin, who is that singing?" said a young gentleman who happened to be purchasing some books in the front store. "Such perfect taste and finished execution," continued the young man, with enthusiasm.

"My daughter is taking her lesson," replied the good man, not quite attending to the question, and still thinking of his little Helen's "Away with Melancholy," which he looked upon as a master-piece in music.

Whether by design or accident, Mr. Harrison was purchasing some trifle in the store at about the same hour the next evening, and listening with delight to the same melody that had so entranced him the night before.

"You seem very fond of music, Mr. Harrison," said Mr. Franklin. "Perhaps you would like to step into the back room and hear my little girl play?"

"I should indeed, sir," replied the young man eagerly, delighted at an opportunity of seeing the unknown songstress, although Helen's "Away with Melancholy" was to be the penalty. If he had been surprised at hearing such music in such a quarter, how was that surprise heightened in seeing the fair performer herself. The uncommon loveliness and elegance of Grace would have struck him, no matter in what circle he had met her, and certainly the small back parlor and little front shop did not lessen the illusion of that beauty and elegance.

To appear charmed with the child's music was a matter of course, nor was he satisfied until he had heard "Away with Melancholy" three times, when the little girl declared that now it was "Miss Winthrop's turn to sing," on which Mr. Harrison ventured to second her petition, and Mr. Franklin, whose gratified paternal vanity would not willingly have refused the young man any request at the present moment, would not allow Grace to quit the piano, and thus two hours passed with a rapidity scarce any of the party were aware of.

The interest Mr. Harrison henceforth took in little Helen's music was quite surprising, and Mr. Franklin, with all the simplicity in the world, gave him free access to that little back parlor, which was now becoming the plainest frame work to the prettiest romance ever woven by youth, beauty, and music.

Independent in fortune, enthusiastic in temperament, Mr. Harrison had only to consult his own heart and Grace's eyes to lead him to a decision, and ere the middle of September had come round the blushing and happy Grace had made engagements which prevented her from fulfilling that already formed with Mrs. Cuningham, who was a little inclined to murmur and think Grace "selfish" in preferring her own happiness to *her* convenience.

Established in her own house, a loved and loving wife, courted by the gay, and flattered by the prosperous, Grace ever remembered and treated her early friends with the gratitude and respect due their worth and generosity, and, above all, never forgot to receive with kindness and sympathy those whose sad lot it was to be "*seeking a place.*"

TALK WITH TIME,

AT THE CLOSING OF THE YEAR.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THEE, Old Time, with the forelock gray,
While the year in its dotage is passing away,
Come sit by my hearth, ere the embers fail,
And hang thy scythe on yon empty nail,
And tell me a tale, 'neath this wintry sky,
Of the deeds thou hast done, as its months swept by.

"I have cradled the babe, in the church-yard wide,
From the husband's arms I have taken the bride,
I have cloven a path through the ocean's floor,
Where many have sunk, to return no more,
I have humbled the strong, with their dauntless breast,
And laid the old on his staff to rest.

"I have loosened the stone on the ruin's height,
Where the curtaining ivy was rank and bright,
I have startled the maid on her couch of down,
With a sprinkle of white mid her tresses brown,
I have rent from his idols the proud man's hold,
And scattered the hoard of the miser's gold."

"Is this all? Are thy chronicles traced alone,
In the riven heart and the burial stone?"
"No. Love's young chain I have twined with flowers,
Have awakened the song in the rose-crowned bowers,
Have reared the trophy for wealth and fame,
And paved the road for the cars of flame.

"Look to the child—it hath learned from me
The word that it lisps at the mother's knee;
Look to the sage—who from me hath caught
The kindling fires of his heavenward thought;
Look to the saint—who hath nearer trod
Toward the angel-host at the throne of God.

"I have planted seeds in the soul that bear
The fruits of Heaven in a world of care;
I have breathed on the tear till its orb grew bright
As the diamond drops in the fields of light;
Ask of thy heart, hath it e'er confest
A germ so pure, or a tear so blest."

The clock struck twelve, from the steeple gray,
And seizing his hour-glass, he strode away,
But his hand, at parting, I feared to clasp,
For I saw the scythe in its earnest grasp,
And read in the glance of his upward eye
His secret league with Eternity.

THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES.

BY ISAAC F. SHEPHERD.

THE banners of high heaven are out,
They float along the sky,
And angel voices seem to shout
The daylight's lullaby;
There's music in the summer air,
And beauty on the earth,
Wiling the heart from life and care,
While holy thoughts have birth.

I 'm living o'er in memory now
The moments of the past,
When o'er the hill-top's fading brow
The sunset rays flew fast:
There sat one with me, by the brook
That gurgled at our feet,—
Oh! star-like was her saintly look,
Her voice like music sweet.

Her cheek like lilies dipped in wine,
Her breath of Paradise,
Fanned coals within this heart of mine
To flame that never dies:
Her garments were of purest white,
Her tread like fawns at play,—
She spoke of Heaven with smiles of light,
And heavenward went her way.

Into the spirit-land she went,
Nor brother's voice heard she,
When at her grave I lonely bent
And wept full bitterly:
Full bitterly my tears fell down
Her lowly bed beside,
But tears could not the love-flame drown
That blazed like lava tide.

Into the spirit-land went she,
The maiden of the skies,
But left behind the purity
That in love's lesson lies!
I cherish it within my soul
And hear her voice divine,
I see the azure vault unroll,
The maiden's smiles are mine!

Her footsteps in the west I see,
In purple clouds half hid,
That roll and float so gorgeously
When the day's farewell is bid:
Her sister seraphs with her come
And beckon to me there,
To meet them in that upper home,
In love's own temple fair.

I am not sorry that she died,
And went so young to Heaven—
Though blessings cluster this beside
The holiest then was given;
For when good thoughts by night or day
Urge me to Paradise,
I meet my sister on the way—
The maiden of the skies!
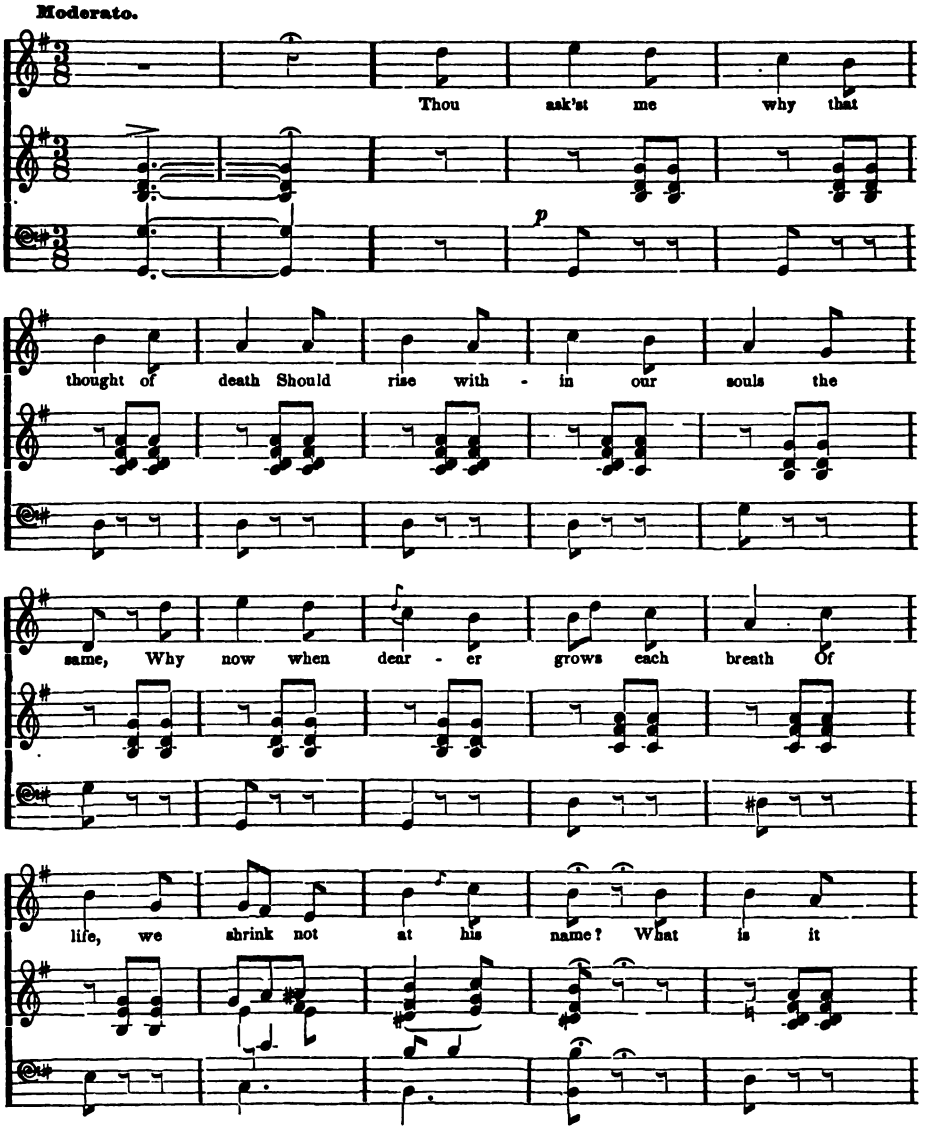
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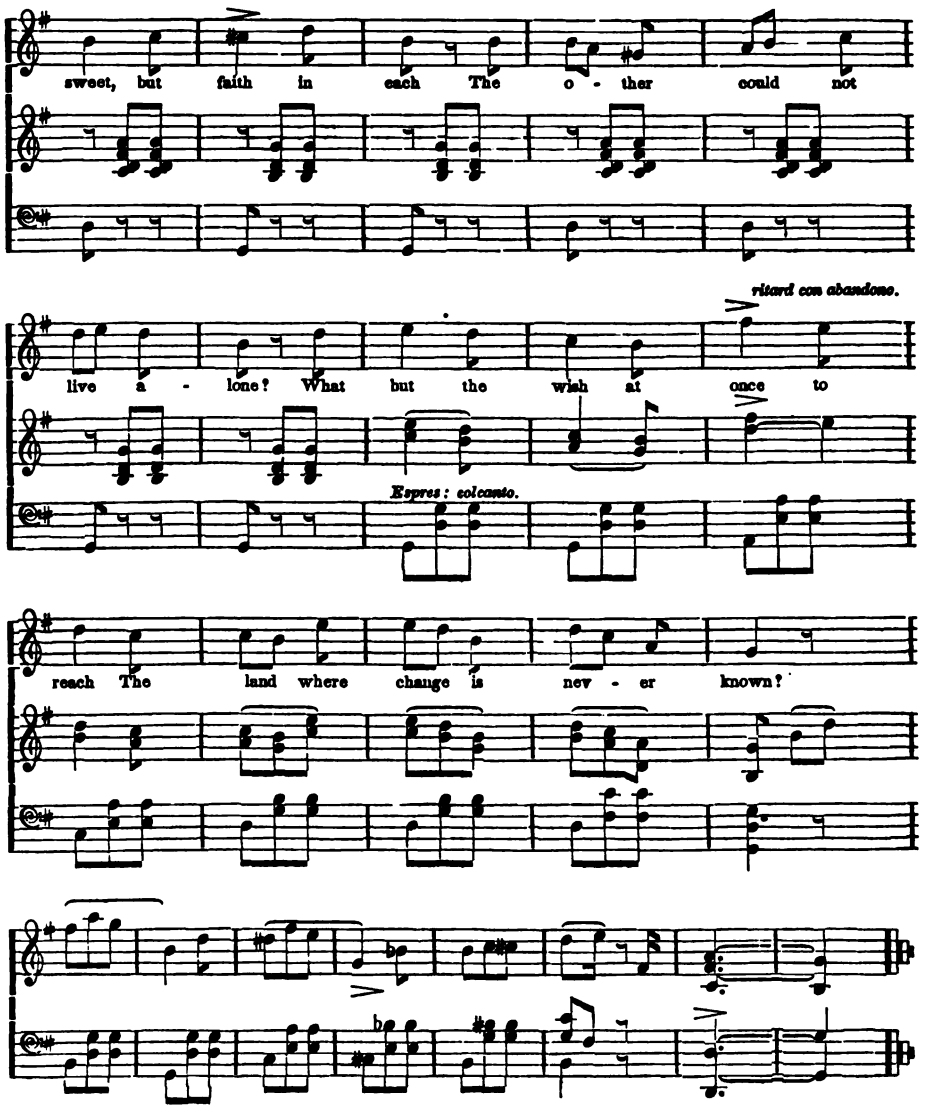
WORDS BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

MUSIC BY GIORGIO ROMANI.

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SECOND VERSE.

As parted here we dare not think
Of wearying years to come between—
Nay, start not, love, as on the brink
Of what may be—as it hath been—
We only part like twin-born rays
Diverging from the morning sun,
Again within his orb to blaze,
When fused in Heaven into one.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Songs and Miscellaneous Poems. By Barry Cornwall. New York: Morris, Willis, & Co., 1844.

When the smiles of the muse brighten the intervals of a professional life, when she scatters flowers along the path of toilsome duty, and proffers a refreshing cup to the wayfarer, how pleasant and cheering is her aspect! Then we forget the annals of privation and despondency with which the idea of a poet is too often associated. We bless the art that keeps alive, in the midst of worldly influence, the original beauty of the soul. We hail as divine the inspiration that, from time to time, woos the busy denizen of a crowded metropolis to the altar of a sweet and high communion. Thus the ideal redeems the actual. Thus the mind casts off its work-day vestments, and is arrayed anew in the white robe of childhood: and the heart is freed from the harsh fetters of care and custom, to grow brave and fresh again in the holy air of song. Of the many aspects which the poetic life exhibits, there is none more benign than this; and perhaps in no country is it more frequently presented than our own. Some of the noblest effusions, which we read with a glow of pride at the thought of their American origin, sprung earnestly from musings that intervals of leisure afforded. Like wild-flowers that shed a delicate odor from the interstices of a rocky cliff, they come forth in the holiday moments of a toilsome life. And for this very cause are they often more vigorous and lovely. It is erroneous to commiserate too strongly the ungenial existence to which many poets are doomed. Perhaps they are no warmer lovers of the muse than those who are only permitted occassionally to woo her favors. The shrine is more reverently approached by the pilgrim from afar than the familiar worshiper. Poetry is often more beloved by one whose daily vocation is amid the bustle of the world. We read of a fountain in Arabia upon whose basin is inscribed "drink and away;" but how delicious is that hasty draught, and how long and brightly the thought of its transient refreshment dwells in the memory! Contrast is a great element of mental activity. The mind of the scholar often becomes dull and morbid from the very monotony of his impressions; while the man of ideal spirit, whose lot is cast amid stern realities, turns with a passionate interest and the keenest relish to intellectual pastime and poetic freedom. His productions often have a glow and life which men of ampler opportunities vainly strive to attain; and the spirit of love in which he labors makes bright and moving the graces of his song. Thus, although Mr. Procter tells us that

> ——the spirit languishes and lies
> At mercy of life's dull reality;

Yet again he exclaims—

> Oh! never shall thy name, sweet Poesy,
> Be flung away or trampled by the crowd,
> As a thing of little worth, while I aloud
> May (with a feeble voice indeed,) proclaim
> The sanctity, the beauty of thy name.
> Thy grateful servant am I, for thy power
> Has solaced me through many a wretched hour;
> In sickness, ay, when frame and spirit sank,
> I turned me to thy crystal cup and drank
> Intoxicating draught.

And again:

> ——although the muse and I have parted,
> She to her airy height and I to toil,
> Not discontent, nor wroth, nor gloomy-hearted,
> Because I now must till a rugged soil.
>
> With learned Milton, Steele, and Shakspeare sage
> I commune when the laboring day is over,
> Filled with a deep delight, like some true lover
> Whom frowning fate may not entirely sever
> From her whose love, perhaps, is lost forever.

Procter was at Harrow, with Byron, and while his noble classmate was enjoying the leisure that fortune secures, gave his youthful hours to the dry tasks of a conveyancer. At the town of Calne, in Wiltshire, where he was placed in the office of a solicitor, his social advantages were great, for among the residents were Crabbe, Moore and Bowles. The early diversity in the circumstances of Byron and Procter marked their subsequent career. Of the noble poet about as much is known as it is possible to communicate. The most minute details of his life have become public property. His path has been traced in all its windings, the particulars of his daily conduct "set in a note-book," and his most casual talk chronicled. Within a very few years, a play was duly represented in the north of Italy, entitled "Lord Byron at Venice," in which fact and fiction were ludicrously blended. If Procter has no claim to such genius as his juvenile companion—if, as he says,

> At Harrow, where, as here *he* has a name,
> I—I 'm not even on the list of fame;

There remains to the humbler bard rich consolation in the thought of having escaped that microscopic inspection and universal comment which marred the peace, and profaned the reputation of Byron. Even when the young solicitor chose to emerge from obscurity, and present his meek appeal for a place in the English Parnassus, he came before the public under the assumed name of Barry Cornwall. This title has now become endeared to the lovers of poetry, and is associated with charming graces of diction and overflowings of sentiment that make its very mention like the tone of a favorite instrument. It is easily gathered from the writings of Procter that his life, devoted as it mainly has been to professional labor, boasts a tasteful spirit, that genius has redeemed and hallowed it, and that music, books, and flowers, the love of woman, the presence of childhood, the companionship of the good and the gifted, and fond dalliance with the muses, have kept fresh the dreams of youth and brightened the stream of daily thought with the starlight of poetry.

The better moments of this man, as revealed in his writings, bespeak him of a gentle nature and a modest bearing. Ill health and a meditative disposition give a pleasing melancholy to many of his productions, but it is mingled with a quiet enthusiasm and native tenderness that charm without exciting. His most original efforts are the Dramatic Scenes. In certain points of style, these are modeled upon the old English dramas; but they abound with a winning simplicity and graceful sentiment evidently born in the poet's mind. There is nothing stilted or strained in their flow. Like clear streams winding beneath odorous

branches, amid flowery banks, in the soft moonbeams or cheerful sunshine, they steal pleasantly onward. They enlist the reader's sympathy by a kind of delicate truthfulness, and lead him, as they did the public at their first appearance, cordially to hail the author as a genuine poet. "Mirandola" is a tragedy which combines not a few of the merits of the "Dramatic Scenes," and the dialogue is throughout interesting. "Marcian Colonna" contains passages of peculiar power, and describes some of the most subtle of human feelings with rare skill. The rhyme is, perhaps, too unstudied, and the metre and manner free even to carelessness, but there are many felicitious turns of thought and expression to balance such defects. "The Flood of Thessaly" is an uncommon blank verse poem. It is well sustained, and exhibits sometimes a Miltonic command of language. Beside these and many other elaborate poems, Barry Cornwall has written a volume of songs, many of which have become favorites from their feeling tone and tasteful simplicity.

A peculiar attraction in the poetry of this author, is a certain spontaneous manner which gives the idea of sincerity. His best efforts seem unpremeditated. They begin as if he knew not how they would end. He appears to write as the bee stores its honey, from an instinctive principle. There is an apparent absence of art, a tone of quiet inspiration analogous to that of an improvisatore. Some beautiful object, some touching narrative or moving experience captivates his mind, and, as if impelled by the enthusiasm of the moment, he puts it into rhyme, pausing as he goes along to indulge in a sympathizing reverie, or turn aside with an ardent apostrophe. Expression would appear easy to Barry Cornwall. Few traces of retention of thought and dearth of language are discoverable. This delightful freedom, this apparent unconsciousness of critical barriers and rules of diction, give a flowing grace and a captivating ease to verse that to many readers is an essential charm. It is akin to the pleasure of hearing a singer who appears to warble like a bird, without effort. But the facility is dangerous. It leads to haste, carelessness, want of finish, and repetition of ideas. The poet's gold is often beaten out until it becomes thin and weak; the frame is too loose to hold the picture; the beautiful image looses its fine outline, and the deep sentiment its force for want of concentration and delicate care. And such are the blemishes in the poetry of Procter. Yet certain portions of his poems are wrought with exquisite skill, and display a verbal as well as an intrinsic beauty, like the dainty phrases which writers of taste cull from the old dramatists.

Here are some beautiful thoughts sweetly uttered:

How fine
And marvelous the subtle intellect is.
Beauty's creator! it adorns the body
And lights it like a star. It shines forever,
And, like a watch-tower to the infidel,
Shows there 's a land to come.

—

The mind is full
Of curious changes that perplex itself,
Just like the visible world; and the heart ebbs
Like the great sea, first flows and then retires:
And on the passions doth the spirit ride,
Through sunshine and in rain, from good to ill,
Then to deep vice, and so on back to virtue;
Till in the grave, that universal calm,
We sleep the sleep eternal.

—

In budding, happiness is likest wo:
Great thought is pain until the strengthened mind
Can lift it into light: the soul is blind
Until the suns of years have cleared away
The film that hangeth round its wedded clay.

—

Half the ills we hoard within our hearts,
Are ills because we hoard them.

As specimens of fine imagery, take the following:

A month ago I was happy! No;
Not happy, yet encircled by deep joy,
Which, though 't was all around, I could not touch.
But it was ever thus with Happiness:
It is the gay to-morrow of the mind
That never comes.

—

No matter.
I 'll take my way alone, and burn away—
Evil or good I care not, so I spread
Tremendous desolation on my road:
I 'll be remembered as huge meteors are
By the dismay they scatter.

—

I seem to go
Calmly, yet with a melancholy step,
Onward, and onward. Is there not a tale
Of some man (an Arabian as I think)
Who sailed upon the wide sea many days,
Tossing about, the sport of winds and waters,
Until he saw an isle, toward which his ship
Suddenly turned? there is: and he was drawn,
As by a magnet on, slowly, until
The vessel neared the isle; and then it flew
Quick as a shooting star, and dashed itself
To pieces. Methinks I am that man.

—

She came amidst the lovely and the proud
Peerless; and when she moved the gallant crowd
Divided, *as the obsequious vapors light*
Divide to let the queen moon pass by night.

—

Hail
Shot shattering down, and thunders roared aloud,
And the wild lightning from his dripping shroud
Unbound his arrowy pinions blue and pale,
And darted through the heavens.

Sentiment is the characteristic of Barry Cornwall. He certainly has written some descriptive fragments of striking beauty, but his pictures of scenery possess no great originality. They remind us of other poets. Their traits are of a general kind, and do not often constitute the chief attraction of the poem. It is in unfolding a sentiment, in giving expression to feeling, that we chiefly recognize the individuality of this minstrel. Whatever the reader may think of his eye for nature or the scope of his fancy, he cannot fail to realize his sensibility and tenderness. He evidently delights in portraying the workings of the heart. Without the passion of Byron, the directness of Burns, or the reflective power of Wordsworth, Barry Cornwall possesses a delivery and refined earnestness of soul that enables him to speak of love with a rare and touching grace. Hence his poems are chiefly based upon tales of "the sweet south." He has sought in warm climes and among an imaginative race the materials of his song. There is no modern English poet who surpasses our author in delineating the tender passion. His women are like those of Shakspeare, the very creatures of affection. They live and move only in an atmosphere of sentiment. Scattered through his works we have the most charming delineations of human feeling as modified by mental refinement and a fanciful spirit. There is a kind of staple imagery for love scenes that is easily appropriated. A very respectable tone of devotion can be invented without difficulty; but the poetry of affection that moves must be sincere. It must spring from a nature capable of deep and romantic feeling. Its hues must be caught from the rosy flame it would depict; and its tenderness flow from the fountains of emotion in the heart of the bard. Thus is it with much of the poetry of Barry Cornwall, as a few concluding extracts will illustrate:

I thought thou wast my better angel, doomed
To guide me through this solitary life
To some far-off immortal place
Where spirits of good assemble to keep watch
Till the foundations of the earth shall fail.

I loved thee as became mortality
Glancing at Heaven.

—

I have quaffed
Life from the lips of beauty, and shall I
Who've banqueted like a god, be now content
With meagre fare, or trust to mortal drugs,
And run a common idler through the world,
With not a heart to own me?

—

Oh! thou bright Heaven, if thou art calling now
Thy brighter angels to thy bosom-rest,
For lo! the brightest of thy host is gone—
Departed—and the earth is dark below.
From land to land I'll roam, in all a stranger,
And as the body gains a braver look
By staring in the face of many winds,
So from the sad aspects of different things
My soul shall pluck a courage and bear up
Against the past.

—

My love, my love!
How proudly will we pass our lives together;
And wander heart-linked through the busy world
Like birds in Eastern story.

—

Give me an intellectual, nobler life;
Not fighting like the herded elephants, which,
Beckoned by some fierce slave, go forth to war,
And trample in the dust their fellow-brute.
But let *me* live amongst high thoughts and smiles
As beautiful as love; with grasping hands,
And a heart that flutters with diviner life,
Where'er my step is heard.

—

My own sweet love! oh! my dear peerless wife!
By the blue sky and all its crowding stars,
I love you better—oh! far better than
Woman was ever loved. There's not an hour
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee:
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon
But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale
Of thee, my love, to thy Mirandola.

—

No voice of parent spoke
Ungentle words, which now too often mar
Life's first fair passion: then no gods of gold
Usurping swayed with bitter tyranny
That sad domain, the heart. Love's rule was free
(Ranging through boundless air, and happy heaven
And earth,) when Pyrrha wed the Titan's son.

—

——there she pined,
Pale as a propheteas whose laboring mind
Gives out its knowledge; *but her upraised eyes*
Shone with the langwid light of one who loves or dies.

—

Then Love came—Love! How like a star it streamed
In infancy upon me, till I dreamed,
And 't was as pure and almost cold a light,
And led me to the sense of such delight
As children know not; so at last I grew
Enamor'd of beauty and soft pain,
And felt mysterious pleasure wander through
My heart, and animate my childish brain.

—

He loved: O how he loved! his heart was full
Of that immortal passion, which alone
Holds through the wide world its eternal rule
Supreme, and with its deep, seducing tone,
Winneth the wise, the young, the beautiful,
The brave, and all to bow before its throne;
The sun and soul of life, the end, the gain,
The rich requital of an age of pain.

—

O, melancholy Love! amid thy fears,
Thy darkness, thy despair, there runs a vein
Of pleasure, like a smile 'midst many tears—
The pride of sorrow that will not complain—
The exultation that in after years
The loved one will discover—and in vain,
How much the heart silently in its cell
Did suffer till it broke, yet nothing tell.

Else—wherefore else doth lovely woman keep
Lock'd in her heart of hearts, from every gaze
Hidden, her struggling passion—wherefore weep
In grief that never while it flows allays
Those tumults in the bosom buried deep,
And robs her bright eyes of their natural rays.
Creation's sweetest riddle! yet remain
Just as thou art—man's only worthy gain.

—

Oh power of love, so fearful and so fair—
Life of our life on earth, yet kin to care—
Oh! thou day-dreaming spirit, who dost look
Upon the future as the charmed book
Of Fate were opened to thine eyes alone—
Thou who dost cull from moments stolen and gone
Into eternity, memorial things,
To deck the days to come—thy revelings
Were glorious and beyond all others. Thou
Didst banquet upon beauty once; and now
The ambrosial feast is ended! Let it be
Enough to say "*it was.*" Oh! upon me
From thy o'ershadowing wings ethereal
Shake odorous airs, so may my senses all
Be spell-bound to thy service, beautiful power,
And on the breath of every coming hour
Send me faint tidings of the things that were.

—

Quick are fond women's sights and clear their powers,
They live in moments years, an age in hours;
Through every movement of the heart they run
In a brief period with a courser's speed,
And mark, decide, reject; but if indeed
They smile on us—oh! as the eternal sun
Forms and illuminates all to which this earth,
Impregnate by his glance, has given birth,
Even so the smile of woman stamps our fates,
And consecrates the love it first creates.

———

Harpers' Illuminated and New Pictorial Bible. No. 1. New York, 1844. Embellished with Sixteen Hundred Historical Engravings, by J. H. Adams, from original designs by J. G. Chapman.

This splendid edition of the Words of Sacred Writ is worthy of the reputation of the house from which it is issued. We are glad to see enterprise thus directed, and hope that the brilliant success which has attended the publication, will urge the publishers from the multiplication of trashy French novels to efforts to elevate and improve mankind, by fostering a taste for something nobler.

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———

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The portrait of the Hon. R. T. CONRAD will next appear in our Gallery of American Genius, and we flatter ourselves that this feature of *the* magazine meets with the warmest commendation of all our subscribers. Our plan is to give alternately a plate of the fashions, and an original portrait of some well-known writer, thus blending the useful with the ornamental, and making "Graham" a book of reference for the face of every American writer known to fame. This will give the volumes a connecting link from year to year, and enhance the value of the work to every library. These portraits are always accompanied with well-written biographical sketches, so that from no source can so much valuable information in regard to native writers be obtained as in the pages of "GRAHAM." As all are contributors to the magazine, the portraits and sketches are adjuncts necessary in some degree, to the full appreciation of the author.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER and MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS follow immediately after Judge Conrad. Some fifteen others are selected and in the engraver's hands, and we shall continue the series until *every writer*, of whom a portrait can be obtained, shall be embraced in the gallery.


FASHIONS

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EARTH'S HOLOCAUST.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

ONCE upon a time—but whether in time past or time to come, is a matter of little or no moment—this wide world had become so overburthened with an accumulation of worn-out trumpery, that the inhabitants determined to rid themselves of it by a general bonfire. The site fixed upon, at the representation of the insurance companies, and as being as central a spot as any other on the globe, was one of the broadest prairies of the West, where no human habitation would be endangered by the flames, and where a vast assemblage of spectators might commodiously admire the show. Having a taste for sights of this kind, and imagining, likewise, that the illumination of the bonfire might reveal some profundity of moral truth, heretofore hidden in mist or darkness, I made it convenient to journey thither and be present. At my arrival, although the heap of condemned rubbish was as yet comparatively small, the torch had already been applied. Amid that boundless plain, in the dusk of the evening, like a far-off star alone in the firmament, there was merely visible one tremulous gleam, whence none could have anticipated so fierce a blaze as was destined to ensue. With every moment, however, there came foot-travelers—women holding up their aprons, men on horseback, wheelbarrows, lumbering baggage-wagons, and other vehicles, great and small, and from far and near, laden with articles that were judged fit for nothing but to be burnt.

"What materials have been used to kindle the flame?" inquired I of a bystander, for I was desirous of knowing the whole process of the affair, from beginning to end.

The person whom I addressed was a grave man, fifty years old, or thereabout, who had evidently come thither as a looker-on; he struck me immediately as having weighed for himself the true value of life and its circumstances, and therefore as feeling little personal interest in whatever judgment the world might form of them. Before answering my question, he looked me in the face, by the kindling light of the fire.

"Oh, some very dry combustibles," replied he, "and extremely suitable to the purpose—no other, in fact, than yesterday's newspapers, last month's magazines, and last year's withered leaves. Here, now, comes some antiquated trash, that will take fire like a handful of shavings."

As he spoke, some rough-looking men advanced to the verge of the bonfire, and threw in, as it appeared, all the rubbish of the Herald's office; the blazonry of coat-armor, the crests and devices of illustrious families; pedigrees that extended back, like lines of light, into the mist of the dark ages, together with stars, garters, and embroidered collars, each of which, as paltry a bauble as it might appear to the uninstructed eye, had once possessed vast significance, and was still, in truth, reckoned among the most precious of moral or material facts, by the worshipers of the gorgeous past. Mingled with this confused heap, which was tossed into the flames by armfuls at once, were innumerable badges of knighthood, comprising those of all the European sovereignties, and Napoleon's decoration of the Legion of Honor, the ribands of which were entangled with those of the ancient order of St. Louis. There, too, were the medals of our own society of Cincinnati, by means of which, as history tells us, an order of hereditary knights came near being constituted out of the king-quellers of the Revolution. And, besides, there were the patents of nobility of German counts and barons, Spanish grandees, and English peers, from the worm-eaten instrument signed by William the Conqueror, down to the bran-new parchment of the latest lord who has received his honors from the fair hand of Victoria.

At sight of the dense volumes of smoke, mingled with vivid jets of flame that gushed and eddied forth from this immense pile of earthly distinctions, the multitude of plebeian spectators set up a joyous shout, and clapt their hands with an emphasis that made the welkin echo. That was their moment of triumph, achieved, after long ages, over creatures of the same clay and same spiritual infirmities, who had dared to assume the privileges due only to Heaven's better workmanship. But now there rushed toward the blazing heap a gray-haired man, of stately presence, wearing a coat from the breast of which some stars, or other badge of rank, seemed to have been forcibly wrenched away. He had not the tokens of intellectual power in his face; but still there was the demeanor—the habitual, and almost native dignity—of one who had been born to the idea of his own social superiority, and had never felt it questioned till that moment.

"People," cried he, gazing at the ruin of what was dearest to his eyes with grief and wonder, but, nevertheless, with a degree of stateliness; "people, what have you done! This fire is consuming all that marked your advance from barbarism, or that could have prevented your relapse thither. We—the men of the privileged orders—were those who kept alive, from age to age, the old chivalrous spirit; the gentle and generous thought; the higher, the purer, the more refined and delicate life! With the nobles, too, you cast off the poet, the painter, the sculptor—all the beautiful arts; for we were their patrons, and created the atmosphere in which they flourish. In abolishing the majestic distinctions of rank, society loses not only its grace, but its steadfastness—"

More he would doubtless have spoken, but here there arose an outcry, sportive, contemptuous, and indignant, that altogether drowned the appeal of the fallen nobleman, insomuch that, casting one look of despair at his own half-burnt pedigree, he shrunk back into the crowd, glad to shelter himself under his newfound insignificance.

"Let him thank his stars that we have not flung him into the same fire!" shouted a rude figure, spurning the embers with his foot. "And, henceforth, let no man dare to show a piece of musty parchment as his warrant for lording it over his fellows! If he have strength of arm, well and good; it is one species of superiority. If he have wit, wisdom, courage, force of character, let these attributes do for him what they may. But, from this day forward, no mortal must hope for place and consideration by reckoning up the mouldy bones of his ancestors! That nonsense is done away."

"And in good time," remarked the grave observer by my side, in a low voice, however—"if no worse nonsense come in its place. But, at all events, this species of nonsense has fairly lived out its life."

There was little space to muse or moralize over the embers of this time-honored rubbish; for, before it was half burnt out, there came another multitude from beyond the sea, bearing the purple robes of royalty, and the crowns, globes, and sceptres of emperors and kings. All these had been condemned as useless baubles, playthings, at best, fit only for the infancy of the world, or rods to govern and chastise it in its nonage; but with which universal manhood, at its full-grown stature, could no longer brook to be insulted. Into such contempt had these regal insignia now fallen, that the gilded crown and tinseled robes of the player-king, from Drury Lane Theatre, had been thrown in among the rest, doubtless as a mockery of his brother-monarchs on the great stage of the world. It was a strange sight to discern the crown-jewels of England glowing and flashing in the midst of the fire. Some of them had been delivered down from the times of the Saxon princes; others were purchased with vast revenues, or, perchance, ravished from the dead brows of the native potentates of Hindostan; and the whole now blazed with a dazzling lustre, as if a star had fallen in that spot, and been shattered into fragments. The splendor of the ruined monarchy had no reflection, save in those inestimable precious stones. But, enough on this subject. It were but tedious to describe how the Emperor of Austria's mantle was converted to tinder, and how the posts and pillars of the French throne became a heap of coals, which it was impossible to distinguish from those of any other wood. Let me add, however, that I noticed one of the exiled Poles stirring up the bonfire with the Czar of Russia's sceptre, which he afterward flung into the flames.

"The smell of singed garments is quite intolerable here," observed my new acquaintance, as the breeze enveloped us in, the smoke of a royal wardrobe. "Let us get to windward, and see what they are doing on the other side of the bonfire."

We accordingly passed around, and were just in time to witness the arrival of a vast procession of Washingtonians—as the votaries of temperance call themselves now-a-days—accompanied by thousands of the Irish disciples of Father Mathew, with that great apostle at their head. They brought a rich contribution to the bonfire; being nothing less than all the hogsheads and barrels of liquor in the world, which they rolled before them across the prairie.

"Now, my children," cried Father Mathew, when they reached the verge of the fire—"one shove more, and the work is done! And now let us stand off and see Satan deal with his own liquor!"

Accordingly, having placed their wooden vessels within reach of the flames, the procession stood off at a safe distance, and soon beheld them burst into a blaze that reached the clouds, and threatened to set the sky itself on fire. And well it might. For here was the whole world's stock of spirituous liquors, which, instead of kindling a frenzied light in the eyes of individual topers, as of yore, soared upward with a bewildering gleam that startled all mankind. It was the aggregate of that fierce fire which would otherwise have scorched the hearts of millions. Meantime, numberless bottles of precious wine were flung into the blaze, which lapped up the contents as if it loved them, and grew, like other drunkards, the merrier and fiercer for what it quaffed. Never again will the insatiable thirst of the fire-fiend be so pampered! Here were the treasures of famous

bon-vivants—liquors that had been tossed on ocean, and mellowed in the sun, and hoarded long in the recesses of the earth—the pale, the gold, the ruddy juice of whatever vineyards were most delicate—the entire vintage of Tokay—all mingling in one stream with the vile fluids of the common pot-house, and contributing to heighten the self-same blaze. And while it rose in a gigantic spire, that seemed to wave against the arch of the firmament, and combine itself with the light of stars, the multitude gave a shout, as if the broad earth were exulting in its deliverance from the curse of ages.

But the joy was not universal. Many deemed that human life would be gloomier than ever, when that brief illumination should sink down. While the reformers were at work, I overheard muttered expostulations from several respectable gentlemen with red noses, and wearing gouty shoes; and a ragged worthy, whose face looked like a hearth where the fire is burnt out, now expressed his discontent more openly and boldly.

"What is this world good for," said the last toper, "now that we can never be jolly any more? What is to comfort the poor man in sorrow and perplexity?—how is he to keep his heart warm against the cold winds of this cheerless earth?—and what do you propose to give him in exchange for the solace that you take away? How are old friends to sit together by the fireside, without a cheerful glass between them? A plague upon your reformation! It is a sad world, a cold world, a selfish world, a low world, not worth an honest fellow's living in, now that good fellowship is gone forever!"

This harangue excited great mirth among the bystanders. But, preposterous as was the sentiment, I could not help commiserating the forlorn condition of the last toper, whose boon-companions had dwindled away from his side, leaving the poor fellow without a soul to countenance him in sipping his liquor, nor, indeed, any liquor to sip. Not that this was quite the true state of the case; for I had observed him, at a critical moment, filch a bottle of fourth-proof brandy that fell beside the bonfire, and hide it in his pocket.

The spirituous and fermented liquors being thus disposed of, the zeal of the reformers next induced them to replenish the fire with all the boxes of tea and bags of coffee in the world. And now came the planters of Virginia, bringing their crops of tobacco. These, being cast upon the heap of inutility, aggregated it to the size of a mountain, and incensed the atmosphere with such potent fragrance that methought we should never draw pure breath again. The present sacrifice seemed to startle the lovers of the weed more than any that they had hitherto witnessed.

"Well, they've put my pipe out," said an old gentleman, flinging it into the flames in a pet. "What is this world coming to? Every thing rich and racy,—all the spice of life—is to be condemned as useless. Now that they have kindled the bonfire, if these nonsensical reformers would fling themselves into it, all would be well enough!"

"Be patient," responded a stanch conservative; "it will come to that in the end. They will first fling us in, and finally themselves."

From the general and systematic measures of reform, I now turned to consider the individual contributions to this memorable bonfire. In many instances, these were of a very amusing character. One poor fellow threw in his empty purse, and another, a bundle of counterfeit or insolvable bank notes. Fashionable ladies threw in their last season's bonnets, together with heaps of ribbon, yellow lace, and much other half-worn milliner's ware; all of which proved even more evanescent in the fire than it had been in the fashion. A multitude of lovers of both sexes—discarded maids or bachelors, and couples mutually weary of one another—tossed in bundles of perfumed letters and enamored sonnets. A hack-politician, being deprived of bread by the loss of office, threw in his teeth, which happened to be false ones. The Rev. Sidney Smith,—having voyaged across the Atlantic for that sole purpose—came up to the bonfire, with a bitter grin, and threw in certain repudiated bonds, fortified though they were with the broad seal of a sovereign state. A little boy of five years old, in the premature manliness of the present epoch, threw in his playthings; a college graduate, his diploma; an apothecary, ruined by the spread of homœopathy, his whole stock of drugs and medicines; a physician, his library; a parson, his old sermons; and a fine gentleman, of the old school, his code of manners, which he had formerly written down for the benefit of the next generation. A widow, resolving on a second marriage, slily threw in her dead husband's miniature. A young man, jilted by his mistress, would willingly have flung his own desperate heart into the flames, but could find no means to wrench it out of his bosom. An American author, whose works were neglected by the public, threw his pen and paper into the bonfire, and betook himself to some less discouraging occupation. It somewhat startled me to overhear a number of ladies, highly respectable in appearance, proposing to fling their gowns and petticoats into the flames, and assume the garb, together with the manners, duties, offices, and responsibilities, of the opposite sex.

What favor was accorded to this scheme, I am unable to say; my attention being suddenly drawn to a poor, deceived, and half-delirious girl, who, exclaiming that she was the most worthless thing alive or dead, attempted to cast herself into the fire, amid all that wrecked and broken trumpery of the world. A good man, however, ran to her rescue.

"Patience, my poor girl!" said he, as he drew her back from the fierce embrace of the destroying angel. "Be patient, and abide Heaven's will. So long as you possess a living soul, all may be restored to its first freshness. These things of matter, and creations of human fantasy, are fit for nothing but to be burnt, when once they have had their day. But your day is eternity!"

"Yes," said the wretched girl, whose frenzy seemed now to have sunk down into deep despondency; "yes, and the sunshine is blotted out of it!"

It was now rumored among the spectators that all the weapons and munitions of war were to be thrown

into the bonfire, with the exception of the world's stock of gunpowder, which, as the safest mode of disposing of it, had already been drowned in the sea. This intelligence seemed to awaken great diversity of opinion. The hopeful philanthropist esteemed it a token that the millennium was already come; while persons of another stamp, in whose view mankind was a breed of bull-dogs, prophesied that all the old stoutness, fervor, nobleness, generosity, and magnanimity of the race would disappear, these qualities, as they affirmed, requiring blood for their nourishment. They comforted themselves, however, in the belief that the proposed abolition of war was impracticable, for any length of time together.

Be that as it might, numberless great guns, whose thunder had long been the voice of battle—the artillery of the Armada, the battering-trains of Marlborough, and the adverse cannon of Napoleon and Wellington—were trundled into the midst of the fire. By the continual addition of dry combustibles, it had now waxed so intense that neither brass nor iron could withstand it. It was wonderful to behold how these terrible instruments of slaughter melted away like playthings of wax. Then the armies of the earth wheeled around the mighty furnace, with their military music playing triumphant marches, and flung in their muskets and swords. The standard-bearers, likewise, cast one look upward at their banners, all tattered with shot-holes, and inscribed with the names of victorious fields, and, giving them a last flourish on the breeze, they lowered them into the flame, which snatched them upward in its rush toward the clouds. This ceremony being over, the world was left without a single weapon in its hands, except, possibly, a few old king's arms and rusty swords, and other trophies of the Revolution, in some of our state armories. And now the drums were beaten and the trumpets brayed altogether, as a prelude to the proclamation of universal and eternal peace, and the announcement that glory was no longer to be won by blood; but that it would henceforth be the contention of the human race to work out the greatest mutual good, and that beneficence, in the future annals of the earth, would claim the praise of valor. The blessed tidings were accordingly promulgated, and caused infinite rejoicings among those who had stood aghast at the horror and absurdity of war.

But I saw a grim smile pass over the seared visage of a stately old commander—by his war-worn figure and rich military dress, he might have been one of Napoleon's famous marshals—who, with the rest of the world's soldiery, had just flung away the sword that had been familiar to his right hand for half a century.

"Aye, aye!" grumbled he. "Let them proclaim what they please; but, in the end, we shall find that all this foolery has only made more work for the armorers and cannon-founders."

"Why, sir," exclaimed I, in astonishment, "do you imagine that the human race will ever so far return on the steps of its past madness as to weld another sword, or cast another cannon?"

"There will be no need," observed, with a sneer, one who neither felt benevolence, nor had faith in it. "When Cain wished to slay his brother, he was at no loss for a weapon."

"We shall see," replied the veteran commander. "If I am mistaken, so much the better; but, in my opinion—without pretending to philosophize about the matter—the necessity of war lies far deeper than these honest gentlemen suppose. What! Is there a field for all the petty disputes of individuals, and shall there be no great law-court for the settlement of national difficulties? The battle-field is the only court where such suits can be tried!"

"You forget, general," rejoined I, "that, in this advanced stage of civilization, Reason and Philanthrophy combined will constitute just such a tribunal as is requisite."

"Ah, I had forgotten that, indeed!" said the old warrior, as he limped away.

The fire was now to be replenished with materials that had hitherto been considered of even greater importance to the well-being of society than the warlike munitions which we had already seen consumed. A body of reformers had traveled all over the earth, in quest of the machinery by which the different nations were accustomed to inflict the punishment of death. A shudder passed through the multitude, as these ghastly emblems were dragged forward. Even the flames seemed at first to shrink away, displaying the shape and murderous contrivance of each in a full blaze of light, which, of itself, was sufficient to convince mankind of the long and deadly error of human law. Those old implements of cruelty—those horrible monsters of mechanism—those inventions which it seemed to demand something worse than man's natural heart to contrive, and which had lurked in the dusky nooks of ancient prisons, the subject of terror-stricken legend—were now brought forth to view. Headsmen's axes, with the rust of noble and royal blood upon them, and a vast collection of halters that had choked the breath of plebeian victims, were thrown in together. A shout greeted the arrival of the guillotine, which was thrust forward on the same wheels that had borne it from one to another of the blood-stained streets of Paris. But the loudest roar of applause went up, telling the distant sky of the triumph of the earth's redemption, when the gallows made its appearance. An ill-looking fellow, however, rushed forward, and, putting himself in the path of the reformers, bellowed hoarsely, and fought with brute fury to stay their progress.

It was little matter of surprise, perhaps, that the executioner should thus do his best to vindicate and uphold the machinery by which he himself had his livelihood, and worthier individuals their death. But it deserved special note, that men of a far different sphere,—even of that class in whose guardianship the world is apt to trust its benevolence—were found to take the hangman's view of the question.

"Stay, my brethren!" cried one of them. "You are misled by a false philanthrophy!—you know not what you do. The gallows is a Heaven-ordained instrument! Bear it back, then, reverently, and set it up in its old place; else the world will fall to speedy ruin and desolation!"

"Onward, onward!" shouted a leader in the reform. "Into the flames with the accursed instrument of man's bloody policy. How can human law inculcate benevolence and love, while it persists in setting up the gallows as its chief symbol? One heave more, good friends, and the world will be redeemed from its greatest error!"

A thousand hands, that, nevertheless, loathed the touch, now lent their assistance, and thrust the ominous burthen far, far, into the centre of the raging furnace. There its fatal and abhorred image was beheld, first black, then a red coal, then ashes.

"That was well done!" exclaimed I.

"Yes, it was well done," replied—but with less enthusiasm than I expected—the thoughtful observer who was still at my side; "well done, if the world be good enough for the measure. Death, however, is an idea that cannot easily be dispensed with, in any condition between the primal innocence and that other purity and perfection, which, perchance, we are destined to attain, after traveling round the full circle. But, at all events, it is well that the experiment should now be tried."

"Too cold! too cold!" impatiently exclaimed the young and ardent leader in this triumph. "Let the heart have its voice here, as well as the intellect. And as for ripeness—and as for progress—let mankind always do the highest, kindest, noblest thing that, at any given period, it has attained the perception of; and surely that thing cannot be wrong, nor wrongly timed."

I know not whether it were the excitement of the scene, or whether the good people around the bonfire were really growing more enlightened every instant; but they now proceeded to measures, in the full length of which I was hardly prepared to keep them company. For instance, some threw their marriage certificates into the flames, and declared themselves candidates for a higher, holier, and more comprehensive union than that which had subsisted from the birth of time, under the form of the connubial tie. Others hastened to the vaults of banks, and to the coffers of the rich—all of which were open to the first comer, on this fated occasion—and brought entire bales of paper-money to enliven the blaze, and tons of coin to be melted down by its intensity. Henceforth, they said, universal benevolence, uncoined and exhaustless, was to be the golden currency of the world. At this intelligence, the bankers, and speculators in the stocks, grew pale; and a pick-pocket, who had reaped a rich harvest among the crowd, fell down in a deadly fainting-fit. A few men of business burnt their day-books and ledgers, the notes and obligations of their creditors, and all other evidences of debts due to themselves; while perhaps a somewhat larger number satisfied their zeal for reform with the sacrifice of any uncomfortable recollection of their own indebtment. There was then a cry that the period was arrived when the title-deeds of landed property should be given to the flames, and the whole soil of the earth revert to the public, from whom it had been wrongfully abstracted, and most unequally distributed among individuals. Another party demanded that all written constitutions, set forms of government, legislative acts, statute-books, and every thing else on which human invention had endeavored to stamp its arbitrary laws, should at once be destroyed, leaving the consummated world as free as the man first created.

Whether any ultimate action was taken with regard to these propositions, is beyond my knowledge; for, just then, some matters were in progress that concerned my sympathies more nearly.

"See!—see!—what heaps of books and pamphlets," cried a fellow, who did not seem to be a lover of literature. "Now we shall have a glorious blaze!"

"That 's just the thing," said a modern philosopher. "Now we shall get rid of the weight of dead men's thought, which has hitherto pressed so heavily on the living intellect that it has been incompetent to any effectual self-exertion. Well done, my lads! Into the fire with them! Now you are enlightening the world, indeed!"

"But what is to become of the trade?" cried a frantic bookseller.

"Oh, by all means, let them accompany their merchandise," coolly observed an author. "It will be a noble funeral-pile!"

The truth was, that the human race had now reached a stage of progress so far beyond what the wisest and wittiest men of former ages had ever dreamed of, that it would have been a manifest absurdity to allow the earth to be any longer encumbered with their poor achievements in the literary line. Accordingly, a thorough and searching investigation had swept the booksellers' shops, hawkers' stands, public and private libraries, and even the little book-shelf by the country fireside, and had brought the world's entire mass of printed paper, bound or in sheets, to swell the already mountain-bulk of our illustrious bonfire. Thick, heavy folios, containing the labors of lexicographers, commentators, and encyclopedists, were flung in, and, falling among the embers with a leaden thump, smouldered away to ashes, like rotten wood. The small, richly gilt French tomes of the last age, with the hundred volumes of Voltaire among them, went off in a brilliant shower of sparkles, and little jets of flame; while the current literature of the same nation burnt red and blue, and threw an infernal light over the visages of the spectators, converting them all to the aspect of party-colored fiends. A collection of German stories emitted a scent of brimstone. The English standard authors made excellent fuel, generally exhibiting the properties of sound oak logs. Milton's works, in particular, sent up a powerful blaze, gradually reddening into a coal, which promised to endure longer than almost any other material of the pile. From Shakspeare there gushed a flame of such marvelous splendor that men shaded their eyes as against the sun's meridian glory; nor even when the works of his own elucidators were flung upon him did he cease to flash forth a dazzling radiance from beneath the ponderous heap. It is my belief that he is still blazing as fervidly as ever.

"Could a poet but light a lamp at that glorious flame," remarked I, "he might then consume the midnight oil to some good purpose."

"That is the very thing which modern poets have been too apt to do, or, at least to attempt," answered a critic. "The chief benefit to be expected from this conflagration of past literature undoubtedly is, that writers will henceforth be compelled to light their lamps at the sun or stars."

"If they can reach so high," said I. "But that task requires a giant, who may afterward distribute the light among inferior men. It is not every one that can steal the fire from heaven, like Prometheus; but when once he had done the deed, a thousand hearths were kindled by it."

It amazed me much to observe how indefinite was the proportion between the physical mass of any given author, and the property of brilliant and long-continued combustion. For instance, there was not a quarto volume of the last century—nor, indeed, of the present—that would compete, in that particular, with a child's little gilt-covered book, containing Mother Goose's Melodies. The Life and Death of Tom Thumb outlasted the biography of Marlborough. An epic—indeed, a dozen of them—was converted to white ashes, before the single sheet of an old ballad was half consumed. In more than one case, too, when volumes of applauded verse proved incapable of any thing better than a stifling smoke, an unregarded ditty of some nameless bard—perchance, in the corner of a newspaper—soared up among the stars, with a flame as brilliant as their own. Speaking of the properties of flame, methought Shelley's poetry emitted a purer light than almost any other productions of his day; contrasting beautifully with the fitful and lurid gleams, and gushes of black vapor that flashed and eddied from the volumes of Lord Byron. As for Tom Moore, some of his songs diffused an odor like a burning pastille.

I felt particular interest in watching the combustion of American authors, and scrupulously noted, by my watch, the precise number of moments that changed most of them from shabbily printed books to indistinguishable ashes. It would be invidious, however, if not perilous, to betray these awful secrets; so that I shall content myself with observing, that it was not invariably the writer most frequent in the public mouth that made the most splendid appearance in the bonfire. I especially remember, that a great deal of excellent inflammability was exhibited in a thin volume of poems by Ellery Channing; although, to speak the truth, there were certain portions that hissed and spluttered in a very disagreeable fashion. A curious phenomenon occurred in reference to several writers, native as well as foreign. Their books, though of highly respectable figure, instead of bursting into a blaze, or even smouldering out their substance in smoke, suddenly melted away, in a manner that proved them to be ice.

If it be no lack of modesty to mention my own works, it must here be confessed, that I looked for them with fatherly interest, but in vain. Too probably, they were changed to vapor by the first action of the heat; at best, I can only hope that, in their quiet way, they contributed a glimmering spark or two to the splendor of the evening.

"Alas! and wo is me!" thus bemoaned himself a heavy-looking gentleman in green spectacles. "The world is utterly ruined, and there is nothing to live for any longer! The business of my life is snatched from me. Not a volume to be had for love or money!"

"This," remarked the sedate observer beside me, "is a book-worm—one of those men who are born to gnaw dead thoughts. His clothes, you see, are covered with the dust of libraries. He has no inward fountain of ideas; and, in good earnest, now that the old stock is abolished, I do not see what is to become of the poor fellow. Have you no word of comfort for him?"

"My dear sir," said I to the desperate book-worm, "is not Nature better than a book?—is not the human heart deeper than any system of philosophy?—is not life replete with more instruction than past observers have found it possible to write down in maxims? Be of good cheer! The great book of Time is still spread wide open before us; and, if we read it aright, it will be to us a volume of eternal Truth."

"Oh, my books, my books, my precious, printed books!" reiterated the forlorn book-worm. "My only reality was a bound volume; and now they will not leave me even a shadowy pamphlet!"

In fact, the last remnant of the literature of all the ages was now descending upon the blazing heap, in the shape of a cloud of pamphlets from the press of the New World. These, likewise, were consumed in the twinkling of an eye, leaving the earth, for the first time since the days of Cadmus, free from the plague of letters—an enviable field for the authors of the next generation!

"Well!—and does any thing remain to be done?" inquired I, somewhat anxiously. "Unless we set fire to the earth itself, and then leap boldly off into infinite space, I know not that we can carry reform to any further point."

"You are vastly mistaken, my good friend," said the observer. "Believe me, the fire will not be allowed to settle down without the addition of fuel that will startle many persons, who have lent a willing hand thus far."

Nevertheless, there appeared to be a relaxation of effort, for a little time, during which, probably, the leaders of the movement were considering what should be done next. In the interval, a philosopher threw his theory into the flames; a sacrifice which, by those who knew how to estimate it, was pronounced the most remarkable that had yet been made. The combustion, however, was by no means brilliant. Some indefatigable people, scorning to take a moment's ease, now employed themselves in collecting all the withered leaves and fallen boughs of the forest, and thereby recruited the bonfire to a greater height than ever. But this was mere by-play.

"Here comes the fresh fuel that I spoke of," said my companion.

To my astonishment, the persons who now advanced into the vacant space around the mountain of fire bore surplices and other priestly garments, mitres, crosiers, and a confusion of Popish and Protestant emblems, with which it seemed their purpose to consummate this great Act of Faith. Crosses, from the

spires of old cathedrals, were cast upon the heap with as little remorse as if the reverence of centuries, passing in long array beneath the lofty towers, had not looked up to them as the holiest of symbols. The font, in which infants were consecrated to God; the sacramental vessels, whence Piety had received the hallowed draught; were given to the same destruction. Perhaps it most nearly touched my heart to see, among these devoted relics, fragments of the humble communion-tables and undecorated pulpits, which I recognized as having been torn from the meeting-houses of New England. Those simple edifices might have been permitted to retain all of sacred embellishment that their Puritan founders had bestowed, even though the mighty structure of St. Peter's had sent its spoils to the fire of this terrible sacrifice. Yet I felt that these were but the externals of religion, and might most safely be relinquished by spirits that best knew their deep significance.

"All is well," said I cheerfully. "The wood-paths shall be the aisles of our cathedral—the firmament itself shall be its ceiling! What needs an earthly roof between the Deity and his worshiper? Our faith can well afford to lose all the drapery that even the holiest men have thrown around it, and be only the more sublime in its simplicity."

"True," said my companion. "But will they pause here?"

The doubt implied in his question was well founded. In the general destruction of books, already described, a holy volume—that stood apart from the catalogue of human literature, and yet, in one sense, was at its head—had been spared. But the Titan of innovation—angel or fiend, double in his nature, and capable of deeds befitting both characters—at first shaking down only the old and rotten shapes of things, had now, as it appeared, laid his terrible hand upon the main pillars which supported the whole edifice of our moral and spiritual state. The inhabitants of the earth had grown too enlightened to define their faith within a form of words, or to limit the spiritual by any analogy to our material existence. Truths, which the heavens trembled at, were now but a fable of the world's infancy. Therefore, as the final sacrifice of human error, what else remained to be thrown upon the embers of that awful pile, except the Book, which, though a celestial revelation to past ages, was but a voice from a lower sphere, as regarded the present race of man? It was done! Upon the blazing heap of falsehood and worn out truth—things that the earth had never needed, or had ceased to need, or had grown childishly weary of—fell the ponderous church Bible, the great old volume, that had lain so long on the cushions of the pulpit, and whence the pastor's solemn voice had given holy utterances on so many a Sabbath day. There, likewise, fell the family Bible, which the long-buried patriarch had read to his children—in prosperity or sorrow, by the fireside, and in the summer shade of trees—and had bequeathed downward, as the heir-loom of generations. There fell the bosom Bible, the little volume that had been the soul's friend of some sorely tried child of dust, who thence took courage, whether his trial were for life or death, steadfastly confronting both in the strong assurance of immortality.

All these were flung into the fierce and riotous blaze; and then a mighty wind came roaring across the plain, with a desolate howl, as if it were the angry lamentation of the Earth for the loss of Heaven's sunshine, and it shook the gigantic pyramid of flame, and scattered the cinders of half-consumed abominations around upon the spectators.

"This is terrible!" said I, feeling that my cheek grew pale, and seeing a like change in the visages about me.

"Be of good courage yet," answered the man with whom I had so often spoken. He continued to gaze steadily at the spectacle, with a singular calmness, as if it concerned him merely as an observer. "Be of good courage—nor yet exult too much; for there is far less both of good and evil, in the effect of this bonfire, than the world might be willing to believe."

"How can that be?" exclaimed I impatiently. "Has it not consumed every thing? Has it not swallowed up, or melted down, every human or divine appendage of our mortal state that had substance enough to be acted on by fire? Will there be any thing left us to-morrow morning, better or worse than a heap of embers and ashes?"

"Assuredly there will," said my grave friend. "Come hither to-morrow morning—or whenever the combustible portion of the pile shall be quite burnt out—and you will find among the ashes every thing really valuable that you have seen cast into the flames. Trust me, the world of to-morrow will again enrich itself with the gold and diamonds which have been cast off by the world of to-day. Not a truth is destroyed—nor buried so deep among the ashes, but it will be raked up at last."

This was a strange assurance. Yet I felt inclined to credit it; the more especially as I beheld, among the wallowing flames, a copy of the Holy Scriptures, the pages of which, instead of being blackened into tinder, only assumed a more dazzling whiteness as the finger-marks of human imperfection were purified away. Certain marginal notes and commentaries, it is true, yielded to the intensity of the fiery test, but without detriment to the smallest syllable that had flamed from the pen of inspiration.

"Yes—there is the proof of what you say," answered I, turning to the observer. "But if only what is evil can feel the action of the fire, then, surely, the conflagration has been of inestimable utility. Yet, if I understand aright, you intimate a doubt whether the world's expectation of benefit will be realized by it."

"Listen to the talk of these worthies," said he, pointing to a group in front of the blazing pile. "Possibly they may teach you something useful, without intending it."

The persons whom he indicated consisted of that brutal and most earthy figure who had stood forth so furiously in defence of the gallows—the hangman, in short—together with the last thief and the last murderer; all three of whom were clustered about the last toper. The latter was liberally passing the brandy

bottle, which he had rescued from the general destruction of wines and spirits. This little convivial party seemed at the lowest pitch of despondency; as considering that the purified world must needs be utterly unlike the sphere that they had hitherto known, and therefore but a strange and desolate abode for gentlemen of their kidney.

"The best counsel for all of us is," remarked the hangman, "that—as soon as we have finished the last drop of liquor—I help you, my three friends, to a comfortable end upon the nearest tree, and then hang myself on the same bough. This is no world for us any longer."

"Poh, poh, my good fellows!" said a dark-complexioned personage, who now joined the group—his complexion was indeed fearfully dark, and his eyes glowed with a redder light than that of the bonfire—"Be not so cast down, my dear friends; you shall see good days yet. There is one thing that these wiseacres have forgotten to throw into the fire, and without which all the rest of the conflagration is just nothing at all—yes; though they had burnt the earth itself to a cinder!"

"And what may that be?" eagerly demanded the last murderer.

"What but the human heart itself!" said the dark-visaged stranger, with a portentous grin. "And, unless they hit upon some method of purifying that foul cavern, forth from it will re-issue all the shapes of wrong and misery—the same old shapes, or worse ones—which they have taken such a vast deal of trouble to consume to ashes. I have stood by, this live-long night, and laughed in my sleeve at the whole business. Oh, take my word for it, it will be the old world yet!"

This brief conversation supplied me with a theme for lengthened thought. How sad a truth—if true it were—that Man's age-long endeavor for perfection had served only to render him the mockery of the Evil Principle, from the fatal circumstance of an error at the very root of the matter! The heart—the heart—there was the little yet boundless sphere, wherein existed the original wrong, of which the crime and misery of this outward world were merely types. Purify that inward sphere; and the many shapes of evil that haunt the outward, and which now seem almost our only realities, will turn to shadowy phantoms, and vanish of their own accord. But if we go no deeper than the Intellect, and strive, with merely that feeble instrument, to discern and rectify what is wrong, our whole accomplishment will be a dream; so unsubstantial, that it matters little whether the bonfire, which I have so faithfully described, were what we choose to call a real event, and a flame that would scorch the finger—or only a phosphoric radiance, and a parable of my own brain!

THE BLOOD-STAINED.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

An Indian-Summer noon. A purple haze,
Blurring hill outlines, glazing dusky nooks,
And making all things shimmer to the eye,
Is woven within the air. A woodland path,
That leads me to a quiet glade, I tread.
The sunshine twinkles round me, and the wind
Touches my brow with delicate, downy kiss.
A stillness so intense around is breathed,
That the light crackling of the withered leaves
On which I tread sounds loudly. Dropped beneath,
The walnut clicks, as though a pebble smote
On water, and the tiny beech-nuts, showered
By the gray-squirrel leaping from his branch,
Patter like rain-drops. Now the glade is reached.
Moss-mounds are scattered o'er it, and short grass
Clothes it with velvet. Through the midst a stream
Laps, like a tongue, amidst its pebbly stones,
And drips along its plants. Upon its bank,
Traced by the wood-cart, winds a narrow track
From the thick forest to the village near.
Upon the highest mound, a cabin rude,
Framed of rough, unbarked logs, and seamed with clay,
Once stood. A fragment of its roof is now
Slanted within the little area formed
By the decaying base. Within the square
The mullen lifts its pillar, and a web
Of blackberry brambles, spangled o'er in spring
With silver and in autumn studded thick
With ebon jems, is twined. Here, years ago,
Lived an old hunter. Rough his deer-skin garb,
And wild his features. Black and shaggy brows
Roofed the deep sockets, in whose gloomy depths
Glared fierce, keen eye-balls, like a panther's, seen
Far in a den. Those couched and snake-like eyes
Ne'er met another's look, but with quick shift
Eluded, and if still the gaze sought his,
A frown drew up its coils upon his brow,
And from those cavernous depths malignant gleams
Shot sidelong as he turned. Deep mystery robed
The hunter. None his lonely cabin shared,
Save one gaunt hound with grim and threatening look,
Whose savage growls, whene'er belated foot
Trod the night-shadowed glade, caused thrill of fear.
The chopper, winding homeward in the dark,
From his near wood-lot at the forest edge,
Heard horrid shrieks, and oaths, and frenzied shouts,
In the old hunter's voice, from out the hut,
Ceasing as those deep warning growls arose
At the near coming footstep. When abroad
Amidst the haunts of men the hermit went,
He bore his rifle slanted on his arm,
With finger ever ready to the lock.
As through the village street he swiftly went,
Shooting his subtle sidelong glances round,
It seemed as though his coming cast a shade
Upon the sunshine. Children ceased their play
And clung to one another till he passed.
And the old gossips, chirruping in a group,
Paused and gazed after him with fearful looks.
His brain seemed struggling with insanity.
Once a strange sunset glared. The clouds were bathed
In a dark crimson; the same lurid hue

Gleamed to mid-heaven, and on the earth the tinge
Seemed like spilled blood. The village groups in awe
Were gazing at the sight, when, suddenly,
The hunter, with the carcass of a deer
Slung o'er his shoulders, from the girdling woods
Came with slow, laboring foot. The sunset streamed
Broadly upon him. As if turned to stone,
He stopped—the carcass fell—and with strained eyes
And mouth agape he looked before—around—
Beneath—shuddered, and then, with thrilling cry,
Sunk on the earth. The foam stood on his lip,
Mingled with blood drawn by his gnashing teeth.
The villagers drew round, and gazed with dread
Upon his writhing features. With a start
Then sprang he to his feet and muttered—"blood!
Blood! blood! all blood! the very sky and earth
Gives witness of the deed. Ha! hide thy throat,
Spouting its red hot gushes on my brow!
I do defy thee, ha! ha! ha! I stand
To battle with thee," drawing from its sheath
His keen, bright hunting-knife. "Away! away!
Or the lone camp-fire blow I strike again."
His eyes were spots of fire; his long black hair
Seemed knotting with the agony impressed
On brow and cheek, but as the last dread words
Fell from his tongue, he started and looked round.
The maniac wildness vanished from his face,
And searching inquiry and deep alarm
Succeeded; subtle grew his serpent-eye,
And, lifting up the deer, he muttered low
Of sudden pains, and quickly left the spot.

Again—'t was such a glorious day as this.
The village children, I amongst the rest,
Went nutting in the woods. In merriest mood
We shook the hickory's ivory balls beneath,
And left a circle of green shells around
The mossy roots. Now mocking in our glee
The harsh, brief trumpet of the restless jay,
Tossing amidst the thickets his plumed head,
And fluttering his blue wings; now up the oak
Gazing, led thither by the shrieking yelps
Of the pet spaniel, shivering with delight
And dancing as on wires, until we saw
The squirrel's silvery fur amidst the leaves,
We toyed along; till came we to the edge
Of the dread glade. Upon the soft, sweet air
We heard a voice; now bubbling amidst leaves,
Now choked, now lifted almost to a scream.
It seemed as though the broken accents tried
To frame a prayer but could not. Back we pressed,
Back from the sounds. But one bold, reckless boy
Trod with a cautious, oft arrested step,
And face where curiosity o'er fear
Had triumphed, and upon the grassy glade
He saw the hunter prostrate; dashing now
His head upon the earth, and now with hands
Tight folded, stealing timid looks toward Heaven,
But quickly dropping them, whilst those dread sounds
Came from his writhing form. He saw and fled.

One eve—one winter eve—upon the ice
Of a small lake, whose narrow foot wound in
Beside the glade, we glided fleet with skates,
Until dark night. The rich Auroral fires,
Those lightnings of the frost, were kindled up;
Now skirting the horizon with bright tints,
Now shooting high, until a crimson arch
Bent across heaven. The reddened ice gleamed back
The radiance, and the snow in ghastly hues
Glared midst the forests. Whilst that splendid arch
Was brightest from the glade, wild screams outpealed
With groans and horrid laughter. Fear gave wings,
And to the sparkling hearth-fires of our homes
We hurried. Wild at midnight roared the storm.
The snow beat heavily on the window-panes,
And the sleet tinkled. From the neighboring woods
We heard the keen hiss of the yellow pine
And the stern surging of the hemlock boughs
Fierce struggling with the blast. The wolf was out,
For now and then we heard his mournful howl
Blent with the forest-voices. Morning came,
With breathless atmosphere and brilliant sun.
The chopper, hastening to his hill-side lot
In his rude wood-sled, as his oxen stumped
Across the glade, saw, at the forest edge,
Wolves fiercely battling. Wrathful snarls he heard
And gnashing teeth; and quickly speeding back
He led a hasty-summoned village group,
Each with his rifle, to the spot. A shower
Of deadly bullets piled the wolves around,
Or drove them to the forests. When the heaps
Of shaggy limbs, thick spotted with fierce eyes,
Had ceased their writhings, toward them stole the group.
The fragments of a human form were strewed
In the wild midst; white bones were here and there
Scattered among long strips of gory flesh
And shreds of garments. Near them was a hound
Mangled and crushed into a shapeless heap.
A face, half peeled from brow to chin, was seen
Amidst the fragments. Gazing with deep awe,
The simple villagers those features knew,
And looking at each other, whispering low,
And calling up each scene that made the life
Of the rude hunter such dark mystery,
They broke a grave within the frozen earth,
Gathered, in shuddering silence, the remains,
And left the blood-stained to his last repose.

DISTRUST.—A SONNET.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

A REVERENT worshiper, oh, Truth! of thee,
I bow, with foot unsandaled, wheresoe'er
Thy voice may whisper, "holy ground is here."
Amid uncertain paths, thy light may be
Dim to my wavering feet; yet unto me,
Intently waiting, once again, more clear,
More tranquil, doth thy holy light appear,
As minding me how dreary earth were left,
A dark, bewildering waste, of thee bereft.
Should not thy temple be transparent, Truth?
Should not thy undimmed altar-fires arise
Brightest in human hearts? In our first youth
Unchecked we worship there, with fearless eyes!
Thou art not exiled thence, oh, spirit of the skies!

THE ANTIQUE MIRROR.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

It was a cool, breezy morning in spring, when a number of us repaired to a well-known auction room, in the city of —, where, being among the first arrivals, we had leisure to survey the extensive and well-filled apartment. Merchandise of every description, together with every quality and quantity of furniture, lay piled and crowded around; and every now and then we caught a glimpse of pale, anxious-looking faces peering from behind a little red curtain that hung before a demi-glass door, at the farther end of the room. While engaged in looking over this heterogeneous collection, moving in rather a listless fashion from one object of attraction to another, my attention was suddenly caught by a very bright and polished old mirror, that one of our number had dragged to light from behind an old-fashioned chest of drawers. The antique frame was of curious and elaborately carved ebony, which, in some places, was very much worn and defaced. But the plate was like burnished steel; not a cloud, not a speck, dimmed its peculiar lustre; even the dust, which had gathered so plentifully on the articles around, seemed to slide from its clear and spotless surface. As we stood in a group around this relic of olden time, the auctioneer entered by the little red-curtained door; a motion of the hand brought him quickly to our side. In answer to my eager inquiries if the object of our interest was for sale, and if so, would he make me the owner without exposing me to the chances of bidding, he commenced a long history of the glass, first, by what accident it came to be in this portion of the world, and, secondly, how it came under his hammer. But an impatient movement on the part of his auditors forcing him to desist, the purchase was concluded on the instant. Thus, to my infinite satisfaction, I became the possessor of the antique mirror.

Being detained in another part of the city, I did not return home until late in the evening, when, going immediately to my chamber, my eyes were greeted by my old friend of the morning, which some officious personage had suspended over my dressing-table. Feeling heated and fatigued by my day's ramble, I flung the curtains aside for the admission of the fresh evening breeze, and seated myself by the window, without ringing for lights, as was my wont, preferring the clear, yet uncertain beams of the full moon to the sickly glare of lamps. Minute after minute glided by, yet still I sat there. One by one, the lights, which gleamed from the neighboring casements, flickered, and went suddenly out; fewer, and still farther between, came the dim sound of footsteps upon the ear; finally, the rumbling of carriage wheels ceased altogether, and the great heart of the city was still. I looked down the long and densely populated streets; the light of the clear moon falling in showers on the pavement afforded a brilliant light, but not a form met my view, or sound greeted my ear. All was still and silent as the grave, the pulseless grave. Can it be, thought I, that all the vast congregation that usually throng this populous city are gathered to repose, save, perchance, some night-watcher, like myself, or fevered, restless mortal, whose step is upon the brink of eternity, and whose eye has already pierced the mysteries of that "undiscovered bourne," yet trammeled still by some frail tie to earth.

"The spirit struggling, sways from sphere to sphere."

And then, again, I thought what a strange power has the vengeful night; what a gleaner of the annals of the past; how she gathers together the vague nothings which haunt our uneasy pillows, to set them in skeleton array before us; the innocent, the guilty, the highest, the lowest, the meanest, the best, have all felt this influence, and their spirits have bowed beneath the spell, even as the brave spirits of old have bowed beneath the spell of the sorceress.

Starting from thoughts like these, I turned my eyes to the mirror, where the slanting rays of the moonbeams were shining steadily; just then, the shrill cry of a watchman broke the solemn stillness; for a moment the street echoed with the sound, then came the hoarse murmur of a distant voice in answer, and all was then silent as before. Again I looked toward the mirror; I passed my hands before my eyes, for I thought fatigue and watching had made me giddy, or that my sight deceived me; but no! slowly, yet steadily, the old frame grew and expanded, while the plate seemed to swell and dilate in the same manner, until it covered one side of the apartment. I sat almost breathless, regarding this singular object with a fixed and earnest gaze; suddenly it paused, and, for a moment, the moonbeams glittered and danced upon the polished surface like a troop of silver spirits, then glided softly toward the frame, where they rested, flinging a pale, golden light distinctly around. I stood motionless, for, in the centre of the plate, but seemingly far in the background, there slowly towered an ancient castle, with battlements and turrets, moat and drawbridge, all of which, faint in outline at first, gradually assumed a firm and tangible shape. Soft green lawns spread out in front, and dark thick forests reared them at the side. A little village nestled in the vale beneath the castle, just near enough to form a portion of the landscape, while at a little distance stood the ivy-grown church, with its tall, slender spire, its pleasant yard, dotted with green mound and

lofty monument, where the humble and proud were sleeping together.

Fairly and plainly the picture spread itself to view. I saw the drawbridge lowered, and a gay and gallant party upon steeds of gentle blood rode forth; there were ladies and cavaliers, hound and hawk, and the time was morning, for the sunbeams were gilding the noble old forests, and, as the party rode gallantly by, I thought I saw the dew-drops sparkle upon their coursers' hoofs, as they crushed the tender grass beneath their heavy tread.

They had all come forth, as I thought, when suddenly from the gateway two riders issued. The one was a fair and gentle maiden—the other, by his mien and lineament, her sire, and apparently the owner of this stately domain, for he hastily gave some directions to the crowd of attendants who stood in the castle yard. I could hear no words nor sounds of any kind, but the looks and manner explained all. On, on they sped, and were soon lost to my sight in the windings of the forest. Yet still I gazed, and presently there crept from out the shadow of the bridge, with light and stealthy steps, a dark and slightly formed girl. Her eye was black, fierce, and reckless, while her dress and face betrayed her origin at once, for the red gipsy mantle hung gracefully from her shoulder, and her cheek had browned beneath warmer skies than those which glowed above her then. Gliding and springing along from shadow to shadow, she gained a narrow bridle-path which led to the village, and there, under a white blossoming thorn, she sat down. Not long did she remain alone; a young horseman retraced his steps, sprung from his steed, threw the bridle over its neck, and hurriedly entered the little path where the young gipsy reposed. She sat apparently abstracted, feigning ignorance of his approach, until he laid his hand upon her shoulder—then, with a quick, joyous motion, she sprung suddenly into his arms, and leaned her head upon his bosom.

The cavalier looked earnestly around, as if to mark if they were observed, then, putting her from him, he seemed to pour forth words in a rapid manner. I could but conjecture, from the violent gesture and gleaming eye of the girl, that, whatever he might be saying, it was displeasing to her. He pointed frequently toward the castle, and, at length, at what I conceived to be an impatient demand on her part, he drew from his richly embroidered vest a miniature—the miniature of the lovely maiden I had seen ride forth but a little while before. Eagerly did she snatch and fix her gaze upon it—then, with a contemptuous smile, she gathered her mantle around her, and fled toward the village. The young nobleman—for such he evidently was—stood looking after her a few minutes, then mounted his steed and rode quickly away.

A faint mist now fell upon the mirror; the moonbeams waved and flickered over its surface with a pale, restless light, then returned to their station on the frame, while the mist parted like a rent veil, and again the picture was there. Then again a party rode forth, but the hounds and the hawks were no longer there; yet there was a fair and happy bride, with a merry bridegroom; the white robes and veils of the blushing bridemaids floated out lightly on the breeze. I even fancied I heard their low, silvery laugh, as the bridemen, with their hands upon their bridle-reins, whispered some gay jests slily in their ears. Merrily they sped along to the village church. I saw the old sexton toiling at the belfry-rope, though not a sound smote my ear. Slowly, and with solemn tread, they walked up the narrow aisles. The white-surpliced priest laid his hand upon the young couple as they knelt before him, and his quivering lips moved in prayer. Then the young wife rose up and fell sobbing into the arms of her sire, while the happy bridegroom proudly received the congratulations of those around. They turned and rode back to the castle, but not before a light form stole out from the chancel and cast one look at the bride. I saw each gothic window of that old castle blaze with light; the bonfires gleamed wildly on every little hill and knoll between it and the village, while softly the pale moon looked down upon that scene of joyance, filling every nook and corner of the wide domain with her radiant sheen, and shining full upon the form of the young gipsy girl, as she stood, with folded arms, beneath the white blossoming thorn.

The mist swept across the mirror for an instant, shrouding it from my gaze, and when I looked again there was hurrying to and fro in the castle. Men came out, and, speedily mounting, rode away, while, pacing the lofty hall with quick, irregular steps, was the young nobleman whom I beheld first by the gipsy's side, then at the altar with the beautiful maiden. He paused and seemed to listen—a side door opened, a woman entered, and placed in his arms a young infant. I saw the flush upon his brow, and marked the big, bright tear of joy that fell upon the infant's robe, as he bent to caress his child and heir. He was a father, and that one thought seemed to take possession of his soul. He looked proudly on the little creature that lay in his arms, and then, with a questioning glance, returned it to the woman beside him. Her hood was drawn over her face, and she held a kerchief to her eyes. While she answered him, his brow paled, and his lips quivered. What could it mean? Was the lovely lady dying? It was even so!

Again the drawbridge lowered, and a party swept on to the village church. I saw the nodding plumes, and the velvet pall which covered her from view. I knew there were wails and moanings, though I heard them not; for the old sexton, who rung the bell at her bridal, and but yesterday sounded a merry peal at the birth of her child, paused, as he slowly tolled, to dash the big tear from his eye. They laid her in the cold and gloomy vault of her ancestors, one little year from her bridal. I knew it was but a year, for the field flowers then sprung up in their fairy haunts, and the fresh budding trees swayed to and fro with the spring's gentle breezes, and the thorn tree was hung with its snowy blossoms. I looked toward it now; beneath its spreading branches, pausing to arrange its covering, was the woman who had announced the birth and death to the lord of those wide lands, with the infant heir in her arms. The hood had fallen back, and there was the brown cheek, and malignant

eye of the gipsy girl. She rested but a moment, and then fled toward the thickest part of the forest.

The funeral train returned, then search was made for the missing child, while the father rushed wildly from room to room, calling upon her who was lost to him forever. No traces could be found of either woman or child. I turned in dismay from the saddening scene, for that young father's head was whitened in a night. Then the castle passed into other hands. The old furniture was exposed for sale, to make room for that of more modern fashion. Among the former was a mirror, whose fashion and whose face bore a striking resemblance to the one in my possession. Not desiring to know its future history, I was turning away, when I saw the old forest trees begin to wither, the leaves fell rustling to the ground, and beneath an aged oak rose a little mound. It was the grave of the lost heir, for its mother's minature lay by its side. One little violet which had bloomed there in the spring, lay dead upon the gentle slope. The babe had died for want of nourishment—perhaps a victim to the gipsy girl's revenge.

Slowly the mirror resumed its natural dimensions, and the white moonbeams danced more brightly and gaily than ever; as I leaned against the table, in doing which I jarred my new purchase, it, not being properly secured, fell to the floor, crushed to a thousand atoms. I need not add that I felt this accident a great relief, for, sooner than witness another midnight pantomime performed by shadows, I should have yielded it to the first antiquary who would have received so tale-bearing a burthen as the ANTIQUE MIRROR.

MUSIC IN THE HEART.

BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

A simple race, they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile. SCOTT.

'T is not in hope to win
The world's vain smile, that thus I frequent pour
My artless song—'t is that the cup runs o'er—
I cannot keep within
The gushing thoughts, that struggle to have way,
Flowing in unpremeditated lay.

The rock, struck by the rod,
Shed streams of gladness on the desert plain,
So from my ruder heart flows forth the strain,
Touched by thy grace, O God!
The saddest day has lost its gloom for me,
If I may sing at eventide to Thee.

Thou, who the bird hast taught
Its tune, the brook to gurgle, and the breeze
To make sweet music with the forest trees,
Within my soul hast wrought
The charm divine, to cheer me on my way
To that bright world where angels sing for aye.

Mine is no lofty lyre,
Nor lute voluptuous—nor the poet's meed
Of laureled crown—a simple pastor's reed
Responds my meek desire
To breathe, obscure from men, into thine ear,
My God, the strain which they may scorn to hear.

Yet, if its numbers might
Win back unto thy fold some wand'ring sheep,
Or bid some pilgrim sad forget to weep,
I shall have rich delight,
Nor need to envy then the proudest name
That stands emblazoned on the roll of fame.

THE FAVORED CAPTIVES.

BY W. H. IRVINE.

SWEET captives! in your prisoned cage
Who warble wildly all day long,
Thrilling your golden throats until
The tranced air quivers with the song,—

Say, does your music tell of lands
Where fountains in the starlight play?
Are these gay notes the mournful plaint
For mates in orange groves away?

If freed, would ye, like loosened lark,
Poise—with glad warble to be free—
Then dart on arrowy flight, nor rest
Till rocking safe by tropic sea?

Oh, no! since first ye saw the light
These prison bars have been your home,
And beauty's smile has made the days
Seem hours in that gilded dome.

Her constant friends—ye 've slumbered oft,
Nestling your fair heads on her breast.
Ah! could I be as fondly loved,
Content, her captive I would rest!



Painted by Jones. Engd by Rawdon Wright & Hatch.

The Favorite Captive.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine.

THE BROTHERS CAMERON.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

HARD by James River, in a country as wild as any which it waters, where the hand of man had joined with the growth of nature in giving beauty to the landscape, there lived, long ago, two brothers. They were country gentlemen, the last branches of a family which, years before, had settled there to conceal wounded pride and diminished fortune in the solitude of a new country. It had fast decayed, as proud and recluse families are wont to do. One by one its numerous members had been removed by death, until a secluded burial plot, midway between the two mansions, which they had formerly occupied as if they were one, was white with the simple tomb-stones of the young and old, and the quiet history of the Camerons was nowhere better told than in their grave-ground.

Henry Cameron was the older of the brothers. He was about fifty years of age, a widower and childless. A wife, whose love had been his strong tie to life, and a daughter, who inherited with her mother's beauty her mother's frail constitution, had been taken from him, and, at first, almost crushed by afflictions which had rapidly succeeded each other, he had survived them, to the world a man of severe habits and repulsive temper. His only companion was an English gentleman of the name of Fleming, whose minute personal history no one knew, though its general outlines had long been whispered in the neighborhood. Fleming had lived with him for many years. His gentlemanly bearing, knowledge of the world and literary taste had made his society necessary to the gloomy proprietor. And though his pride was sometimes pained at his dependence, Henry Cameron's hospitality was so kindly and delicately afforded that he could not reject it. Beside, he dare not lightly refuse so comfortable a home at an age when he had no longer strength or energy to battle with the world, or to mingle with advantage in the busy scenes of life.

Paul Cameron was unlike his brother in appearance. In youth he had been extremely handsome. By nature harsh and haughty, family trouble and a lonely life had made him doubly so. He was, also, a widower. After the death of his wife, more than twenty years before, he had gone abroad, leaving his only son, an infant, behind him, and report said that in his absence he had led an evil life, and had been guilty of social crimes dark enough to account for all his gloom and sternness. A curse seemed, indeed, to be upon him. He was a suspicious friend, if friend he had, a bitter foe, an unfeeling parent. At home he was a tyrant, abroad he was shunned and hated. More than a year before his son, George Cameron, who was now grown to man's estate, and who inherited his own spirit and haughtiness, without his acrid temper, had been driven, in a fierce dispute, from his father's house to wander where he might. On the part of the son the rupture was the result of long stored wrongs and injuries which flesh and blood could no longer endure, even from a parent; and he had gone out from his home in a fierce mood which did not look beyond its own gratification, to trouble him with forebodings of a future which would have startled him if he could have seen one half of its misery.

We have said that Paul Cameron had gone abroad alone. He had returned bringing with him an infant, to which he appeared singularly attached. He had introduced it into his house as the child of a friend who had died abroad and committed it to his care on his death-bed. In the interval we have passed over his adopted child had grown to womanhood. She had a face of extreme beauty, but it wore from infancy a pensive shade, which seemed to disclose melancholy and unhappiness. And yet Paul Cameron loved her as he loved no one else. Julia Eisenbrey could quiet the stern outbreakings of his temper when others fled from him; but close as were the ties of attachment between her and the outcast, and sharp as the pang of separation had been, her gentle intercession had not availed to prevent the strife between father and son, or to bring about a reconciliation when it had passed over.

With such dispositions, it is hardly necessary to say that the brothers were not friends. Trifles had, long before, sowed discord between them, and years had passed since they had exchanged a word. Family feuds are proverbially inveterate. The quarrel was enforced upon their households. Fleming knew his friend too well to seek society at Hazlewood, and in Julia a visit to the Hall would have been an unpardonable offence. Though the mansions were not a mile apart the social separation was complete. Even their drives and walks were different, so that the members of the two families seldom met even by accident. The very servants were made to feel the strife; and though that stealthy gossiping which carried from one mansion to the other every tale worth telling could not be prevented, all open communication was cut off.

At distant intervals the Camerons were visited by the neighboring planters, with whom they reciprocated an occasional hospitality. But the intercourse was cold and formal, for never were characters so ill adapted for general companionship. Fortunately, the

brothers were alike in their tastes for literature, and relieved with its pursuits a life which would otherwise have been insupportable.

Of late Henry's health had not been firm. They say that frequent watching by the sick bed of a consumptive patient will sometimes fasten that disease upon a strong constitution. But whether it was the result of his anxious and devoted attentions to a wife and daughter, whom he had loved far better than his own life, of the deep affliction caused by their death, or of both combined, there were alarming indications that the disease which had already bereaved him so severely was making serious inroads upon his own frame. He struggled long against the symptoms which one by one appeared, and refused to admit even to his own mind that his strength was giving way under the insidious attacks of a malady which he had so lately learned to fear. But self-delusion could not check its progress. Its course gradually became more rapid, and its character more decided, until at length the invalid, partially alive to his danger, determined to seek a restoration of health in some more genial climate. Fleming, alarmed at his friend's situation, and fearful that he had delayed too long this last unwelcome remedy, and was about to go away only to die among strangers, begged long and earnestly to accompany him. His efforts, however, were in vain. Henry Cameron had arranged his plans for the journey. He had determined to go alone, and to leave his mansion and grounds under the care of his friend, to whose taste they were already indebted for many of their beauties. With a haste which seemed designed to prevent all misgiving, the necessary preparations for the voyage were made, and, after a cheerful farewell, and sincere assurances that he would soon return to continue in renewed health and better spirits his former pursuits, he set out for Havana.

There was a burden, however, upon his heart. Parting from home and friends, breaking strong ties and leaving scenes with which association has grown old, will soften any heart that has human instincts left. Sanguine as Henry Cameron was in his hopes of ultimate recovery, there was an unwelcome yet importunate thought which suggested to him, while he strove to encourage more cheerful views, that he might never return. He determined to bid his brother farewell. He did not know the history of Paul's mind since they had parted in anger. Time might have chastened and subdued his temper in the long interval. But however that might be, he could not be repulsed at such a meeting.

His route lay by Hazlewood, and, alighting as he reached its door, he stood suddenly by his brother as he sat in his library. Had one risen from the dead Paul Cameron could not have been more startled. He trembled in every limb as he looked upon the altered face and emaciated form of him with whom his last interview, so long ago, had been one of such well remembered bitterness. Every word, every look, every thought of that strife came in a clear and living picture before him, and the most minute events in the history of the family feud thronged upon his memory. There are moments when the mind, under intense stimulus, lives life over again in a moment, when trifles long buried in forgetfulness are restored, fresh and distinct as though they were of yesterday.

But self-possession soon returned, and with it the old feeling of mortal enmity. A curse trembled on his tongue as he started from his stupor, and stood up, face to face, before the passive invalid, his hands clenched and every vein throbbing with passion. But his purpose changed. Turning abruptly on his heel he strode through a door at his side, which he shut fiercely after him, and before Henry had recovered from the shock a servant with evident fear gave his master's orders that the stranger should leave Hazlewood. With an indignation which even disease and feebleness could not control, he struck the slave to the earth, sprung into his carriage and drove rapidly away; and those who saw him as he sunk back upon the seat exhausted by the convulsive energy which had directed that blow, never looked upon a face more haggard and ghastly.

Paul knew next day that his brother had gone abroad. The news fully explained the abrupt visit. But no outward mark, except perhaps an increased gloom, told how the scene of that morning had affected him, or with what feelings he had pondered his own brutality.

Robert Fleming, with a mind naturally strong and well balanced, had been severely educated by a painful intercourse with the world. As we have said before, his general history was known in the neighborhood. He had in early life traveled much, and had profited more than usual by what he had seen and heard during the time thus spent. His life had been a varied one. He had been brought up in fashion and affluence, he was now lonely and dependent. He had been sought and courted once, he was now neglected and unknown. Though one who looked at his calm, grave face and clear eye would scarcely have believed it, he had for a short time led a life of dissipation and debauchery. Some deep affliction, it was said, had driven him to it, and in a month he had lost a fortune at the gambling-table. Ruin reclaimed him. He realized, at last, the change from wealth to want, and the energies of a strong mind came to his aid. Leaving the scenes which had degraded him, he had come to the quiet of a new world to sever at once and forever all ties of birth or association which bound him to his life of danger. Henry Cameron had first met him as a practicing physician of a distant village. He had gained some reputation for his skill in medicine, and had attended his friend's wife and daughter in their last tedious illnesses. His kindness and delicacy of feeling had won upon the heart of the afflicted husband, and, yielding to solicitation, he had become, as we have seen, an inmate in his household. His changing fortunes had not made him morose or discontented, but had taught him to appreciate a quiet home. Time heals all grief, and though now and then the sadder memories of his life oppressed him, he had perhaps never been more really happy than at present. Experience of the troubles of the world he had left made him enjoy retirement the more. Knowledge is a great calmer of the human mind.

Time passed away and no intelligence came from the invalid. Fleming pored over the books in his friend's library, trained his vines, exhausted taste and ingenuity in adorning his grounds. But the days passed heavily and still no letter came. He increased his circle of acquaintances in the neighborhood, and his frank affability, so different from the reserve of the proprietor, soon rendered the Hall attractive. He visited their families and joined in their amusements. But he needed some household companion, and felt more and more keenly, every hour, the absence of Henry Cameron. Books were insipid when no one was near to sympathize with him in his appreciation of some striking passage or fine idea, or to differ in some doubtful criticism. Taste was thrown away when no cultivated mind admired. Lonely walks and drives were tedious and uninteresting; in short, habit had made his friend's society necessary. And as the period went by which should have brought him news from the invalid, and still no tidings came, he felt restless and unhappy.

A few months after Henry Cameron's departure, Julia Eisenbrey was walking alone one summer evening along the bank of the river. It was her favorite walk, and this was an hour of peculiar beauty. The sun was setting among clouds which it tinged with its glory, and lines of crimson light streamed far along the current. There is no finer scene than a sunset on the water.

No life was in sight unless it might have been upon a vessel which, a mile above, came floating slowly down with the current, bearing the produce of some river plantation to the market of the nearest city. Such craft were common in its waters; but tired with the glare of the flood which swept sluggishly by, and seeking for some distinct object upon which to fix her eye, Julia sat down upon a log which lay across her path and followed its lazy motion. It neared her gradually in its course, and as it came opposite, to her extreme surprise, its anchor fell with a splash, a boat was lowered from its side, a man leaped into it and rowed toward her. Terrified at the strange occurrence and her unprotected situation, she started from her seat, and, almost running, moved rapidly toward Hazlewood. But the rower saw her haste and increased his exertions. She had not gone beyond his voice when he reached the shore, and even before he reached it he called loudly after her. Still more alarmed, she fled now, breathlessly, toward home. The voice called her again by name. She knew it at length, stopped, turned, and in an anstant her pursuer was by her side. It was George Cameron.

How changed he was. He had scarcely seen twenty-three years, yet worn and weather-beaten he seemed thirty. Emaciated, dirty, ill-clad and ragged, his long black hair entangled and uncombed, his hands hardened and embrowned, and his lips compressed into an expression of care and thought which belonged to one of twice his years, he presented a spectacle of almost squalid misery. Fifteen months before, he had been driven like a wild beast from his father's roof, friendless and penniless. How in this long interval he had kept off starvation; how he had borne the dark promise of the future; to what straits of vice or suffering he had been reduced; how, in short, he had lived through the mental and bodily anguish of his outcast lot to see her, even as he was, he did not stay to tell her. It was a long and bitter story and he had more pressing things to say. It was enough that he still survived to love her as before, and to cherish revenge against an unnatural parent.

He was now a hired hand on the vessel that lay anchored there. He must return to it in a few minutes. Julia, almost broken-hearted, told him of Henry Cameron's departure, of Fleming's residence alone at the Hall, and besought him to leave his rough and doubtful life, throw himself on the kindness of the Englishman, and ask a refuge there.

But George was inexorable. From all his wretchedness an eye looked out as she spoke, whose expression of unbroken pride and spirit contrasted strangely with his dress. He would as soon have crouched to his father as forgotten a family feud, and would rather have starved than do either. Julia saw that entreaty was vain.

They talked then of love, of that faith which they had already plighted. They hoped for better times, but it was hoping against hope. They pictured a future home of comfort and quietness where they might bring up remembrances of such days as this, as stories for the fireside; but a signal from the vessel and a glance at his attire suggested a reality so stern and present that the picture soon vanished. One embrace more and he left her; and though evening after evening saw her again by the river side, watching every vessel that went by her on its sluggish way, as if already she heard the anchor splash and saw the boat lowered and yielding to the oar, it was only to return again in disappointment to her home.

Five tardy months brought a letter from Havana. Fleming trembled as he took it, for the address was not in his friend's handwriting. He opened it and his forebodings were realized. It did not tell that Henry Cameron had died of a broken heart, though that would have been near the truth, for the invalid had never recovered from the shock of that last interview at Hazlewood. It stated, with cold precision, that he had reached Havana prostrate and dying; that a few days had passed, in which, fully aware of his situation, he had received religious counsel and consolation, and had calmly directed the disposal of his effects and remains; that he had then died in peace. He might have died in peace, it was true, but Fleming knew that no familiar voice had consoled his last troubles, and that no attentive ear had received those messages which cannot be uttered to strangers.

The letter was from a merchant of Havana. It was a formal business communication. It enclosed a bill of exchange, the proceeds of the property of the deceased, converted into money by his direction, and a bill of lading for the box in which the body had been shipped to Norfolk. It had been the earnest wish of the deceased that his body should lie in the burial ground of his family, and the execution of this wish he had committed as a last trust to his friend.

The first grief over, Fleming set out for Norfolk

having, however, before he went, sent the letter to Paul Cameron. He had not done this from inclination, but from a sense of duty, the pressure of which he could not avoid.

He found, on reaching that city, the box mentioned in the bill of lading. It lay in a warehouse, carelessly piled among merchandise, of which one who did not know the contrary might have thought it formed a part. It was a long and narrow, but well secured box, directed to him at the Hall. Though in appearance too large for its purpose, Fleming supposed that it had been made more capacious in order to receive with the body some preservative from decay, or perhaps some relics of the dead; mementos for friends or relatives which the delicacy even of strangers had set apart and preserved. Without opening it or removing its fastenings he began his return.

It was a gloomy journey. His past life came back like a troubled dream. A feverish memory is a fearful companion. Restless visions of dead friends, sickly scenes of past wealth, long-buried loves and ambitions, hours of dissipation and debauchery, and, above all, one plague spot in his history, but for which he would never have been there, mingled in strange confusion with dull recollections of his rural life; and he ever awoke from his musings with a keener sense of the gloomy reality of the present affliction, the loneliness of his lot, and the increasing doubt which hung over the future.

But Fleming's thoughts were not merely selfish. He had cherished feelings of the sincerest friendship toward the deceased. He had loved him warmly, and had admired many traits of his character. Before death had severed those household ties upon which his happiness had depended so entirely, Henry Cameron had been a man of liberal disposition and of social mood; and though after his bereavements he had appeared austere to the world, to Fleming he had never changed. In his society Fleming had learned to calm the memories which had long oppressed him, and to bring even his afflictions within the firm and steady control of a cultivated mind. No wonder that he felt his loss when now, under circumstances of peculiar trial, he was about to perform for him the last sad offices of kindness.

He reached the Hall with his charge. In silence the rough receptacle of the dead was brought into the room which he had so lately occupied in life. Without pomp or show it was placed upon his bed. A brief note was despatched to Hazlewood, informing its proprietor in close and formal terms of the arrival of his brother's remains, and asking his attendance with his niece at the Hall, where, at noon next day, the box would be opened. Fleming was peculiarly situated. They were, except George Cameron, the outcast, the only living relatives of the deceased, entitled, on every ground, to the conduct and superintendence of the funeral obsequies. Though their presence there at such a time would be galling and unwelcome, the course which he pursued seemed to be imperiously demanded.

Since the news of his brother's death Paul Cameron had scarcely been seen by his family. Shut up closely in his chamber, no one had communicated with him but the servants at his call. A struggle was going on in his mind between the instincts of humanity and long educated selfishness, the agony of which none knew. There is a fearful tempest in the heart when judgment or affliction crushes the evil habits of a life of crime or selfishness. He had been deeply moved by his brother's death, and yet, even now, after so many rebukes, with the last earnest look of a brother whom he had injured from his cradle almost, fixed by day and night upon him; with the imagined curses of a son who, for all he knew, had been driven into vice or starvation by his unnatural tyranny, ever ringing in his ear; with the social enormities of a life of nearly fifty years gnawing unceasingly at his heart, pride still battled stoutly with better sentiments.

The day and the hour arrived and Fleming sat alone. He was nerving himself for the interview that was about to take place He felt that Paul Cameron could not stay away from that scene, and yet he dreaded to meet, at such a time and in such a spot, one of whom he had never heard but evil.

At last he came. The door of the dimly lighted chamber opened and the stern proprietor of Hazlewood entered. Julia leaned heavily upon his arm. A stiff, cold bow, a formal introduction of his niece, and they seated themselves silently by the bedside. If the darkness of the room had not concealed his face those who saw it would have started at its haggard look and strange expression. His strong features were thin and sharp from extreme emaciation, his eyes were sunken and vacant, his clothes hung loosely about his limbs. The agony of that mental struggle had wrought terribly with him. After that stiff, stern greeting, however, Fleming had scarcely noticed him; and his eye was soon fast riveted on the box which lay before them, for the servants had begun to open it.

One by one its careful fastenings had been removed by hatchet and hammer; nail after nail was drawn; band and rivet were forced away; gently and slowly the lid was lifted off; loose sheets of light paper were swept from beneath it. The body was not there!

They stood up, masters and slaves, and in bewildered astonishment clustered around it. Neat cases of West India merchandise lay closely packed before them. The box teemed with articles for the living, but there was no relic or token of the dead.

How stealthily the servants glanced at each other. How quietly then they dropped their eyes again upon the merchandise before them, with a dull and stupid stare. They could not have been more thunderstruck if the dead man had risen from beneath it all to take his place among them.

Fleming stood in deep, still thought. Paul Cameron moved not a muscle. But the silence could not last forever. And yet what was to be said. There were materials for a terrible storm in that group;—on whom was it to light?

At length Paul Cameron looked slowly round at Fleming and spoke abruptly. His deep voice was hoarse with intense emotion, and yet there was no sternness in its tone or emphasis.

"Robert Fleming, is this a trick?"

Even the slaves shuddered when they heard that voice and that question. It would have been a fearful trick to play at such a time and upon such a man.

Fleming's countenance, in which deep distress struggled with surprise, the grotesque wonder of the servants, the whole scene answered the question. The stamp of sincerity and truth had been impressed upon every look and action of the morning. A suspicion of deception could not have troubled the most wilful incredulity. But Fleming replied in a tone of deep earnestness:—

"Paul Cameron, before God, I tell you that if it be a trick it has deceived me as much as you. But it is not in human nature to trick about such a matter."

There was silence again, as the parties who had spoken stood facing each other in the gloomy dimness of the darkened room, at the distance of some seven or eight feet.

Just then a bar which bowed a window fell, the shutters opened with the wind, and the clear, bright light of a noon sun streamed in upon the scene.

Good God! how the speakers started when their eyes recovered from the first rays which lit up the obscurity! How they glared upon each other as the marked lineaments of each countenance were now first fully revealed! No one would have believed that such an expression of ferocity could find a place upon the features of the Englishman as now fast overspread them; no one would have credited that the haughtiness of Paul Cameron could have crouched to such craven fear as was now stamped on every line of his thin, pale face.

"Danforth!"—"Merton!" After twenty long years to meet there, and at such a moment!

"I have you at last, villain!" muttered Fleming fiercely between his fast set teeth, as he sprung like a wild beast at the other's throat. The fury of the assault bore down his cowering foe as if he had been a child. They fell together, and as they fell Fleming grasped the cravat which was folded loosely about Cameron's neck, and tightened it to suffocation. Then, rising partially, he knelt upon his breast and bending over him twisted the cravat with mad energy. The prostrate man struggled wildly for life, but the strength which held him was more than human.

"I have you at last!" still muttered he, as if in savage communion with his own dark passions, and as he spoke he tightened the cravat still more round the neck of his victim, with a strength which showed no mercy. The stored vengeance of many years was in the sinews of that arm.

We do not know ourselves, nor do others know us. We talk of character and disposition as if they were things of all hours. There is fuel enough of wrong and injury in the heart of any of us to make it burn with a heat we never dreamed of, if a spark of anger light it up. The calmest man we meet, may become a fiend in a moment. Satan may tempt the best of the race to madness. Who has not doubted his own identity, at times, when the fever of some wild excitement over, he ponders in alarm the storm that has passed, the strange fire that has scorched his veins, the infernal malice that a moment has generated. The soul of every human creature hath more in its deep wells of feeling than life has yet brought to light. Why is not the heart as inexhaustible as the intellect?

But Fleming suddenly changed his purpose. A better thought checked him, if that could be called a thought which urged him in such a mood. His hand relaxed its grasp about Cameron's throat. Still holding him down, however, with giant force, he bent over him and whispered in his ear what seemed to be a question which he feared to utter aloud. The whisper was hoarse and deep, and for an instant the room was still as death; but so stifled was that voice by emotion that none who listened heard the words that were uttered. There was a pause again, as the Englishman held his ear to the lips of him he had addressed, and waited for an answer with intense eagerness.

The prostrate man answered not a word, but struggled hard to rise.

"Then die!" muttered Fleming between his teeth, in that same savage under-tone, and again he writhed his hands into the folds of the cravat and wrenched it with frantic violence. Cameron gasped for breath, and his efforts to rise became terrible. Once more that grasp about his throat relaxed, and a second time Fleming whispered his question, and with the same anxious earnestness waited the reply.

He listened in vain. Not a sound or a breath responded to his question.

Fleming's face grew pale. His white lips were compressed with deadly determination. Even the slaves that stood around gaping at the scene in passive astonishment drew hard their breath, as with convulsive force he strained again at the throat of his foe. Cameron's face grew purple; every vein was swollen to bursting; his eyes started from their sockets; his struggles became gradually more feeble. In a few moments he would have been past questioning.

But he relented. The torture had attained its object. He made a sign as if he would speak.

Fleming withdrew his hand, and a third time listened for the tones of that voice, as a watching mother would have listened for the last low words of her dying child. For a moment Cameron lay still, and drew his breath heavily. Then, with a start, he overthrew his adversary, and bounded to his feet. One instant he stood to rally his exhausted strength, in the next he had thrown himself from the open window, and was flying toward Hazlewood with a speed that mocked pursuit.

He need not have fled. As Fleming rose hastily to follow, his eye fell on Julia Eisenbrey. In a moment, all his fierceness vanished. At the beginning of the strife, she had swooned and fallen, and lay still, pulseless and insensible. As he looked upon her delicate features, now palid and passive as death, the memory of the desperate contest died away. One glance at her had answered his question, whispered in vain to Paul Cameron.

Robert Merton, an English gentleman of family and fortune, had visited Paris about twenty years before, with his wife and infant daughter. The wife was younger than he, and gentle and beautiful as romance

ever pictured. He loved her with a fervor which those might appreciate who had just seen the intensity of his character displayed in passion, as he clutched at the throat of one who had injured him. Paris was but the first step in a long journey which they had planned, yet long they lingered there. They could not break away from its endless pleasures and fascinations. In its society they had been well received, and were running a round of fashionable gayety. At balls, at the opera, at all places of resort and amusement, the wealthy Englishman might have been seen night after night with his young wife, whose loveliness made her the centre of admiration and attraction; and there were none whose apartments were more frequented by the rich and the aristocratic.

Some weeks after their arrival in that city, she had introduced to him a gentleman whose acquaintance she had made at some ball. He had been presented to her by the hostess as an Englishman traveling for pleasure. He was a tall, dark, handsome man, of good manners and easy carriage, and evidently a man of the world. Merton was pleased with him, found him intelligent and companionable, and admitted him cordially as a visiter in his family. There was always a place at their table for Paul Danforth.

A dreadful termination was soon put to all this gayety. Scarcely two months had passed when suddenly his wife and infant disappeared. It was a dreadful shock to his love. He was almost insane with grief and doubt. No traces of her, however, could be discovered after weeks of frantic search, and he was forced at last to submit to the consciousness of a hopeless bereavement.

The event was, certainly, passing strange. With the aid of a police to whom promises of immense reward were held out; with every expense that wealth and willingness could afford; with every exertion of industry and ingenuity; with the sympathies of ready friends, and particularly of Danforth, strongly elicited in his behalf, no clue to her fate could be discovered.

Robert Merton now became a reckless man. His life was cursed, his happiness was withered. He plunged headlong into dissipation and played desperately.

At the gaming-table he met Danforth. Mutual apologies and expressions of surprise escaped them, and then they sat down together to the game, as if for years they had played together. Danforth was cool, and had his eye upon his adversary. Merton staked and lost with abandoned recklessness. They became incessant companions over the cards. Night after night found them there, and many a bright morning broke in upon their anxious faces. In a little more than a week, Merton was a beggar.

And yet he rose from the game which sealed his ruin calmer and more reasonable than when he began his mad career. Grief had burnt itself out. His strong mind cast off the stupidity of unmanly affliction, and asserted its control again. Under the assumed name of Fleming, he had made his solitary way to this country to begin life again under a sun whose light revived no sad associations. But, from that day to this hour, he had never seen Danforth.

Is it strange that no suspicion of his wife's fidelity crossed his mind through all that anxious search? He would as soon have doubted his own honor, or his own existence. Is it strange that no mistrust of one so constant in his presence, and so intimate in his intercourse as his friend had been, gave him a clue to her recovery? Danforth was a man of consummate art, and by no word or look had he exposed his victim, or betrayed his intrigue. Is it strange that, when he saw him again at the gaming-table and felt so severely his skill and remorselessness in the game they played, no misgiving oppressed him? He was a desperate man, blinded and maddened by his affliction. No wonder that he did not think or reason.

The truth is, that Merton's most fearful forebodings had never, in the recesses even of his own mind, cast a shadow over the purity of his wife's character. He had thought of accident, and of death. He had tortured his diseased mind with musings over the crimes and dangers common to the world, and peculiar to Paris, but he never harbored for one moment the thought that *she* might be false. He would far rather she had died, and therefore that fear was most readily suggested. If it had not been for the shame and degradation of his last companionship with Danforth, he would, if possible, have received him at his fireside and his board again, as cordially and as cheerfully as before his bereavement.

We have said that he left Paris and came to this country. Once away from his former associations, in a rural and retired home, whose very scenery was soothing and corrective, and where the labor by which he lived made his mind more healthy and vigorous, his romantic love and insane grief were quieted, and the events we have told so rapidly came before him in a new light. A thousand circumstances pressed upon his memory, which lay buried when they would have served him most. A thousand trifles, in the frequent intercourse between Danforth and his wife, directed his conclusions. Motions, looks, smiles, words of course, the social history of those two months in all its minutest detail passed before him as clearly as though he were living that gay season over again. And though, even then, he trembled and turned pale, as if stricken by some sudden disease, when the first full ray of conviction dawned upon his mind, his reason, before long, could not resist the fearful truth in its utmost certainty. The whole story was thought out. Danforth had, by his insidious deceptions, first robbed him of his wife and infant daughter, and then, profiting by his recklessness, had, in cool blood and calculating villany, beggared him. The idea was damning and indelible. Why had he been so blind?

He left Virginia, and returned to Paris to resume his search. It was as unavailing as before. Danforth had left that city, and gone none knew where. In despair, he resigned forever all hope of further success in solving the mystery of his wife's retreat, and turned his face again toward his own new home. From that time we know his history.

When now, twenty years after those events, his eye fell in that full light upon the features of Paul Cameron, through all the changes of that long inter-

val, he recognized with unerring certainty the face of Danforth. That same sinister eye which was upon him when he rose from the last game of chance at Paris was searching him. Hours of intimacy, nights at play, and long seasons of troubled recollection had engraven that countenance with dreadful distinctness upon his heart. It had haunted him, sleeping and waking, for nearly half his life; could he pass it by, now, when in flesh and blood reality it stared upon him!

And Julia Eisenbrey! Could Merton have forgotten time, he might have supposed he was standing over his wife. It could be no other than her child. His whispered question was indeed answered.

Merton knelt by his daughter with passionate affection. Revenge vanished like the phantom of a dream. Danforth might have stood by him untouched, for he was mild and harmless, now, as a young mother drooping over the cradle. The fountains of love were full again to overflowing, and gave out their warm, clear current as freely as they had done in happier years. He raised her from the floor, and pressed his lips to hers. He seemed to forget that she was insensible, and that nature prompted him to use the means for her recovery. At last that thought came. He bade them remove the merchandise, and laid her gently in its place upon the bed. Slowly the swoon passed off, and she opened her eyes. Love has ready instincts. It was not long before nature asserted its powers, and awoke a sympathy between the parent and child which united them as closely and familiarly as though they had been years under the same roof.

When her strength came again, the melancholy story was told to her. Her memory, however, furnished nothing new. She remembered no home but that of Hazlewood, no parent but her adopted father. And though the tale explained, to her own mind, strange words that had at times fallen hastily, or absently from Paul Cameron, they were but half remembered, and gave no clue to others.

Paul Cameron fled homeward, a raving madman. He grappled furiously with a slave at his door, and would have killed him had not succor come. The others saw their master's state, and though, at first, as if from very habit, they stood aloof from one whom they had never approached but to obey, they seized him, at length, from behind, bound his hands, and watched him closely until medical aid arrived. A physician came and found him a hopeless maniac. He bled him to faintness, unbound his hands, and laid him upon his bed. But medicine has no cure for a mind that God has blasted. Many a frightful struggle with his keepers, many a half effected escape to freedom, many a furtive clutch at some deadly weapon that lay near, many a cry that made the blood run cold, might have been told of by the grave inmates of that gloomy mansion. Years after, you might have pointed out the marks that madness had made upon wall and floor, or shown fragments of old furniture broken in those frantic struggles with his watchers, or with his own evil spirit, and kept from generation to generation as relics of the crazy Cameron, whose fate went down from father to son, as an example of terrible rebuke to crime and passion. Though Julia soon sat by him to nurse his malady, though her father ministered kindly to his wants, though even his own outcast son, restored by continued effort and inquiry to his home, before long trod softly by his bedside, his reason never came again. Often in the deep watches of the night, when Merton sat alone by the maniac, and the servants slept within his call, he strove, by subtle art and soothing questions, to fathom that part of his patient's history which mingled so painfully with his own. But insane cunning, or the confusion of madness baffled every effort. If answers came, they were wild and incoherent. Were it a mark of sanity to keep his dreadful secret, so far Paul Cameron was of sound mind. As he grew less violent, restraints were rendered less visible and numerous. But the patient did not leave his barred room, or the eye that watched his moods.

George Cameron was now master of Hazlewood. He dealt kindly and patiently with his father, watched over his disease with filial anxiety, and hoped long and earnestly that reason would return at last. But he could not check or change the retribution.

Through all these strange events, however, they had not quite forgotten the death of Henry Cameron, or their first surprise on the morning which had brought so many wonders to light. The merchandise had been closely examined, but nothing was found to clear up the mystery. Letters passed, strict inquiry was made, yet no light was shed upon the mistake. The merchant at Havana made faithful investigation, but the body had been packed by agents to whom such duties were common, and who could not recall the incidents of that particular shipment.

In a few months all the freshness of the event was gone. Time buries every thing, at last, under the dust of forgetfulness, which day after day gathers deeper and deeper. Other matters engrossed the minds of those most interested in its remembrance. It still remained, for awhile, a family story, food for gossip among servants and neighbors, until even they tired of the tale at last, and it lived only in the recollections of Merton and his daughter.

Another year had gone rapidly by. Winter, spring and summer had passed over the scenes we have described. The ties between the father and his new found daughter had been drawn closer by the household intercourse of happy hours; the pride of the young proprietor of Hazlewood had been chastened by Merton's lessons, and the mental discipline of the madman's chamber; the long interval had soothed the frenzy of Paul Cameron, but insanity had fearfully wasted his frame, sharpened his features, and broken his strength. It was terrible to look at that shattered wreck of a fine mind and manly form.

One lovely night in September, George Cameron and Julia Merton sat together at the foot of a spreading chestnut, which grew not far from the Hall. The season was still warm, and no change had passed upon the forest leaf. The moon was rising, its rays yet hid behind the skirting trees, and the lulling sounds of cricket, frog, and waterfall, of running water and rustling leaves, soothed the senses as they gathered

in the luxuries around them, and stored away their wealth in the deep wells of the open heart. Once the distant voice of the boatman came indistinctly from the river, where its silver sheet lay spread out between an opening in the woods, but it was not heard again. It was an hour sacred to sentiment.

The morrow was the wedding day. How slowly it had come. Their love had grown up in sterner days, now the sky was bright and favorable. There was no obstacle to their union. There was no difficulty even to give romance to their attachment.

It was to be a day of rejoicing and festivity. A Virginia wedding is proverbial for its profuse hospitality. Guests had been invited far and wide, and Hazlewood and the Hall bustled with preparation.

The lovers spoke, at intervals, of past events and future plans. Nothing, in the whole round of human sympathies, is sweeter to the ear than that eager mingling of full spirits and confiding dreams.

They sat silent, then, for awhile, and looked forth upon the night, as if drawn even from that soft gush of communion, that half thinking, half sentient joy by the scene around them. Her hand lay passively in his, and his arm encircled her waist.

The moon had risen in a clear sky, but dark fragments of cloud were now passing, and it moved heavily among them; now smiling upon field and river, now hidden darkly, as if it would never look down again. Julia shuddered and drew closer to his side, at every renewal of the sudden darkness. It is strange how ripe fears and presentiments are on the eve of anticipated pleasure.

"Do you see that figure, yonder, among the graves," said Julia, in a whisper. "I have been watching it for some time; ever since the moon left the edge of that cloud, and shone out so brighly. It moves as if it were busy there." As she spoke, her companion felt that she trembled within his arm.

"I have been looking at it, too," said he, "and wondering who it could be. It is probably one of the servants. Though I cannot imagine what he can be doing there, at this late hour. Let us walk that way; or may I leave you here for an instant?"

"I will return to the Hall," said Julia. "My father will expect me soon."

George accompanied her to the door, and then returned slowly toward the burial-ground. The moon was obscured again, and the tombs were shut from view. But, as he reached the small fenced plot, it shone out once more. The figure had vanished, but an old spade lay by two new-made graves, over which, as they opened side by side, fell the long shadow of the highest stone, on which was carved the epitaph of the first of the Camerons.

George stood rooted to the ground in superstitious awe. The sky was dark again, and a weight that he could not throw off slowly gathered upon him. Who had dug those graves? He called, but his voice fell upon the night without an echo, and no one answered to its tones. He looked up, and the heavens were black with flying clouds.

A drop of rain recalled him from his chill revery. He turned and walked rapidly homeward. When he reached the house, the servants were severely questioned, but no light could be thrown upon the mystery. No one could doubt the sincerity of their curiosity, as in grave and trembling groups they went out to look themselves at a work which many of them declared was not of human hands, and then returned to tell each other, until long after midnight, stories of ghosts and omens and miraculous providences, which, coarsely as they were related, made the blood run cold, and the hair stand on end.

George passed a sleepless night. It was not this circumstance alone, but a thousand things that crossed his mind, and broke his slumbers. Now his father's voice rang in his ear, as he dreamed, driving him from his home, and anon it turned into a maniac laugh and the madman's foot was on his throat. Now he sat by Julia, talking of love, and as he looked down there was a grave on either side of them, and in them open coffins, and behold the insane man was at his very shoulder again, shouting with unearthly malice, and grinning horribly as he shouted, "Ha! ha! one for each!—ha! ha! one for each!" These visions of a feverish couch are strange confusions of joy and terror.

But the wedding day came. The dark clouds, that seemed to have gathered over the sky only to impress the scene of the night which had passed, were gone, and the sun rose bright and warm. Foreboding and superstition were forgotten, as, from morning till noon, the guests came in. The rooms of the family mansions had been freely opened for their reception, till the light peeped in on many a chamber that had been closed to all but moth and spider for many a day. Even the slaves forgot the fearful tales of that midnight group, and bustled gaily about on their several duties.

The hour for the ceremony came at length, and it was performed in the presence of all. There followed kind greetings and hearty kisses. The bridal gifts were presented in succession. Cake and ring were soon in rapid requisition. No generation of the Camerons had seen a merrier day.

Then came the wedding dinner. In the largest rooms at the Hall the tables were spread, profusely laden with good cheer. Old and young were seated around them, and Merton presided with ease and dignity.

The ladies had retired, and the wine circulated. Toasts and jests went freely round. The bridegroom was the soul of mirth and good companionship; and even Merton relaxed from his usual gravity and joined, without restraint, in the festivity.

A servant had been sent out to replenish a decanter of spirits, which had been pushed about with extreme relish, and soon emptied. He remained long away, and when he returned he spoke low to his master, who rose, with an apology for a short absence, and left the room. A few minutes more elapsed, and the bridegroom was called out. The guests supposed it to be some temporary duty which detained them, and the wine still passed around. They little dreamed of the scene beneath them.

The spirits which had been so keenly relished by

the party around the table, had been drawn from one of two casks which, a year before, had been imported by Paul Cameron from the West Indies. That one was just exhausted, and the servant had been ordered to take from the other. He had tried to draw from it, but the spirits did not flow freely, and what came out was foul and discolored. He had whispered this to his master, and Merton had descended in person to the cellar. Finding the servant correct in his statement, he had ordered the cask to be opened, at once, in his presence. The top was broken and taken away, before him, piece by piece. They looked in, and, notwithstanding the gloom of the cellar, they saw lying in the dark liquor, its trunk just showing itself above the fluid, doubled up and distorted by its confined position, yellow and bloated from the influence of the spirits, but with body and limbs still soft and pliable, a human form. They drew it from the cask, at Merton's order, and bore it toward the nearest light; and, as a narrow ray, which struggled in from a half buried window, lit up the swollen features of the dead, Merton recognized, through all the change, the marked lineaments of Henry Cameron.

The mystery of the merchandise was now, in a measure, explained. The casks, in one of which the corpse had been found, had been imported by the same vessel that had brought the box, and, by a mistake which Merton could readily imagine, the event had occurred which a year before had begun the wonders of that crowded day.

Festivity ceased. The remains of the late proprietor were brought up and laid upon the bed; but a different group surrounded it, now, from that which had awaited, before, the uncovering of the face of the dead. The wedding guests became a funeral party, and rejoicing gave place to preparations to commit the body to the grave.

Late that afternoon, the alarm was given that the maniac had escaped from his chamber. In the hurry and excitement of the last few days, his watchers had been less vigilant than usual, and now he was no where to be found. They searched through house and field, and sought anxiously by the river side for some trace of his presence there, for they feared that he might have destroyed his own life. But they could not discover his retreat, or any clue to the course he had taken.

They looked in, at last, almost by accident, at the chamber where Henry Cameron lay, and there knelt his brother by the bedside. The madman was quiet as a new born child. The hand of the dead man lay in his, and his face was buried within his own arm. He uttered what seemed to be a prayer, in a voice low, feeble, and incoherent. Suddenly the voice ceased, yet still he knelt there. They touched him, on their guard lest he should start up and grapple with them, but he heeded them not. They withdrew his arm, and his face fell upon the bed. They raised him; he was dead!

The wonder of the last night was now explained. His garments were soiled with clay, and his thin, soft hands were worn and blistered. Have the mad a communion with the future which the sane have not? God knows why he dug those graves!

Before a week had passed, two more sodded mounds appeared in that quiet grave-ground, and two simple stones soon told where the brothers slept—side by side, dust to dust—feuds forgotten in the union of decay.

THE EARLY CALLED.

BY MISS MARION H. RAND.

How lovely she lies in her long, last sleep—
While the eyes that may never more smile or weep
Are veiled in their fringed lids so close
That it seems but a slumber of deep repose.
She hath gone—as the rose-tinted cloud at even
Melts slowly away in the depths of heaven;
As the bud that rises from earth to bless
Our eyes in its innocent loveliness,
But with a worm in its heart unseen,
Droops in its bower of living green,
And ere the destroyer is yet revealed,
Its petals are withered—its doom is sealed.
So the hands that cherished *her* opening bloom,
Must lay her low in the silent tomb,
And the eyes that were wont in pride to dwell
On the beautiful form they loved so well,
Must sadly and mournfully turn away
From the cold, cold image of senseless clay.
Oh! 't is a bitter thing to prove
This hopeless yearning for one we love;
To look on the face, the cheek and brow,
In their marble purity, fairer now,
To wait for one smile, and wait in vain,
From lips that never will smile again.
Oh! what in this fleeting world hath power
To stem the agony of that hour?
Alas! with a shuddering heart and stern,
From all earth's comforts and gifts we turn,
And some might think that all is dark
In the dwelling where death has set his mark;
But praised be He who alone can bless,
For He doth not leave us comfortless.
When grief lies heaviest round our home,
And a blight on our fairest hopes has come,
When we scarce can lift our heavy eyes
To our lost one's dwelling beyond the skies—
He whom we sought when our day was bright
Will tenderly guide through this dark night;
Will lighten our burdens—charm our pain,
Till our hearts are almost glad again—
And the earth-stained love we bore to Him,
'Mid snares and temptations burning dim,
So often wearied—so often cold,
He will repay it a thousand fold.

A MYSTICAL BALLAD.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I.

The sunset scarce had dimmed away
Into the twilight's doubtful gray;
One long cloud o'er the horizon lay,
'Neath which, a streak of bluish white
Wavered between the day and night;
Over the pine-trees on the hill
The trembly evening star did thrill,
And the new moon, with slender rim,
Through the elm arches gleaming dim,
Filled memory's chalice to the brim.

II.

On such an eve the heart doth grow
Full of surmise, and scarce can know
If it be now or long ago,
Or if indeed it doth exist;—
A wonderful, enchanted mist
From the new moon doth wander out,
Wrapping all things in mystic doubt,
So that this world doth seem untrue,
And all our fancies to take hue
From some life ages since gone through.

III.

The maiden sat and heard the flow
Of the west wind, so soft and low
The leaves scarce quivered to and fro;
Unbound, her heavy golden hair
Rippled across her bosom bare,
Which gleamed with thrilling snowy white
Far through the magical moonlight:
The breeze rose with a rustling swell,
And from afar there came the smell
Of a long-forgotten lily-bell.

IV.

The dim moon rested on the hill,
But silent, without thought or will,
Where sat the dreamy maiden still;
And now the moon's tip, like a star,
Drew down below the horizon's bar;
To her black noon the night hath grown,
Yet still the maiden sits alone,
Pale as a corpse beneath a stream,
And her white bosom still doth gleam
Through the deep midnight like a dream.

V.

Cloudless the morning came and fair,
And lavishly the sun doth share
His gold among her golden hair,
Kindling it all, till slowly so
A glory round her head doth glow;
A withered flower is in her hand,
That grew in some far distant land,
And, silently transfigured,
With wide, calm eyes, and undrooped head,
They found the stranger-maiden dead.

VI.

A youth, that morn, 'neath other skies,
Felt sudden tears burn in his eyes,
And his heart throng with memories;
All things without him seemed to win
Strange brotherhood with things within,
And he forever felt that he
Walked in the midst of mystery,
And thenceforth, why, he could not tell,
His heart would curdle at the smell
Of his once cherished lily-bell.

VII.

Something from him had passed away;
Some shifting trembles of clear day,
Through starry crannies in his clay,
Grew bright and steadfast, more and more,
Where all had been dull earth before;
And, through these chinks, like him of old,
His spirit converse high did hold
With clearer loves and wider powers,
That brought him dewy fruits and flowers
From far Elysian groves and bowers.

VIII.

Just on the farthest bound of sense,
Unproved by outward evidence,
But known by a deep influence
Which through our grosser clay doth shine
With light unwaning and divine,
Beyond where highest thought can fly
Stretcheth the world of Mystery,—
And they not greatly overween
Who deem that nothing true hath been
Save the unspeakable Unseen.

IX.

One step beyond life's work-day things,
One more beat of the soul's broad wings,
One deeper sorrow, sometimes brings
The spirit into that great Vast
Where neither future is nor past;
None knoweth how he entered there,
But, waking, finds his spirit where
He thought an angel could not soar,
And, what he called false dreams before,
The very air about his door.

X.

These outward seemings are but shows
Whereby the body sees and knows;
Far down beneath, forever flows
A stream of subtlest sympathies
That make our spirits strangely wise
In awe, and fearful bodings dim
Which, from the sense's outer rim,
Stretch forth beyond our thought and sight,
Fine arteries of circling light,
Pulsed outward from the Infinite.

COURTING BY PROXY.

A TALE OF NEW YORK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME."

YOUNG Mr. Alonzo Romeo Rush was dreadfully in love—as, indeed, which of us is not? Every body has a passion, though, fortunately, the objects are infinitely various. Mr. Alonzo was in love with himself for a year or two after he took leave of childhood and milk-and-water; but after that his grandmamma told him he ought to marry, and he forthwith fell violently in love with his future wife, and vowed to allow himself no rest till he had found her. This may be termed "love in the abstract," which, as we shall see, is not without its perplexities.

Mr. Alonzo was a darling boy, an orphan, and the heir of a good Knickerbocker fortune. His grandmamma was his guardian, in a sense beyond the cold, legal meaning of the term. She picked the bones out of his fish, and reminded him of his pocket-handkerchief, during all the years of his tenderer boyhood; and, until he was full fourteen years old, he slept in her room, and had his face washed by her own hands, in warm water, every morning. Even after he called himself a man, she buttered his muffins and tucked up his bed-clothes, with a solicitude above all praise. Thanks to her care and attention, he reached the age of twenty-one in safety, excepting that he was very subject to colds, which alarmed his venerable relative extremely; and excepting also that he showed an unaccountable liking for the society of a little tailoress who had always made his clothes during his minority.

But now, as we have said, he was dreadfully in love; and what made his situation the more puzzling was that his grandmamma, in her various charges, had entirely omitted to specify the lady to whom his devotions ought to be paid. She even urged him to choose for himself. What a responsibility!

"Only remember, Alonzo," said the good lady, "that you will never be happy with a girl that does not like muffins, and that it is as easy to love a rich girl as a poor one."

"Yes," responded Mr. Alonzo, with rather an absent air; "yes, and as to muffins—" here he sunk into a reverie.

"Grandma!" exclaimed the darling, after some pause, "could n't you ask Parthenia Blinks here to tea?"

"Certainly, my dear," said the good lady, and she rung the bell at once, preparatory to the making of several kinds of cake, and various other good things.

The invitation was duly sent, and as duly accepted by Miss Parthenia Blinks, who found it politic always to accept an invitation, that she might do as she pleased when the time came—a practice fully adopted by many fashionables.

The time did come, and there was the tea-table, set out with four kinds of preserves, arranged with the most exact quadrangularity; in the centre a large basket heaped with cake, and at the sides two mountains of toast and muffins; tea, coffee, and various accessories completing the prospect.

The fine old Knickerbocker parlor was in its primmest order, every chair standing exactly parallel with its brother; the tea-kettle singing on its chafing-dish, the cat purring on the hearth-rug. Two sofas, covered with needle-work, were drawn up to the fire, and the mandarins on the chimney-piece nodded at each other, and at the pink and azure shepherds and shepherdesses which ornamented the space between them. Mr. Alonzo Romeo Rush stood before the glass giving the last twirl to an obstinate side-lock, which, in spite of persuasion and pomatum, *would* obey that fate called a cow-lick.

An impetuous ring at the door. The little tailoress, who had been giving a parting glance at her own handy-work, slipped out of the room, sighing softly; and Alonzo and his grandmamma seated themselves on the opposite sofas, for symmetry's sake.

A billet in a gilded envelop. Miss Parthenia Blinks' regrets.

"What an impudent thing!" said the old lady, with a toss of her cap. (We do not know whether she meant the act or the young lady.) "But come, my dear, you shall eat the muffins, and never mind her. The next time I ask Miss Blinks it will do her good, I know."

"Mr. Alonzo, nothing daunted by this mortifying slight, turned his thoughts next to Miss Justina Cuypers, a young lady who resided with two maiden aunts in a house which had suffered but little change since the Revolution. The first step which suggested itself to the darling, was to ask Miss Cuypers to ride; but to reach this golden apple the aunts must be propitiated, and therefore it was judged best that grandmamma should make one of the party, in order that none of the proprieties might be violated. Alonzo was charioteer, but, as he was not much accustomed to driving, his grandmamma felt it her duty to take the reins out of his hands very frequently, besides giving him many directions as to which rein he ought to pull, in meeting the numerous vehicles which they encountered on the Haarlem road. Whether from the excess of his passion for Miss Cuypers, who never

spoke once the whole way, or whether from the confusion incident to reiterated instructions, poor Mr. Alonzo did finish the drive by an overturn, which did not kill any body, but spoiled the young lady's new bonnet, and covered her admirer with mud and confusion.

The failure of these kindly attempts of his grandmamma to save him the trouble of getting a wife, taught Mr. Alonzo a lesson. He drew the astute inference that old ladies were not good proxies in all cases. He even thought of taking the matter into his own hands, and with this view it was not long before he set out, like a prince in a fairy tale, to seek his fortune.

The first house he came to—that is to say, the one to which his footsteps turned most naturally—was one belonging to a distant connection of his grandmamma, a lady whose ancestor came over with Hendrick Hudson, or, as the family chroniclers insisted, a little before. Miss Alida Van Der Benschoten, the daughter of this lady—a fresh sprout from the time-honored tree—might have been known to Alonzo, but that he had always hidden himself when her mamma brought her to pay her annual visit to his grandmama. She resided with her mother, one ancient sister, and two great rude brothers, on the borders of the city, in one of those tempting ruralities called cottages, built of brick, three stories high, and furnished with balconies and verandahs of cast iron, all very agricultural indeed, as a certain lady said of a green door. The idea of Miss Alida being once entertained, the shrubberies about the Van Der Benschoten cottage, consisting of three altheas, a private hedge, and a Madeira vine, seemed to invite a Romeo, and our hero resolved to open his first act with a balcony scene. Not that he had a speech ready; for if he had he would have delivered it in the parlor; but he had heard much of the power of sweet sounds, and conceived the idea of trying them upon the heart of Miss Alida before he ventured upon words, as Hannibal, (was n't it?) having rocks to soften, tried vinegar before pickaxes. Having often encountered bands of music in the streets at night—or rather the evening, for his grandmamma never allowed him to be out after ten—he concluded the business of these patrols to be serenading; and, making great exertions to find one of the most powerful companies, he engaged their leader to be in full force before Mrs. Van Der Benschoten's door on a certain evening, resolved himself to lie, *perdu*, in convenient spot, ready to speak if the young lady should appear on the balcony, as he did not doubt she would. The Coryphæus of the band was true to his promise, and he and his followers had played with all their might for half an hour or so, when, observing no demonstration from the house, and feeling rather chilly, they consulted their employer as to the propriety of continuing.

"Oh! go on, go on," whispered Mr. Alonzo; "she is n't waked up yet! (The youth understood the true object of a serenade.) Play away till you hear something."

And, on the word, Washington's March aroused the weary echoes, if not Miss Alida.

This new attack certainly was not in vain. A window was softly opened, and as the band, inspired by this sign of life, threw new vigor into their instrumentation, a copious shower of boots, boot-jacks, billets of wood, and various other missiles, untuned the performers, who, in spite of the martial spirit breathed but just before, all ran away forthwith.

Mr. Alonzo scorned to follow, particularly as he had a snug berth under one of the three altheas; but a voice crying "Seek him—seek him, Vixen!" and the long bounds of a dog in the back yard dislodged him, and he made an ignominious retreat.

We dare not describe the dreams of our hero that night; but we record it to his everlasting credit that he was not disheartened by this inauspicious conclusion of his daring adventure. He ascribed the rude interruption, very correctly, to one of Miss Alida's brothers; and every time he met one of them in the street he used to tell his grandmmama of it when he came home, always adding that he only wished he knew whether *that was the one!*

Music was still a good resource, and Mr. Alonzo resolved to try it in another form. He knew a young gentleman who played the guitar, and sang many a soft Spanish ditty to its seductive twanging; and, as this youth happened to be a good-natured fellow, and one who did a large amount of serenading on his own account, it was not difficult to persuade him to attempt something for a friend.

So, when next the fair moon favored the stricken-hearted, the two young men, choosing a spot of deepest shade, beset Miss Alida with music of a far more insidious character than that first employed by the inexperienced Alonzo. Few female hearts can resist the influence of such bewitching airs as those with which good-natured Harry Blunt endeavored to expound his friend's sweet meanings; and, after a whole round of sentiment had rung from the guitar, and the far sweeter tenor of its owner, a window opened once more, and poor Mr. Alonzo scampered off incontinent.

Harry, who had not been exposed to the storm which rewarded the previous serenade, stood his ground, and had the satisfaction of picking up a delicate bouquet which fell just before him in the moonlight. This he carried, most honorably, to his friend, whom he supposed to be already in Miss Alida's good graces.

"What shall I do?" said Mr. Alonzo, who had a dim perception of the responsibility attached to this favor from a lady.

"Do!" exclaimed Harry, laughing, "why, order a splendid one at N—'s, and send a servant with it to-morrow, with your compliments."

"So I will!—see if I don't," said Mr. Alonzo, delighted. "I'll get one as big as a dinner-plate."

In pursuance of this resolve, he called up an old family servant, and, locking the door, gave him ample directions, and in the most solemn manner.

"And mind, Moses," said young master, "get one of the very largest size, and give whatever they ask." Hapless Alonzo! Why not put on thy hat, and go forth to choose thy bouquet in person? Moses took the ten-dollar note, which Alonzo handed him, and de-

parted with injunctions to utmost speed and inviolable discretion.

"Mr. Alonzo paced the floor, with the air of a man who, having done his best, feels that he ought to succeed, till at length the returning steps of his messenger greeted his ear.

"Well, Mose! have you carried it? Did you get a handsome one? Did you see her? What did she say?"

Poor Moses showed the entire white of his eyes.

"Why, massa," said he "you ax me too many questions-to onst. I got him, and I carried him to Miss Van Der Benschoten's house, but I no see the young woman; but I tell the colored gentleman at the door who sent him."

"That was right," said Mr. Alonzo; "but was it large and handsome, Moses?"

"Monstrous big, massa; big as dat stand, any how! And here's the change; I beat him down a good deal, for he ask two shillin, and I make him take eighteen pence."

And it was with much self-complacency that good old Moses pulled out of his pocket a handful of money.

"Change!" said Mr. Alonzo, with much misgiving, "change!—eighteen pence—two shillings—what are you talking about? What kind of flowers were they?"

"Oh! beautiful flowers, massa. There was pi'nies and laylocks, and paas-blumechies, and ebery ting!"

We will only say that if hard words could break bones, poor old Moses would not have had a whole one left in his body—but of what avail?

Next day came out invitations for a large party at Mrs. Van Der Benschoten's, and Harry Blunt, who had been spied out by one of the belligerent brothers of Miss Alida, and recognized as the hero of the serenade *à l' Espagnol*, was invited, while our poor friend, Alonzo, was overlooked entirely, in spite of the laugh which his elegant bouquet had afforded the young ladies.

The morning after the party, Alonzo encountered his friend Harry, who had been much surprised at his absence.

"Why didn't you go?" he asked; "it was a splendid affair. I heard of your bouquet, but I explained, and you need not mind. Write a note yourself—that will set all right again."

"Would you really?" said Mr. Alonzo, earnestly.

"To be sure I would! Come, do it at once."

But Alonzo recollected that he had not yet found much time to bestow on his education, so that the writing of a note would be somewhat of an undertaking.

"Can 't you do it for me?" said he; "you are used to these things."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said the obliging Harry, and he dashed off a very pretty note, enveloped it, *comme il faut*, and directed it to Miss Van Der Benschoten, Humming-Bird Place.

A most obliging answer was returned—an answer requiring a reply; and, by the aid of his friend Harry, Mr. Alonzo Romeo Rush kept up his side of the correspondence with so much spirit, that, in the course of a week or two, he was invited to call at the rural residence, with an understanding on all sides that this interview was to be the end of protocols, and the incipient stage of definitive arrangements which would involve the future happiness of a pair of hearts.

It was an anxious morning, that which fitted out Mr. Alonzo Romeo Rush for this expedition. His grandmamma washed and combed him, and the little tailoress brushed his clothes, picking off every particle of lint with her slender fingers, and thinking, when she had done, that he stood the very perfection of human loveliness.

"Thank you, Mary," said he, very kindly, and, as he looked at her, he could not but notice the deep blush which covered a cheek usually pale for want of exercise and amusement.

However, this was no time to look at tailoresses; and Mr. Alonzo was soon on his way to Humming-Bird Place.

How his hand trembled as he fumbled for the bell-handle, and how reminiscences crowded upon him as he saw on the step a large dog which he knew by intuition to be the very Vixen of the serenade. Then to think of what different circumstances he stood in at present! Oh! it was overpowering, and Mr. Alonzo was all in a perspiration when the servant opened the door.

"Is Miss Van Der Benschoten at home?"

"Yes sir!" A low bow. "Walk up stairs, sir!"

Another low bow. The servant must have guessed his errand.

He was ushered into a twilight drawing-room, and sat down, his heart throbbing so that it made the sofa-cushions quiver.

Hark!—a footstep—a lady—and in another instant Mr. Alonzo had taken a small hand without venturing to look at the face of the owner. He had forgotten to prepare a speech, so he held the little hand and meditated one.

At length he began—"Miss Van Der Benschoten, my grandmamma—" and here, at fault, he looked up inadvertently.

"What *is* the matter, Mr. Rush!" exclaimed the lady.

"I—am sick—" said Alonzo, making a rush for the street door.

The lady was the elder sister of Miss Alida, diminutive, ill-formed, and with such a face as one sees in very severe nightmare.

Alonzo reached his grandmamma's, and the first person he met as he dashed through the hall was the little tailoress.

We know not if he had made a Jeptha-like vow in the course of his transit; but he caught the hand of his humble friend, and said, with startling energy,

"Mary! will you marry me?"

"I! I!" said the poor girl, and she burst into tears.

But Alonzo, now in earnest, found no lack of words; and the result was that he drew Mary's arm through his, and half led, half carried her straight to his grandmamma's sofa.

"Grandma!" said he, "this shall be my wife or

nobody. I have tried to love a rich girl, but I love Mary without trying. Give us your blessing, grandma, and let 's have the wedding at once!"

The old lady, speechless, could only hold up both hands; but Alonzo, inspired by real feeling, looked so different from the soulless darling he had ever seemed, that she felt an involuntary respect which prevented her opposing his will very decidedly. It was not long before he obtained an absolute permission to be happy in his own way. Wise grandmamma!—say we.

Mary was always a good girl, and riding in her own carriage has made her a beauty, too. She is not the only lady of the "aucune" family who flourishes within our bounds. As for our friend Alonzo, he smiles instead of sighing, as he passes Humming-Bird Place.

AARON ON MOUNT HOR.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

The summer day declined o'er Edom's vales,
As on, through winding paths of lone Mount Hor,
Three men went traveling slow. One moved with pain;
His white beard sweeping o'er his reverend breast,
And ever, as the ascent steeper grew,
More heavily did lean on those who lent
Their kindly aid.
I see the mitred brow
Of the High-Priest of Israel—and anon,
As the slant sun sends forth a stronger beam
Through the sparse boughs and cones of terebinth,
His dazzling breast-plate like a rainbow gleams.

Methinks he communes with the past, and calls
The buried years. Each, like a flitting ghost,
Comes with its memories up, and glides away.
Once more the moan of Egypt meets his ear,
As when her first-born died—the sullen surge
Of the divided sea, enforced to leave
Its ancient channels, and the affrighted cry
Of Israel at red Sinai's awful base.
Their murmurings, and their mockings, and their strife,—
The sin at Meribah,—the desert-graves
Fed with their recreant race—all rise anew,
And pass before him as a troubled dream.

But lo! his features wear a brightening tinge,
And o'er his high, anointed brow there gleams
A transient smile. Caught he a glorious view
Of that eternal Canaan, fair with light,
And watered by the river of his God,
Where was his heritage? Or stole the song
Of Miriam's timbrel o'er the flood of death,
Wooing him onward through the last, faint steps
Of wearied life?
And now they reach the spot
Where he had come to die. Strange heaviness
Settled around his spirit. Then he knew
That death's dark angel stretched a sable wing
'Tween him and earth. The altar, and the ark,
The unuttered mysteries seen within the vail,
Those deep-set traces of his inmost soul,
Grew dim and vanished.
So, with trembling hand,
He hasted to unclasp the priestly robe
And cast it o'er his son, and on his head
The mitre place; while, with a feeble voice,
He blessed, and bade him keep his garments pure
From blood of souls. But then, as Moses raised
The mystic breast-plate, and that dying eye
Caught the last radiance of those precious stones,
By whose oracular and fearful light
Jehovah had so oft his will revealed
Unto the chosen tribes whom Aaron loved
In all their wanderings—but whose promised land
He might not look upon—he sadly laid
His head upon the mountain's turfy breast,
And with one prayer, half wrapped in stifled groans,
Gave up the ghost.
Stedfast beside the dead,
With folded arms and face uplift to Heaven,
The prophet Moses stood—as if by faith
Following the sainted soul. No sigh of grief,
Nor sign of earthly passion marked the man
Who once on Sinai's top had talked with God.
—But the young priest knelt down, with quivering lip,
And pressed his forehead on the pulseless breast,
And mid the gifts of sacerdotal power
And dignity entrusted to his hand,
Remembering but the father that he loved—
Long with his filial tears bedewed the clay.

MENTAL SOLITUDE.

BY ELIZABETH OKES SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD," ETC.

There is a solitude the mind creates,
A solitude, of holy thought, profound—
Alone, save there the "Soul's Ideal" waits,
It maketh to itself a hallowed ground.
Lo! the proud eagle when he highest soars,
Leaves the dim earth and shadows far behind—
Alone, the thunder-cloud around him roars,
And the reft pinion flutters in the wind.
Alone, he soars where higher regions sleep,
And the calm ether owns nor storm nor cloud—
And thus the soul its upward way must keep,
And leave behind the tempests raging loud—
Alone, to God bear up its heavy weight
Of human hope and fear, nor feel "all desolate."

THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

OR THE CASTLE AND THE COTTAGE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

(*Concluded from page* 156.)

CHAPTER III.

The summer and the winter passed away, and still Clara Dormer received no letter or token from her lover. Poor girl! she was atoning for her fault, and bore the suspense meekly, but it paled her cheek and drank the soft light from her eyes. It gave a sad sweetness to her voice, and a languor to every movement, which awoke the anxiety of her good father to a painful degree. He saw that there was sorrow preying upon his child, and he knew that though

> "It breathes no sigh and sheds no tear,
> Yet it consumes the heart."

And the kind rector was himself suffering also, for things had not gone well with him during the year of trial to his daughter. Before the birth of this only and darling child, he had occupied the rectorship of Ebron Parish—honored, tranquil, and thoroughly satisfied in the humble sphere of duty which the Almighty had appointed to him. In the fullness of his content, he had almost forgotten the terms on which the rectorship had been bestowed by his patron.

From some caprice, or, perhaps, reluctance to allow power to escape entirely from his grasp, the Earl of Horton, on the presentation of this living, had exacted a promise from the rector that it should be rendered back to him, should he at any time become dissatisfied with the manner in which its duties were performed. It was a mere provision against what was doubtless an almost impossible contingency, the earl observed at the time, and the idea that his parish could ever pass into other hands had scarcely entered the good rector's mind during the nineteen years in which he had performed its duties. But he was suddenly and harshly aroused from this state of tranquil security. All at once, without warning, and almost without apology for the ungenerous act, he received a letter from Lord Horton demanding immediate surrender of the rectorship. In less than three weeks after the receipt of this letter, a new rector had taken possession of the parsonage, and poor Dormer became a boarder with his child in the house of a humble pensioner.

It was a small chamber which the deposed clergyman occupied, and a little closet, in which his child slept, opened from it. A few books, and two or three articles of choice old furniture, gave an air of comfort to the room, though it was uncarpeted, and the footsteps of approaching poverty could be detected in many little evidences, discernible only to a quick observer. The rector was reposing in his easy chair, which, in its elaborate workmanship, bore a strong contrast to the other rude seats standing primly against the wall. A soft, hazy twilight filled the room with an almost palpable atmosphere of golden purple, a breeze crept through a passion-flower, entangled over the rude lattice, rustling the heavy foliage, and swaying the glorious flowers to and fro in the rich light, till it almost seemed as if the flowers were smiling and murmuring together, devising some pleasant means of consolation to the good man within.

Still the rector was very sad. The open lattice commanded a view of the little rustic church, the porch, buried in ivy, and a footpath leading from the parsonage, which he had trod almost every Sabbath for nineteen years. Like a bird driven forth from the tree where his younglings yet nestled, he gazed sadly upon this familiar scene. Still he was resigned—the tears stole to his eyes, and his finely cut lip trembled as he thought of the past—his desk occupied by another, his parishioners listening discontentedly to a strange voice—it was pity for them, affection, grief, tenderness, but no selfish regret, that brought those drops to the good man's eyes.

The door opened, and Clara glided from the adjoining closet—her cottage bonnet was tied on, and she had flung a light scarf over the dress of simple calico that was now her usual humble apparel.

"Good evening, papa, I shall return directly," she said, in a sweet voice, as she bent over his chair and kissed him.

She felt that his cheek was wet with tears, and, winding her arm again about his neck, her eyes took the direction of his, and she stood gazing on the little church till her own eyes became misty.

"Clara, my child."

"Well, father!"

"Nothing. I have forgotten what I wished to say. Are you going out?"

"Yes, father."

"But not to the church, Clara, not there—I do not like to see you come back with that sad look so often."

"Perhaps," said Clara, in a low voice, "perhaps it would be better for us both if we would go far away."

"Ah, Clara, Clara, do not speak in that way—do you forget, child, your mother lies yonder?"

"Alas!" said the young girl, once more bending down and kissing the high forehead of her parent; "alas! I forget nothing;" she paused a moment, and, pressing her cheek close to his, added, in a broken voice, "but we cannot starve, my father."

The rector startled, turned round in his seat, and looked almost with an air of affright on his child.

"It is now four months since our last guinea was paid to the good friends who have given us a home—they strive to conceal it, but we are becoming a burden to them."

"You are right, my child," said the rector, falling helplessly into his chair; "we may become burdensome, and is there no money left, my child?"

"Alas! the few pounds we had on leaving the parsonage are expended long ago," replied the young girl.

"And we are in debt!"

"Yes, father, in debt!—I had not mentioned this else. I have earned a little by my needle-work, and if we could move to a larger place, where purchasers were more plenty, I might perhaps do better."

"No, child—no, I have been to blame. To-morrow I will set forth and see what can be done; I had powerful friends once. We must go up to London again; some of them may remember me yet—we will not ask for much; a humble living worth fifty or sixty pounds per year. We could live very snugly on that, Clara, and find something for the poor besides. I should not have rested inactive so long. But it was hard to think of leaving the bed yonder where your mother lies—the old church."

The poor clergyman sat down again, for the thoughts of leaving that beloved spot almost overcame his newly aroused energies.

"Do n't mind me," he said, turning his head aside as Clara bent tenderly over him, for she knew how keenly he must suffer at the thoughts of going forth from his beloved parish. "Do n't fear that I shall give way again. I will start for London to-morrow; but leave me alone now—alone with *her*," he added, pointing to the little grave-yard behind the church."

The young girl still hesitated.

"But the money, alas! where can we get money to pay our expenses up to London?" she said at last.

The poor rector was so unused to any wants which his small income had not supplied, that he looked upon his child almost in affright.

"Money," he said, "true true, where can we find money?"

"I have," said Clara, almost trembling—"I have the pearl bracelet yet."

"Your mother's pearls, the bracelet which was on her arm when we were married?"

"Yes," said Clara, in a very low voice; "yes, the same—but what can we do—it is our all."

"True, true," replied the sorrowful man, covering his eyes with his hand."

"Perhaps," said Clara, still in a humble and low voice, "perhaps I can dispose of it. The Lady Jane is expected every day at the castle, the housekeeper told me so last night—perhaps she will advance money to carry us up to London, and keep the bracelet till we can repay her—then you know we need not part with it entirely."

"You are a good child—a blessing to me, Clara—what could I do without you? Come kiss me—there, there, do as you like, but remember, darling, we must get the pearls back again—*her* pearls—how like you are to her just now. Come, come, God will not forsake us. He never does forsake those who trust in him."

The good clergyman broke off abruptly, for as he lifted his head he saw the church bell begin to vibrate in the rustic steeple, and then a merry peal rang loud and cherrily on the sunset air. Then came the tramp of horses, the rattle of wheels, and a traveling chariot swept by, followed by two other carriages covered with dust, and laden down with servants and luggage.

Clara sprung forward and looked eagerly at the first carriage. It contained three persons, two gentlemen and a lady. The last, a woman of commanding and brilliant beauty, who bent forward as she drove by, gave a quick glance through the open lattice where the rector and his daughter were sitting, and thus, except for one instant, concealed her traveling companions completely from view.

"It is she. It is the Lady Jane—and the earl, and, and—no, no, I am dreaming, father. It was not him. Did you see, father—did you see? No, no, how foolish I am!" And, covering her face with both hands, Clara withdrew behind her father's chair, and strove to conceal the agitation that had set her slight form trembling from head to foot.

The rector half arose, passed his arm around Clara's waist, and, drawing her gently forward, kissed her forehead.

"There, darling, there. He will come, or if not, Clara, you have your father, and he loves you so much—oh, you cannot guess how much. But his heart aches so over this pale cheek, these eyes so ready to brim with tears."

"I will try, oh, I will try so earnestly to think of nothing but you, my dear, kind, good father," said Clara, winding her arms about his neck, and smiling through her tears as she bent her head back and looked into his face.

"Bless you, child—bless you, we shall be happy yet. Come, come, now that your bonnet is on we will walk out a little—come."

The father and daughter went forth together. They wandered about the church, by the old rock on the river's brink, and stood for a little time by the grave where the wife and mother of those two pure hearted beings had been sleeping so many years. They talked together of the past, of the artist who had left them for a time—for they could not believe him false—of the wife who had left them forever. Clara had no thought which she did not give freely to her father, and he—the good man—never had a thought which was not blended with his child. She was a portion of his own heart. She was in his prayers, in his dreams. She was the memory of his bride, hovering about him in renewed youth. She was all that he had to love on earth, and, though he looked upon all mankind as his brethern, that sweet girl was

the link between his soul and the sainted one in heaven.

CHAPTER IV.

The Earl of Horton sat alone in his library, a large and richly furnished room, which opened to one of the most beautiful glades in his broad park. He was looking through the arched window at a little rustic church, which formed a picturesque object in the distance. Glimpses of a bright stream broke up, now and then, through the foliage that lay between the castle and that distant object. The morning was yet radiant with sun-kindled verdure, and nothing could have been more tranquilizing than the landscape without, or more luxurious than the costly objects which surrounded him within doors. But the earl was ill at ease. His steward had just left him, and, for the first time, he had become acquainted with the state of destitution into which his arbitrary exercise of power had reduced the man who had so long found his happiness in the duties of that little church which stood before him in the calm distance, an object of continual self-reproach.

While these unpleasant thoughts were passing through his mind, a door opened and his daughter entered the library.

There were few women in Eng'and who equaled the Lady Jane in that peculiar and severe style of beauty which is so well calculated to excite respect and admiration, but seldom blended with that feminine softness which is a thousand times more captivating than beauty. Always haughty and self-possessed, the high-born maiden appeared this morning more than usually arrogant—a frown lay upon her high white forehead; the dark and beautifully arched eyebrows were slightly knitted, and her lips were pressed together till they looked almost thin, and quite severe, ruby-like as their rich color always seemed. She had breakfasted in her dressing-room, and her toilet, usually so elaborate, had evidently been almost neglected, for the knots of rose-colored ribbon that fastened her muslin robe down the front were half of them untied, and her thick hair, of raven black, was fastened loosely behind with a pin of fretted gold, which, massive as it was, seemed scarcely strong enough to confine the heavy braids in their place.

Lady Jane looked hastily around the apartment as she entered, to be certain that her father was alone. Being satisfied of this, she advanced to his chair, laid her white hand on the back and addressed him.

"My lord," she said, in a voice which was rendered respectful by severe self-control alone, "my lord, it *was* the former rector, that Mr. Dormer, and his daughter whom we saw at the window last evening. May I ask why it is that they have not been sent from the neighborhood, as I was led to expect, months ago?"

The earl looked up, and his voice was rendered stern by thoughts of the wrong he had done, which still lay heavily on his mind.

"I know it was Dormer and his child, and I also know that they have been unkindly dealt with, and all to please you, Jane. I have injured them to the extent of my power; what would you have more?"

"I would have them sent hence at once," said the lady hastily. "Nothing would have tempted me to come to the castle had I known of their presence here."

The earl looked upon his daughter as she spoke, with evident surprise.

"Why, Jane," he said, at length, "what folly is this? You are not used to indulge petty dislikes to this extent. What possible motive can you have in this sudden desire to persecute a good, harmless man like Dormer, and his still more helpless child?"

Lady Jane hesitated an instant, and then drawing a chair close by the earl, sat down.

"Your lordship will understand me," she said, "when I tell you that Lord Seymour saw the girl in London, more than a year since, and was so struck by her appearance that it was months before the impression wore off. Even now he sometimes inquires about her, and I doubt very much if his principal inducement to accompany us here was not a hope of meeting the rustic beauty once more."

"Indeed," muttered the earl, "indeed!"

"Your lordship can judge how important the absence of these persons has become," said Lady Jane calmly. "With Lord Seymour's unaccountable carelessness of position he may be led into some folly which will destroy all hopes of the alliance which your lordship has seemed to desire so much."

"But what can I do?" exclaimed the earl. "I have deprived poor Dormer of his living, but have no power to force him from the place."

"Is not the farmer with whom he stays a tenant on the estate?" inquired Lady Jane. "Has your steward no power to deprive him of his lease if he persists in giving a home to these people?"

The earl shook his head. "This seems too much like persecution, for my taste," he replied. "Nay, Jane, what necessity is there for this? Surely birth and beauty such as yours need fear no rivalry from a simple rosy-cheeked village girl like that?"

"But this same beauty and birth has failed to draw forth a proposal from Seymour, and now, when he is committed as it were, when he is to be domesticated with us for weeks—when—"

The Lady Jane was interrupted by a servant who informed her that a young girl from the village was desirous of a moment's conversation."

"Take her up to my dressing-room and let her wait," said the lady.

"No, let her come up here at once, I am going to the stables," said the earl, anxious to break off the conversation.

"You can show her up here as his lordship desires," and with a slight wave of her fair hand Lady Jane dismissed the servant—then turning to her father she said—

"You will think of this, my lord?"

"Yes, yes—but where is Seymour? I must take him to the stables with me," and with this abrupt reply the earl went out.

A few moments after, a young girl entered the

library. She was simply dressed in black silk, with a coarse straw bonnet and gaiter-boots fitted tightly to her exquisite little foot. She advanced to Lady Jane with a modest but not embarrassed demeanor, and was close to the lady's chair before she was recognized, so much was that sweet face changed since it had excited a pang of jealousy in the haughty woman who gazed upon it.

"Miss Dormer!" said Lady Jane, while her usual haughty self-possession was a little disturbed, "I did not recognize you at first; pray be seated."

Clara sat down, for she was weary and her limbs trembled. There was little of her former bloom in that pale melancholy face, and the smile that had once beamed like sunshine in those azure eyes seemed quenched in the tears that had become habitual to them. As Lady Jane gazed on these traces of faded beauty her heart softened toward the young girl.

"You seem tired, Miss Dormer," she said, with increasing gentleness.

"I thank your ladyship—no, I am only anxious—my father—I scarcely know how to ask the favor I desire—but my father wishes to leave this place—we both wish to go, lady—but—for perhaps the earl has told you that my father is no longer rector here—"

Lady Jane bent her head, a slight color came into her cheek as she made this silent answer, and she looked down to conceal the quick brightening of her eyes.

"We both wish to go to-morrow, if possible, resumed Clara, "but we have no means of traveling—I know it is a strange request—but my father is unused to these things, and I come to you, lady, with a bracelet—it was my mother's—I will leave it with you in hopes that we may buy it back some day—forgive the request—but I have no other way—no one to whom I can apply for a little money except your ladyship."

"You were right, very right, in applying to me," said Lady Jane, drawing forth her purse and counting ten guineas into her hand; "take this and repay it when you like. No," she added, putting the bracelet gently back, which Clara undid from its covering of tissue paper and held forth with a trembling hand, "no, no, keep the bracelet. When do you start—did I understand you to-morrow?"

"Yes," said Clara, "we have but little preparation to make, to-morrow we must go."

Again Lady Jane bent her eyes to conceal the exulting light which broke through the thick lashes in defiance of her effort.

"You are right," she said; "tell your good father that the earl will send his traveling-carriage to convey you the first stage—we both regret very much that circumstances compelled the change which has taken place in his prospects."

"Thank you, thank you for saying that," said Clara, and her eyes filled with tears. "It will be a comfort to my father when he is assured that all this arose from no dissatisfaction with himself.

Lady Jane arose, as if to put an end to the interview, for, spite of her usually cold nature, the sad and touching manner of the young girl brought a feeling of self-reproach to her heart. Clara understood the movement, and took her leave, almost overcome with gratitude for the kindness she had received. Lady Jane also left the room, murmuring—

"This will do, this will do; another day and there will be no fear of their meeting—poor thing, how she is changed!"

As the library door closed after the lady, a large Indian screen which had been drawn around the recess of a window was quickly folded back, and Lord Seymour walked forth from the little nook, where he had been reading since breakfast. The conversation between the earl and his daughter had aroused him only when his own name was mentioned, and the awkwardness of appearing before them after the first sentence was uttered, alone kept him quiet till after the interview to which he had thus involuntarily become a witness between Lady Jane and Clara.

The face of the young nobleman was agitated and pale, but there was something of joy lighting it up, and his dark eyes glittered like diamonds. He snatched his hat from the library table and went out—taking a path which wound through the park down to the little river that might be seen from the library windows.

Clara had left the castle, with the gold in her hand and the bracelet put carefully in her bosom, and, though fatigued by her previous walk, she forgot every thing in the light-hearted feeling which the accomplishment of her object momentarily created.

"Poor, dear father!" she murmured, "he will leave this place with less of grief when he can carry away my mother's pearls in his bosom. Oh, how glad I am!"

And with a lightsome step the gentle girl reached a little arched bridge which spanned the river just below the church. She paused on this bridge and looked sadly on the little porch, and the thousand objects endeared by so many sweet and sad associations, which she was about to leave forever—and now her heart grew heavy, tears trembled up to her eyes, and she moved slowly on, murmuring—

"I will see them once more—for the last time—now, now, I must think of him. I must sit on the old rock where—oh, Heavenly Father! now it *is* all over. I shall never, never see him again."

She moved slowly up the footpath which wound along the brink of the river, her limbs trembled as she approached the rock—the trysting-place of former times—approached it for the last time—a warm sunshine lay upon the rock, and clusters of scarlet flowers gleamed redly in the rifts, down almost to the dense shadow which enveloped the moss-grown fragment where she had sat so often with her lover—but she could not find strength to look upon the spot she was approaching with so much heaviness of heart, and it was not till her foot had crushed the dewy grass kept wet by the shadow of the rock, that she lifted her eyes and saw a man sitting on the very fragment she had occupied so often. A sketch-book lay upon his knee, and—she could observe nothing more—his face was turned toward her, and, with a cry, a sweet, thrilling cry of joy, she sprung forward and fell upon his bosom.

"My Clara! my own, my beautiful!" murmured

the artist, kissing her forehead, her ringlets and the quivering eyelids still dewy with tears. "I have come back. We love each other after all this absence—at any rate I love you—oh, how much. Speak to me, dear one—look upon me, Say, love, say, are you not happy now?"

She was happy—oh! how happy, for with a deep breath she closed her eyes, and lay almost insensible on his bosom. After a moment the color came to her cheek, and, as if it had been warmed to fresh beauty by the tumultuous beating of the heart it rested against, a smile—a soft heavenly smile—broke over that lovely face. It was like perfume stealing up from the heart of a rose—like sunshine trembling over pure waters. It was the entire happiness of a human heart taking to itself visible and exquisite signs of loveliness.

CHAPTER V.

They sat together at the breakfast table—the Earl of Horton, Lady Jane, and Lord Seymour.

"Well, Jane," said the earl, with more than usual cheerfulness, "we are to have a wedding in the village this morning—one that will surprise you a little. The new rector was with me an hour since, requesting our presence at the ceremony."

"And who are the happy parties?" inquired Lady Jane, while Seymour broke the top of an egg very deliberately with his spoon.

"Why, Clara Dormer is the bride."

"Clara Dormer!" repeated Lady Jane, crimsoning to the temples. "My lord, you must have mistaken the name; both father and daughter were to start for London this very day."

"Yes, that was their intention, but some lover of the girl's came down last night—a traveling artist, I believe, who spent some months in the village a long time since. He brought a license in his pocket, and pretty Clara leaves her old home a very happy bride, —I hope so at least, for her father's sake."

"I hope so too," replied Lady Jane, with a tone and manner unusually earnest, and evidently sincere. "We will all go down to the church. You will attend, Lord Seymour? it is the pretty girl who captivated you at the opera—you have not forgotten her?"

"No, I have not forgotten her," said Lord Seymour, with a slight smile, but I have letters to write which will detain me a short time; do not wait for me, I will join you at the church."

An hour after this conversation, Clara Dormer entered the ivy-wreathed porch of the village church, leaning upon the arm of her happy father. A robe of simple white muslin, and a wreath of snowy roses just gathered from the thicket and woven among her golden tresses, gave to her pure beauty an air of loveliness which the most costly vestments could not have equaled. A bracelet of pearls—her mother's bridal ornament—was clasped on her round arm, and in this modest attire she advanced to the altar.

The Earl of Horton and his daughter were already in the church, and a moment before the bride appeared Lord Seymour came up the ailse, smiled pleasantly as he passed the earl's seat, and took his station near the altar, as if desirous to obtain a better view of the ceremony than could be commanded from the pews. He remained leaning carelessly against a pillar till the bride was led into the church, but then he drew nearer to the altar, and, when she advanced, reached forth his hand and drew the gentle girl to his side. Lady Jane almost started to her feet, and the earl uttered an exclamation of surprise, but the ceremony went on, and, before the high-born pair had recovered from the stupor of their amazement, Lord Seymour led his countess down the aisle, and with graceful self-possession presented her to his host.

"You see the beautiful excuse I have found for leaving you so suddenly," he said, bowing gracefully to Lady Jane, and glancing through the door where a magnificent traveling carriage had drawn up; "we must be on our way to Staffordshire in an hour. My good father-in-law there must take possession of his living without delay, and my tenants are all wild with desire to look on the sweet face of their mistress. Excuse this little mystification. I should have made you acquainted with my motive for visiting the neighborhood had not Clara destroyed all my plans in arranging to run away from me before she knew of my arrival. Now," he added, shaking hands with the earl and bowing low to Lady Jane; "now she has no choice but to run away *with* me," and, scarcely waiting to hear the confused congratulations which the earl and his daughter forced themselves to offer, Lord Seymour led his countess to the carriage.

"Well," said Sir Harry Nagle, as he was walking up from the lodge at Seymour Park, some four years after the marriage of his friend with the rector's daughter; "so you have never repented of this romantic match?"

"Never!" replied Seymour, laughing the free and happy laugh of a contented man.

"And does she still retain the sweetness, the fresh, innocent look which we so admired at the opera? Upon my word, Seymour, she looked like a moss rose-bud amid a world of hot-house flowers that night, —is the blush worn off in her new position?—be candid now, and admit it—these wild-flowers seldom stand transplanting."

"Judge for yourself," said Lord Seymour, taking Sir Harry's arm and pointing to a window of his mansion which opened on a little paddock, fenced in by a hedge of roses. "Judge for yourself—she is sitting yonder."

Sir Henry looked in the direction which his host pointed out, and there on the heavy stone work of the open and arched window he saw the countess, sweet and girlish almost as when he had seen her at the opera. Her rich golden hair still curled in heavy ringlets down her neck; her cheek had lost nothing of its roundness, and there was a happy, contented expression in her eyes which revealed a beautiful history of domestic happiness. She had been sewing, and the contents of her work-box lay scattered on the window sill by her side, while the open box and a tiny basket stood on a little work-table by an easy chair which she had deserted for the open window. The muslin

which she had been embroidering lay in her lap where she had dropped it to look forth on the gambols of her child—a fine little boy who called cheerily for his mother to see how well he could ride the donkey which had been brought into the rose paddock for his amusement, and who was struggling manfully with his grandfather the rector, who insisted on holding him firmly on the animal's back.

"She is indeed the same sweet modest creature," exclaimed Sir Henry with animation, "and that little fellow yonder, is he your son and heir? Well, for once, romance has ended in a very pleasant reality."

"Come, the countess has seen us," replied Seymour; "see, she is stealing back to her chair again, half ashamed of the pretty position we have caught her in—come."

STAY NOT YOUR FLIGHT.

BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter. *Matthew*, xxiv. 20.

Not till the tempest clouds
Of life's drear winter lower—and the gloom
Of gathering care enshrouds
The racked frame and worn spirit—when the tomb
Opens to welcome dust to dust again—
Stay not your flight till then!

Spring hath its early flowers,
Which bud in hope and bloom in loveliness;
And summer's rosy bowers
Are rich in fragrance, redolent of bliss:
And the heart owns, as times and seasons fall,
His hand, who made them all.

He clothes life's vernal morn
With buds of hope and promise—and the flowers
Which radiantly adorn,
And shed bright lustre o'er its summer hours,
Are good gifts that a parent's hand has given
To children born for Heaven.

He calls his offspring home—
And, in youth's spring and manhood's summer glow,
His mercy bids them come,
His face to seek, his sacred presence know,
And taste the peace his holy love imparts
To pure, believing hearts.

'T is sad that earth should bind
The soul in slavish chains, and bid it waste
Its vigor in a blind,
Bewildering search for good it may not taste:
Earth yields no hope unmingled with a fear,
No joy without a tear.

Peace, perfect peace is known
By those who trust the promises, and rest
Their faith on God alone:
Who seek him early find him, and are blest,
His strength upholds them, and his care sustains,
In trials and in pains.

Fly then to him, and bear
The full, rich offering of the young heart's love:
Press on, nor doubt, nor fear—
His promise stands, and it will ne'er remove,
Though earth and seas and skies shall pass away,
To ruin and decay.

Not 'till the tempest clouds
Of life's drear winter lower—and the gloom
Of gathering care enshrouds
The racked frame and worn spirit—when the tomb
Opens to welcome dust to dust again—
Stay not your flight till then!

A SONG.

"ASKING FOR MORE."

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Call me pet names, dearest! Call me a bird,
That flies to thy breast at one cherishing word,
That folds its wild wings there, ne'er dreaming of flight,
That tenderly sings there in loving delight!
Oh! my sad heart keeps pining for one fond word,—
Call me pet names, dearest! Call me thy bird!

Call me sweet names, darling! Call me a flower,
That lives in the light of thy smile each hour,
That droops, when its heaven—thy heart—grows cold,
That shrinks from the wicked, the false and bold,
That blooms for thee only, through sunlight and shower;
Call me pet names, darling! Call me thy flower!

Call me fond names, dearest! Call me a star,
Whose smile's beaming welcome thou feelst from afar,
Whose light is the clearest, the truest to thee,
When the "night-time of sorrow" steals over life's sea:
Oh! trust thy rich bark, where its warm rays are,
Call me pet names, darling! Call me thy star!

Call me dear names, darling! Call me thine own!
Speak to me always in Love's low tone!
Let not thy look nor thy voice grow cold;
Let my fond worship thy being unfold;
Love me forever, and love me alone!
Call me pet names, darling! Call me thine own!

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Certainly if all who know, that to be men stands not in the shape of bodies, but in the power of reason, would listen awhile unto Christ's wholesome and peaceable decrees, and not puffed up with arrogance and self-conceit, rather believe their owne opinions than his admonitions: the whole world long ago (turning the use of iron into milder workes) should have lived in most quiet tranquillity, and have met together in a firme and indissoluble league of most safe concord. ARNOBIUS.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the Death-Angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan—
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout, that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage,
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns!

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, oh man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorrèd!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

WALLER TO SACHARISSA.

BY CHARLES F. HOFFMAN.

[It is said they met at court after Waller was wedded to another, and that the lady coolly asked the poet to address a copy of verses to her: Johnson has commented upon the bitterness of his reply.]

To-NIGHT! to-night! what memories to-night
Came thronging o'er me as I stood near thee.
Thy form of loveliness, thy brow of light,
Thy voice's thrilling flow,
All, all were there; to me—to me as bright
As when they claimed my soul's idolatry
Years, long years ago!

That gulf of years! Oh, God! hadst thou been mine,
Would all that 's precious have been swallowed there?
Youth's meteor hope, and manhood's high design,
Lost, lost, forever lost—
Lost with the love that with them all would twine,
The love that left no harvest but despair,
Unwon at such a cost!

Was it *ideal* that wild, wild love I bore thee?
Or thou thyself—didst *thou* my soul enthral?
Such as thou art to-night did I adore thee!
Ay, idolize—in vain!
Such as thou art to-night—could time restore me
That wealth of loving—shouldst *thou* have it all
To waste perchance again?

No! Thou didst break the coffers of my heart,
And set so lightly by the hoard within,
That *I* too learned at last the squanderer's art,—
Went idly here and there,
Filing my soul and lavishing a part
On each, less cold than thou, who cared to win
And seemed to prize a share.

No! Thou didst wither up my flowering youth.
If blameless, still the bearer of a blight!
The unconscious agent of the deadliest ruth
That human heart hath riven!
Teaching me scorn of my own spirit's truth!
Holding—not *me*—but that fond worship light
Which linked my soul to Heaven!

No!—No!—For me the weakest heart before
One so untouched by tenderness as thine!
Angels have entered through the frail tent door
That pass the palace now—
And HE who spake the words "Go sin no more,"
Mid human passions saw the spark divine,
But not in such as THOU!

THE BATTLE-GROUNDS OF AMERICA.

NO. I.—BRANDYWINE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

The field of Brandywine is the centre of a beautiful district, about twenty miles southwest from Philadelphia. The stream, from which the battle took its name, is a wild and romantic river that alternates between green meadows and wooded banks, presenting new charms at every turn. In the vicinity of West Chester, near which the conflict occurred, it is especially picturesque. Its sides are here broken and steep, with a few fords scattered at intervals. When the British landed in the Chesapeake and advanced on Philadelphia, Washington availed himself of this circumstance to oppose their progress; accordingly, after retiring at first before the foe, he took post at Chad's Ford, on the left bank of the river, and fortified himself, determined there to await battle.

The enemy lingered two days on the other side, before they attempted to dislodge him. At last, on the morning of the 11th of September, 1777, the attack began. A corps of our militia had been pushed across the Brandywine, and took some trenching tools; here a skirmish arose, and the militia were twice driven back to the left bank; but the advantage was not pursued, though Knyphausen paraded his forces on the heights as if marshaling them for an assault. Washington had just arranged to ford the river and attack the foe, when he received intelligence that Lord Cornwallis, with a strong detachment, had crossed some miles above, and was in full march to overwhelm his rear. The information was afterward denied, and the movement said to be a feint. Conflicting news continued to perplex him until two o'clock, when word was breathlessly brought in that the earl, having made a circuit of nearly seventeen miles, and forded the Brandywine above its forks, was advancing on the right.

The danger was imminent. Our troops were less numerous, their discipline inferior, and their arms unequal to those of the foe; while to be assailed suddenly from behind, before their dispositions could be made, was disheartening and perilous. Washington, perhaps, would have been justifiable in a retreat; but he resolved to try his fortune before abandoning his position. Three divisions were hastily despatched to check Cornwallis. They had marched about two miles, and reached the hill on which the Birmingham Meeting-House still stands, when they came in sight of the enemy ranged along the brow of the opposite ascent and extending into the intervening valley. At the first appearance of our troops, the British sounded to the charge, and, advancing quickly up the hill, which rises on a gentle acclivity for half a mile, began the fight before our right wing had time to form. The conflict was desperate, but of short duration. The disordered brigade was the first to give way, exposing the flank of the centre to a galling fire. The line continued to break from the right until the rout became general. An attempt was made to rally the fugitives, but the impetuous pursuit forbade success, and total ruin was averted only by the arrival of Greene, whose division had formed the reserve and who came up in time to cover the retreat. Wayne had been left to contest the passage of the Ford, but, finding the right wing defeated, he abandoned his position and fell back to Chester. By this battle Philadelphia was laid open to the foe, who shortly afterward entered it in triumph.

The battle-field covers an extent of several miles. The centre of the army lay at Chad's Ford; the left wing was posted two miles below, on the Brandywine; and the right wing, under Sullivan, which subsequently moved against Cornwallis, had its first station around Brinton's Ford, a mile and a half above Chad's. Birmingham Meeting-House, and the woods to the southward, where the conflict occurred, is quite two miles back of Brinton's.

My first pilgrimage was to the Ford. I found it all it had been pictured, one of the loveliest scenes in nature; but, at first, I had no leisure for its beauties. I was eager only for the historical localities. The spot where Proctor's battery stood, the heights where Knyphausen was posted, and the scene of Maxwell's skirmish I regarded with enthusiasm. Every tradition, however exaggerated, every relic, however doubtful, had absorbing interest for me. The rusted cannon-balls, ploughed up from the soil; the quarters of Washington and Wayne; and an old church shattered by the shot, were sacred in my eyes. My fancy became so inflamed by these things that I could not rest until I had visited the scene of the more bloody conflict, and accordingly I set out at once, and on foot.

The sun was setting as I reached the summit of the height where the battle had been fought. Far away to the west rolled the billowy hills, spotted with farm and woodland. Just over the undulating horizon glowed a narrow streak of red and gold, while a dark battlement of pitchy clouds was piled in the deep blue atmosphere above. The long lurid line rolling along the hills, and surmounted by the thick vapors above, seemed like the light of a distant city in flames, and gave a wild and ominous appearance to the landscape. Here and there, through the gloomy pall above, the sunbeams struggled out, tinging the edges of the clouds with gold and shooting in long lines of light over the green hills. A solitary bird sailed in the



distance. The voice of a tired ploughman calling to his oxen floated from the valley, and the deep quiet of a summer evening prevailed around.

I gazed upon the scene in mute delight until the mellowing landscape warned me to haste, when I turned and walked on. The battle-field crowns the hill. Before me was an old stone meeting-house, dark with antiquity, and surrounded on two sides by a still older grave-yard. Not a stone was seen in this lonely resting place. The grass was brown and withered; no flowers bloomed above the dead; the mounds were nearly all washed away by the rains; huge cavities, where the ground had sunk in, yawned at intervals; and, in the centre of the inclosure, an old rugged cedar lifted its dark head, a solitary mourner, and completed the desolation of the scene. As if to render the effect more striking, a few sheep were carelessly browsing on the stunted herbage, ignorant of the hallowed memories around or the mouldering generations below.

A hale old man was standing in the yard, but perceiving a stranger, he came slowly out, and I addressed him. He had lived hard by for forty years. We were soon on good terms; and, leaning against the gate, my gray-haired, yet ruddy-faced narrator drew, with his knife, upon the shingle coping of the low stone wall, a plan of the battle. He showed me where the right wing of our army had been routed in the act of forming. He pointed out the hill to the south, where, behind a wood, was Sullivan's left. Here an English officer had been shot; there a brave continental had watered the sod with his blood. It was into the old meeting-house they had carried the wounded and the dying; and spots of blood could still be shown upon the floor. The mortar between the stones was perforated, here and there, with musket balls. The speaker turned, and unlocking the rude gate, we entered the yard. On this very spot a portion of the little army had stood, maintaining its ground long after the rest had fled, and continuing to pour in a deadly fire from behind the shelter of the wall, until cut to pieces. Here was one of the fiercest scenes of the conflict. At our feet were the graves of the slain. Friend and foe, private and officer, the patriot and the hireling, there they lay, their ears stilled to the roar of battle, and the long grass over them whistling unconscious in the evening wind. Near the gate was a huge mound, covering the remains of the fallen. A couple of English officers slept untrophied by. The old man had discovered them while digging a grave, and knew the remains by the regimental buttons and portions of the uniform still undecayed. Fifty years had rolled by since they were first hurriedly laid in their rude resting place, far from the dear ones they loved, and the knightly vaults of their race.

> "No useless coffin enclosed the breast,
> Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound them,
> But they lay, like warriors taking their rest,
> With their martial-cloaks around them."

The old man dug a grave in a secluded spot, and placed the bones sacredly in it.

Before us, at the distance of a mile, and separated by the intervening valley, was Osborne Hill, the highest land in the vicinity, and where the enemy was discovered when our forces reached the meeting-house. A stunted tree on the brow cut the western horizon with its clear outline. Where that tree now grew, another had been on the morning of the battle, and beneath its shade Lord Percy was said to have foretold his death. The story is opposed to history, but has a touch of superstition that keeps it alive in popular tradition. He was the descendant of Hotspur and of the hero of Chevy Chace, and related to the proud dukes of Northumberland. Like his ancestors, he preferred serving with his regiment in America, to idling away his time among the beauties of St. James, or at the faro-table of Crockford. A few days before the battle, he dreamed of a fair and smiling landscape, which, while he looked, grew covered with contending armies and shrouded in the smoke of war. He recognized among the combatants many of his friends, and finally himself. Suddenly this last figure fell, mortally wounded. He woke with a start. The landscape had vanished, and the calm stars looked down into the opening of his tent. But they could not soothe his disordered fancy; and from that hour he regarded himself as doomed. On the morning of the battle, when he reached the brow of Osborne Hill and that smiling landscape broke upon him, he was observed to turn pale; and when asked the cause of his agitation, answered he saw before him the scene in his dream. No rallying could raise his spirits. He gave his watch to be sent to England, and died fighting at the head of his men. It is a pity so fine a tradition is all romance.

The old man then changed his theme. He spoke of the desolation the enemy had spread in the quiet neighborhood, and told numerous instances of losses and oppressions that had well nigh driven the sufferers mad. One anecdote deserves to be perpetuated. A hardy blacksmith, who had lost his all, and joined the militia in consequence, was dreadfully mangled by a cannon-ball during the retreat. A wagoner belonging to our army came up with him as he lay by the roadside, fast bleeding to death. The teamster kindly offered to lift him on the baggage and carry him forward. But the wounded man declined. He could not live, he said, and all he asked was one shot at the advancing foe. If the wagoner would set him up against a cherry tree that stood on a bank close by, he would ask nothing more. The man's request was complied with, and then the teamster, whipping his horses to a run, galloped away. He had gone but a short distance when he looked back. The British were coming over the hill, led by an officer who waved his sword and urged them on. Just then there was a blaze from under the cherry tree, and the officer fell dead. A second more and the form of the blacksmith slowly drooped from its position and sunk to the earth. His life had gushed out with that last effort to avenge his own and his country's wrongs.

What imagination would not kindle at such narratives! Around us were the trophies of the war; the bullet-holes in the old meeting-house; the dark, time-stained blood upon its floor; the very woods which

had echoed to the cannonade; and beneath us the sod that had been wet with a patriot's blood. As the old man proceeded, his voice grew more eloquent, his hale cheek glowed, and his eye flashed with unwonted fire. We were back in the days of iron war. Beneath us the serried files of the foe were dashing up the hill, their arms flashing, the fife sounding, and their banners waving. We could almost see the eager Americans ranged behind the wall, and hear their thick breathing as they waited the attack. At intervals a cannon boomed, and a shot ploughed up the sod beside us. Then rose a wild huzza; the quick rattle of musketry ensued; the dense white smoke curled around the prospect; and directly the solid phalanx of the foe emerged from the vapors, and the fierce contest was maintained almost hand to hand and breast to breast. Volley crashed after volley; one wild huzza succeeded another; the groans and shrieks of the wounded grew nearer, until, at length, the enemy swarmed along the wall, forced it with the bayonet, and the fight was battled over the quiet graves of the dead. Then the scene changed. The gallant continentals were retreating; and anon were strewed dying along the orchard in the rear. The volleys gradually slackened; a few scattering shots alone were heard; the roar of battle rolled off and died in the distance; and only the stifled groans of the wounded, or the agonizing prayer of the expiring, met the ear.

So deeply had we been wrapt in this illusion, that we forgot the lapse of time, and when the old man ceased, twilight had nearly veiled Grave-yard hill, woodland and valley were putting on the cloudy mantle of night. The breeze came damp from below; the twitter of the birds had ceased in the hedges; the still glades of the distant woods were wrapt in dreamy shadows; the rolling brow of Osborne Hill was half lost in the gathering gloom; and, above, a few stars peeped forth, like virgin brides, from the calm, blue sky. The old man and I gazed on it silently, until the tumult of our feelings subsided, and a holy peace settled upon our souls. Then, with a warm pressure of the hand, we parted. With emotions of quiet pleasure, I slowly wandered home. Gentle influences continued to soothe my thoughts. The evening hour and the memories around tinged every reverie with a mellow hue, and diffused over me that gentle, yet unwritten feeling which forms the Sabbath of the heart.

I lingered in that vicinity for weeks. In the sultry days I would go down to the Ford, and, on the rocks jutting out into the crystal water, loiter the time away, gazing at the fish poised in the wave below or shooting off startled into their cool, deep caverns. Every thing around had a dreamy and seductive influence, disposing to idle reveries. The dark woods, piled up on the hilly shore, stood silent in the sultry atmosphere, while the green slope below the house drowsily nodded in the wavy lines of heat. And then what music! The low gurgling of the stream, and the faint rustle of the leaves, that scarcely broke the silence, came to the ear with pleasant harmony. The rapid waters swept by with stately step, or whirled in eddies where they met a jutting rock; while on the other bank the trees drooped over the stream and laved their pensile branches in the cool current. Now the woodcock startled you with its whirring flight, and now you heard from the hill-side the whistle of a forest bird. Oh! those were days to be remembered. Many an idle vision, many a soaring fancy, many a wild project has had its birth on those mossy banks. If I looked down, there was the tide, deep, calm and majestic, moving proudly onward, while above, rock was piled on rock, and woods towered above woods until the old hills reared their heads in the distance and stretched far up into the azure sky.

I never went to the battle-height again. I was afraid I should dissolve its charm. But often, in the golden twilight, I have gone up to Osborne Hill and gazed on the old meeting-house, with its low wall lying like a white thread along the horizon, until gradually the shadows deepened, the whip-po-wil sailed by with his melancholy wail, and, one by one, the dim outlines of the distant hills melted into darkness.

I thank God I was born in a land whose few battle-fields were those of freedom! The blood always throbs quicker at my heart when I think my fathers never drew their swords unless against invaders. The traveler who threads our vast domains is not startled by stupendous slaughter-fields, like those which blacken every clime in Europe; but often in his journeys among the hills and valleys of our land he will see the lonely grave of some martyr to freedom, where one of our bold farmer fathers perished for our rights. Holy and venerated be such spots! Though humble, they are full of hallowed memories, and, in their simple majesty, are prouder trophies than Waterloo. Long may they endure to kindle the enthusiasm of our youth. We muse at Marathon, and thrill on Bannockburn; we feel new fire at Salamis, and burn with diviner energy at Platea; and, when time shall have mellowed our battle-fields, will not our sons stalk more proudly as they approach the spots where liberty in the days of their ancestors was consecrated? Future generations will visit them as pilgrims, and renew their faith on their sacred altars. Genius, too, shall weave them in undying song. They will be the arcana of freedom; the places to which, if a foreign foe ever overruns our soil, our children should retreat to make their last stand for liberty.

A people with such battle-fields to point to, needs no baronial ruins, nor ivied abbeys, nor monumental cathedrals where slumber its long forgotten kings. There are purer and loftier associations connected with these storied fields than with all the regal mausoleums on earth. Here, beneath this same sky—here, on this very soil, our patriot fathers won our freedom. We look on the heavens they looked on, we see the forests they beheld: and what need we more? Over me, at least, these associations have strange power. They carry me back to other and purer times, and fill me with high and noble sentiments. I never experience them without feeling I am a better man.

GLIMPSES OF IRELAND.

NO. I.—MY FIRST TRIP TO CONNEMARA.

BY J. GERARTY M'TEAGUE.

I HAD been so smitten with the various accounts of the beauties and wonders of Connemara, from the reports of many of my friends, whom I saw as they passed through my native city, that, as the pleasant month of June came round, a month which, by the same token, is frequently one of the few fine ones the Irish climate can boast, I resolved to treat myself to a holiday for once, and go on an "exploring expedition" to visit the wilds of the West. I however resolved not to undertake this altogether alone, for a trip which is destined to be one of pleasure, will be doubly and trebly more agreeable with, than without, an intelligent companion. (Can none of my fair readers bear me out in this?)

In sober earnest, I have frequently experienced the want of this great desideratum in my many rambles; and to me, the traveling alone on a lovely day, through a succession of glorious scenery, is little less than an elegant refinement of torture! But how delicious is it, how far superior to every other enjoyment of the senses, when one is accompanied, to view these very scenes, by one with whose mind you have that well-known, but indescribable fellow feeling and community!

I have experienced these pleasures in a high degree in this glorious country, yes, among the fertile valleys of Pennsylvania; even in England I have also felt the same; but absence only causes me to think more and more on the happy days I have spent in old Ireland. True, the climate is fickle;—

> "Erin, the tear and smile in thine eyes
> Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies;"

but then, when a fine day *does* come, do we not enjoy it all the more? And beside, in mountain regions particularly, what can be more lovely than the hanging mists or passing showers? While one side of the landscape is shrouded in rain and clouds, the other shines forth in brilliant beauty; soon all clears away; the bright arch of promise spanning some deep, dark glen, or stretching over some lofty mountain-tops; an object which the utmost stretch of the painter's skill can indeed but faintly imitate!

But to return. I fixed on Connemara for my destination, for many reasons. I had heard so much of Killarney, and the Giant's Causeway, that I almost knew as much of them as if I had been there; but as for Connemara, it was unknown ground to me, and all I could tell of it was from the reports of some English friends, who had come over to see it in consequence of the praise bestowed on it by their countryman, Inglis, in his work. They, however, on their return, spoke of it in terms of such rapture, that for some time I was at a loss to believe how so many beauties could be found out of Switzerland at least, as those they ascribed to Connemara; but I moderated my ideas when I remembered they were from no land of mountains, and that when they landed in Dublin, they had their first waterfall yet to see.

It was not long before I found a friend exactly to my mind, one who had a keen enjoyment of fine scenery, and who, better still, could with skillful ease transfer it to his sketch-book, so that on our return we could again travel, in imagination, over our route, and bring back the many beauties we had seen to our recollection.

Having occasion to transact some little affairs in the flourishing city of Limerick, we chose that route, for it was but little out of the way. The journey to Limerick is a very interesting one, from beginning to end. We do not go very far, ere we pass the remains of the palace, or what was intended to be the palace, of the unfortunate Earl Strafford, and the building of which was one of the counts in that indictment which led to his execution.

Then, after passing "Kildare's holy fane" and round tower, beautiful specimens of ancient architecture, we cross the clear streams of the Nore and the Barrow, and after traveling for twelve hours through a lovely country, rich in all the productions of the earth, we arrive in Limerick. And truly, a fine old city is Limerick! Its river, the noble Shannon, and its unrivaled bridge, are indeed worthy objects of admiration; the former, though only one hundred and twenty miles in length, is yet here, at sixty miles from the sea, exactly one quarter the size of the Delaware at Philadelphia, with a powerful current of water; the latter a beautifully planned and executed structure, of the compact blue limestone or marble of the country.

It was a clear exhilarating morning, the 10th of June, as my friend and I took our seats on the top of the Galway mail, and having crossed the aforesaid bridge, and cast a look behind at it, the old castle, and the city behind them, rattled away over the hard and even road, at the legal rate of nine miles an hour, through the county of Clare.

And, as my friend remarked, that man must indeed be in the last stages of hypochondria, who could fail to be charmed and enlivened by such a drive. The noble river, winding its way through the richest tracts of country; the lofty hill and beautiful old ruin of Carig O'Gunil beyond, while on our right stretched the dark mountains and woods of Crattloe. A turn in the road now brought us in full view of Bunratty Castle, a lofty, feudal-looking pile. This is a double castle, with a large central hall, round which a coach and six horses could be driven with ease.

An Englishman, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, sat on the box with the driver, and I saw was hard at work pumping him for some story or information concerning the castle. There seemed to be none, however, in particular, except that it happened to be

spared in consequence of Cromwell's general-in-chief, Ingoldsby, making it his head-quarters. But honest Ned, the coachman, who, as the saying is, "twigged" the unquestionable accent of my English friend, was not going to let him off so easily in his turn. Pointing up to the battlements, clustered with the most luxuriant bunches of ivy, round which the numerous jackdaws "wheeled their airy flight," and caw! cawed! away, as if discussing some very important affairs, Ned began—

"Do you see that ivy there, sir?"

"Where?" said the Englishman.

"Why, up there on the battlement, about a hundred feet."

"Yes; what of it?"

"Why, sir, I was one day up with young Tom S., that lives up at the house there, (I used to be stable-boy there the same time,) well, sir, we went up one Sunday to rob the jackdaws' nests, and, if we did, we could not reach to them without putting a long plank out over the battlement, and he sat on one end and held it down, while I went out on the other and robbed the nests. Well, sir, we hunted a long time, and at last I got my hand into a nest, and it had five jackdaws in it, and they ready to fly a'most. 'Hurrah, Mr. Tom!' says I, 'I've got them at last.'

"'How many?' says he.

"'Five, no less,' says I.

"'Three of them 's mine,' says he, 'come on!'

"'Divil a bit,' says I, 'but two.'

"'No but *three*,' says he.

"'No but *two*,' says I.

"'What do you mane?' says he; 'come on at once, and give me three, or by the seven blessed candles, and the Piper that played before Moses and Aaron, I'll let down the end of the plank.'

"'Very well,' says I; 'for deuce a one but two you'll get,' says I.

"'Well,' says he; 'I'll give you three chances. Will you give me three, *once?*'

"'No,' says I, 'but *two*.'

"'Twice?'

"'No, but *two*.'

"'Third, and last time, will you give me three?'

"'No-o-o!' says I; 'but TWO!'

"'Well then, here goes!' says he, (for his blood was up,) 'down you go!' says he; and may I never, if he did n't let go the end of the plank, and down I fell!"

At this crisis, the Englishman turned perceptibly paler, and shuddered as he looked up to the battlement and down to the river Ougarnee.

"O, my God! did he do *that?* Were you not k—?"

Killed, he was going to say, but fortunately remembered that the subject of the action was speaking to him.

"*Kilt*, is it, sir? No, but I was near to be *destroyed* though. But as luck would have it, I still kept howlt of the five jackdaws, and, would you believe it, sir? they commenced fluttering their little wings, and what do you think, sir? they carried me safe and sound over the Ougarnee, and landed me on the shore, lavin' Mr. Tom in the hoight of bewildherment!"

The muscles of the Englishman's face, which had been drawn up painfully in the former part of this narration, gradually relaxed, and as he offered a cigar to Ned, he turned round and said, in a half whisper, to me—

"What singular characters these Irish drivers must be!"

"Rather," said I; and we rattled on toward Ennis.

Beyond Newmarket on Fergus, we passed the magnificent residence of Sir Lucius O'Brien, Dromoland Castle, and I have never beheld a view which can surpass in richness that from the summit of Dromoland Hill. Probably in the world, not at all excepting the richest prairies of Illinois or Texas, or any where else, could deeper, finer soil be found, than that on the borders of the Shannon and Fergus. The color of the meadows is of the intensest green which can be imagined, and the different seasons show this glorious trait in various forms of beauty. In spring, the fragrance of the bean-fields, in summer, that of the hay, is delicious; then, too, we have the waving fields of wheat and other grain; but our friend the Englishman could not but have felt uneasy, as Ned sarcastically pointed with his whip to the miserable hovels of those who inhabited it, and were the actual tillers of the soil: where the houses of a few wealthy farmers, who hold some tracts on old leases, and consequently have more to spare after the rent is paid, only serve to show more clearly the wretchedness of the rest.

Nothing particular occurred in the remainder of the journey, except our passing the residence of Lord Gort, formerly Col. Vereker, who gained title and distinction from the British, at the time of the Rebellion of '98, by driving the French out when they landed at Ballina. His domain, Lough Cooter Castle, is a still finer one even than Dromoland, but is not visible, except what you see through the entrance-gate. Then there is a river near here, which we cross by a natural limestone bridge, one of those mysterious streams which appear, turn a mill or two, and vanish.

Galway is fifty-two miles from Limerick, and we did not reach it till near evening, so that we had only time to walk round the garden of worthy Kilbron Hotel. This garden is remarkable from being made in the old *fossé* on the outside of the wall, which is still standing.

RHYME AND REASON.

THREE Schools of Poets grace this happy clime:
One gives us Reason, but forgets the Rhyme;
The second class—I hope I speak no treason—
Content themselves with rhyming without reason;
The third to neither of these two belong—
There 's neither rhyme nor reason in their song. GNOMAN.

BEATING INTO PORT MAHON.

BY JESSE E. POW, AUTHOR OF "OLD IRONSIDES ON A LEE SHORE."

It was a beautiful afternoon in September, 1835, when the frigate Constitution, commanded by Lieut. William Boerum, and bearing the broad pendant of the commodore, approached the Island of Minorca, from a sanitory cruise in the Gulf of Lyons. The cholera, that cold plague of Northern Asia, Europe and America, had begun to show itself in the frigate's messes, ere she had left the island: but now the sea breeze and the exercise of the storm had restored health to the cheek, and joy to the heart, of every seaman; and as the sun dipped his red hair in the blue shadows of Mount Toro, she drew near to the harbor of Port Mahon, with a clean bill of health and a flowing sail. Cape Mola was astern, and the battered walls of Fort Saint Philip, against which the cannon of poor Admiral Byng gave their death rattle in vain, rose in grim silence before her.

The sentry at the cabin door had reported eight bells to the quarter deck, as she prepared to enter the harbor.

The harbor of Mahon is the best in the world; it runs northwest and southeast, and extends several miles into the island, expanding into a beautiful bay, above Georgetown. The wind was west-northwest, and was no zephyr at that. The old frigate was on the starboard tack, with her sails set from her royals down.

Lieut. Pearson, one of the best officers in the service, had the trumpet, while the commander stood in the weather quarter-boat to con her.

An old pilot surnamed Pons, wearing the royal arms of Spain, and who was often called Pontius Pilate by young midshipmen, who would sacrifice any thing for the sake of euphony, stood in the lee gangway watching the captain and the wind. He loved warping above all things, and after the Virgin he put his trust in nine inch hawsers. When he ascertained that instead of crawling in upon hawser legs and kedge anchor feet, the frigate was about to *beat in*, he lifted up both hands and exclaimed "Impossible, Monsieur Capitan—malo vieuto." "The commodore has ordered me in, and I am to obey that order," replied the commanding officer, "all that I want of you, Mr. Pilot, is to point out the shoals."

"All hands work ship into port, Mr. Pierson." The order was repeated by the trumpet, and answered from the deep recesses of the ship by many voices, and immediately all but the sick and their watchers stood on deck.

When the entrance was well on the quarter, the frigate was put about without losing her headway. She ran on this tack until the northern shore was but a few rods off, and then her helm was again put down, and round she went right into the mouth of the harbor. The head-yards had scarce been *filled away*, when "*Ready about*," thundered the trumpet, and about went the ship, her yards flying round, as she came head to the wind, like lightning—every sail was quickly trimmed, good headway given her and the helm put down, when she ran up in the wind, *springing her luff* most beautifully, every thing shivering. Having forged to windward about twice her length, making a successful *half-board*, her helm was put up, head-sheets flattened in, the spanker eased off, and all her canvas given to the breeze again. Four successive tacks were made in this narrow entrance, which did not exceed four hundred feet in width, to the astonishment of the French men-of-war, and of a host of spectators on the bluffs of Georgetown.

Having gained the quarantine ground, which was spacious, though crowded with French men-of-war from Africa, Old Ironsides was compelled to tack in their midst to gain an anchorage. She was passing among them majestically on the starboard tack, the admiral's ship bore on her quarter, when her trumpet thundered—"Put the helm down—mainsail haul. Let go and haul," in regular succession; but now it was perceived that she had forged further ahead than the commanding officer had anticipated, and was consequently paying off into the Frenchman, who, like Frenchmen generally, kicked up a tempest in a teapot, as though the figure head of the Hero of New Orleans intended to gulp down his vessel. The trumpet again sounded to the rescue, and the French sailors stopped chattering.

"Clear away all the bowlines."

"Square the yards fore and aft."

"Haul down the jib and flying jib."

"Up courses and spanker."

These orders were cooly given and quickly obeyed, and the ship obtained a rapid *stern board*. When her bowsprit was in line with the Frenchman's stern, old P's trumpet again roared—

"Hoist away the head sails."

"Brace abox by the larboard braces the head-yards."

"Up by the starboard braces the after ones."

"Shift the helm."

When the after yards filled, the head yards were braced round, and the spanker was hauled out.

The frigate now shot gracefully up under the starboard quarter of the French admiral, selected a berth, and came too in fine style.

Thus did this gallant ship beat into the harbor of

Port Mahon against a stiff breeze where a fishing-boat would hardly have dared to beat, and as the sun went down she saluted the shore, while ten thousand voices from the red cliffs of Minorca mingled in with the echoes of her cannon, and welcomed the old cruiser's return.

"Did you ever see the like of that?" said an old American tar, perched on a Phœnician's grave on the tall cliffs of Georgetown."

"Like of what?" said an English coxswain, with a crown on his arm, as he turned up his Yorkshire dumpling face with a sneer which roused the Yankee's blood."

"Like of that, d—n your eyes!" said the American, hitting him between the eyes with a fist like a sledge-hammer. Down went the representatives of the two rival navies some fifty feet, into the water, with a tremendous accompaniment of stones and marrow-bones, while a Spanish peace-officer, mounted on a jackass, rode up to the crowd that so lately stood around the combatants, and inquired into the cause of the riot.

"Nothing," said John Catcho, of woodcock roasting memory, as he pointed down the cliff, "but a *beating into port*."

A SONG OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY G. FORRESTER BARSTOW.

Rise, ye men! if ye inherit
From a line of noble sires
Saxon blood and Saxon spirit,
Rise to guard your household fires.
From each rocky hill and valley
Rise against th' invading band;
In the name of Freedom rally,
To defend your native land.

Foemen's feet your soil are pressing,
Hostile banners meet your eye,
Ask from Heaven a Father's blessing,
Then for freedom dare to die.
What though veteran foes assail you,
Filled with confidence and pride,
Let not hope or courage fail you,
Freedom's God is on your side.

To the winds your flag unfolding,
Rally round it in your might,
Each his weapon firmly holding,
Heaven will aid you in the fight.
By the mothers that have borne you,
By your wives and children dear,
Lest your loved ones all should scorn you,
Rise without a thought of fear.

Come as comes the tempest rushing,
Bending forests in its path,
As the mountain torrent gushing,
As the billows in their wrath,
From each rocky hill and valley
Sweep away th' invading band;
In the name of Freedom rally
To defend your native land.

ON REVISITING NIAGARA.

BY A. F. HUSTON.

Again I gaze upon thee—and the spell
Of thy sublimity doth come on me,
As in the spring-time of my youth I caught
Thy fearful freshness. And thy mountain spray
Doth mantle in its wildness, as it then
Rolled round me, arched with hues, beauteous
As those that o'er diluvian earth hung
Radiant—while thy voice in thunder-tones,
Like "sound of many waters," fills my soul
With speechless praise and dread inspiring joy.

Matchless Cataract! in thy downward rush,
Whether we view thee in the bright, broad light
Of golden day-beam, when thine emerald brow
Is softly shadowed by ascending mist,
Or, when enrobed in vapors half unseen,
Thy maddened waters in distraction play,
And boil in horrid agony along;
Or, when the moon, so beautifully mild,
Throws her light scarf of silvery softness through
Thy curling cloud-wreaths—like eternal Hope—
That roam triumphant the receding storm.
Wondrous alike! How have we by thy side
Drank of thy Circean charm, nor deemed the hour
A vain enchantment spent beneath thy power.

THE POEMS OF MOTHERWELL.*

BY CORNELIA W. WALTER.

"GENIUS," said an eloquent lecturer on a rustic poet of Scotland,† whose fame is made to shine gloriously through a sometime darkness by the united efforts of Carlyle, Lockhart, Peterkin and Cunningham, each of whom has caused the world to bow to the true stamp of intellectual royalty; "genius is *capacity*, subject to the laws of truth and beauty." So far as it goes, this definition may answer its purpose, but the idea is not explicit, and, as it now stands, is capable of conveying to the understanding a wrong impression of the power of this godlike quality. If the lecturer had said *talent* is capacity, subject to the laws of truth and beauty, he would have approached nearer to correctness, there being as much difference between *genius* and *talent* as there is between *taste* and *truth*, and that both of these are often strangely confounded is a fact which a slight consideration, unaided by a very acute philosophy, will surely teach us. *Capacity* of mind exists *in degree*—is found more or less in every man—and only according to its extent can it appreciate truth and beauty, or be subject to their laws. Thus is it that *genius* is so seldom possessed, though "men of talent," or "men of good capacity," as we term them, are known in every circle, are found almost around every fireside. The laws of truth and beauty are ever the same, and not to be graduated by any standard of mere taste or fancy; their standard is their own and changes not, and the mind cannot be subject to it except only as the *capacity* is capable of observation, comprehension and thought. Truth is permanent in its very essence; and true beauty, of nature and art, of character and conduct, has but one standard in creation—this is immutable, it changes not with the revolving seasons.

These remarks may seem dry, trite, and unwarranted, but we are presently to consider the genius of a poet whose writings no less than his name being little known in our country require to be examined with caution and delicacy—an attention due to his unpretending merit, and the innate modesty of his character. "I would," says he to a friend, to whom he dedicated his book of poems; "I would I could apply to it the title of an old poetical miscellany, and characterize it as 'a posie of gelly flowers, eche differing from the other in color and odor, yet all swete.' *But this may not be.*" Alas, the too frequent fate of genius! Like the most fragile of the flowers that he loved, Motherwell sunk early to the tomb. The heather of his native soil is no longer pressed by his footstep, and the hills of Scotia no longer vocal with his song. Then let us deal kindly with him—gently as we would tread upon his grave. In the beautiful language of Scott,

> ——"On the wild hill
> Let the wild heath-flower flourish still."

To possess *capacity* is not to possess *genius*, unless this capacity be instinctive and powerful! neither is capacity always to be considered as *talent*, unless it be conceptive and elevating. "Genius," says Dr. Blair, "is the power of executing," and, says another critic, "a man may possess *talent* without this power; he may *execute* too, but not to perfection." There are degrees of genius and of talent—shades of difference to be sure that are as nice as the spider's web, and which vary according to the finer sympathies and ennobling faculties of man's nature, those high attributes which are "as verdure to the soul." As these exist, mind becomes purified and exalted, and the creative power which essentially belongs to genius is refined and etherealized, strengthened too and made mighty even by the quickening of the inward spirit. *Re-productive* we think the highest quality of genius, by which, we mean that faculty which seems as a simple thing, but which experience teaches us is by no means a common one—the power which re-produces in the reader's mind the precise idea of the writer, and so distinctly, too, as to make him glow with the same feeling—to see, as it were *visually*, the picture drawn in the mental eye of the author, and painted with life-giving truth, and a thorough instinct of the beautiful.

Were there an exact medium between genius and talent, in such a rank should we place William Motherwell. To say that he possessed the first order of genius, would be too lavish praise for our sincerity, and to put him in the first rank of talent would be too little commendation. That he *had* genius is indisputable, the versatility of which added to his variety of thought, his facility in numbers and his harmony of verse, all demand for him a high position amongst the radiant list of British poets. And yet he sought not nor even dreamed of fame. That he understood its insufficiency for even earthly happiness, is apparent in the following lines:

> What is Fame? and what is Glory?
> A dream—a jester's lying story,
> To tickle fools withal, or be
> A theme for second infancy.
> A visioning that tempts the eye,
> But mocks the touch—*nonentity;*
> A rainbow substanceless as bright,
> Flitting forever
> O'er hill-top to more distant height,
> *Nearing us never;*
> A bubble blown by fond conceit,
> In very sooth itself to cheat;
> The witch-fire of a frenzied brain;
> A fortune that to lose were gain;
> A word of praise, perchance of blame;
> The wreck of a time-bandied name—
> Ay, this is Glory!—this is Fame!

"*Nearing us never*," he says, as if thinking of the present life and little dreaming of what might be in futurity. Immortality *is*, however, near to immortality, and the soul which "soared aloft" in its simple melody has now become immortal. So with his fame. It will rise gradually even as his poems have slowly reached from Scotland to America, and his verse attaining an immortality which his modest muse never aspired after, will have "*neared*" the spirit of the departed.

The first mention we ever remember to have seen of the poems of Motherwell was in the "American Monthly Magazine," of 1837 or 8—a periodical which soon after ceased its existence, but which was then published in the city of New York. The editors seemed not to have appreciated the genius of the poet, for they simply notice "a very neat volume of poems, printed at Glasgow," and with little other comment than the remark that "the work

* *Poems, Narrative and Lyrical, by William Motherwell. Second American Edition. W. D. Ticknor, Boston.*

† Robert Burns.

has not been republished in America," go on to transcribe "an exquisite set of verses," and some "strangely musical stanzas." We confess our indebtedness, however, to these same editors for even this brief notice. It introduced us to the author, and we hoped at once for a better acquaintance. Time has gratified our desires, and in 1841 we first renewed our knowledge of a sweet and versatile poet, and one of no mean genius. In the language of the preface to the first American edition of these poems, "how so genuine a literary treasure—so rare an exotic should have been until now neglected in the daily indiscriminate transplantation of so many fruit-bearing and barren trees—of choice flowers and unsightly weeds, is difficult to explain; but so it has been."

The first portion of the volume contains several excellent imitations of the ancient Norse poetry—a kind of writing unfamiliar to us in this country, except so far as Longfellow has made us acquainted with it by his own productions and translations, amongst which we recollect "The Luck of Edenhall," "The Elected Knight," and "The Skeleton in Armour"—the latter being an imitation inferior to those of Motherwell, and the two former being translations from the German and Danish. In justice to the versatility of our poet we shall not be able to give more than one specimen of his Norse poetry, having selected for this purpose "The Wooing Song of Jarl Egill Skallagrine." He could not have entered more perfectly than he has done into the bold, untutored and dauntless spirit of the warrior—"a character," he says, "which is entirely a creation, and nothing of it historical except the name of the Skald, who I think could not have wooed in a different fashion from that I have chosen."

Bright maiden of Orkney,
Star of the blue sea!
I 've swept o'er the waters
To gaze upon thee;
I 've left spoil and slaughter,
I 've left a far strand,
To sing how I love thee,
To kiss thy small hand!
Fair daughter of Einar,
Golden-haired maid!
The lord of yon brown bark
And lord of this blade;
The joy of the ocean,—
Of warfare and wind,
Hath borne him to woo thee,
And thou must be kind.
So stoutly Jarl Egill wooed Torf Einer's daughter.

That the Orkney maiden was a fitting bride for her warrior lord, hear what he says of her:

In Jutland, in Iceland,
On Neustria's shore,
Where'er the dark billow
My gallant bark bore,
Songs spoke of thy beauty,
Harps sounded thy praise,
And my heart loved thee long, ere
It thrilled in thy gaze.

And then *how* he wooed her:

He skills not to woo thee
In trembling and fear,
Though lords of the land may
Thus troop with the deer.
The cradle he rocked in
So sound and so long,
Hath framed him a heart
And a hand that are strong:
He comes then as Jarl should,
Sword belted to side,
To win thee and wear thee
With glory and pride.

And then the sea-king's admiration of the daughter of Einar, each line so consistent with a warrior on the wave—each word so graphic in expression:

The curl of that proud lip,
The flash of that eye,
The swell of that bosom,
So full and so high,
Like foam of sea-billow
Thy white bosom shows,
Like flash of red levin
Thine eagle eye glows:
Ha! firmly and boldly,
So stately and free,
Thy foot treads this chamber
As bark rides the sea:
This likes me—this likes me,
Stout maiden of mould,
Thou wooest to purpose;
Bold hearts love the bold.

So he won for his own love the "star of the blue sea" and bore her to his "bark on the billow:"

Away then—away then
I have thy small hand;
Joy with me,—our tall bark
Now bears toward the strand.
Once more on its long deck,
Behind us the gale,
Thou shalt see how before it
Great kingdoms do quail;
Thou shalt see then how truly,
My noble-souled maid,
The ransom of kings can
Be won by this blade.

We have said that the power of *re-production* was an evidence of genius in the poet, and, though the lines we have quoted are indeed an *imitation* of Scandinavian poetry, we see much of this faculty in them. We realize the *vraisemblance* of the daring Skald—we see him "gallant in love and dauntless in war," his bright blade and his bride loved with fondness; and we feel insensibly the manly confidence of the lover as he says,—

Ay, Daughter of Einar,
Right tall mayst thou stand,
It is a Vikingir
Who kisses thy hand:
Nay, frown not, nor shrink thus,
Nor toss so thy head,
'T is a Vikingir asks thee,
Land-maiden, to wed.

And then his power to protect and sustain her:

For girdle, *his great arm*
Around thee he throws;
The bark of a sea-king
For palace, gives he,
While mad waves and winds shall
Thy true subjects be.
So richly Jarl Egill endowed his bright bride.

No foolish flattery is there in this wooing song—no mawkish or love-sick sentiment. But as if sure of, and determined for, the increase of the maiden's happiness, he tells her again—

Fair daughter of Einar,
Deem high of the fate
That makes thee, like this blade,
Proud Egill's loved mate.

Setting aside the little romance of the sea connected with this Norse wooing song, the Skald is a pattern for even our modern knights in love and bravery. A man can pay no greater compliment to a true woman, than when morally conscious of intrinsic worth and superiority himself, he devotes it all to her, as "a stout maiden of mould," whom his honest pride teaches him is deserving of the priceless treasure of a noble mind. But no wooing with "the smooth flattery of a honeyed tongue." "Bold hearts love the bold," sang Jarl Egill, and *true hearts love the true*, say we, for *they link to each other in sympathy*. Of what a glorious love is this high affinity the creation, and what a blessed futurity of happiness is raised from the strong superstructure.

All the specimens of verse in this collection written in Scottish orthography and phraseology are distinguised by pathos and beauty; there is a tender sensibility about them

which is exquisitely expressed in the versification he has chosen, and the thought is true to human nature and a knowledge of the heart. Had Robert Burns written "Jeannie Morrison," or "My heid is like to rend, Willie," the whole race of critics would have been thrown into an ecstasy of admiration, and the pieces themselves would have been regarded as gems of rare value. These stanzas are better known in this country than any others in the volume, a circumstance for which we are principally indebted to Mr. Dempster, that delightful Scottish ballad-singer, who set them to music, and has, in this way, given them a deserved popularity.

The heart-felt earnestness which the poet betrays in the pathetic little poem, "My hied is like to rend, Willie," is as unsurpassable as it is natural. We cannot better describe its character than by saying that it might have been placed by Scott in the mouth of the unfortunate Effie Deans, so nearly it sings her sad story.

The specimens we have given of the Norse poetry of Motherwell breathe the pure love of manly bravery and feminine devotion; in a manner, too, which shows a thorough understanding of the laws of beauty. Our poet had, however, higher thoughts. Listen now to a different melody, and see him in the midnight hour with the bright moon above, and stars, "the imperial jewelry of Heaven," calling forth in him the very spirit of the worshipful and filling him with adoration. In the piece entitled "Midnight and Moonshine" we observe his *religious* sentiment:

> All earth below, all Heaven above
> In this calm hour are filled with Love;
> All sights, all sounds have throbbing hearts,
> In which its blessed fountain starts,
> And gushes forth so fresh and free,
> Like a soul-thrilling melody.

And then how well he describes the sound of the rippling waters heard in the quietude:

> Like living things, their voices pour
> Dim music as they flow.
> Sinless and pure they seek the sea,
> As souls pant for eternity;—
> Heaven speed their bright course till they sleep
> In the broad bosom of the deep.

Observe the beauty of the following:

> High in mid air, on seraph wing,
> The paley moon is journeying
> In stillest path of stainless blue;
> Keen, curious stars are peering through
> Heaven's arch this hour; they dote on her
> With perfect love; nor can she stir
> Within her vaulted halls a pace,
> Ere rushing out, with joyous face,
> These Godkins of the sky
> Smile, as she glides in loveliness;
> While every heart beats high
> With passion, and breaks forth to bless
> *Her loftier divinity.*

And now the hushed silence of the city—how graphic is the description:

> And lo! even like a giant wight
> Slumbering his battle toils away,
> The sleep-locked city, gleaming bright
> With many a dazzling ray,
> Lies stretched in vastness at my feet;
> Voiceless the chamber and the street,
> And echoless the hall;—
> Had Death uplift his bony hand
> And smote all living on the land
> No deeper quiet could fall.
>
> —
>
> O God! this is a holy hour:—
> *Thy breath is o'er the land;*
> I feel it in each little flower
> Around me where I stand,—
> In all the moonshine scattered fair,
> Above, below me, every where,—
> In every dew-bead's glistening sheen,
> In every leaf and blade of green,—
> And in *this silence grand and deep,*
> *Wherein thy blessed creatures sleep.*

"The Madman's Love," one of the longest of his poems, evinces the *creative fancy* of Motherwell; and, that he could enter so vividly into the very mind of the maniac as to make us shudder and sympathize—to quail with horror, and to weep for his desolation, is another evidence of his *power of executing*—that power, which to possess, is GENIUS. *Going mad for love* we know is not an uncommon theme of the writers of romantic poetry, especially of song; but here we are made to *realize* the feelings of the heart which faithlessness has wrecked forever, and which still loves on even in its sadness—consecrating anew the leafless tree and the murmuring stream where the false vow was plighted. Hear the madman exclaim in his agony:

> Ho! Flesh and Blood! sweet Flesh and Blood
> As ever strode on earth!
> Welcome to Water and to Wood,—
> To all a Madman's mirth.
> This tree is mine, this leafless tree
> That 's writhen o'er the linn;
> The stream is mine, that fitfully
> Pours forth its sullen din.
> Their lord am I; and still my dream
> Is of this tree,—is of that stream."

Hear him again break forth in the wildest sweetness, as he thinks the rustling of the woody trees is a chant to "cheer his solitude:"

> Hush! drink no more! for now the trees
> In yonder grand old wood,
> Burst forth in sinless melodies
> To cheer my solitude;
> Trees sing thus every night to me,
> So mournfully and slow,—
> They think, dear hearts, 't were well for me,
> Could large tears once forth flow
> From this hard frozen eye of mine,
> As freely as they stream from thine.

And, when he thinks that the bright lunar orb of heaven pities him, how pathetically he continues:

> And she goes wandering near and far
> Through yonder vaulted skies,
> No nook whereof but hath a star
> Shed for me from her eyes;—
> She knows I cannot weep, but she
> Weeps worlds of light for love of me!

Is not the whole conceit of these lines exquisitely beautiful? The story, too, that the madman tells of his love is exquisite in tenderness—he has just found "life's sum of bliss—to love and be beloved again," when Fate severs the twain, and he becomes "a wanderer on the faithless sea." How vivid to the imagination is the poet's picture:

> Our vows were passed, in Heaven enrolled,
> And then next morrow's sun
> Saw banners waving in the wind,
> And tall barks on the sea:
> Glory before, and Love behind,
> Marshaled proud chivalrie,
> As every valor-freighted ship
> Its gilt prow in the wave did dip.

For this poem of "The Madman's Love," we claim originality, conception, beauty, vigor and strength—*all* those qualities which we have realized as we read it, and which are more obvious in this one piece than in whole rivers of rhyme flowing from other sources.

But we do not claim *perfection* for our author. In Jean Paul's words, he is occasionally wanting in "that polish and *labor limæ* which contents reviewers," and he sometimes protracts his subject to a tedious length. Of this kind, are "Elfinland Wud," an imitation of the ancient Scottish Romantic Ballad, "True Love's Dirge," and "Halbert the Grim." In the latter, as well as in the "Demon Lady," there is too much of the supernatural to

be pleasing—too much for the genius of the poet, which, as we have seen, exhibits itself with more force and beauty whilst depicting the true and natural.

"A Sabbath Summer Noon" seems the outpouring of the quiet feelings of the author, attuned to holiness and devotion by the recurrence of the day which God has blessed. It speaks for itself to the heart, though some of the stanzas are less perfect in rhythm and force than the usual run of his poetry. In it, we see again the great beauty of his religious sentiment:

It is a most delicious calm
That resteth every where—
The holiness of soul-sung psalm,
Of felt but voiceless prayer!
With hearts too full to speak their bliss,
God's creatures silent are.

They silent are; but not the less,
In this most tranquil hour
Of deep, unbroken dreaminess,
They own that Love and Power
Which, like the softest sunshine, rests
On every leaf and flower.

—

So, even now this hour hath sped
In rapturous thought o'er me,
Feeling myself with nature wed,—
A holy mystery,—
A part of earth, a part of Heaven,
A part, great God! of Thee.

Freshness, that most desirable quality for the poet, and that which, more than any other, is a charm to the reader, peculiarly belongs to Motherwell. His versatility is indeed wonderful; he is always pleasing, and sometimes grand and elevating, *but never the same*. From the maiden's bower, where he sung of bravery and love, he goes forth to battle with the Covenanter and the Turk; from the great world of Nature where he notes all the wonders of Earth and of Heaven, he looks up with reverence to Nature's God, and, conscious that man was made for more than humanity, he exclaims with fervor:

'T were time this world should cast
It's infant slough away,
And hearts burst forth at last
Into the light of day;
'T were time all learned to be
Fit for eternity!

With what a martial spirit he sings his "Turkish Battle Song:"

Tchassan Ouglou is on!
Tchassan Ouglou is on!
And with him to battle
The Faithful are gone.
Allah, il allah!
The tambour is rung;
Into his war-saddle
Each Spahi hath swung;—
Now the blast of the desert
Sweeps over the land,
And the pale fires of Heaven
Gleam in each Damask brand.
Allah, il allah!

—

Forth lash their wild horses,
With loose-flowing rein;
The steel grides their flank,
Their hoof scarce dints the plain.
Like the mad stars of heaven,
Now the Delis rush out;
O'er the thunder of cannon
Swells proudly their shout,—
And sheeted with foam,
Like the surge of the sea,
Over wreck, death and wo rolls
Each fierce Osmanli.
Allah, il allah!

Contrast the foregoing now with his animated delight at the return of summer, and listen to at least *one* stanza from "The Merry Summer Months:"

They come! the merry summer months of Beauty, Song and Flowers;
They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad, fling cark and care aside,
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

Our poet well understood how to walk abroad and smile with Nature. He knew too that "life is not all joyousness;" he knew that *change* is ever at work round and about us—that heart-strings could snap, and life itself decay even in a world that his own pure thoughts sometimes likened to a garden of flowers and fruitfulness. Thus he gives us another variety of verse and idea, in "A Monody," from which we make a short extract:

Hour after hour,
Day after day,
Some gentle flower
Or leaf gives way
Within the bower
Of human hearts;
Tear after tear
In anguish starts,
For, green or sere,
Some loved leaf parts
From the arbène
Of human hearts;—
The keen winds blow;
Rain, hail, and snow
Fall every where!

The latter part of this volume is occupied with a collection of songs, all of them beautiful, and all, with one or two exceptions, discovering a sprightly delicacy and an eloquence of fancy, which, to borrow an appropriate phrase, may be described as "airily elegant." We have protracted our review, however, so far, that we are seriously alarmed for the patience of our readers, and refrain from giving any specimens of this style. Suffice it to say, that his harp is never struck save with notes of melody—never awakened into harmonious life but with the pathos of deep feeling.

By the extracts we have now made from the poetical writings of William Motherwell, we trust we have exhibited their author as he should be, in the bright light of his own genius—a light so *diffusive* that it reflects on all its rainbow hues, and so *clear* withal, that we see by it into the very soul of the writer. We have not placed him, however, in the *first* rank of poets, though we doubt not that he would have attained this eminence had he lived yet a little longer. His genius is not Homeric, Shaksperian, or Miltonic; he never wrote an epic or a tragedy, but his lyrics are as sweet as the odes of ancient Greece, with the spirit of Pindar, the harmony and propriety of Horace, and the tenderness of Dodsley or Gray. He is the *child of Nature*, and his genius is inherited from that generous mother, who supplies those of her children who "shut not their eyes that they may not see," or their "ears that they may not understand" with such divine food as the bards of old fed and strengthened on—the beauty and grandeur of her works—that moral beauty which is the morning twilight of Heaven.

As we cherish the moss rose-bud presented by the hand that we love, preserving it sacredly even after its life has departed—so shall we cherish the memory and the writings of Motherwell. His life is like the moss-rose in beauty and sweetness; and even as the angel of the flowers, according to the poetical conceit, bestowed the veil of moss to add yet another grace to that which before was fairest in the bright parterre, so did the angel of God bestow upon our minstrel-bard that *veil of modesty*, which, while he lived, kept him "unknown to fame." Rend asunder this veil, and the rose expands itself; it is odorous with fragrance—a bright creation from the "Giver of every good and perfect gift"—a thing of life and beauty!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Rimini and Other Poems, by Leigh Hunt. Boston, William D. Ticknor & Co., one vol., 12 mo.

There are some authors whose writings and conduct we do not applaud or condemn by any fixed "laws" of taste or propriety. They are free of the "Principles of Rhetoric." They are allowed to sing and sin, of their own sweet will, without regard to Doctors Blair and Whateley. At first they are ridiculed and denounced, but, after the time-honored tortures of criticism have been rigorously applied to discover whether their peculiarities are ingrained or merely affectations, they are allowed to practice whatever verbal gymnastics and pyrotechnics they please. Their idiosyncrasies are so prominent that what is affected in others is natural in them. Critics gradually grow weary of stretching them on the rack, or branding them with the hot iron. Readers, after a few petulant remonstrances, silently assent to the claims of their individuality. Conservatism nods its sullen acquiescence. And thus literary radicals, whose first sallies brought down upon their heads the most scorching satire, are soon seen side by side with the legislators and scrupulous Pharisees of letters, and their praise is echoed from lips which once curled in polite disgust at their outrages. It is discovered that there is originality, perhaps genius, in their singularities of thought and diction, and that a man may write agreeable works without taking the "best models" for his pattern.

Leigh Hunt must be considered, on the whole, to belong to this class. In spite of his faults, there is something quite bewitching in his character and poems. We hardly judge him by the same laws we apply to other poets; we are willing to take him as he is. The same errors and fooleries which would be insufferable in another, alter their aspect if not their nature, as observed in the easy impudence of his chirping egotism. No man has been more severely attacked, no man is more open to censure, yet we feel that none can bear it with a more careless philosophy. The true object of punishment is to reclaim, and Hunt was past reclaiming before critics began to punish. All severity is lost upon him. He is what he is by virtue of his nature. The jauntiness, the daintiness, the vanity, the flippancy, the accommodating morality, which look upon us from his life and writings, and which, in their rare combination in one peculiar mind, made Byron call him an honest charlatan who believed in his own impostures, would be disgusting if less in harmony with the character of the individual; but, considered as part and parcel of Leigh Hunt, and of him alone, they are often pleasing.

Hunt has had bitter enemies and warm friends, but, from his position as a liberal, his enemies have possessed the advantage of arraying against him the prejudices of party, as well as skillfully availing themselves of the weak points in his transparent nature. For many years he was pursued with the fiercest animosity of political and personal hatred. His name has been used by a clique of unscrupulous tory writers as a synonyme of every thing base, stupid, brainless and impudent. His poems have been analyzed, parodied, misrepresented, covered with every epithet of contempt, pierced by every shaft of malice. Men like Gifford and Wilson have sacked the vocabulary of satire and ridicule, have heaped together all phrases and images of contumely, to destroy his reputation, and render him an object of universal scorn. It must be confessed that the faults of his mind and manner, the faults of his taste and conduct, the presumption with which he spoke of his eminent cotemporaries, the flippancy with which he passed judgments on laws and government, laid him open to animadversion, and were, in some instances, apologies for the malice and severity of his adversaries. For a number of years he was so pertinaciously attacked in Blackwood's Magazine, in connection with his friends, Keats and Hazlitt, that it almost seemed as if the prominent object of that flashing journal was to crush one poor poet and his associates. He was stigmatized as the founder and exponent of the "Cockney school of poetry." His poems were held up as a strange compound of vulgarity and childishness—as a sort of neutral ground between St. Giles and the nursery. His style was represented as a union of all in expression which is coarse and affected, with all that is feeble and babyish. Byron, who pretended at one time to be his friend, says, in a letter to Moore—"He believes his trash of vulgar phrases, tortured into compound barbarisms, to be *old* English;" and adds, of the "Foliage," that "of all the ineffable centaurs that were ever begotten by self-love upon a nightmare, I think this monstrous Sagittary the most prodigious."

That this cruelty, and, in numerous cases, elaborate dishonesty of criticism, practiced by men of talent and influence, has produced no apparent change in his disposition, has never led him to correct or alter any of the besetting sins of his style, and has not diminished his popularity, is a singular fact, and one calculated to illustrate how small can be the influence of malignant criticism, both upon the mind of the object, and the taste of readers. The friends of Hunt have borne patiently all the attacks which their association with him have provoked, and those who have suffered most by the connection have been the most uncompromising of his advocates. There must be much frankness and genial kindness in his nature; there must be much in him to love, or he could not have numbered among his friends men so opposite in taste and opinion as Shelley, Talfourd, Lamb and Proctor. Shelley, at one time, gave him £1400 to extricate him from difficulties.

The character of Hunt is so closely connected with all he has written, that it is difficult to consider them apart. "Rimini" is the most popular of his poems, and it contains qualities which will long sustain its reputation. Its excellences and its faults are both individual and peculiar, and we hardly know of a poem more open to criticism. The subject itself is not pleasant to contemplate, and it requires the nicest tact and most cunning sophistry to reconcile it to the moral sense of the reader. We are required to confound misfortune with crime, and express pity instead of indignation at unnatural wrong. The morality, separated from the poetry, is pernicious. There may be solitary instances where the greatest injury that can be inflicted on a husband may be performed by a brother, and the heniousness of the crime be modified by circumstances which seemed to mitigate its enormity, but it is dangerous

to tamper with such instances, and attempt to reconcile them with the usual impulses of affection. If such a deviation from nature and rectitude be made the subject of an elaborate poem; if it be accompanied by a luxury of description which lulls the sense of right, and creates an unconscious sympathy with the offenders; if the parties be represented as superior beings, worthy of our esteem and love; if they be decked in all the trappings of fancy and sentiment, and the steps from weakness to crime be taken over a velvet path, which gives no echo and leaves no footprint; and if the author, all the while, is himself fooled by his own casuistry, and warmly sympathizes with his creations, we do not see how the effect of such an assault upon the conscience, through the affections and sense of beauty, can be otherwise than injurious. The poet who deals with such a subject should have an exact sense of moral distinctions, and no loose notion about the intercourse between the sexes, but Hunt is not such a person. His are the "self-improved morals of elegant souls." We believe that he might have taken the plot of Hamlet, and converted the crime of Gertrude and the King into a dainty weakness ending tragically, but with such sadness and pathos that his readers would have justified him in burying them in "one grave, beneath a tree," and not have wondered that

——"On fine nights in May
Young hearts betrothed used to go there to play."

We are in the custom of congratulating ourselves on the purity of English literature in this age, as contrasted with the coarseness of the elder time. This purity, in many cases, is only in expression. A person of delicacy may be offended with many words in Shakspeare, may be disgusted with the hardy licentiousness of Rochester and Sedley, but may be corrupted with the smooth decency of verbiage which covers so much immorality of principle in much cotemporary poetry and romance.

We perhaps err in treating Hunt as if he were amenable to the usual laws of morality and taste, after having exempted him from their dominion; but still no reader of healthy mind can fail at times to be provoked by his lack of manliness, his effeminacy in morals, his foppery in sentiment. There is a want of depth, seriousness and intensity, a careless, good-natured good-for-nothingness, in him which often justify petulance, if not anger, in the reader. His sense of physical beauty is exceedingly keen and nice, but it rarely rises to spiritual beauty. He may almost be described as a man with a fine fancy and fine senses. His description of nature is picturesque and vivid, but he has no "sense sublime of something still more deeply interfused." Outward objects awake his feeling of luxury, fill him with delicious sensatious, and that is all. But judged by himself alone, thinking of him as Leigh Hunt, we cannot fail to find much in him to admire. His perception of the poetry of things is exquisitely subtle, and his fancy has a warm flush, a delicacy, an affluence which are almost inimitable. He is full of phrases and images of exceeding beauty, which convey not only his thoughts and emotions, but also the subtlest shades and minutest threads of his fancies and feelings. To effect this he does not always observe the proprieties of expression. He often produces verbal combinations which would make a lexicographer scowl, if not curse, and his daintiness and effeminacy sometimes produce prettinesses and "little smallnesses" which are not in the best taste. He is full of such epithets and phrases as "balmy briskness," "firming foot," "feel of June," "sudden-ceasing sound of wateriness," "scattery light." He manufactures words without any fear of the legislators of language. He links serious ideas to expressions which convey ludicrous associations to other minds. But, with all abatements, it cannot be denied that his style, in its easy flow, its singing sweetness, and the numberless fancies with which it sparkles, is often of rare merit. Many phrases and lines of exquisite delicacy and richness might be caught at random in carelessly reading one of his poems. "Low-talking leaves," "dim eyes *sliding* into rest," "heaped with strength," "the word *smote* crushingly," are examples. The following is fine—

——"Far away
Appeared the streaky fingers of the dawn;"

and this line—

"The peevish winds ran cutting o'er the sea;"

and this—

"The least noise smote her like a sudden wound."

The following lines convey an image of a different kind:

"A ghastly castle, that eternally
Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea."

Here is a condensed and splendid description:

"Giovanni pressed, and pushed, and shifted aim,
And played his weapon like a tongue of flame."

The following passage is a picture of great beauty:

"And Paulo, by degrees, gently embraced,
With one permitted arm her lovely waist;
And both their cheeks, like peaches on a tree,
Leaned with a touch together thrillingly."

In the "Feast of the Poets," the most delightful, fanciful, witty and impudent of Hunt's poems, there are numerous passages worthy of being garnered in the memory. The judgments of Hunt's Apollo are not always correct, but they have the advantage in sprightliness over most criticisms. At times we are reminded, in the style, of the "polished want of polish" of Sir John Suckling. The following description of Phœbus has a mingled richness and raciness to which none can be insensible:

"Imagine, however, if shape there must be,
A figure sublim'd above mortal degree,
His limbs the perfection of elegant strength—
A fine flowing roundness inclining to length—
A back dropping in—an expansion of chest,
(For the god, you 'll observe, like his statues was drest,)
His throat like a pillar for smoothness and grace,
His curls in a cluster—and then such a face,
As mark'd him at once the true offspring of Jove,
The brow all of wisdom, and lips all of love;
For though he was blooming, an oval of cheek,
And youth down his shoulders went smoothing and sleek,
Yet his look with the reach of past ages was wise,
And the soul of eternity thought through his eyes."

The satire in this "Feast," on some of the poets and dramatists of the period, is often very felicitous. After mentioning a number of scribblers, who called upon Apollo, he fleers at two of them in a couplet of much point:

"And mighty dull Cobb, lumb'ring just like a bear up,
And sweet Billy Dimond, a patting his hair up."

He accounts for the absence of Colman and Sheridan, by remarking that "one was in prison, and both were in liquor." The following is a good fling at Gifford:

"A hem was then heard consequential and snapping,
And a sour little gentleman walked with a rap in."

Dr. Wolcott has a hard rap given to him in a very characteristic couplet:

"And old Peter Pindar turned pale, and suppressed,
With a death-bed sensation, a blasphemous jest."

The following lines contain a magnificent description of the god of the lyre, in all the glory of his divinity:

"He said; and the place all seem'd swelling with light,
While his locks and his visage grew awfully bright;
And clouds, burning inward, roll'd round on each side,
To encircle his state, as he stood in his pride;

Till at last the full Deity put on his rays,
And burst on the sight in the pomp of his blaze!
Then a glory beam'd round, as of fiery rods,
With the sound of deep organs and chorister gods;
And the faces of bards, glowing fresh from their skies,
Came thronging about with intentness of eyes—
And the Nine were all heard, as the harmony swell'd—
And the spheres, pealing in, the long rapture upheld—
And all things above, and beneath, and around,
Seem'd a world of bright vision, set floating in sound."

These passages must be allowed to display wit, fancy and sentiment, even by the haters of Hunt. Indeed, there is a charm in his grace of expression, and often in his light impertinence and flippant egotism, which no criticism can destroy. The elegant edition of his poems published by Ticknor & Co., will undoubtedly extend his reputation in this country.

Narrative of the Texan Santa Fé Expedition: With Illustrations and a Map. By George Wilkins Kendall. Two vols. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1844.

We have often heard men wonder, in our eastern cities, at the fondness of the trapper for his perilous avocation. But there is nothing strange in it to one accustomed to a prairie life. To chase the buffalo—to bivouack under a clear sky—to rise at daybreak and gallop for miles—to startle the wild heron from its reedy lair—to see the Indian, with his feathered lance, on the distant horizon—to come upon a cool stream, at sultry noonday, where, beneath the interlacing branches of the trees, the wild deer has his covert:—these things have a fascination which he who has experienced them can never forget. The spice of danger which attends this life only adds to the pleasure, by increasing the excitement. The risk of an encounter with hostile Indians—the having to brave privations of all kinds, hunger, thirst, and, perhaps, ultimate death—are overlooked in the thirst for adventure, and the certainty of its gratification. No one born to this mode of existence has ever been known permanently to abandon it. Men have left rank and fortune and exiled themselves for years, in order to satiate their passion for this exciting life. We are not surprised, therefore, that the author of this work undertook the journey across the prairies to Santa Fé, led by no other motive than the love of novelty and a curiosity to witness some of the strange scenes of which the old hunters told.

It was on the 18th of June, 1841, that the since celebrated Santa Fé Expedition started from Austin in Texas, with the ostensible object of trading with the Mexicans, but the secret purpose of revolutionizing New Mexico, if the inhabitants should afford them countenance. There were about two hundred and seventy volunteer soldiers in the expedition, commanded by officers commissioned by Texas. About fifty merchants, tourists, commissioners, and other persons in a civil capacity, accompanied the armed force. A long train of wagons, loaded with merchandise, finished the catalogue. Mr. Kendall, favorably known as the editor of the Picayune, and the author of the volumes before us, availed himself of the expedition to secure an escort over the prairies; his intention being to travel in Mexico for some time, for which purpose he had procured a passport as an American citizen.

The route which the expedition took was across the great southwestern prairies, a course hitherto unexplored except by wandering hunters. The usual caravans to Santa Fé set out from St. Louis; but Mr. Gregg, in 1839, and Mr. Pike, at an even earlier period, had crossed directly from the Arkansas, the one ascending the south fork of the Canadian, a course nearly due west, and the other passing southward to the Brazos, and then turning in a northerly direction along the Pecos, describing an obtuse angled triangle with Mr. Gregg's line of march. The present expedition determined to take a path lying somewhat between these two, and accordingly struck northward for the Cross Timbers, intending thence to follow the supposed Red River up to the Angosturas in the Rocky Mountains, a short distance east of Santa Fé; but the guide confounded the Wichita with the larger stream, lost them in the wilderness, and then, fearing their vengeance, made his escape, leaving them with not more than half their journey accomplished, when he had flattered them that in a week, at furthest, they would be among the sheepfolds of San Miguel. The privations which they suffered in consequence, their uncertainty what course to pursue, and their ultimate arrival in New Mexico, where they were arrested by the authorities and marched to the capital, are graphically narrated, though without any pretensions to style, in these delightful volumes. Since the publication of Irving's Astoria we have met with no work, on a similar subject, so entertaining as this. The author holds a free and dashing pen, and by his vivid descriptions carries us into the very heart of the incidents he describes. We forget time and place—every thing but the scene before us. We see the huge buffalo with his lumbering gallop, and the mercurial Irishman scouring along, without hat or coat, in pursuit—we are aroused from our midnight sleep by the alarm of a stampede, and wake to see the affrighted horses and oxen snorting and tearing along the plain—we sit with him by the camp fire and listen to the marvelous tale of some veteran hunter, or start from our slumber at daybreak, aroused by the *reveille*—we follow the adventurers through a hot day's march without a drop of water until, just at nightfall, we reach a cool spring bubbling up, with a wide basin below for bathing—we see the wild horses galloping toward us, then pausing in a line to gaze, and finally going off at the top of their speed across the prairie. We follow them, later in their journey, when provisions and water had grown scarce, and when hostile Indians begin to crowd around their path, watching to cut off stragglers. A rifle is heard ahead over a swell in the prairie. We dash across the acclivity, and see a party of savages galloping off with several dead bodies of their friends hanging across their beasts. Hastening up, we find four of the expedition, led by Lieutenant Hall, scalped on the ground; though their many wounds and their broken musket stocks prove how desperate was the defence. Suddenly a cry of fire is heard, and we see the prairie in flames, the dry grass catching like tinder, and the conflagration coming down toward us faster than a horse can run. Again, and we are lost in the vast expanse, no sign of man or beast being in sight. We gallop to the nearest acclivity and look around; but in vain. To another and another height we hurry, but we are still unsuccessful. We have now lost the points of the compass and the sun is right above us, so that it affords no clue to the course to be taken. In hopeless despair we cast ourselves from our horse, then remount; and finally catch sight, from a knoll, of the white tops of the distant wagons, with emotions of thrilling joy. So vividly has Mr. Kendall painted these different incidents, that now as we write they rise up to our fancy, not as pictures, but as actual occurrences. It is no small merit to have succeeded so perfectly in his delineations.

After nearly exhausting their stock of provisions, and finding themselves still a great distance from the Mexican frontier, it was determined to push forward a detachment of about ninety men to explore the way and send back supplies. Mr. Kendall, anxious to prosecute his journey, joined this party, and, after a march of thirteen days, during seven of which they were without food, they reached Anton Chico, a border settlement, and began to flatter

themselves that their sufferings were at an end. It was a sad mistake. The governor of the region, Armijo, had received intimation of their approach, and that they came with hostile intentions, and he determined accordingly on the capture of the whole party. Luckily for him the expedition had been divided. Kendall, with four others, had preceded the detachment, but even of this inconsiderable force the cowardly Mexicans were afraid, or deemed it impolitic openly to assail. Stratagem was resorted to, and the party induced to lay by its arms. The mask was then thrown off, and the unfortunate men treated as prisoners. They were drawn up in a line and the files had been already detailed to shoot them, when a providential interference saved their lives for the present. They were now marched to prison, where they endured every indignity from their captors; the only persons who seem to have shown them charity were the priests and women, a fact honorable alike to Christianity and to the sex. The treachery of one of their number, Lewis, who, on being promised his life and adequate compensation, betrayed his associates, procured the capture of the larger detachment, and subsequently of the main body. How different his conduct from that of Major Howland, who was offered his life on the same terms, but who nobly refused and was brutally shot in the sight of his old companions, without being allowed to communicate to them even his dying wishes to his family.

We have always regarded the Mexicans as a race physically and mentally degenerate, as self-willed, narrow-minded, cowardly and brutal; but we never thought, until we perused the account of their cruelty to the Santa Fé prisoners, that they were quite so low in the scale of humanity. The North American Indian, though he scalps and tortures at the stake, faces death without flinching and fights to the last. His errors arise from custom, and are deemed virtues. But the degenerate Mexican sneaks from a field where the odds are not in his favor, and murders prisoners in cool blood with cowardly brutality. Physically, morally and intellectually weak, he occupies the lowest scale in the family of man. He is to the Hindoo what the Hindoo is to the Italian, and all know what that is who know what the Italian is to the rest of Europe. The vocabulary of all nations is deficient in a term capable of conveying fully the cowardice and treachery of this people. To express it we should have to coin a new word.

We might, if such were our province, find many faults with the negligence of Mr. Kendall's style. But we can excuse many things to a man who describes incidents so graphically; and it is but just to him to remember that these volumes were originally written in the shape of letters for his newspaper, and, therefore, composed hurriedly. When their subsequent popularity induced the author to collect them in a book, it was best, perhaps, to leave them as near as possible what they were before, else the reader would scarcely recognize his old acquaintance. More finished compositions might have been produced by re-writing the letters, but in the effort the spirit that first animated them would have run in danger of being lost. The volumes are well printed, but the illustrations are only ordinary.

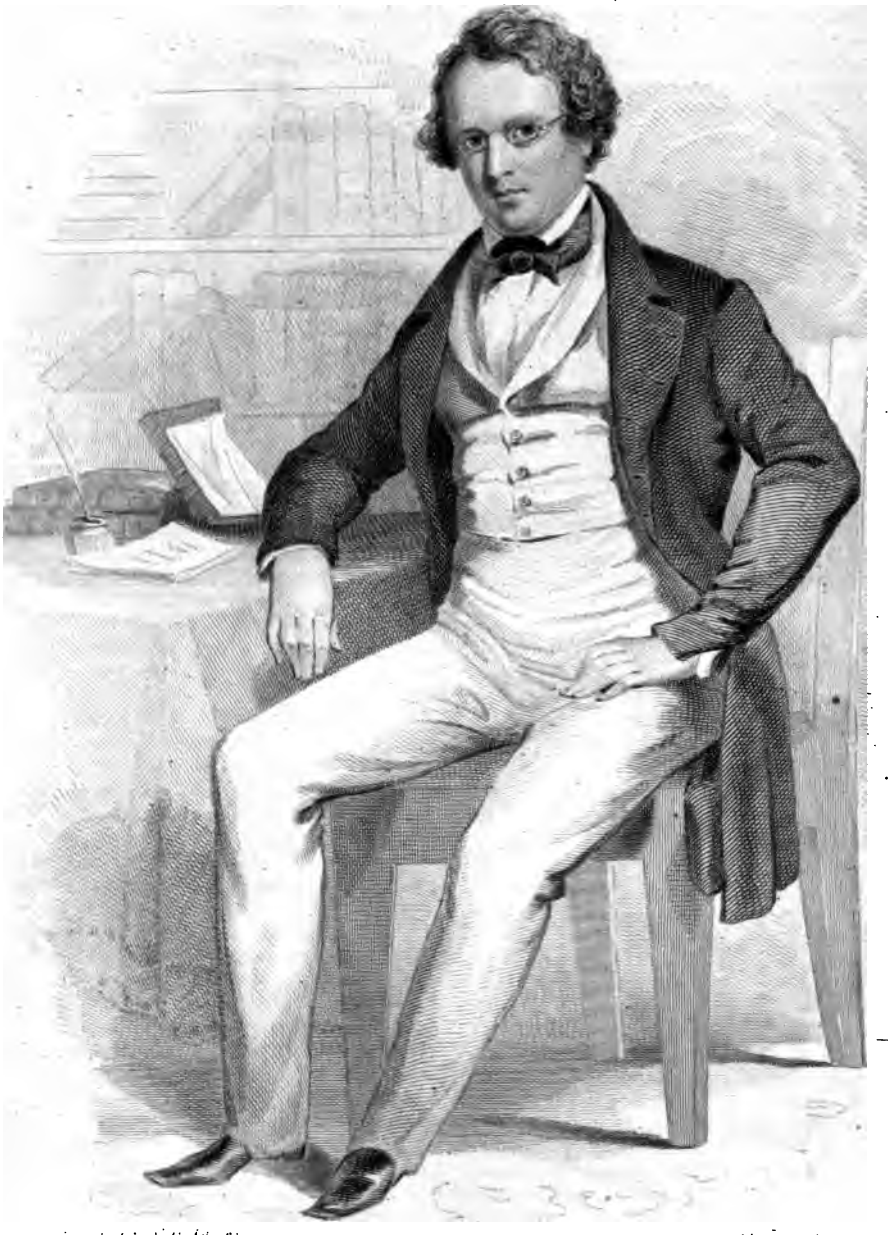
The Position and Prospects of the Medical Student. By Oliver W. Holmes, M. D. Boston, 1844.

This is a pamphlet printed, not published, which is well worthy of Dr. Holmes' subtle mind and large attainments. Like every thing from its author's pen, it is stamped with broad individual characteristics, and glitters with fancy and wit. In his statement of medical facts and opinions, there is often a brilliancy of expression which would seem, *a priori*, incompatible with his subject. Speaking of Broussais, and his "so called physiological system," Dr. Holmes remarks, "The subtlety of his reasoning, and the *kissing vehemence* of his style, effervescent as acids on marble, aided the temporary triumph of his doctrine. Whatever others may have done for its downfall, the death-blow came from the scalpel of Louis . . . . In vain did the old athlete writhe like Laocoon in the embrace of the serpents; his children, his darling doctrines, circled with coil upon coil of their iron antagonist, were slowly choked out of life, while he himself battled vainly to the last, with the whole strength of his Herculean energies. . . . At this very time, during this very day that passes over our heads, a hundred thousand leeches would have been draining the life-blood from that noble army of martyrs whom the physicians of America call their patients, in the vain hope of subduing an imaginary inflammation, had not the great French pathologist [Louis] wilted down his youth upon the stone floor of the amphitheatre of La Charité, and sent out his new truths upon the winds that turn the weather-cocks of medical Christendom!" There are many eloquent passages in this address, and some sharp satirical flings at fashionable theories of medicine, which we should like to extract had we space. The extensive influence exerted on public opinion by popular novels, may be inferred from the fact, that Dr. Holmes devotes two or three of his thirty pages to an elaborate consideration of libels on his profession, contained in Sue's "Mysteries of Paris;" and he is somewhat bitter in lashing the custom of late among the "dealers in the rag fair of light literature of airing their philanthropy and morality."

We cannot refrain from quoting a few sentences directed at what Dr. Holmes considers delusions or knaveries. "What difference," he says, "does it make, whether the speaker is the apostle of Thomsonianism, the 'common sense' scientific radicalism of the barn-yard, or homœopathy, the mystical scientific radicalism of the drawing-room? It is the same spirit of saucy and ignorant presumption, with a fractional difference in grammar and elegance of expression. . . . I know too well the character of these assailants to gratify their demand for publicity by throwing a stone into any of their nests. They welcome every cuff of criticism as a gratuitous advertisement; they grow turgid with delight upon every eminence of exposure which enables them to climb up where they can be seen." These are hard raps, however.

The Lectures Delivered before the American Institute of Instruction. August, 1843. *Boston, Wm. D. Ticknor*, 1 *vol.*

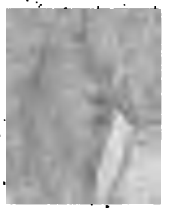
These addresses are generally well written and practical, evincing the interest taken by the teachers in all branches of culture, and displaying broad views of the whole scope of education. Here and there we perceive some of the peculiarities of the schoolmaster intruded, peculiarities which no one whose back has ever made the acquaintance of the birch can admire; but, on the whole, the lectures are sound, judicious and unpresuming. The essay of Mr. Page, on the advancement of public instruction, contains much truth and sincerity, expressed with considerable liveliness of manner. Dr. Humphrey's lecture on the "Bible in Common Schools," will be read with interest. The remarks of Professor Agnew, on the moral dignity of the teacher's office, are calculated to impress the humblest schoolmasters and schoolmistresses in our land with the essential elevation of their calling, and the vast results which depend on their fidelity and intelligence. There are many passages in this lecture written with eloquence and feeling, though there is occasionally displayed a tendency to inflation in the style.



R. T. Conrad

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R.T. Conrad

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—NO. XII.

ROBERT T. CONRAD.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

ROBERT T. CONRAD—like Talfourd and other professional men who have stolen aside from their avowed duties to dally with the belles-lettres—has acquired, not only a local rather than a very general reputation, but also credit less for actual performances than for ability to perform. To the literary world at large he is known, principally, as the author of "Aylmere;" but, by an exceedingly numerous class of personal friends, he is recognized as the writer of a multitude of good things, both in prose and verse, and varying in character, if not precisely "from grave to *gay*," at least from the most pointed and pungent to the most philosophical and austere. His compositions, with rare exception, have been the unconsidered trifles of the hour, intended only to serve the purpose of the moment—but in all is evinced the capacity for noble achievement; and in Philadelphia, where he is best known, and therefore best appreciated, it has always been a matter for regret that events have not thrown him more unreservedly into the arena of literary exertion.

His merely personal history has in it little to be remarked. He is still quite young—certainly not more than thirty-four. He was born and educated in Philadelphia, where also he read law in the office of Thomas Kittera, Esq., his maternal uncle. At twenty-one he was admitted to practice, and met, almost immediately, very eminent success. A strong bias, however, toward literature, led him to seek connection with the press. While yet a boy, he had become noted as a contributor to many literary, and especially to many political journals;—a certain terseness and vigor of thought, and a rare polish of style, had drawn upon him the attention of the many, and made his future career a subject of speculation for the few. Thus assured, he engaged temporarily in the management of several weekly papers; and, in 1832, he commenced, on his own account, the publication of the "Daily Commercial Intelligencer," which was subsequently merged in the "Philadelphia Gazette." The "Intelligencer" was devoted to the whig cause; and its leading articles may be safely referred to as the most forcible of their epoch. At the same time they enjoyed the widest popularity, and circulated in the chief journals of the party, with nearly as much regularity as in the columns of the "Intelligencer" itself. The essays here alluded to were brilliant, bold, acute, and replete with that species of information which proved most useful to the cause.

At this period, indeed, Mr. Conrad was quite absorbed in the politics of the day; and held high rank, not only as essayist and editor, but as an orator of eloquence and *tact*. Ill-health, however, at length forced him from the press, and he resumed his profession. Scarcely had he resumed it before he was summoned to the bench. He received the appointment of Recorder of the Recorder's Court, in the city of Philadelphia, and was then the youngest man who had ever reached a judicial station in Pennsylvania. Two years having elapsed, he was promoted to the bench of the Court of Criminal Sessions. This court having been abolished, and that of General Sessions established in its place, the governor, although opposed to Judge Conrad in politics, thought it due to his character and ability to tender him a commission as one of the judges. This commission he accepted, and retained until the abolition of the court by repeal of the act creating it.

As our purpose now is, principally, a literary one, we forbear to speak, at length, of Judge Conrad's judicial abilities or standing. He sat upon the bench at a critical period; and no man who feels, and is resolute to maintain, any real elevation of character, in any species of judicial situation, will fail to encounter a torrent of noisy and frothy opposition. We believe that he was honest, and know that he was bold.

Moreover, in the seven years during which he sat upon the bench, he had always with him the opinion of the bar, and no one of his decisions was ever reversed. He is now re-engaged in the practice of the law.

To the political literature in which he gained so much distinction, we have already sufficiently alluded. His purely literary labors spread over a wide field. He has written much, although cursorily, for the Magazines and Reviews. Of late, his poetical compositions have adorned the pages of this magazine; and our readers need not be told that we regard the author of the "Sonnets on the Lord's Prayer," of "Death the Deliverer," and of "The Sons of the Wilderness," as a poet of no ordinary power. These pieces are remarkable for all the qualities which distinguish the writer's prose—for terseness and vigor of thought and expression—correct and novel imagery—and a certain concise epigrammatism, which puts us much in mind of the "Night Thoughts." Their versification is especially good. Their leading trait, however, is what the Germans call "movement," and Coleridge, in his "Biographia Litteraria," "motion." They are full of a rapid earnestness and energy that *compel* the reader to acquiesce in the sentiment urged. Their pathos is frequently exquisite. In ideality alone they seem to us deficient; or rather the man, throughout, appears to predominate over what Kant would term the "poet of pure reason."

Before Mr. Conrad had attained his twenty-first year, he wrote and produced upon the stage a tragedy founded upon the fate of Conradin. This we have never seen. It was, however, decidedly successful, and we have been assured by those whose judgment we respect, that it deserved even more commendation than it received.

"Aylmere," or "Jack Cade," was written some years afterward; and, in its composition, the dramatist had to contend with the great perplexity of moulding his principal character to the mental and physical conformation of the actor for whom it was expressly designed. This actor was Mr. Forrest. We mean no depreciation of his histrionic abilities—but we wish to suggest that had these abilities been even greater, the difficulty in question would have been none the less. The genius of an author—and very especially of the dramatic author—should be left *totally* untrammeled. Even the semblance of a restriction—even a purely imaginary restraint—is all-potent to damp the true ardor of the poet. It is the encasing of his wings in lead. The play-wright who constructs a really good play under such circumstances as those to which we allude, demonstrates a very unusual degree of talent indeed.

Nevertheless, "Aylmere" is, perhaps, the best American play; and a sure evidence of its merit is found in its great and long-continued success as an acting drama. A closet-drama is an anomaly—a paradox—a mere figure of speech. There should be no such things as closet-dramas. The proof of the *dramatism*, is the capacity for representation. In this view it will be seen that the usual outcry against "stage-effects," as meretricious, has no foundation in reason. In these effects "Aylmere" very properly abounds, and from these it derives no immaterial portion of its vigor.

The passages of British history upon which the play is founded, have been very skillfully modified to suit the purposes of the stage, and of the dramatist. The leader of the insurrection of 1450 has come down to us as "Jack Cade." This name, however, was, beyond doubt, a nick-name, given with the view of concealment. In a cotemporary record (Ellis' Letters) the chief of the rebellion is called "Mr. John Aylmere, physician." He was, unquestionably, a man of ability, of accomplishments, and of discretion. Shakspeare's account of him is unjustifiable.

The oppression of the commons, and particularly of the "villeins," having aroused all England to resentment, the people of Kent first arose *en masse*. Aylmere was chosen their leader, and behaved with extraordinary prudence and moderation. He found himself in the vicinity of the metropolis, with an army of 80,000 men, and yet did not immediately commence hostilities, but sent in to the court a "bill of petitions, showing the injuries and oppressions which the poor commons suffered." This bill receiving no attention, he took possession of London, and, in short, obtained a complete triumph at all points. The court entered into a covenant with the people; but no sooner had the multitude dispersed than this covenant was revoked, and a reward offered for the head of Aylmere.

Mr. Conrad has varied these facts, very judiciously, in supposing the author of the insurrection to be originally a "villein" named Jack Cade. His father has been scourged to death by order of one of the barons. This baron subsequently taunts the son with the outrage. The son strikes him to the earth—escapes to Italy, where he becomes imbued with liberal principles, and adopts the name, Aylmere. Finally, he returns, heads the rebellion, avenges his personal wrongs, and triumphs. After this he resumes his original name, Cade.

Upon this theme the poet has constructed a most admirable drama. The incidents are arranged with great skill, and with much apparent knowledge of stage technicalities—a very important item in play-writing. The action never flags, and therefore never the interest. The whole is exceedingly well "*motivert*." The strength of the author, however, seems laid out upon the two characters of Aylmere and his Italian wife, Violante; and both are very effective. The fierce, bold, vengeful, yet noble nature of the hero is drawn with exceeding force and truth, and when we regard it as drawn for the peculiar acting of Mr. Forrest, we cannot help regarding it as altogether a masterpiece.

It had been our design to make copious extracts, in vindication of our opinion of this play; but we are reminded that the copyright is still Mr. Forrest's, and also that, no very long while ago, we published in this magazine a selection of some of the most *quotable* passages. Indeed, to convey any idea of a drama by extract, is very nearly as difficult a task as that of the *skolastikos* in Hierocles.

Instead of attempting it, therefore, we will conclude this notice by copying from the minor and less gene-

rally known poems of Mr. Conrad two short compositions of high beauty. The one is a fine specimen of the *vigor* upon which we have commented—the other, of the *pathos*.

THE PRIDE OF WORTH.

There is a joy in worth,
A high, mysterious, soul-pervading charm;
Which, never daunted, ever bright and warm,
Mocks at the idle, shadowy ills of earth;
Amid the gloom is bright, and tranquil in the storm.

It asks, it needs no aid;
It makes the proud and lofty soul its throne:
There, in its self-created heaven, alone,
No fear to shake, no memory to upbraid,
It sits a lesser God;—life, life is all its own!

The stoic was not wrong;
There is no evil to the virtuous brave;
Or in the battle's rift, or on the wave,
Worshiped or scorned, alone or mid the throng,
He is himself—a man! not life's, nor fortune's slave.

Power and wealth and fame
Are but as weeds upon life's troubled tide:
Give me but these, a spirit tempest-tried,
A brow unshrinking and a soul of flame,
The joy of conscious worth, its courage and its pride!

LINES ON A BLIND BOY,

Soliciting Charity by Playing on his Flute.

"Had not God, for some wise purpose, steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him."

'T is vain! They heed thee not. Thy flute's meek tone
Thrills thine own breast alone. As streams that glide
Over the desert rock, whose sterile frown
Melts not beneath the soft and crystal tide,
So passes thy sweet strain o'er hearts of stone.

Thine outstretched hands, thy lip's unuttered moan,
Thine orbs upturning to the darkened sky,
(Darkened, alas! poor boy, to thee alone!)
Are all unheeded here. They pass thee by:—
Away! Those tears unmarked, fall from thy sightless eye!

Ay, get thee gone, benighted one! Away!
This is no place for thee. The buzzing mart
Of selfish trade, the glad and garish day,
Are not for strains like thine. There is no heart
To echo to their soft appeal:—depart!
Go seek the noiseless glen, where shadows reign,
Spreading a kindred gloom; and there, apart
From the cold world, breathe out thy pensive strain:
Better to trees and rocks, than heartless man, complain!

I pity thee! thy life a live-long night;
No friend to greet thee, and no voice to cheer;
No hand to guide thy darkling steps aright,
Or from thy pale face wipe th' unbidden tear.
I pity thee! thus dark and lone and drear!
Yet haply it is well. The world from thee
Hath veiled its wintry frown, its withering sneer,
Th' oppressor's triumph, and the mocker's glee:
Why, then, rejoice, poor boy—rejoice thou canst not see!

It will be understood that we cite these two brief poems chiefly to illustrate the leading traits of the mind of the poet, and by no means as the best of his compositions—many of which are of a far higher order of excellence.

In person, Judge Conrad is above the medium height, and well formed. His eyes and hair are light—complexion sanguine—features regular and impressive. Our portrait conveys an excellent idea of the man, but although a forcible, is by no means a flattering likeness.

HOPELESS LOVE.

The trembling waves beneath the moonbeams quiver,
Reflecting back the blue, unclouded skies;
The stars look down upon the still bright river,
And smile to see themselves in paradise;
Sweet songs are heard to gush from joyous bosoms,
That lightly throb beneath the greenwood tree,
And glossy plumes float in amid the blossoms,
And all around are happy—all but me!

And yet I come beneath the light that trembles
O'er these dim paths, with listless steps to roam,
For here my bursting heart no more dissembles,
My sad lips quiver, and the tear-drops come;
I come once more to list the low-voiced turtle,
To watch the dreamy waters as they flow,
And lay me down beneath the fragrant myrtle
That drops its blossoms when the west winds blow.

Oh! there is one on whose sweet face I ponder,
One angel-being mid the beauteous band,
Who in the evening's hush comes out to wander
Amid the dark-eyed daughters of the land!
Her step is lightest, where each light foot presses,
Her song is sweetest mid their songs of glee,
Smiles light her lips, and rose-buds mid her tresses,
Loop lightly up their dark redundancy.

Youth, wealth and fame are mine—all that entrances
The youthful heart, on me their charms confer;
Sweet lips smile on me too, and melting glances
Flash up to mine—but not a glance from her!
Oh! I would give youth, beauty, fame and splendor,
My all of bliss—my every hope resign,
To wake in that young heart one feeling tender—
To clasp that little hand and call it mine!

In this sweet solitude the sunny weather
Hath called to life light shapes and fairy elves,
The rose-buds lay their crimson lips together,
And the green leaves are whispering to themselves,
The clear, faint starlight on the blue wave flushes,
And, filled with odors sweet, the south wind blows,
The purple clusters load the lilac-bushes,
And fragrant blossoms fringe the apple-boughs.

Yet I am sick with love and melancholy,
My locks are heavy with the dropping dew,
Low murmurs haunt me—murmurs soft and holy,
And oh, my lips keep murmuring, murmuring too!
I hate the beauty of these calm, sweet bowers,
The birds' wild music, and the fountain's fall;
Oh! I am sick in this lone land of flowers,
My soul is weary—weary of them all!

Yet had I that sweet face on which I ponder
To bloom for me within this Eden-home,
That lip to sweetly murmur when I wander,
That cheek to softly dimple when I come,
How sweet would glide my days in these lone bowers,
Far from the world and all its heartless throngs,
Her fairy feet should only tread on flowers,
I'd make her home melodious with my songs.

Ah me! such blissful hopes once filled my bosom,
And dreams of fame could then my heart enthrall,
And joy and bliss around me seemed to blossom,
But all these blissful hopes are blighted—all!
No smiling angel decks these Eden-bowers,
No springing footstep echoes mine in glee,—
Oh I am weary in this world of flowers!
I sigh—I sigh amid them all—ah me! AMELIA.

"CHANGE OF SCENE."

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

CHAPTER I.

"YOUR case is by no means singular, Mr. Clayton, though, I admit, the malady is not very common to persons so young as yourself. You say you are twenty-three?"

"But a few months wanting of it."

"I have but one prescription for you, sir, and that is change of scene."

"Why, doctor, it is change of scene that will be the death of me. I left college at nineteen, graduated, and since then have been changing scene as often as a shifter in a theatre. I have been at every place of resort in the country, from the extreme north to the extreme south; at as many as four or five watering places in one season."

"And what did you do there?"

"What other people did at such places, of course. I ate and drank, and walked, and danced, and played billiards, and all that. Then, during the winters, I have made trips to the different cities."

"And in them what did you do?"

"Pshaw, doctor, no quizzing!—what other young men in my position usually do; I saw all the lions, and was introduced to all the reigning belles; received and accepted invitations, and so forth."

"It appears to me that such a course does not differ materially from what you pursue at home."

"Why, on consideration, I believe not materially, as you say. One street is pretty much like some other streets, one theatre like another theatre; one fashionable dinner or soiree like the rest; and, as to the ladies, I have found pretty much of a family likeness amongst them all—the same style of dress, manners, and accomplishments; some more or less one thing, some another. For the past winter, I made up my mind to stay at home, and to confess the truth, doctor, as you always seemed to pay very little attention to my complaints, I consulted one of your professional brethren about my headaches and lassitude. His advice was that I should try all sorts of gymnastic exercises, but one soon tires of such things. It seems to me a very brute kind of life, that of living merely for the preservation of health."

"Did you ever vary your pursuits by study?"

"Not perseveringly enough to make it a habit. I did commence reading law a year or two ago at my father's suggestion, but only got through a few volumes of Blackstone. I am no bookworm, and I must have some incentive to study with profit. At college I had that of taking an honor; here I have none. I am beyond the necessity of following a profession, and I have abundance of scholarship to pass creditably in society. I wish, doctor, you would decide that a trip to Europe is indispensable to me, and persuade my father of it."

"I cannot do that, Mr. Clayton; under present circumstances a trip to Europe would be of no benefit to you whatever. But change of scene is necessary, notwithstanding. I shall probably, however, see your father and give him my opinion of your case. If he decide to send you thither, I will accommodate you so far as to offer no objection."

Doctor L. smiled somewhat sarcastically as the slight though elegant figure of the young *ennuyé* disappeared from his office. "And this is the consequence of being the son and heir of a rich man," thought he; "thank Heaven I was not one!—it is unaccountable to me how a man like Judge Clayton, an active, energetic, enterprising man, with abundance of shrewdness, and with so much industry as to discharge the duties of a responsible office, notwithstanding his ample fortune; that such a man should be so blind as to risk the destruction of his only child by his prodigality of indulgence. He has some reason for his fondness though; the young fellow has many good points, too many to be thrown away, if it can be helped. He is modest, quite free from any profligate habits and inclinations, which is remarkable, considering his associations, and he by no means lacks ability. I shall certainly call on the judge about it; he is an old friend, and I cannot conscientiously remain silent when I see his son so nearly ruined by mere idleness."

CHAPTER II.

A few days after his consultation with the doctor, young Clayton entered his father's library. The judge was busied in looking over bundles of papers, and, laying aside a few sheets which he had unfolded, he said, "I wish, Harry, you would sit down and copy these articles for me."

"Certainly, sir, if you can wait awhile. Just now I feel somewhat indisposed; with a slight headache," he added, fearing the expression was too ambiguous.

"It grieves me to see that your indispositions have become so frequent of late, Harry," remarked the old gentleman gravely; "and I am still more grieved to say that it is at a time when uninterrupted health is more necessary to you than it has ever been in your life."

"Why so, sir?" asked the young man, looking surprised.

Judge Clayton hesitated before he answered the question, and then, looking gravely into the youth's face, he returned, "You consider yourself, Harry, the son of a man of wealth?"

"Certainly, father," Harry replied, and, as the judge preserved his grave and expressive silence, he proceeded: "I hope, I trust, my dear sir, that the difficulties and disturbances of the times, which have brought misfortune to so many, have not, in any measure, been disastrous to you?"

"If you hope that for my sake, Harry, I thank you; if for your own, I pity you. Imagine the worst, and endeavor to reconcile yourself to the necessity of relying upon your own exertions for support in the time to come."

The judge evidently expected an outbreak of feeling on the part of the young man, but was mistaken. He replied calmly, after a moment's reflection, "Is it indeed so serious?—believe me, sir, it is for your sake that I am chiefly concerned. If you can retain sufficient to secure the comforts to which you have been accustomed, I shall hold the labor required for my own maintenance light work, indeed, and shall engage in it much more cheerfully than you can believe."

"You are a fine fellow, after all, Harry," said the old gentleman, shaking his son's hand with a brightening countenance; "you have taken a load from my mind already; don't ask any particulars just now, but reflect upon my communication till to-morrow."

"'Change of scene' enough, even to satisfy the doctor," was the thought of Harry; "I shall get at his prescription without any effort of my own." He retired to his own room to cogitate upon his new position, and a much sounder sleep that night was the effect of the excitement, than he had usually enjoyed after an opera, or an oyster-supper.

He left his bed the next morning much before his common hour, and repaired to talk with his father, who was habitually an early riser. "Astir already, Harry?—I am glad to see it, said the judge; you have, no doubt, deliberated upon our conversation of last night?"

"I have, sir, seriously!"

"And the result?"

"Is a self-conviction of how sadly I have neglected and misused the advantages which your kindness has always held out to me. I must now submit to the penalty; and I feel all the anxiety of having nothing definite to rely upon, now that your allowance will be unavoidably withdrawn. Apart from this consideration I have nothing to depress me, for I am satisfied that useful employment will be beneficial to me, both in body and mind. I have concluded to resume, or rather to commence the study of law, if it meet your approbation."

"It does, decidedly; it is the course I should have pointed out to you. But one point must first be settled. It will take you at least two years before you will be prepared for practice, and perhaps much longer before you get any. How are you to live all this time? You remember how anxious I was when you left college that you should read under my direction; I should still be happy to be your preceptor, though you must first know exactly how you will be situated. My peculiar circumstances require me to give up this house and to go to lodgings, and, if I take you with me, they will have to be what you will consider very humble ones. Such as they may be, you will be welcome to share them with me; I am willing to submit to much privation for your sake."

"But you shall not, my dear sir, if I can help it. What a reproach would it be to me to be regarded as an idle, helpless young fellow, depending for subsistence upon the slender means which, without such a burthen, would be a comfortable provision for his father! I could not think of it, though, as yet, I confess I cannot clearly see any means which will enable me to avoid it. Can you counsel me?"

"Thank you, thank you, my dear boy, for your considerateness. I know of but one resource likely to be available to you, and that is, taking a school in the country, while you pursue your own studies. A large number of the most distinguished lawyers in the country have prepared themselves for their profession in that way. I really think you would make a capital schoolmaster. You have an excellent temper, and your acquirements, owing to your ambition at college, would render you quite competent to conduct a school of the better class. But, if you cannot obtain that, an humbler one would, at least, afford you enough to pay your boarding. As to your wardrobe, I will myself occasionally furnish you with a suit of clothes. I shall be able to do it, and will with pleasure."

"The very plan for me, sir; that is, if I can obtain both the school and instruction for myself in the same place. But where would I be likely to find such a one? for that I must depend upon your assistance, for, to my shame I now confess it, I always, in traveling, proceeded as if with my eyes shut, observing nothing and making no acquaintances that could be of any service to me."

"Luckily, my course has been different, and I think I can make a favorable arrangement for you. In the mean time, feel yourself perfectly easy where you are, as your associates have none of them any reason to suspect a change in my affairs."

At the expiration of a fortnight, Judge Clayton called Harry into his library. "My inquiries have been successful," said he, laying his hand upon an open letter, though without presenting it; "I have just received this from one of my most chosen friends, an old college chum, of whom you have heard me speak—Wallace Malcolm. I wrote to him about our peculiar situation, and, in reply, he kindly offers to aid us in our projects. He will superintend your reading quite as well as I could do it myself. He is one of the ablest lawyers in the whole range of my knowledge, notwithstanding he has always declined attaching himself to a city bar. He says he has no doubt he can immediately find you a school, and as he is a man of influence he will hardly fail. The village of A., in which he resides, is a delightful little place—quiet, healthful and beautifully located, with a circle of select society, and no inducement to dissipation nor expense; in short, exactly what will suit a young man in your circumstances. Mr. Malcom urges me to send you on immediately, and I see no reason for my delay."

CHAPTER III.

The close of another week saw our hero deposited at a snug inn of the little county town. The day of his arrival was Saturday, and he was anxious to go immediately in quest of his father's friend, but, in making inquiries as to his residence, he ascertained that Mr. Malcom was absent, attending a neighboring court, and so he had to restrain his impatience till Monday.

The next morning the village population went to church, and Harry went too. He had always been accustomed to going to church once every Sabbath—a habit enforced by his father, but though it was ostensibly to hear the renowned D.D.s of a city's sanctuaries, he could not have recollected that he ever listened to a sermon throughout. To-day he heard every word. The preacher was a young man, of scarcely more than his own years, and while, after a recognizance of this fact, his attention was commanded by a strain of chaste and impressive eloquence, he was assailed irresistibly with a humiliating sense of his own mental inferiority. The theme, too, was one suited to his present frame of mind—the uses and misapplication of the gifts of Providence, time, wealth and talents, and in carrying away with him a more vivid perception of the higher objects for which they were bestowed than the mere gratification of the senses and even the intellect, Harry was already benefitted by his "change of scene."

The crowd principally passed from the church door to the main street of the village, but Clayton, in traversing it on his way from his lodgings, had occasionally caught a glimpse of a more rural and inviting road, and toward it he now turned. The day was a glowing, balmy one in the prime of May, and he strolled leisurely along, pausing sometimes to look into the flourishing gardens on each side of him, which were fragrant with lilacs and the latest bloom of the apple trees, and were already beginning to flaunt in tulips, peonies and irises. Occasionally he had heard the patting of a light foot close behind him, and at length he looked back. A faultlessly smooth, white dress and a tasteful new bonnet met his glance. He walked so slowly that any industrious pedestrian would have been excusable in attempting to pass him, and their fair wearer did so. He now caught a view of a face redolent with the utmost sweetness, freshness, and brightness of seventeen, and after he had had full opportunity to remark the elasticity of her figure, which was small, but firmer and more rounded than is usual to girlhood, and to admire the graceful carriage of her head and shoulders, the thought struck him, "the lady must think me a lazy lounger to allow her to outstrip me." Accordingly, he crossed the narrow lane, and was soon pacing step for step with her on the opposite side. Then, in the expressive phraseology of the western minstrel, "he looked at her, and she looked at him," and then both looked straight before them. To any one troubled at the same time with curiosity and *mauvaise honte*, such a walk is peculiarly trying, and, much to his own surprise, Harry felt both. Not so the lady. She stepped along as composedly as a fashionable belle, daily accustomed to the gaze of hundreds, and when, before they parted at the door of his inn, he essayed another encounter of the eyes, she received it with the benevolent serenity of an amiable matron of forty. There was no one at hand of whom he could have asked the natural questions concerning her, and, even if there had been, it is likely that the rules of aristocratic stoicism would have prevented his taking advantage of it; so he trusted to time to satisfy him.

The next day, at what he supposed was a seasonable hour for country visiting, Harry set out to call on Mr. Malcolm, whose residence was at one end of the village. He had never before seen so small a "cottage of gentility." Overhung by trees, and half buried in blossoming shrubbery, it might have reminded him of a bird's nest, a beehive, a flower basket, something pretty and picturesque, to which nothing but pleasant associations could have been attached. He learned that Mr. Malcolm had returned, and was shown into a library of confined limits, but surrounded on all sides, from the floor to the ceiling, by a solid wall of books. Its proprietor sat at a table covered with green baize, and, while receiving the letter of introduction, he regarded the young stranger from beneath a pair of broad, heavy eyebrows, with a look of the most formidable keenness. He was a tall, spare man, advanced in life, and of, what Harry pronounced to himself, "a decidedly General Jackson air and aspect." After glancing over the letter, he remarked, "I am glad, Mr. Clayton, to welcome you so soon. Your promptness in complying with my proposition is an evidence to me that you do not shrink from the new course which has been marked out for you. The life of study and labor before you is very different from that you have hitherto experienced, but I hope you will have the wisdom to avail yourself of its advantages, and the manliness to submit cheerfully to its privations. I expected to obtain for you the situation of assistant in our academy, but I found the principal unwilling to entrust the office to one unpracticed in its duties. I, therefore, was forced to accept for you that of a teacher in one of the public schools. It is certainly an humbler vocation, but I hope you will not object to it."

"By no means, sir; that is, if the salary will be sufficient for my expenses in your village."

"Amply sufficient, for your necessary expenses here will be extremely moderate. As to your studies with me, you will, no doubt, wish to commence them as soon as you are settled at your new occupation. You will then find me at your service. In the mean time, I shall arrange your order of reading."

A few inquiries on the part of Mr. Malcolm, and our hero arose to take leave, but when he had reached the entrance door, his attention was arrested by a snatch of the most bird-like music he had ever heard from a human voice. Glancing toward an open window, through which it seemed to proceed, he beheld the fair partner of his yesterday's walk; on a latticed veranda, and under what circumstances, think you, gentle reader?—daintily attired, and attitudinizing for a tableau, in elegant idleness, or at some classical occupation, as she should have been for the

embellishment of our story, and for the captivation of her refined observer? no, indeed! She was dressed in a simple wrapper of light chintz, and a little black silk apron, and employed in arranging the dinner-table; smoothing its snow-white cloth, and disposing its shining plates, knives and spoons with the most housewifely precision. Harry had stopped short in the middle of a sentence, and could not recollect how he had intended to finish it, when he caught the piercing glance of Mr. Malcolm fixed upon his face.

"Excuse my forgetfulness, Mr. Clayton," said the old gentleman, "I should have invited you to dine with me; I shall be happy if you will stay."

Harry declined confusedly, and made a precipitate retreat. "Has Mr. Malcolm any family?" he asked of his landlady, on returning to his lodgings.

"None but a daughter—have you not heard of her? Amy Malcolm, the belle of the whole country."

Homely as it was, she had left a very charming picture in his memory, with her buoyant movements, and with the sunshine, broken here and there by the curtains of vines which surrounded her, glancing down upon the smooth bands of her dark hair, and her complexion rendered dazzlingly pure and brilliant by the summer air and her gentle exercise.

After a few weeks' trial of his new scheme of life, Harry wrote to his father, minutely and gaily reporting his progress. He described himself as devoting the calm hours of early morning to the studies arranged for him by Mr. Malcolm, and then as he sat daily in the common school of the village, mending pens, criticizing blotted copy-books, fingering greasy slates, and thumbing dog-eared primmers. "The evenings," he added, "I give up to social engagements, though much of the intercourse, to which I have been admitted, I cannot yet style recreation. You will, perhaps, not be surprised to know, though *I* was, that in this remote district there is really a circle, not only refined, but of high mental cultivation—people who, secluded from the excitement and frivolities of a city life, have devoted their retirement to diversified attainment, to whom the jargon of a city idler is an unknown tongue, and among whom I seldom present myself without a twinge of shame or regret for my own wasted opportunities. Yet I do not despair of yet reaching their level."

Concerning his farther pursuits, we shall steal a few passages from his diary.

"Monday.—Finished the day in the enjoyment of listening to — —'s voice and guitar." (Which two blanks, *par parenthèse*, meant Amy Malcolm.) "Her music is wonderful in its expression and melody, and, considering her very slight advantages of instruction, must be the result of real genius for the art. And how graceful she looks at her different instruments!—but then she is graceful at every thing."

"Tuesday.—My learned preceptor has his weak points, notwithstanding his stateliness. This morning found him indulging in a fit of irritability, and wreaking a scolding on his fair daughter—the old sinner!—and how sweetly she softened his evil mood!—mixed him a glass of lemonade, brushed his hair, and showed him another pair of those interminable stockings she has been knitting for him. I should have no objections to being coaxed out of an ill-humor in that way myself."

"Wednesday.—In discussing some point in mathematics with Mr. M., could not recall what I once knew, and would have made a mortifying blunder, had not A. helped me out. She is not called accomplished, perhaps, because she knows nothing of the routine of the boarding-schools, but every day she surprises me with some new evidence of a thorough education. Her father has been her instructor, and he has a supreme contempt for any thing superficial. The result is a thinking woman, with perfect simplicity and modesty of character."

"Thursday.—It is surprising that our young ladies do not more generally practice gardening as an exercise healthful, graceful, and peculiarly suited to their wants. — — has an enthusiasm for it. Spent half an hour in assisting her to tie up vines and reset shrubbery, and became very much interested in the employment."

"Friday.—A little sore throat still, and had to beg a piece of flannel. Got a nice soft, white strip from — —, which, I dare say, will soon cure me."

"Saturday.—Felt inclined to wish, with some of the school children, that it was always Saturday—question if any of the boys enjoyed their weekly holiday as much as did their master. In the afternoon, joined a party on a pic-nic excursion. As usual, — — was 'the star of the goodly companie.' She seems to have fascinated the whole community, old as well as young, and no wonder!—where else can be found, in an equal degree, manners so gay and gentle, and frank and kind?—how securely she preserves the admiration and esteem of all the young fellows around her, and that without coquetry or design!—danced with her twice, notwithstanding the competition, and how she *does* dance! Terpsichore might well be jealous."

"Sunday.—Heard, as usual, an admirable sermon. By-the-by, that young clergyman is exceedingly winning in his manners, as well as commanding through his intellectual gifts. Should like to know what he had to say to — —, when he hurried to shake hands with her in the aisle, and to talk with so impressive a countenance. No doubt, though, it was about the Sunday-School, to which she is so very devoted. Asked her, but she only smiled and would not tell. Walked home with her, by the round about way, and reminded her of our first encounter on the same road. Presumed she must have thought I behaved very awkwardly, and she did not contradict me. Shall I ever excel in my profession as that fine-looking young man does in the pulpit? I fear not."

Such entries had found their way into our hero's diary for three or four months, when, one day, on his presenting himself in Mr. Malcolm's library for a book, the old gentleman remarked, with a keen glance of his quick gray eyes, which always imported more than his words, "I am afraid you are becoming too much of a ladies' man, Mr. Clayton, to continue a very close student."

"You are mistaken, sir," replied Harry, coloring;

"I spend no time with any lady, except Miss Malcolm."

"And why do you spend so much with her?—I am interested to know."

"Because, sir," returned Harry, divining that an evasion would be a desperate expedient; "because I love her."

"Humph! your candor with me is commendable, but I hope you have not been equally explicit toward Amy?"

"I have not, sir," answered Harry, proudly; "I am not now able to offer my hand, with honor, to any lady, and, until I shall be so, no one shall hear from me such an avowal."

"That 's right, that 's right," returned Mr. Malcolm, cordially; "I did not suspect you of any want of proper spirit on that subject, but feared that the impatience natural to youth might have got the start of your better judgment. I observed your increasing attachment to her society, and thought it my duty to speak to you about it, not on her account but your own; for, as a faithful friend to you, I could not passively see you running yourself into a silly love scrape. How silly it would be to make her your object, you may judge, when you know that, from the sentiments which have been instilled into her, she would never think of receiving the addresses of any man who has not attained a more than common elevation of mental and moral character, and who has not, besides, a prospect of distinction in his profession, whatever that may be. You are just beginning the ascent, and, before you achieve it, your predilection for her may be supplanted by a succession of others. But whether in that I prove correct or not, you will then, at least, thank me for having spoken so plainly to you. Now, that you are on your guard, we will let the subject drop between us. The liberty of my house is still yours as heretofore, and I shall feel perfect confidence of your acting with a manly prudence."

CHAPTER IV.

The term of the student's probation had expired, and, in the intellectual looking lawyer who emerged from the court-house, after the triumphant termination of his first cause, it would have been difficult to recognize the languid, listless, young exquisite, whom we introduced previous to his being thrown upon his own resources. Harry Clayton was the centre of observation that day. He had much improved in appearance. His form, through regular habits and vigorus exercise, had expanded to full and masculine proportions, and his face, not, indeed, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," but elevated in its expression by the healthful action of an expanded mind, seemed to be formed of nobler lineaments.

His case was an important one, involving a beautiful and valuable estate, which lay a short distance from the village, and the possession of which depended upon a contested will. It had been placed in his hands by Mr. Malcolm, as agent of the deceased owner, in full security of his success, and his speech was pronounced one of the ablest remembered at a bar, where, before then, master spirits had striven. The veterans of the profession gathered around him, offering congratulations on the impression he had made, and even his opponents accorded him honor for the signal talent and courtesy with which he had accomplished their defeat. Before reaching his room, he had received proffers of business to an extent seldom accumulated in the first year. But all this success, inspiriting as it was, fell short of imparting the pleasure he received from the grasp of the hand and the gratified smile of his old preceptor.

"You may now safely give up your school, and hang out a sign, my dear fellow," said he.

There was so much kindly interest in his manner, that Harry was encouraged to ask, which, however, he did with some trepidation," "And when may I think of Amy?"

"Your father's sentiments must decide that," replied Mr. Malcolm, with his accustomed gravity.

"I design writing to him immediately—he will be anxious to know how my *debut* passed off."

"Then do not forget to tell him how proud I am of my pupil, and that he has equal reason to rejoice in his son."

For fear, however, that it should be forgotten, Mr. Malcolm made it the subject of a letter to Judge Clayton, from himself.

The estate to which we have alluded, as the object of our hero's first legal effort, and which bore the name of Leaston, was, as we have said, but a short distance—half a mile or so—from A. It was an extensive and rich domain of field and wood, adorned by a mansion of such elegance of design and solidity of construction, as is rarely seen among the ever-changing structures of our change-loving country. It had been erected several years before by an English gentleman of taste and fortune, who had been allured by the beauty of the scenery to establish himself as a resident of the neighborhood. But soon tiring of agricultural amusements and natural panoramas, which he could only enjoy at the expense of the domestic luxuries to which he had been accustomed, he had abandoned them, for a time indefinite, and died without having returned. Now that the ownership was decided, the whole property was to be offered for sale, for the benefit of its several heirs; and as its beautiful groves and shrubberies had been a favorite resort to the young people of the town, ever since the house was vacated, much interest was felt as to the hands into which it would fall; the more so that its estimated value placed it, in a great measure, beyond the competition of provincial fortune.

Mr. Malcolm, as superintendent of the estate, had granted to a poor, sickly widow, a *protégé* of his daughter, the occupancy of a small edifice, which had been intended for a porter's lodge. Thither, one evening, when her father was absent at a neighboring village, in company with young Clayton, Amy had walked alone, on one of her regular visits of kindness. She found the object of her care in great concern about the proposed sale.

"What will become of me then, Miss Amy?" she said; "they 'll have to be great grandees that can

afford to buy and live in the big house, and such as them would n't like to have a poor woman, half the time so lame with the rheumatis 'that she cant 'tend to the gate,' limping about their nice little fancy building here. How I do wish that some fine, rich gentleman, that would just happen to suit you, would come along and buy it, and bring you into it!—do n't you, Miss Amy?"

"I should be very willing to come out to Leaston," returned Amy, smiling; "but there is no probability of any fine, rich gentleman suiting me."

"Well, it 's a great pity that some that would suit you do n't happen to be rich enough," responded the widow; and while Amy was unconsciously blushing at this simple remark, a handsome old gentleman, with gold spectacles and a very thick walking stick, stepped up to the door.

"I wish to go through the gate, to take a look at the mansion house, my good woman," said he; "is there any one who can attend me?"

The widow was greatly flustered. "Johnny had gone to town for salt and molasses, and little Sally had gone into the woods after the cow, and she, herself, was so lame that she could not budge a foot. Could n't the gentleman please to wait awhile?"

But the gentleman thought the afternoon too far advanced for delay, and asked if he could not have the keys, and be allowed to go over the premises alone.

This, however, was contrary to orders, and Amy came forward and offered her services.

The old gentleman, whose address was marked by much cheerfulness and urbanity, entered readily into conversation with his fair guide, occasionally casting a glance of admiration at her light figure as she tripped along at his side. "I came into your village a few hours ago," said he, "and not finding the friend, whom it was my business to visit, at home, I concluded to walk hither, as an agreeable way of passing the time. It is a good many years since I saw this structure, but I have always remembered it as one of the finest specimens of domestic architecture to be seen on this side of the Atlantic. We have here, generally, too little money, and to little time for a proper study of the subject to excel in tasteful and commodious habitations. Have there been any applicants yet for the purchase of this property, can you tell me?"

"I think not, sir. My father, however, can give you any information you desire concerning it; he is the agent of the owners," replied Amy.

"Ah! are you the daughter of Wallace Malcolm?" he asked.

"I am, sir. Are you acquainted with my father?"

The old gentleman fixed his eyes for some moments upon her lovely and genial countenance, without answering, and, observing the color to deepen in her cheeks at his gaze, he returned, as if well pleased with his scrutiny, "I beg pardon, my dear young lady, I had not taken a good look at you before; I have known Mr. Malcolm for many years. I inquired for him in the village, and understood that he was not at home. At what time shall I be able to see him?"

"This evening, sir. I shall expect his return in an hour or two. He was called away by business relating to this property—he and a gentleman who managed a recent suit for him, concerning its proprietorship."

"I have heard of it. Clayton is the name of the young man you refer to, is it not?—Harry Clayton—I knew him before he came into the country—an idle, helpless, money-spending youngster. The case must have been a very clear one, or the lawyers on the opposite side very great ninnies, if he could have it decided in his favor."

"I beg pardon, sir," said Amy, warmly, "his opponents were men of acknowledged ability; and if the character of Mr. Clayton was, in the city, such as you represent it, an entire transformation must have taken place on his coming amongst us. My father, whose student he was, is not very tolerant of such traits as you have attributed to him, and not easily deceived with regard to them, and he has the highest opinion of Mr. Clayton's talents, intelligence and industry."

"Indeed! His father would, no doubt, be glad to be satisfied of that. He used to fear, and with good reason, that his son would turn out to be very little credit to him."

"Perhaps his father was to blame for it," observed Amy.

"Perhaps he was," returned the old gentleman, glancing around the walls of the spacious library, and catching a cobweb on his cane.

"There is a very beautiful view from here," said Amy, passing into an alcove, and opening a large casement, which afforded egress to the grounds.

"Yes, indeed, it is altogether charming, and this little nook is quite the cosiest part of the whole edifice," answered the stranger; "now, if I were a resident here, this should be my especial lounging place. I would have the deepest of chairs, and the softest of footstools brought into it; a book-stand placed just there, to form a partial barrier between me and the main room; a picture, so good that I would not tire of it through a whole season, should hang on either wall, and some choice flowers should be arranged outside on this little portier; and then I could take my seat, and look at the sun setting behind your village steeple in perfect luxury. It would be the very place for an old fellow like myself, would n't it?"

"But a few days since, I heard it coveted by a young gentleman for his father," said Amy, smiling.

"He must have been a very unsophisticated young gentleman," remarked the stranger; "the fashion of acknowledging fathers seems to be considered obsolete among young men, generally, now-a-day." Amy forbore to reply that the one alluded to was Harry Clayton.

The visiter now being satisfied with his tour over the premises, Amy returned the keys to the lodge, and repaired homeward, attended by her new acquaintance, who had proposed accompanying her. He accepted, without hesitancy, her invitation to enter the house and wait for her father; and, conversing with increasing cordiality, he seated himself at the door

of the little parlor, which opened upon a vine-covered porch.

In less than an hour, Mr. Malcolm drove up to the farther side of the house, unperceived, and, advancing toward the front, stopped, with some surprise, to witness a scene which seemed to afford abundance of entertainment to its several actors. Amy was within at her piano, playing, *con amore*, a lively air, while a number of children, who had been attracted into the yard by her music, nothing unusual, indeed, were attempting the evolutions of a country dance on one of the grass-plots. The old gentleman was directing their movements with his cane, from the porch, and calling the figures with great spirit. "Down the middle, Curly-head and Pigeon-toes—now right and left with Poppy-cheeks and Chatterbox," all of which, and similar appellations, the children enjoyed amazingly.

Mr. Malcolm beckoned to Harry, who had remained behind to unpack some books from the buggy, and a single glance sufficed for him. He hastened forward, much to the astonishment of Amy, with extended hands, and a joyful exclamation of "Is it possible—my father!" The old gentleman was no other than Judge Clayton.

They spent the evening together, the old friends and their children. Whilst Amy presided at the little tea-table with her own womanly grace, and sung to her guitar with her own inimitable sweetness, the judge watched her so intently, yet so fondly, that Harry felt his cause to be in perfect safety from him. Then while the old gentlemen were employed in reminiscences of their college days, the young people sat in the moonlight on the little porch, talking less, and in lower tones than was their wont. Harry's long kept secret was "told in his eyes," and Amy feared to raise hers to his face, in her new consciousness of the relation which had been growing between them.

At length Judge Clayton arose to withdraw, and Harry offered him his arm at the gate. He accepted it long enough to whisper, "I can get along very well without you. Go back, go back, my dear boy, and pop the question before you let me see you again. She is a little darling—exactly what I want for a daughter; I have come all this journey to satisfy myself as to your choice. There is her white dress still at the door—make some excuse to go back—yes I have forgotten my stick, go back and get it."

"And supposing she refuse me?" said Harry.

"No danger, no danger—I've been watching you both."

Harry did go back, and imagine the result, dear reader, to be all that he wished.

CHAPTER V.

The wedding took place in the following autumn, and Judge Clayton insisted upon a visit to himself as their bridal trip. He received them at a pleasant boarding-house, where he had made preparations for their entertainment. The morning after their arrival, he presented to his son a well filled pocket-book, the contents of which, he remarked, he had been saving for the occasion. Harry thanked him in terms commensurate with the sacrifices through which, he presumed, the kindness was rendered, and observed, that, as Mr. Malcolm had offered him a home in the cottage, he would make use of part of the gift to add some modern embellishments to its interior.

"Stop, stop," said the judge, as Harry was hastening away; "before you go to make your purchases, I wish you to look over this paper," and he unfolded a professional looking document. It was a title, signed by Henry Clayton, senior, securing to Henry Clayton, junior, the possession of the Leaston estate, with the sole reservation of "the western alcove of the library."

He dropped the paper in amazement. "I cannot understand this, my dear sir," said he.

"Can you not?" said the old gentleman, "then I'll let you into the mystery. It was all a sham about my loss of fortune—I deceived you to make a man of you. You were going to ruin so fast that I saw if I did not separate you at once from your idle companions, and furnish you with some employment for your mind, your existence would become a burthen to yourself, and your character a reproach to me. You understand now?"

"I do, my dear sir, and thank you!—but this paper?"

"Well, when I saw you, I was so well satisfied with the result of my experiment, that I purchased the property which you and Amy seemed to admire so highly, and I now offer it as a token of my affection for both."

"My dear father!"

"I did intend adding a clause, making the possession conditional on your persevering in a life of usefulness, but I have the confidence in you to believe that you will proceed to perfect the course which you have so commendably entered upon."

"I trust I shall merit your confidence, that I shall pursue from principle what I commenced through apparent necessity. But did Mr. Malcolm know of your plan?"

"Certainly. I told him all before I consigned you to his tutelage."

"And Amy?"

"Not a word; her father is too much the man of honor to betray what was entrusted to himself alone."

"Then, I must go and tell her."

"Do so, and you must call on Dr. L., who, I confess, first suggested the propriety of the measure I adopted; for, in my blind partiality, I should no doubt, otherwise, have gone on still longer in my system of unwarrantable indulgence."

"I remember now. I bored him with my complaints, and he strenuously insisted upon 'change of scene.' As the doctor is a nice casuist, I must ask him how he could reconcile so flagrant a deception with the laws of morality."

"He will tell you that 'desperate diseases require desperate remedies;' that your case was beyond the reach of common means, and, as your question might apply to myself also, my answer is, that of two evils I chose the less."

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

A STORY OF PARIS IN 1786.

BY FRANK STARR.

THE reference of ALISON in his admirable *History of Europe* to the story of the DIAMOND NECKLACE, which created such a sensation in the Parisian world in 1786, has induced us to look up the authentic details of that memorable affair. It is alluded to by many of the memoir-writers of the time, but the most accurate and circumstantial account may be found in a volume of the *Causes Celebres*, published in Paris, in the year 1808. The notoriety of this affair, and the celebrity of the individuals who figure in it, would seem to have entitled it to larger space than a single paragraph, in a work like that of ALISON. We presume that it was considered, in the fashionable phrase, as beneath the dignity of history, and abandoned, accordingly, to the memoir-writers, the novelists, and the chroniclers.

Mademoiselle de Valois, the chief actor in the drama to which we refer, was descended from Henry II. of France, by one of his mistresses, and was indebted for her introduction at Versailles to the accidental discovery of this right-honorable connection. A pension was bestowed upon her, and, under the smiles of the royal favor, she attracted the attention of a gentleman by the name of Lamotte, whom she afterward married.

It was in the month of September, 1781, that this lady first formed the acquaintance of the Cardinal de Rohan. She was introduced to him by lady Boulainvilliers, and soon made him familiar with the story of her illustrious lineage, and her various misfortunes. The cardinal was induced at different times to render her pecuniary assistance, and once became her security to a Jew money-lender in the sum of five thousand livres, which he was of course obliged to pay. Her meagre pension and the aid of the cardinal, however, could not keep her above penury, and, in 1784, Madame de Lamotte obtained special permission to sell her own pension and that of her brother. From this sacrifice she realized a few thousand livres, which were soon dissipated. She was now reduced to traffic on her wits.

Her first effort was to create an impression among her acquaintances that she was on intimate terms with the queen, and stood high in her favor. Her name, her misfortunes, the benevolence of the queen, she said, had given her ready access to the presence of her majesty; she was admitted to private interviews; was honored with numerous marks of kindness, and was about to be restored to the old estates of the family. Whilst waiting patiently for these personal marks of the royal favor, she freely offered her influence to those who stood in need of it; her only desire was to be useful to the unfortunate. To carry out the deception, she would show, in confidence, letters to her address from the queen, and comment on the expressions they contained. To accredit her lies, she committed forgeries.

In the month of May, 1784, she approached the Cardinal de Rohan with the story she had successfully imposed on so many others. She knew that he was in disgrace with the queen, and that it was the wish of his life to be restored to favor. She promised to furnish him with the means of attaining this object; and when some natural doubts of her influence were betrayed by the cardinal, she exhibited the forged letters. These answered the purpose. The cardinal had either never seen the queen's handwriting, or was not sufficiently familiar with it to detect the forgery.

Persuaded that Madame de Lamotte possessed great influence with the queen, the cardinal still doubted the extent of it. The delays which attended the execution of her promises staggered his faith a little. To re-establish it, she had recourse to the following bold expedient.

The queen sometimes of a summer evening walked in the gardens of Versailles, attended by persons of her household. "Show yourself in the gardens," said Madame de Lamotte to the cardinal, "and some day perhaps you may have the good fortune to hear from the queen herself confirmation of the change of feeling which I have indicated."

From time to time he accordingly visited the gardens, wishing rather than expecting the good fortune thus promised to him, when one evening, toward the first of August, Madame de Lamotte came to him and said, "the queen permits you to approach her." He advanced toward a person whose head was enveloped in a coif, and whom he believed to be the queen. A moment sufficed for him to hear, "You can hope that the past will be forgotten." Hardly had the words been uttered when a voice calls, "MADAME!" and "Madame, the Countess of Artois." He retires, expressing his profound and respectful gratitude, rejoins Madame de Lamotte, and leaves the gardens with her, delighted beyond measure and cheated past hope.

There was no more doubt, no more distrust, no more hesitancy, in the cardinal. He was ready to believe every thing, to do every thing, without reflection, and to regard the orders transmitted to him through Madame de Lamotte with the same reverence as if he had himself heard them from the lips of the queen.

The good lady was not slow to profit by this submission. In the course of the same month, she made a call upon the cardinal for sixty thousand livres, for the relief of some unfortunate individuals who had excited the sympathy of the queen, and the money was immediately remitted to her through the Baron de Planta. In November, she demanded an hundred thousand livres for a similar purpose, and M. de Rohan forthwith honored her draft.

All at once, this woman, who had before been plunged in the deepest distress, figured largely with her plate and jewelry. Her husband set up his carriage, increased the number of his servants, and purchased a house.

The success of these enterprises emboldened Madame de Lamotte to try her hand at something on a larger scale. She was well assured that nothing could thwart her projects. She knew that her fictitious orders would be received by the cardinal with implicit reverence, and that he would listen to all her inventions in a conviction of their reality and truth. Unexpected events might interrupt or destroy this confidence, and it was necessary to profit by it while it lasted. She bethought her of a famous necklace that had been for several years in the possession of the jewelers of the crown, and determined to appropriate it. Nothing on so grand a scale had been heard of for a long time in the annals of swindling; and yet nothing was ever so easily accomplished, since fraud first began to set its snares for folly; so deeply rooted was the delusion of the cardinal!

Toward the end of December M. Hachette meets Messrs. Boehmer & Bassange, jewelers of the crown, and speaks to them about the necklace. He finds that they have not disposed of it, but are anxiously looking about for a purchaser; they desire to find some one who has influence at court to aid them in disposing of the jewel. M. Hachette had no acquaintances at court; but his son-in-law, he said, M. de Laporte, an advocate, was intimate with a lady *who was honored with the favor of the queen.*

This lady was even Madame de Lamotte, whom this fame of an imaginary favor at court accompanied always and every where.

At the request of the jewelers, M. Hachette induces his son-in-law to negotiate with the lady. She hesitates, but finally requests that they would send her the necklace. It was sent to her on the twenty-ninth of December, 1784. She was repugnant to meddle in any matter of business, but to oblige them she would see what could be done.

Three weeks roll on, when Madame de Lamotte sends word through M. Laporte to the jewelers, that she would see them on the following day. On the twenty-first of January, 1785, M. Bassange calls at her hotel; M. Hachette is present. Here the lady informs him that the queen is anxious to possess the necklace, and that a gentleman of high rank would be entrusted with the negotiation for its purchase *by her majesty*. She reminds him, however, that it is a delicate business, and must be managed with discretion.

M. de Laporte suspected that the cardinal was the individual referred to, and expressed his surprise. "I assure you, on my honor," she replied, "that he is restored to favor."

Three days afterward, at about seven o'clock in the morning, Madame de Lamotte called on the jewelers, with her husband; advised them again of the necessity of discretion; assured them that the necklace was to be purchased for the queen, and that the gentleman entrusted with the business would soon present himself.

The cardinal appeared accordingly. He had been prepared for the event by a train of deceptions which led him to believe that the occasion was a most fortunate one to signalize his respect for the queen and his zeal in her service. The jewelers observed the discretion which had been charged upon them. They exhibited a variety of rich ornaments, before introducing the diamond necklace. He asked the price of it. They said that it had been estimated at one million six hundred thousand livres. He did not attempt to conceal the intention to bargain for it, not for himself, but for a person whom he was not at liberty to mention, but whose name he might at some future time disclose. He then withdrew.

Some days after, they again saw the cardinal, who submitted to them written conditions. In these it was stipulated that the necklace should be appraised, if the sum of one million six hundred thousand livres should be deemed excessive; that the payment should be made in the course of two years, at intervals of six months; and that if the conditions were agreed to on both sides, the necklace should be delivered on the first of February. The jewelers accepted and signed the paper, and the cardinal left them without naming his principal.

He remitted to Madame de Lamotte the document thus signed, to be submitted to the queen; two days after, she returned it to him. The margin bore approvals of each article, and at the foot was found the signature, MARIE ANTOINETTE, OF FRANCE.

Thus assured, he informed the jewelers that the bargain was concluded, and they were punctual in delivering the necklace at the appointed day.

He then informed them that the purchase was made on account of the queen, gave them a copy of her ratification of the terms, and wrote them the same day to announce the intention of her majesty that the interest, accruing on the unpaid balances, should be discharged at the same times respectively with the principal.

It now remained for the cardinal to transmit the necklace to the queen, whose agent he had been in the purchase. He proceeded with this view to Versailles, accompanied by his valet-de-chambre Schreiber, who carried the precious treasure in a box. Arrived at the house of Madame de Lamotte, he presented it to her. "The queen expects it," said she; "it shall be transmitted to her this evening."

A few minutes afterward, a man appeared, who was announced as a messenger from the queen. The cardinal withdrew. The man delivered a note. Madame de Lamotte bade him retire for a moment, and, approaching the cardinal, read him a note re-

questing the delivery of the box to the messenger. He is recalled accordingly, the box is placed in his possession, and he retires.

The cardinal asks who the man is. Madame de Lamotte informs him that he is attached to the household of the queen.

The imposture is now consummated. The following day, the cardinal directs his valet to attend M. Gherardi, an officer of the regiment of Alsatia, to a dinner given by her majesty, and to observe how she is dressed. He reports that there was nothing unusual in her dress, but the circumstance makes no unfavorable impression on the cardinal.

He met the next day, at Versailles, M. Boehmer, his wife, and M. Bassange. "Have you presented," he asked, "your grateful acknowledgments to the queen for having made the purchase of your necklace?" On their replying in the negative, he pressed upon them the propriety of doing so without delay, and repeated his request whenever he afterward met them.

The queen, however, did not wear the necklace, and, though the cardinal was disappointed, and surprised, Madame de Lamotte was ingenious and ready in suggesting excuses and assigning reasons, which prevented him from entertaining any suspicions of deception in the matter.

In the course of the month of May, the cardinal departed for Saverne, and did not return till the middle of the following month. Meanwhile Madame de Lamotte made a journey of some days' length, to inform him that she had obtained the promise of an interview with the queen on his return. She imagined, and with good reason, that a journey of two hundred leagues, made expressly to be the personal bearer of this intelligence, would give it an impression of reality that must confirm the cardinal in his delusion. Pretexts could easily be devised to defer the execution of the promise, and she never found herself at a loss for them.

Toward the end of June, however, the cardinal began to press the good lady somewhat urgently to account for the delay of the queen in wearing the necklace. "I will tell you," she said, "the real motive. It is stipulated in the conditions that, if the price of one million six hundred thousand livres should be considered too high, the necklace should be appraised. The queen thinks the price exorbitant, and it must either be abated or the necklace must be valued. Till that is done, she will not wear it."

The cardinal was only mortified at not having been informed of this before. He consulted the jewelers on the subject. Annoyed but submissive, they consented to receive one million four hundred thousand livres, or the appraised value, at the option of the queen.

Madame de Lamotte communicated their decision, and a few days afterward submitted to the cardinal another forged letter, which signified the intention of the queen to keep the necklace. As an indication of her pleasure at the conduct of the jewelers, she said that she would pay them seven hundred thousand livres, instead of the four hundred thousand, at the expiration of the first six months. The time would arrive on the thirty-first of July.

The cardinal hastened to inform Messrs. Boehmer and Bassange of the result, and complained, as he had often done before, of their omission to present their acknowledgments to her majesty. He insisted that they should delay no longer, and refused to leave them until they had written a letter of thanks. This they did in the following terms:

"MADAME—We are too happy to have to believe that the last arrangements which have been proposed to us, and which we have most respectfully and gladly accepted, are a new proof of our submission and devotion to your majesty; and we have a true satisfaction in believing that the most beautiful set of diamonds in the world will be worn by the greatest and best of queens."

Let us return to Madame de Lamotte. The cardinal's first contribution of sixty thousand livres, to assist the distressed friends of the queen, had raised her suddenly from penury to ease. Her jeweler's bill, even in the month of January, had reached the sum of fifteen thousand livres. But—how her prodigality increased after the first of February!

She bought furniture, and paid for it in—diamonds. Ready money was easily raised upon—diamonds. Diamonds were lodged with the jewelers to be sold, and diamonds to be mounted. Her husband too blazed with diamonds. He went on an excursion to England, and defrayed his liberal expenditures by the sale and the mortgage of diamonds. Various were his explanations to his astonished friends and associates. Sometimes he had inherited the diamonds; now they were a present from the queen to his lady; now they were the tokens of gratitude bestowed upon madame by individuals who had profited by her influence. Everywhere in England, he made as free use of the queen's name as was made of it in France by his wife.

He sells diamonds to the value of two hundred and forty thousand livres, and leaves others to be set with a London jeweler to the value of sixty thousand livres.

Meanwhile, Madame de Lamotte was preparing her friends for an unusual éclat and magnificence on his return to Paris, by giving out that he had been very fortunate in his bets on the race-course.

He returned about the first of June. Perregaux, the banker, cashed for him a draft on London for one hundred and twenty-two thousand livres. He affected forthwith the most splendid style of living, figured with pearls, jewels, horses, liveries, equipages, bronzes, vases, statues; nothing was too dear for him; and the jewelry-box of his wife was not estimated at less than one hundred thousand francs.

But the catastrophe approaches. The time of the first payment is at hand. Madame de Lamotte informs the cardinal a few days before it arrives that the queen has disposed of the seven hundred thousand livres appropriated to the first payment to the jewelers, and that the settlement must be postponed to the first of October. Meanwhile, however, the interest would be paid! He is astonished, disappointed, but quite unsuspicious of fraud.

It happened that, before the end of July, the queen's

handwriting fell under his observation; and he was surprised to see the difference between it and that of the forged approvals. He appealed to madame for an explanation. The good lady was quite undisturbed. True it was that she had never seen her majesty write, but she could entertain no doubt that the approvals in question were in her own hand. At any rate, she called Heaven to witness that she received from the queen herself the orders that she had transmitted to the cardinal, and that the necklace had gone into the possession of the queen. "How can you doubt it?" said she. "I shall in two days remit to you, from her, thirty thousand livres, to pay the interest on the purchase."

The thirty thousand livres were indeed forthcoming on the appointed day. The sight of them reassured the trembling cardinal. His suspicions were forgotten, he no longer distrusted, and he was again plunged in the delusion of which he had so long been the sport, and of which he was soon to become the victim. He immediately carried the sum to the jewelers, who did not pass it to the interest account, but credited it to the queen on account of the principal.

Madame de Lamotte, meanwhile, found it more difficult to quiet her own apprehensions than those of the cardinal. She manifested her alarm and anxiety. She applied to her friends to borrow money. Her jewel-box was put in pawn. On the twenty-seventh of July she left her house in the morning, and did not return to dinner, or supper, or to sleep. Her husband was sent for from Bar-Sur-Aube, and their combined wits were put in exercise with the aid of notaries, money-brokers, and Jews, to raise the petty instalment that was necessary to discharge the interest. So recklessly had they squandered the proceeds of their plunder in the space of six months!

On the third of August she sent for the cardinal, and prayed for an immediate interview. The cardinal called upon her forthwith. It was her cue of course to place him entirely in her power, and to surround him with such circumstances of suspicion as would compel him for his own safety to extricate her from the toils which she had woven for herself. She solicited, on various pretences, an asylum under his roof. She was persecuted by enemies, and afraid of being arrested by creditors whom she could not satisfy. Reluctant to grant her request, and yet unwilling to offend a lady through whose influence he hoped for so much from the queen, the cardinal at length consented. The next day she took possession, with her husband, of a small apartment in the cardinal's hotel. It was enough. In twenty-four hours they left it, and departed for Bar-Sur-Aube.

This game was a plain one, and would have succeeded if the explosion had not come unawares. Madame de Lamotte told the jewelers, on the third of August, that the paper presented to them was a forgery, and that they must look to the cardinal, who was well able to pay them. Instead of applying to the cardinal, they memorialized the king and his minister. The king sent for the cardinal, who promptly obeyed the mandate of his majesty, and declared to him that he had been deceived by Madame de Lamotte.

It was thought necessary, however, to secure the person of the cardinal, as well as that of the lady. They were both arrested and thrown into the Bastile. Letters patent were immediately issued to the parliament of Paris, instructing it to take cognizance of the affair, and to prosecute the authors and accomplices, and all others in anywise concerned or connected with the forgery to the utmost severity of the law.

The prosecution was hardly commenced, when they arrested at Brussels a woman named Leguay D'Oliva, and conducted her to the Bastile. This was the lady who had personated the queen in the gardens of Versailles. Her confession was full and circumstantial. She related with great minuteness the elaborate arts and intrigues by which she was imposed upon by Madame de Lamotte, and induced to take part in a scene of which she knew neither the purpose nor the actors, nor the character which she was herself to sustain.

Mademoiselle D'Oliva was approached by Madame de Lamotte with the same assiduous attention and the same complete success that were exhibited in her intrigues with wiser people than the gay Parisian, whose position, by her own showing, was somewhat equivocal, and who was probably at the best not a great deal better than she ought to have been. When she was induced by the arts and promises of our heroine to take part in the masquerade of the gardens, she was dressed for the occasion by her new friend, and had her part set down for her as minutely as if it had been a study for the stage.

A letter was put into her hand. The letter was folded in the usual manner, but there was no direction. She knew nothing of the writer or the contents. Madame de Lamotte merely told her, "I shall conduct you this evening to the park, and you will deliver this letter to a nobleman whom you will meet there." Between eleven o'clock and midnight, she went out attended by madame and her husband. The billet-doux was in her pocket. They reached the park. A rose was now given her. "You will give this rose," said madame, "with the letter to the individual who presents himself to you. You will say to him merely—*You understand what this means.* The queen will be present to observe what takes place at the interview. She will speak to you. She is there, behind you. You shall yourself speak to her immediately."

Mademoiselle was then placed in the position where she was to remain till the grand seigneur should present himself. He made his appearance. He approached and bowed before her, and, while Madame de Lamotte withdrew a few paces to observe the scene, mademoiselle presented the rose and repeated the words that she had been bid, but in her confusion she forgot to deliver the letter. The interview was immediately interrupted, and the unknown gentleman disappeared with Madame de Lamotte.

The next day a letter from the queen was read to mademoiselle, expressing the highest satisfaction at the manner in which she had played her part. Soon afterward, however, madame managed to shuffle her off, paying her some four thousand livres for the ser-

vice which she had promised to recompense with fifteen thousand.

Such was the story of one of the dupes. Madame de Lamotte, however, disavowed all knowledge of her, protested that she had never seen her but once in her life, and that accidentally, at the Palais Royal. "How is it possible," said she, drawing herself up with dignity, "that I should have formed a connection with this girl?" At length, however, she was compelled to confess that the scene described by Mademoiselle d' Oliva was true, that she was the author of it, and that the object was to persuade the cardinal that he had received a kind intimation from the queen.

It now remained to discover the person who had forged the letters and the signature of the queen. For some time the police had kept their eye on one Reteaux de Villette, an old *gendarme*, who was known to be intimate with Madame de Lamotte. After a long ineffectual pursuit, this man was arrested at Geneva, and finally made a full confession of his guilt. He knew all. The vain boasting of Madame de Lamotte; the list of the dupes; the false letters addressed to her in the name of the queen, and which had been used to impose npon the cardinal, he was the author of them; he had written them with his own hand; with his own hand he had written the approval of the queen on the margin of the contract with the jewelers, and had placed her signature at the foot. He had never known the cardinal. He had done everything by the orders of Madame de Lamotte. In February he had sold diamonds which he believed to have come from the necklace; and had been entrusted with others to sell, which he had returned to her. As she had induced the cardinal to believe that he acted by direction of the queen, she caused Reteaux de Villette to believe that he was acting by the orders of the cardinal.

Madame of course accused Villette of imposture and perjury; and took the ground that his testimony could be of no value, on the maxim of the civil law—*testis unus, testis nullus*. As to the necklace, she ventured to assert that it had been taken to pieces by the Cardinal de Rohan and the Count de Cagliostro, and that a part of the diamonds had been given to her husband that he might sell them and get them mounted in England.

Cagliostro and his wife were arrested and thrown into the Bastile; but the entire falsity of his alleged connection with the affair renders it unnecessary to notice the absurd story by which it was confirmed.

M. de Lamotte, more fortunate than his wife, had fled some days after her arrest, and escaped into England, where he withdrew from the hands of the jewelers the diamonds that he had left with them on his previous visit. Full and satisfactory testimony to implicate him in the crime, was obtained from the individuals with whom he had associated in London, and to whom he had disposed of the diamonds.

The Abbe Macdermott deposed that M. de Lamotte had told him, in reply to some expressions of astonishment at the wealth which he exhibited, "The queen loads my wife with her presents; she is very kind to her, and sometimes entrusts her with messages and diamonds to my lord the Cardinal of Rohan. It is only a short time since that her majesty gave her a pair of superb ear-rings, those that she was wearing not being to her majesty's taste—though they were of diamonds. Those I would wish to dispose of here, and also of a ring of my own that is valued at twelve hundred guineas." He added that on the ninth of July, 1785, M. de Lamotte had written to him (and he produced the letter) to beg him to withdraw forthwith from the hands of Mr. Gray the diamonds that he had left with him to be set—done or not done—and to transmit them to him directly at Bar-Sur-Aube.

Mr. Gray testified that M. de Lamotte had shown him, at different times, various sets of diamonds of immense value, which he said were a legacy from his mother who had just died, and who wore them in a stomacher; that he had consented to purchase them of him at a price exceeding one hundred thousand pounds sterling; and that these stones so much resembled both in weight and size those of the necklace (as it was known to him from a design transmitted by M. Barthelemy, charge-d' affaires of France) that he had no doubt whatever that they had been taken from it. He said further that all the diamonds were dismounted when they were shown to him, and so much injured that there was reason to believe they had been wrenched from their setting by a knife, or some similar instrument.

Another jeweler, Mr. Jefferys, of London, certified that the diamonds shown to him, on the twenty-third of April, 1785, were large stones, which he supposed to have formed the festoons of the original necklace, as it was known to him by the design; that some days after the appearance of the count, supposing that so great a value in diamonds could not have come honestly into the possession of any private individual, he had repaired to one of the police offices in Bond street to inquire if they had received advices from Paris of any recent theft or swindling. M. de Lamotte repeated to Mr. Jefferys the old story of his wife and the stomacher, but exhibited so strong a desire to convert the diamonds into cash and into other jewels, even at a great loss, that the wary jeweler was confirmed in his suspicions, and refused to have any thing to do with them.

Such was the testimony which implicated M. de Lamotte in the guilt of the affair—if any were necessary after the contradictory avowals and disavowals of his wife, and the numerous falsehoods in which she had been exposed by her own confessions.

She had at first denied the scene in the gardens of Versailles, and the arrest of the girl D'Oliva had compelled her to confess it.

She had also disavowed the false letters, the false approvals of the queen on the stipulations respecting the necklace; and the declaration of Reteaux de Villette had convicted her of the imposture. It was also in proof that it was she who had furnished the carriage and the funds to aid his escape from France.

She had pretended that the diamonds of the necklace had been given to her at the conclusion of a

scene of magic, that her husband might take them to England for sale; and her story on this subject, confirmed at first by her niece Mademoiselle de Latour, was afterward by this young lady formally and utterly disavowed.

She had alleged that the thirty-five thousand livres, which she had borrowed on the pledge of her jewel box at the precise time when she remitted thirty thousand livres to the Cardinal de Rohan, to pay the interest due to the jewelers, were intended to assist one of her female friends; and this lady denied all knowledge whatever of the matter.

She had given out that M. Perregaux, who had paid her husband a bill of exchange of one hundred and twenty-two thousand livres, was the banker of the Cardinal de Rohan, and M. Perregaux testified to the contrary.

In fine, she had accused the Count de Cagliostro of having taken the necklace to pieces, to appropriate a part of it to himself, and had ended by acquitting him of any knowledge or participation in the affair.

It remains for us to record the decree of the parliament of Paris against the individuals arrested and accused under the circumstances above related. The absent De Lamotte, the husband of the illustrious descendant of Henry II., was condemned to be scourged naked with rods, branded with a hot iron on his right shoulder with the letters G. A. L., by the public executioner, and to serve in the galleys as a slave for life; his property was confiscated, and the sentence, in anticipation of his outlawry, was ordered to be inscribed upon a tablet, and affixed to a post erected for the purpose in the Place de Greve. Madame de Lamotte was condemned, with a rope about her neck, to be scourged naked with rods, to be branded with the letter V. upon her two shoulders, by the public executioner, before the gates of the public jail, and to be imprisoned for life. Marie Nicole Leguay, called Oliva, or Dessigny, was discharged from custody. Cagliostro and the Marquis de Rohan were acquitted, but the latter received on the moment of his enlargement a *lettre-de-cachet* which banished him to Saverne; and the former was ordered to leave Paris within twenty-four hours, and France within three weeks, and forbidden ever to return. Madame de Lamotte submitted to her sentence, but managed to escape from prison and fled to London, where she died a few years afterward from injuries that she received in throwing herself from the window of her lodgings to escape from the pursuit of her creditors.

DREAM-LAND.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have reached these lands but newly
From an ultimate dim Thule—
From a wild weird clime, that lieth, sublime,
Out of SPACE—out of TIME.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
And chasms, and caves, and Titan woods,
With forms that no man can discover
For the dews that drip all over;
Mountains toppling evermore
Into seas without a shore;
Seas that restlessly aspire,
Surging, unto skies of fire;
Lakes that endlessly outspread
Their lone waters, lone and dead,—
Their still waters, still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily.

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have reached my home but newly
From this ultimate dim Thule.

By the lakes that thus outspread
Their lone waters, lone and dead,—
Their sad waters, sad and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily,—
By the mountain—near the river
Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever,—
By the gray woods,—by the swamp
Where the toad and the newt encamp,—
By the dismal tarns and pools
Where dwell the Ghouls,—
By each spot the most unholy—
In each nook most melancholy,—
There the traveler meets aghast
Sheeted Memories of the Past—
Shrouded forms that start and sigh
As they pass the wanderer by—
White-robed forms of friends long given,
In agony, to the worms, and Heaven.

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have journeyed home but newly
From this ultimate dim Thule.

For the heart whose woes are legion
'T is a peaceful, soothing region—
For the spirit that walks in shadow
'T is—oh 't is an Eldorado!
But the traveler, traveling through it,
May not—dare not openly view it;
Never its mysteries are exposed
To the weak human eye unclosed;
So wills the King, who hath forbid
The uplifting of the fringéd lid;
And thus the sad Soul that here passes
Beholds it but through darkened glasses.

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have wandered home but newly
From this ultimate dim Thule.

FAITH TEMPLETON.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

These are they
Of whom fame speaks not with her clarion voice. MRS. HEMANS.

FAITH TEMPLETON was no heroine of romance; she was only the gentle daughter of an humble village pastor, whose whole life had been spent in doing good, and in making others happy. More fortunate than most of his profession, Mr. Templeton possessed a small estate which enabled him to provide, more liberally than his narrow income would otherwise have allowed, for his widowed sister and her only son, who resided with him; and in this little household of love did Faith grow up to womanhood, without one thought beyond her narrow range of humble duties. Her mother had died while she was yet too young to feel her loss, and her aunt had supplied to her the place of a parent, while her cousin, who was several years her senior, had been the companion of her early years. She had been a quiet but happy child, and she grew up a gentle, serene, cloudless-tempered woman, with a face ever beaming the sunshine of a cheerful heart. No one ever thought of calling her pretty, yet her graceful figure, her clear healthful complexion, and the freshness of her joyous countenance, gave her just claims to the possession of that attribute which is better than beauty; for as *blessedness* is far higher than *happiness*, so is *loveliness* a richer gift than *beauty*. Faith Templeton, then, was a lovely girl, and so thought her Cousin Allan. He had been her playmate in infancy, her companion in childhood, and her guide in youth, and the sweet habitude of loving grown up in the hearts of both.

But Allan Graham possessed a gift as dangerous as it is brilliant. He was a youth of decided talent, with much, too, of that versatility and waywardness which is too often attendant upon genius. In all that pertained to the imagination Allan far excelled all his competitors, but in the acquisition or demonstration of practical truths the veriest dullard could surpass him, if he happened to be in one of his eccentric moods. His beautiful poetical fancy was not balanced by sober judgment, and the qualities which would have made him a worthy denizen of "Arcady the Blest," disqualified him for acting a consistent part in real life. But there was so much kindliness in his nature, so much tenderness in his feelings, that his errors were regarded indulgently by those who knew him best, and no one would have ventured to surmise that there might be much refined selfishness in a character which seemed so full of good impulses.

Mr. Templeton, who loved Allan as his own son, had destined him to be his successor in the ministry; and the two dearest wishes of the good old man's heart were to see Allan filling the pulpit which he now occupied; and to welcome him as the husband of his daughter. A part only of his wishes did the aged pastor realize. Allan had nearly completed his collegiate course of studies, and the cousins had plighted their troth to each other, when Mr. Templeton died very suddenly, leaving no will, and of course no provision for his sister and her son. But Faith knew well her father's wishes, and she knew that he designed by her future marriage to secure the permanent comfort of all. She had therefore no doubt as to the course she ought to pursue. After the first anguish of her grief had passed away, she ventured to consult her cousin on the subject, and found, to her great relief, that Allan's delicacy was not by any means morbidly sensitive. He seemed to take it for granted that matters would go on as usual, and returned to college with as little concern respecting his future prospects as he had all his live evinced. This, which was, in fact, the result of mere selfishness, seemed to Faith like a noble trustfulness of character. She loved her cousin dearly, and to her gentle nature he seemed a model of manly excellence.

It was not until Allan was prepared to enter upon his sacred studies that Faith began to suspect a change in his views of life. Instead of applying himself earnestly to the new duties which now awaited him, he became moody, melancholy, and inert; passing his time in listless idleness, or wasting it in some frivolous amusement. Something seemed to weigh heavily upon his mind, and to oppress his usually joyous spirits. The anxious tenderness of Faith soon unraveled the mystery. Allan's restless mind had led him to try many and various pursuits, but all had failed him. He could not discover the true bent of his genius, and his versatility, which seemed almost like frivolity, was but the struggle of a soul seeking its true vocation. Accident at length revealed to him what he had so long sought in vain. A visit to the studio of a sculptor enlightened him, and the youth who had tried painting and poetry and science without success, discovered that he possessed an eye which could behold the graceful statue in the shapeless marble, and a hand which could work out his own beautiful conceptions.

Yet this knowledge of his own powers came to him fraught with sorrow, for he well knew how almost insurmountable were the obstacles which intervened between his hopes and their fulfillment. He remembered the desires of his late benefactor; he thought of the faith he had plighted to his gentle cousin, and a myriad of ties seemed to bind him to the life he had

already entered upon. But Allan was not one who could silence the voice of an imperative desire within his own heart. He became moody, melancholy, almost misanthropic in his habits, and, at length, ventured to confide to Faith the true nature of his unhappiness. The gentle girl listened to the tale with more pain than she would willingly have disclosed to him. She had none of his enthusiasm, and when he dwelt upon his aspiring hopes of fame, she could only listen in silence. But when he spoke so eagerly of quitting his native land, and seemed to found all his anticipations upon a long residence in Rome, as the primary step toward his future honors, it needed all a woman's power of repression to keep down the swelling anguish of a loving and sorrowing heart.

But Faith knew not what it was to yield to selfish impulses. From the moment when she became acquainted with Allan's wishes she had determined that they should be gratified, but she had been so much accustomed to take plain and practical views of life, that she clearly saw all the difficulties which were to be overcome. She was entirely ignorant of the probable expenses of a prolonged residence in Europe, and Allan had very exaggerated ideas on the subject, so that she was convinced a much larger sum of money than she could command would be required. She was resolute and persevering, however, and she therefore consulted with a neighbor, a man of business habits and cold temper, who would merely give her the desired advice without troubling her with disinterested counsel. The result of it all was, that Faith mortgaged her little patrimony, and the amount thus obtained was placed in the hands of a banker, to be drawn upon as Allan's necessities might require. This was done without the knowledge of her cousin, for she anticipated his generous opposition to the sacrifice, and she was too firm in her purpose to subject herself willingly to his remonstrances. But Faith did not know Allan's true character. His joy at the prospect of now accomplishing his desires—his wild excitement at the idea of visiting the old world, and exploring its treasures of art, made him totally forgetful of the means by which he had compassed his wishes. He thanked his cousin warmly and heartily, but he was quite unmindful of the sacrifice she had made and must continue to make. His hurried preparations were soon completed, and without one misgiving of conscience on account of her to whom he was leaving the bitter legacy of hope deferred, he set out upon his pilgrimage.

Month after month passed away. Allan's letters were full of hope and happiness, for he was wandering in a land redolent of loveliness, and he was drinking deeply of the joy which is poured out in such excess upon one who, for the first time, finds himself in a clime where simple breath is enjoyment. He was fostering his genius under the genial skies of a country where life is poetry, and he had little thought to waste upon those he had left in his distant home. Yet the time which had flitted so pleasantly to him, had brought care and sorrow to Faith Templeton. She was surrounded by anxieties, for the weight of debt, that hardest of all things to a woman's conscience, was upon her, and she seemed to become more deeply involved by every struggle to free herself. Three years after Allan's departure, during a season of general pecuniary distress, she found her means quite exhausted, and a sale of the homestead where she had been born and bred became absolutely necessary. A small sum remained after the incumbrance on the estate was removed, and Faith soon perceived that she must depend on her own exertions for her future livelihood. Accordingly she opened a school for the better class of village children, and, as every one was willing to aid the "minister's daughter" in her attempts at eking out her narrow income, Faith soon found that with economy and industry she could secure her aunt as well as herself from the pressure of want.

How different was her patient and toilsome life from the luxurious existence which Allan now led, in a land where the sweet delight of idleness makes up the sum of human enjoyment. Yet he knew nothing of the privations Faith was suffering for his sake. He asked no questions; and content with a vague belief that all was right, because he heard nothing to the contrary, he continued to draw from time to time, in small sums, the money which still lay in the banker's hands, occasionally satisfying his conscience by selling a few pencil-sketches, or clay-models, as a slight aid to his own support.

Was there magnanimity, genuine, unmistakable magnanimity in Faith's conduct? Had she been but ordinarily selfish, Allan would have been probably pursuing his studies at home, in the near prospect of fulfilling all her father's hopes, and she would still have possessed her little patrimony, and been happy in the society of her lover. It is easy to play a grand part in great things, but it requires a very noble soul to be great in the small duties of life, and few, very few women, could have acted the part of the self-sacrificing, the self-forgetting Faith Templeton. Yet her affections were such habitudes of her being, and their gratification was so essential to her happiness, that her sacrifices were unnoted by herself. In a heart like hers, tenderness is a plant of slow growth, but it takes deep root, and when love has grown up in such a nature from childhood, it can only be destroyed by the slow decay of time and death.

Four, five, six, *seven* years passed on, and yet Allan spoke not of return. His letters had become changed in tone. They were less frequent, shorter, and contained less tidings of himself. Though he had for some time provided for his daily wants by his own industry and skill in modeling copies from the antique, yet he seemed now less hopeful of success. He seemed to have grown weary and morbid, yet he said nothing of the associations of his boyhood. He wrote to his cousin kindly and tenderly, but with a degree of reserve which troubled her gentle spirit. At length the whole tale was told: Faith received a long letter from him; the handwriting was tremulous, and in some places it was blotted and blurred as if tears had fallen upon the page.

"You will hate me, Faith," he wrote; "you will hate me, and I deserve that you should; yet I swear to you that I did not mean to wrong you. I loved you

dearly when we parted, and I fancied that my heart swelled with the full tide of passion when I bade you farewell. Alas! had I never left you I should still be happy in such belief. When I found myself first in strange lands, a feeling of loneliness took possession of me; and then a sense of beauty, dazzling, intoxicating, bewildering, came upon me. The enervating influence of the genial clime, the presence of beauty in earth, and sea, and sky, the personification of beauty on the speaking canvas and in the breathing marble, all combined to make me conscious of a new sense, a new capacity for enjoyment. I did not cease to love you, Faith, but I felt myself capable of a deeper and stronger feeling. You were my sister, my friend, my gentle, sweet companion, and as such your memory was fondly cherished; but my blood coursed like molten lava in my veins, and my brain thrilled with wild fancies when the presence of the beautiful entranced me. I began to image to myself the true form of Love. Shall I confess to you, Faith? *It took not the semblance of my boyish fancy.*

"Yet I resolved to renounce all these maddening fantasies; I resolved to devote myself to the acquisition of fame, and when I had won for myself the hope of a name, I meant to return to you, and make you my honored and cherished wife. I resolved to crush these new impulses, which were as vipers to my heart. I would be a man of honor even if the sacrifice of my deeper nature were demanded. But you seemed so content in your absence from me, you were so resigned, so quiet, so almost cold in your patient sufferance of our long protracted separation, that I could not believe you were unhappy. So I lingered on, amid those sweet excitements of soul and sense, until the magic of their influence had perverted my very soul.

"I dared not write to you the truth; I dared not tell you that my being was consumed by a wild and fierce and untamable passion. I dared not tell you that she for whom I would have periled life and honor was the wife of another—the wife of one who scorned and ill-treated her. Yes, in all her bright and glorious beauty, she was flung off like a worthless thing, because the man who claimed the right to dispose of her destiny was given up to groveling vice. I forgot you, Faith; I forgot all that bound me to my native land. A tress of Teresa's raven hair could bind me with a stronger band than honor and loyalty. For the first time in my life I loved madly and passionately. Oh! how different was the wild, fierce joy of such a feeling from the calm, still, pulseless tenderness of my early affection.

"Yet I looked not to any happy future. Teresa was already a wife, and only dark hopelessness could rest on such a love. Yet I told her how I loved her—I taught her to seek my sympathy—and she first wondered at such burning passion in one who came of so cold a clime—she wondered at it, and then was won by it. But I must not linger thus in my tale. Teresa's husband died; a tavern brawl sent him to his last account, and left her free. He had wasted his wealth in riotous excess, and she was now friendless and poor. She claimed from me the sympathy I had so often proffered, and I gazed on her glorious beauty until I had no remembrance of aught beyond my present joy. I listened to her voice of music until the accents of duty were unheard.

"Teresa is my wife, my wedded wife, Faith, and I have treated you like a villain.

"It is more than a twelvemonth since I married; and want and sorrow have made fearful havoc with me. I am coming to you, Faith, with my wife and my child: they must not starve when I am no longer here to watch over them. As for me, my gentle cousin, I am dying; my days are numbered; the hollow cough that racks my feeble frame, the fevered pulse which now keeps rapid time for the march of death, are tokens not to be mistaken. It may be that I shall live to reach my boyhood's home, but it will only be to lay my bones in the old church-yard. In three days more I shall embark for my native land. I know not how to ask you, Faith, and yet I would fain have you meet me in New York. I would hear from your own lips that you forgive me, and I would commend to your care my helpless Teresa. She loves with an affection which your calm nature could not fathom, and I dread for her, more than for myself, the moment when death will sever us. Meet me, my sweet Faith, and let me place in your safe keeping my heart's treasures ere I go hence to be seen no more."

To describe the feelings of Faith Templeton as she perused this terrible letter would be worse than useless. The current of her feelings had been so quiet that she knew not their depth, until now when they were so fearfully stirred. She had never before suspected her own capacity for suffering; but the wild and tumultuous emotions which now struggled within her bosom taught her how strong is the human heart in its agony. Oh! who that has ever known this terrific upheaving of the tranquil waves of feeling, but remembers with what cold horror they watched the receding waters. Hope, and Love and Truth, even faith in Providence, and trust in God, are sometimes whelmed beneath the mighty tide; and from the wrecks of our richly freighted bark, we can only build an altar to "Time the Comforter."

Hours of tearful, prayerful anguish did Faith endure ere she could summon her wonted energy to her aid. Her heart was crushed, and yet her magnanimous soul did not cease to utter the oracles of truth. The path of duty seemed plain to her; and she resolved to tread it firmly and patiently. To meet Allan with a kindly welcome—to receive his wife as a sister, and his child as a new claimant on her affection—to revive his drooping spirits, and, as she hoped, to renew his failing health by her care—such were the thoughts of the heart-stricken but noble woman.

Deputing the charge of her little school to a friend, until her return, she set off for the city, accompanied by Allan's aged mother. On the day she reached New York the ship was reported as arrived, and, with mingled emotions, Faith prepared to meet her cousin. She had pictured him pale, feeble and suffering, and she had schooled herself to perfect calmness at their meeting that she might spare his feelings. Alas! she was soon freed from all such tender anxieties. On

the evening before the ship reached port, Allan had breathed his last. To look upon his lifeless body, and to listen to the piteous wailings of his desolate widow, were now all that Faith could do. Poor Faith! it was a bitter trial. She had hoped to minister to his comfort, to make his last days happy by her friendship, to assure him of her forgiveness, and to receive from his hands the trust of those whom he loved. But now death had destroyed "the last pale hope that shivered at her heart." She could not breathe pardon and affection in his leaden ear, she could not press with kindly greeting his icy fingers. She was destined to offer sacrifices without reward, without appreciation, and henceforth she must cherish life for the sake of those who wept his death. Poor, poor Faith!

Allan's widow was young and very beautiful, but she was as childlike in character as her own fair babe, whom she fondled like a plaything in the midst of all her grief. She could not speak a word of English, and the accents of her soft Italian tongue were musical but meaningless in the ears of Faith. Yet a sympathy of feeling seemed to unite the mourners, and Teresa was gentle and docile in her sorrow. The body of Allan Graham was borne to his native village, and laid in the old church-yard where he had often played when a boy; while Teresa and the child became the inmates of Faith's humble home. Ceaselessly now was the lonely-hearted woman called to toil, for those who had been dearest to Allan depended upon her daily labor for their every comfort. Yet there was much kindly sympathy awakened in those who had long known and loved her, and Faith soon found, that while her health and strength remained, want would never come nigh them.

Many and great were now her trials. Allan's mother had long been failing, and now this unlooked for sorrow had hastened the work of time. She became infirm in body and imbecile in mind, a burden upon Faith's hands as well as upon her heart. Teresa, too, with her childish ways, her ignorance of the restraints of northern life, her waywardness of temper, her reckless gayety at one time, her frightful moodiness at another, and her fierce, ungovernable anger at the slightest opposition to her will, filled Faith with anxious cares, and left her little enjoyment of that peace which was the true atmosphere of her soul. Yet was she ever meek and patient, for she looked upon all her trials as so many offerings to the memory of Allan. She bore her aunt's infirmities and caprices with gentleness, and though she had more to dread from Teresa's untamed character, yet she despaired not of winning her to better impulses by the influence of kindliness. She taught her the language of her adopted land, and strove unweariedly to instruct her in the duties so essential to womanly character in a country where happiness grows not up without careful culture. Allan's child, too, the little Angelo, as his mother fondly called him, became an object of especial interest to Faith, for as he grew older she saw much of his father's vacillating temper and of his mother's wild nature in the beautiful boy. Around her was care and life-long anxiety, and yet the sweet, trusting character of Faith led her to fashion ever some gentle hope for the future, and now all that remained to her of anticipation was associated with the boy, the child of her affection.

Years passed on, and the lines which time and sorrow write on every brow were traced deeply on the forehead of Faith. Silver threads wove themselves thickly amid her brown locks, and she knew that, in weariness and toil, she was now treading the downhill of life. But never yet was human suffering utterly in vain. Dark and gloomy as seem the paths of sorrow, yet do they ever lead to light and goodness. Mrs. Graham, after years of helplessness, died with a blessing on her lips, and Faith felt that so far her cares had been repaid. But it was not until long, long afterward that the wild temper of Teresa was subdued beneath her gentle influence. Many a weary season of discomfort and dissension and dissatisfaction did Faith undergo—many were the trials of her patience with the wayward and undisciplined creature who had come in between herself and happiness. Yet never did Faith indulge in one word of unkindness or rebuke toward her whom Allan had loved. At length Teresa, too, was gathered to the shadowy regions of the dead; but in her life's last hours Faith's pure heart swelled with grateful joy when she found that her efforts had not been in vain, and that a prayerful reliance upon Heaven had taken the place of Teresa's proud defiance.

A quarter of a century rolled away—what an age in the heart's record!—and Faith, now an aged and decrepit woman, lay stretched upon the bed of death. One only hope had not deceived her: Allan's child had realized her fondest anticipations—in him had her prayers been answered, and now his every tone and look spoke the faithful minister of gospel truth, as he sat beside the dying and read the precious promises of Holy Writ. Faith Templeton had been to him as a second mother—she had nurtured his childhood in piety, she had directed his steps in the paths of wisdom, and she had been suffered to behold him filling the humble but useful station which had been her father's pride. But now her duties had been all fulfilled—her mission was accomplished, and the gray ghastliness of death was fast settling upon her face. Suddenly a light, as if an angel wing had swept across her pillow, illumined her countenance.

"All is clear now," she murmured; "the trials of a long and weary life—the heavy darkness which sometimes involved my soul—the long-suffering of my patient heart—all is now made clear to me. The mysteries of life are revealed to the dying eye, and now all is bright. Through much sorrow are we purified—through suffering alone are we perfected for Heaven."

And with these hopeful and trusting words her gentle spirit passed away.

THE TWO CLOCKS.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRE-SIDE," ETC.

THERE once lived a respectable gentleman, called Gabriel Fanwood, who inherited from his ancestors a competent estate, and a respectable name, though I could never learn that his forefathers performed any act worthy the remembrance of posterity, and for that reason shall say nothing more about them. Unluckily for their posthumous fame, all of them escaped the gallows and the state prison; of course they descended to their graves without the public ever knowing any of the particulars of their birth, parentage, or education; whether they wore whiskers, had blue or black eyes; behaved themselves decently at their trials, became saints before they were turned off, or departed impenitent sinners. They all died quietly in their beds, in the common course of nature, and sunk into a blameless oblivion, uncommemorated by biographers, and neglected by the tell-tale scribes whose business it is to administer daily doses to that prevailing epidemic called public curiosity.

Thus much for the ancestors of our hero. As for himself, he floated quietly through school and college, without being remarkable for any thing, but an exceedingly perverse and troublesome propensity for settling every question according to the principles of right reason, as he called it, by way of distinction. It was of no consequence, in his opinion, whether the point to be settled was material or immaterial, since he maintained that, as reason was bestowed on man for his special guide in all circumstances and situations, it should, as a matter of course, be applied indiscriminately, whether there were any doubts on the subject or not, or whether it was of any consequence which way it was decided. This habit made him rather a troublesome associate of his school and college mates, who, when a proposition was made to engage in any amusement, or, in fact, do any thing whatever, were pretty sure to be arrested by Gabriel's everlasting "The question naturally arises," which was always preliminary to a profound consideration of the matter according to the principles of right reason.

This habit grew with his growth, for, being not only independent in his circumstances, but early in life master of his own actions, no one took any pains to check the propensity either by argument or ridicule, and the consequence was that he grew up to be one of the most reasonable men of his age. Indeed, he passed so much of his time in reasoning preliminary to taking any contemplated steps, that he seldom or ever came to action, and considered so long about what he should do, that it might be truly said he never did any thing but reason. He was often known to spend the whole morning at home reasoning on the propriety of going abroad, and has frequently been seen becalmed for hours at a corner, in a deep brown study on the question which naturally arose, whether he should turn to the right or the left, or go down this street or the other. There were so many reasons, on both sides of the question, that Gabriel often turned back and proceeded homeward to consider it more at leisure. Sometimes he went without his dinner, not being able to decide to his entire conviction what was most reasonable to order under all circumstances; and it is related by his confidential servant that he has been known to stand at his bedside on a cold winter night a full hour, reasoning on the question which naturaly arose, whether to lie down on the right or left side.

As may be supposed, Mr. Fanwood was, upon the whole, a harmless man, except that he sometimes stood in the way of other people's business, by insisting that they should reason a little before they decided. He never acted from impulse, and nothing could equal his contempt for those precipitate irrational beings who did things from mere habit, and on the spur of the occasion, without settling the matter by a process of right reasoning. These he called mere animals who were governed by instinct, or, what was nearly as bad, habits which he denounced as a ring in the nose of a pig which prevented his rooting, independent of any exercise of his will. There is a well authenticated story of him, which states that, being awakened one night by a cry of fire and the ringing of bells, he reasoned on the propriety of getting up and going to lend a helping hand so long, that when, having decided the question according to the principles of right reason, he arose and proceeded to the scene of action, the fire was nearly extinguished, and only a few of the crowd remained spectators of the blackened walls and glowing embers. Gabriel stood deliberating whether it was most reasonable to go home at once, or remain where he was a little while, when, all of a sudden, he saw the spectators dart away in different directions, tumbling over each other in their precipitate retreat. Instead of following their example, he began to speculate on the probable cause of this movement, being determined not to budge an inch without a good reason, when all at once the thread of his ratiocinations was abruptly broken by the falling of the wall of one of the burnt houses, some of the stray fragments of which reached and covered him with dust and bruises. Here was reason enough in all conscience to satisfy even Gabriel, who crawled away home, where he lay in bed several days, cogitating on the respective merits of instinct, impulse and reason, the last of which, as

might be expected, carried the day. In short, a volume might be filled with the various disasters of our hero, in consequence of his inveterate propensity to settle every point according to the invariable standard of right reason. It cannot be, however, denied that he occasionally escaped serious mistakes and misfortunes by delaying his decisions, or not making any at all, and floating quietly on his oars down the current of life. These confirmed him only the more strongly in his besetting habit, and he continued to reason more inveterately as he advanced in years.

Being a man of competent estate, staid habits, good morals, and portly person—exactly such as becomes an alderman or member of a church vestry—he might have married and settled himself in life to reasonable advantage had he chose to do so. But, in the first place, the question naturally arose, whether it was not better to consider the matter and settle it according to the principles of right reason; in the second place, the question naturally arose, whether he could find a woman who, like himself, settled all domestic matters according to the principles of right reason; and thirdly, whether in the great scale of human existence, and the intricate inexplicable concatenation of matters and things in general, it best accorded with the principles of right reason, to marry or live a bachelor.

Here was a vast field for the exercise of the reasoning faculty, and Mr. Fanwood considered the subject in all its bearings, first turning it upside down, then inside out, and lastly hind part before, as careful housewives were wont to do with their gowns before silks and muslins became so cheap that it is considered a test of economy to have no more than one dress for every day in the year. We shall proceed to state, with all possible brevity, the process of Mr. Fanwood's reasonings on this subject. The first obstacle was the difficulty of selecting a reasonable, or rather reasoning woman, for there is a decided difference, if not absolute contrast between the two. He stumbled over this at the very threshold, but, being a man who always looked at both sides of a subject, it occurred to him that if he could only secure such a treasure by the exercise of right reason, it would be invaluable. The difficulty, weighed against the value of the acquisition, balanced the account, and Mr. Fanwood remained, in *statu quo*, just where he was before.

In the second place, he considered what capricious persons women generally were, though, if the truth must be told, he knew this only from hearsay. They never knew their own minds, never were constant to one thing, and might be logically defined as indefinable uncertainties. He recollected that the scriptures speak of a certain man, but no such phenomenon as a certain woman is therein recorded, which omission he took as a strong indication, if not a decisive proof, that such a thing was out of the question. This objection was also pretty well counterbalanced by the consideration that a woman of an uncertain disposition, if wrong at one time might be right at an other; and that she would assuredly not be certain to be in a bad humor all the days of her life. In fine, any thing was better than an obstinate mule, who was so confident of being always right that she insisted on having her own way, or one who, if she once took a wrong turn, stuck to the point like an old rusty weathercock. Upon the whole, therefore, this want of stability was not altogether objectionable, and he again returned to the point of *statu quo*.

In the third and last place, reasoned Mr. Fanwood, the question that naturally arises is, not so much whether the married or single state is most conducive to happiness. There is a much more important point in the eye of right reason. If a bachelor becomes discontented with his lot, all he has to do is to marry; but if such a misfortune happens to a married man, he has no resource but to hang himself. The odds are, therefore, two to one in favor of the bachelor. On the other hand, quoth Mr. Fanwood—on the other hand—but he could find nothing on the other hand that, according to the principles of right reason, sufficiently weighed against this formidable consideration. Accordingly he determined to retain two strings to his bow, and continue a bachelor.

But, alas! man is but a worm, and cannot tell which way he may turn the next minute. His fate follows him, as his shadow, behind, and, like the rudder of a ship, directs, unseen, all his motions. Happening to call, the very morning after coming to this resolution, on an old lady who claimed relationship, just as he entered the room where she sat, he heard a female voice exclaiming rather earnestly and above the usual tone of polite conversation, which never exceeds a stage whisper, "It may be so, my dear Mrs. Brumpton, but, for my part, I think that all domestic concerns, and all little differences of opinion between man and wife, should be adjusted on the principles of right reason. There could then be no family bickerings, for every reasonable person is willing to submit to reason."

The bachelor was electrified by this declaration. It echoed not only his sentiments, but his very words, and when, on entering the room, he was introduced to a comely buxom widow, seemingly about his own age, with clear blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and a neat, bewitching rotundity of figure, that reminded him of Pharaoh's dream of the seven years of plenty, it is scarcely too much to say that, in the figurative language of the West, Mr. Fanwood "was a goner sucker." Your cautious man, who always settles every thing according to the principle of right reason, may be said to resemble a cat, which is all caution and deliberation in its approaches, until fairly within reach of its prey, when it pounces on it with the speed of a flash of lightning through a gooseberry bush. Thus it was with our hero, who was so charmed with the good fortune of at length meeting with a woman who was not only reasonable, but who reasoned before she acted, that he made short work of it. He married the widow without giving her a single reason, and the widow accompanied him home in a new carriage, without urging a single reason to the contrary.

The bride and bridegroom were both persons of

good hearts and amiable dispositions, neither obstinate, self-willed, testy, or impatient. They had every thing comfortable about them, and would have undoubtedly, bating those cross accidents which everywhere beset the thorny path of life, have lived happily together, had not one single obstacle intervened. They both had grown up in the habit of reasoning on every thing, and deciding in accordance with the principles of right reason. But, unfortunately, they differed as to these principles, and if such had not been the case, we here deliver it as our solemn, irrevocable opinion, that any married couple, no matter what constituents of happiness they possess, who should undertake to ask or give a reason for all the little infinitely multifarious details of domestic life, for every act and every omission, would, in a short time, envy the galley slave, or the noviciate of purgatory.

It would be tedious if not painful to detail all the vexations, difficulties, and heart burnings, that ensued in consequence of the impossibility of two people always thinking alike, and the pertinacity of those who, always acting upon principle, and of course believing themselves right, are very apt to become unyielding and obstinate. Gabriel and his wife, viewing things through a different medium, or perhaps in process of time falling into the besetting sin of matrimony, namely, a substitution of the will for a reason, gradually became more and more estranged from one another, and fell into habitual bickerings, as well as harsh contradictions, each one believing they had reason on their side, and that to give up to the other would be a sacrifice of principle, although, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, there was neither reason nor principle involved in these vexatious, trifling discussions. At one time they would discuss the question whether Mrs. Such-a-one was the daughter of Mr. Such-a-one, or only his step-daughter. It was a matter of not the least interest or consequence to either, but each had reasons for being confident, and neither would recede. As, however, they were both in the main good-tempered, sensible persons, this uncomfortable kind of intercourse produced neither antipathy nor dislike. They knew and respected each other's good qualities, and were mutually unhappy that they could not agree. But habit is a stubborn thing, and the pride of human reason is the most obstinate foible of our nature.

There were two clocks in the house, which constituted the prime source of disagreement, simply because they never agreed themselves. One was an old family clock, which Mr. Fanwood had in great respect from having belonged to his ancestors, and being of curious workmanship. It was inlaid with tortoise shell, and Mr. Fanwood was accustomed to boast that it was the first musical clock ever imported into the United States. It had, however, long ceased to play, in consequence of the machinery being out of order, and all its renown was traditionary. Indeed it may be truly said that it was out of time as well as out of tune, being much given to unseemly eccentricities, and would not unfrequently stop short without any good reason. The rival clock was an heirloom in the family of Mrs. Fanwood, and, in addition to this claim to her attention, was really a very curious and beautiful piece of mechanism, the structure being of exquisite open fillagree work, and the motion of the wheels visible to the eye. It had, however, one radical defect. It was too precipitate and impetuous, and had baffled all the skill of the city watchmakers, in their efforts to accommodate its pace with that of father Time. It was always ahead of the old gentleman, who could not keep up with it with all his puffing.

As may reasonably be supposed, these two rival clocks never agreed, and as the motions of the whole family were regulated by one or the other, there was the deuce to pay in the house. Mr. Fanwood had reasoned himself into full conviction of the correctness of one, and Mrs. Fanwood of the infallibility of the other. The family economy was regulated by the fast clock, the motions of Mr. Fanwood by the other, which was generally behind-hand, or did not go at all, but by which he always set his own watch. It was very vexatious, and might easily have been remedied by an amicable arrangement; but though the clocks were not regulated by right reason, Mr. and Mrs. Fanwood were; and as reason generally takes sides with the reasoner, having such stanch allies as pride and self-love, it is not to be presumed that either would surrender a principle to the obstinacy of the other. The consequence was, that had they not been both blessed with a good portion of equanimity they would have quarreled every day. As it was, they only reasoned on the subject, till they sometimes both talked rather unreasonably.

It happened on one occasion that Mr. Fanwood had invited his old friend Mr. Soberton to dine with him on his birthday. This gentleman was much more regular than either of Mr. Fanwood's clocks, and valued himself greatly on the punctuality of all his motions. Indeed it was his foible, for he carried it to the extreme of being as particular in what regarded himself alone as in his engagements with others. He had shaved himself, as he boasted, at precisely the same hour every day for the last thirty years, and never varied in his dinner five minutes, except he dined out, when he was punctual to a second. He was a calm, rational, and somewhat phlegmatic person, who had looked so long on the world, without getting within the whirling vortex of its passions and interests, that he was perfectly acquainted with its physiognomy. Without any violent or sudden impulses, to precipitate him into the slightest excesses, or prejudices to lead him astray, he was a philosopher by nature and habit, and though not absolutely insensible to the little rubs and vexations of life, was accustomed to consider them, to use his own phrase, as "mere flea-bites which rather itched than wounded." He thought there were but few subjects in this world worth disputing about, and was often heard to declare that there was nothing in this world more common than to see men whose opinions were exactly opposite act precisely alike; whence he concluded that argument and reasoning, or, as he said, a man's abstract opinions, had but little influence in the direction of his

conduct. He had a thousand times seen men who felt and reasoned always on the side of virtue, irretrievably seduced into vice and corruption by the impulse of their passions and the temptations of opportunity. He had often laughed in his sleeve at seeing Mr. and Mrs. Fanwood disputing about nothing; but if any thing could disturb the serenity of his mind, it would have been questioning the utility of his great system of punctuality in trifles.

Such being the friend of Mr. Fanwood, it was incumbent on him to be punctual to the dinner hour, and as this rested mainly with his wife, he cautioned her on the subject. This of course brought up the old subject. The question naturally arose, which of the two clocks should govern on this occasion, and as every thing in the house was regulated on the principles of right reason—except the clocks—the great point to be settled was, what constituted the right reason of the thing. This, however, was not so easily adjusted. They had tried it a hundred times before, and at every repetition it became more difficult. The argument this time was very tough; it would not break, but it stretched like Indian rubber and spun out like a spider web. In short, Mr. Soberton was announced before it was settled whether the old tortoise shell or the fillagree clock should regulate the latitude and longitude on this occasion.

When the worthy guest entered the room, and saw no preparations for dinner, his equanimity was marvelously disturbed; but this was nothing to the perplexity and mortification of Mr. and Mrs. Fanwood, who at this moment were nearer the declivity of a downright rupture than ever they were before.

"It is all your fault," said Mrs. Fanwood, apart to her husband. "You wont listen to reason."

"No, madam, it is *you* that wont listen to reason," retorted the husband, with so little discretion that he was overheard by Mr. Soberton, who exclaimed—

"Hey! what is all this? You have not had a tiff this morning, I hope? What does all this mean, and what is the reason I see no preparations for dinner?"

This was too good an opportunity to be lost. They had long wanted an umpire to decide this matter, and each at once appealed to the guest. The question was stated, and agreed to by both parties, who each proceeded to reason on the justice of the case, and the principles involved in its decision.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Soberton, interrupting the detail. "A fig for principles, arguments and reasonings. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. I set my watch this morning, as I always do, by a chronometer belonging to a watchmaker that lives exactly opposite my house, and which never varies the sixteenth part of a minute. Let me see."

Saying this he pulled out his watch, and, marching up to the fillagree clock on the mantel-piece, compared the two together with great deliberation.

"The clock is too fast by fifty-nine minutes and sixteen seconds," said Mr. Soberton, with great deliberation as well as decision. Mr. Fanwood rubbed his hands, and looked at his wife with a most provoking exultation.

"Now let us see the other," said Mr. Soberton, placing himself opposite the old tortoise-shell clock which hung against the wall.

"It is too slow by three hours, ten minutes and three seconds. Faith, I believe it has stopped entirely—I don't hear any ticking—yes, by Jove! it has stopped, sure enough!"

Mrs. Fanwood returned Mr. Fanwood's look of exultation with interest not only simple but compound.

"It is not the fault of the clock," said the latter; "I recollect I forgot to wind it up last Sunday morning"—and at this moment the absurdity and ridicule of the whole affair came upon him so irresistibly that he fell into a fit of laughter, which proved so contagious that Mrs. Fanwood and even the grave Mr. Soberton joined in chorus. A merrier hungry party never met together.

"It stands to reason," said Mr. Fanwood, recovering his speech; "it stands to reason that a clock cannot go when it is run down."

"O! for pity's sake, my dear, let us hear no more reasoning. For my part, I never mean to reason again as long as I live. At present I am instinctively inclined to my dinner, and must go and order it, for I am ashamed to tell you, Mr. Soberton, that I forgot it entirely, in discussing the question which naturally arose about the veracity of the two clocks, neither of which, it seems, had any truth in it."

At this moment, as Mr. Soberton looked rather blank at the prospect of waiting three hours for his meal, a knock was heard at the parlor door, and the old black cook, putting her ebony face inside, said rather impatiently—

"Will missus please to order dinner—it is all spoiling."

On inquiry it proved that the old cook was a more regular time keeper than either of the clocks, and, finding her mistress gave her no orders, proceeded mechanically to her daily occupation, and by the mere force of habit cooked a most excellent dinner, to which Mr. Soberton sat down with great satisfaction, observing at the same time—

"Well, the old proverb is not infallible—Heaven has not only sent us meat, but a cook this time."

From that period Mr. and Mrs. Fanwood mutually gave up the old clocks, and the regulation of all the minutiæ of domestic trifles according to the infallible rules of right reason. They never disputed, nor ever had occasion to dispute; and it was not long before they learned the lesson, that mutual forbearance, joined to a disposition to yield where there is nothing worth opposing, and no moral principle involved in the question, is a far more solid basis for domestic happiness than their boasted system of settling every thing according to the invariable principles of right reason. The two clocks remain in their places, as memorials of the past and monitors for the future.

A JAUNT TO THE MONGAUP FALLS.*

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

The heat spreads a faint shining glaze o'er the sky,
Like piles of carved brass, the clouds motionless lie;
The west hath not sent yet its soft kissing breeze
To stir the close air, or wake life in the trees;
With dull, weighty languor the frame is oppressed,
The shades dropped around bring no coolness or rest;
As we pant under shelter and melt in the glow
Our minds wander off to the regions of snow;
The cold, polished ice spreads its plain to our feet,
We skim in the keen wind rejoicing and fleet.
Then other sweet visions glide, changing the scene,
The dim vaulted forests with twilights of green,
The stream dancing onward delicious and cool,
Here, foaming a torrent—there, coiling a pool—
The cavern with fresh dripping moss spotted o'er,
And water-drops tinkling like bells on its floor;
Hurrah! a thought strikes us—shake languor away,
The Falls of Mongaup will we visit to-day.

The rough springless wagon—two steeds under rein,
The harness eked out of rope, leather and chain—
Creaks up to the inn porch; we wheel from the spot,
One horse in a canter and one on a trot;
Along the broad turnpike we clatter and shake,
Like a hail-storm, with clouds of thick dust in our wake;
We clamber the hill—round the corner we tear,
Two wheels slanted downward and two in the air,
Still plies the whip fiercely, our balance we find,
We dash down the slope with the speed of the wind,
The fences of serpent-like pine roots we pass,
Scathed stump-spotted clearings and patches of grass,
With low crouching cabins of logs chinked with clay,
Long well-pole, and grind-stone, and brown stack of hay.

The dark welcome woods spread around, and on high;
The road winds in shadow with glimpses of sky;
Our steeds strike their hoofs on roots pared to a coil,
Our hubs graze the trees, from the banks plough the soil;
Like opposite cannon logs point from the shade
Where once the prone pine its huge rampart had laid;
A branch now inclines its green archway so low
We stoop to avoid in our faces the blow;
Now clogged in wet hollows, now smooth over moss,
Now jolting o'er logs the swamp streamlet across,
Up scaring the woodcock, and catching a look
Of the rich-tinted sheldrake quick seeking his nook;
We part, with soft click, the smooth joints of the rush,
To scent their strong fragrance the mint-leaves we crush,
Then upward we labor; the steep ridge we crown,
On the tops of tall trees, either side, looking down,
Our course only pointed by time-blackened hacks
The pioneer-settler has marked with his axe.

That rustle! joy, joy! 't is the breeze moist and sweet,
Oh how the leaves dance up and down to its feet!
It glides with smooth balm o'er our heat-beaded skin,
Each pulse feels its soothing—each breath draws it in,
It blows the wet hair from our brows with its kiss,
And we yield in delight to the delicate bliss;
The aspens shake loosely like fountains in play,
The maples quick change their green colors to gray,
The hemlocks give murmurs like millions of bees,
There 's a patter like rain in the slight birchen trees;
Wherever those pinions are fanning their flight
There coolness and music—there life and delight.

We leave the wood-shadows dark, breezy and sweet,
Again, like a burning-glass, beats down the heat;
The low-gabled schoolhouse we pass on our way,
The white-headed urchins shrill shouting in play,
The road down the hill-slope by torrents seem rent,
Loose stones and deep gullies—a break-neck descent—
We glide o'er the flat, round the angle we spin,
And halt, with a shout, at the Forestburgh Inn.
In a room lined with benches and sprinkled with sand,
At a picketed nook, the boys clamorous stand,
Where bottles and glasses and rolls of cigars
Show tempting behind the half sweep of the bars;
We seek then the parlor—rag carpet on floor,
A wild staring sampler framed over the door,
Chairs yellow and bright, wooden clock ticking loud,
A mirror, whose gilding baize wraps in a shroud,
Brown hangings of paper the windows that screen,
And hearth filled with plumes of asparagus green.
The girls there await us; our path we commence
Through crimson-stemmed buckwheat, o'er rough clearing fence;
The "barrens" spread round us; a shrubby pine growth
With low sneaking hemlocks thin sprinkled, as loath
To show e'en their faces, and gaunt trees with locks
Of gray brittle moss, and earth scattered with rocks.
Yet paths branch all over the cattle have trod,
The ground-pine o'erturning its thick fringing sod,
The low whortleberries, what thousands we view,
In large tempting clusters of light misty blue.
As round them we gather and cull with delight
A sound stops the mirth, pales each cheek with affright,
A quick whizzing sound, like the wings of a bee
Shrill singing in efforts from toils to be free;
The rattlesnake! back, back—the rattlesnake! look
At his coil of fierce wrath in yon bough-shadowed nook!
His eyes flash quick sparkles—his tongue quivers red,
The brown turns to bronze as he arches his head;
Back—back—still his warning the dread reptile gives,
The post he has taken he holds while he lives;
High shakes he his rattles with venomous strength,
Keep back, and no danger—he darts but his length!
A stone whizzes at him—he writhes at the blow,
More fierce is his rattle, more vivid his glow,
His eyes flash more luridly—swifter his tongue—
See, see, from his coil the fierce demon has sprung!
But another jagged missile is hurled on his head,
Down crushing its terror—his being is sped.

We come to a hill, once with trees plumaged o'er,
But a whirlwind has struck it—its pride is no more.

* These falls are in a wild and romantic stream called the Mongaup, in Sullivan county, state of New York.

Strewed round, like the straw that the reaper disdains,
In a wild tangled mass lie the forest remains;
Forked roots with the soil their tough fibres had grasped;
Boughs twisted in boughs they in falling had clasped,
Trunks lying on trunks in strange mazes, but through
The path turns and winds like a labyrinth-clew,
Till we reach a great hemlock, its body stretched prone
Down the slope of the hill it once claimed for its throne;
Along its rough surface we tread as a bridge,
And leave the drear wind-fall, with joy, on its ridge.

The forest spreads over its ceiling of green,
We thread its dim aisles, its high columns between;
The wintergreen blossoms show, low at our tracks,
Their balls, as though moulded of pure snowy wax;
The mallows, in clumps spotted over the grass,
Their cheeses encased in their drawn sacks, we pass;
Its scarf of rich pink the wild rose-bush displays,
A canopy fit for the dance of the fays;
With points of thin gold set round bosoms of brown,
Their stems like slim pillars, the sunflowers crown;
We strip the red beads from the sorrel, and shake
The down from the rich tawny plumes of the brake;
The blackberry's beehive-shaped fruitage of jet
Is clustered in brambles twined round like a net.
But on! for a low steady murmur is heard,
Like the pine when its plumes by soft breathings are stirred;
Then deeper and sterner, as onward we wend,
Like the pine when the breeze makes its proud summit bend,
Then swelled to an air-shaking, nerve-thrilling roar,
Like a forest of pines when fierce blasts trample o'er.
We haste down the steep in the serpent-like path,
Still louder the torrent's stern, breath-taking wrath,
Till we pause at the brink of a pool dark as night,
And scattered with slow circling spangles of white.
A deep gorge winds upward, and forth with a bound
The cataract's pitch shakes its thunder around;
It comes from its shadowed and prison-like glen
With a leap and a roar, like a lion from den;
Wild fir-trees, contorted as fixed in some spasm,
And tall bristling hemlock add gloom to the chasm;
A dark, gloomy gulf, webbed below with a screen,
The cataract casting white flashes between,
As though a mad monster in torments beneath
Were now and then grasping the boughs with his teeth.

Around the black pool spread the thickets, and push
Their skirts in the water, of sapling and bush.
In June, the dense laurels that shadow the brink
Are covered with beautiful clusters of pink,
But now, in the sun their long leaves to the sight
Glint from their green polish swift dazzles of light.

Our party has spread into groups scattered round;
Some listening intent to the cataract's sound;
Some swinging on grape-vines slung loose between trees,
Their foreheads fanned cool in the play of the breeze,
Some kneeling where up peers a fountain of glass,
Like an eye of soft gray, through its lashes of grass;
While some climb the platform, where, down at our feet,
Five pitches the torrent makes, sheet after sheet,
First winding, then plunging, once more and once more,
Till each voice is blent in one agony-roar.

We all are now seated on grass green and cool,
In a thicket whence glimpses are caught of the pool;
At the height of our mirth, one points quick where the screen
Lets a space of the foam-jeweled basin be seen;
With still, cautious hand we our net-work divide;
Leaves shake on the basin's fringed opposite side;
Two antlers are thrust forth—out stretches a head—
A deer steals to view with slow hesitant tread:
Each side he inclines a neck graceful and slim,
Then stoops his proud forehead, advances a limb;
He tastes the clear water, moves on as he drinks,
Now the flood laves his sides; ha! he flounders, he sinks!
He rises, and, snorting, strikes out with his feet,
And, bubbles round boiling, plies swift through the sheet,
With antlers on shoulder, and nose in the air,
He comes, the bright creature! in line with our lair,
He touches the margin, 't is scaled with a bound,
A shake flings the dancing drops showering around,
Then catching quick sight of an ill-shrouded face,
A brown shooting streak for an instant we trace,
The next, the close forest conceals him, and deep
Each breathes a long sigh, as just wakened from sleep.

Now some all the arts of the angler employ,
The keen-sighted, quick-hearing trout to decoy:
A bright mimic fly skims the surface, but no!
Naught rises: we have but our pains for our throw;
A worm up and down next moves gently, alas!
Not a jerk to the rod, not a break on the glass,
Yet air-bells burst round us, and leapings are heard,
Except where our lines are, the whole pool is stirred;
But here comes a butterfly! follow his skim,
We 'll warrant a trout makes a dash now at him;
Confound our ill-luck! Yes, a loud ringing splash;
A splendid two-pounder is up like a flash,
His spots fairly gleamed in his leap to the air;
That 's enough! and our rods are thrown by in despair.

Meanwhile a rude platform the others have made,
Of logs wedged together, boards over them laid,
It floats by the pool-side; hurrah, boys, a raft!
We 'll enjoy a short trip on our light buoyant craft;
Some shrinking, all laughing, we crowd on its floor,
Till it yields to our weight—we then push from the shore;
We pole through the water, and drive as we go,
From his sun-bask, the sheathed snapping-turtle below.
Our goal is the cataract's foot; and our ear
Is filled with the roaring, more loud as more near,
A glance of the sun the white torrent has kissed,
And see! a rich rainbow is spanned o'er the mist;
The flood seems as fierce springing at us, then lost
In a high, foaming hillock convulsively tossed;
Approaching too close, the raft dips in the mound,
Like a fear-maddened steed, the frail thing gives a bound,
But the impetus sends us from danger away
Unharmed, save a quick drenching bath of the spray,
And back we safe glide, though in loudest complaint
The girls all declare they are ready to faint.
We touch the green marge; hark! a shriek shrill and loud,
A bird with huge wings, like a fragment of cloud,
Shoots swift from the gorge, sweeps around, then on high
Cleaves his way, till he seems a dim spot in the sky,
Then stooping in circles, contracting his rings,
He swoops to a pine-top and settles his wings;
An eagle! an eagle! how kingly his form!
He seems fit to revel in sunshine and storm;
What terrible talons, what strength in that beak,
His red, rolling eye-balls the proud monarch speak;
He casts looks, superb and majestical, down,
His pine for a throne, and his crest for a crown;
He stirs not a feather, though shoutings arise,
But still flings beneath mute contempt at our cries;
A branch is hurled upward, whirls near him, but vain,
He looks down his eloquent, glorious disdain,
Till he chooses to spread his broad pinions of gray
And launch in majestic, slow motion away.

SKETCHES OF NAVAL MEN.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE PIONEERS," "RED ROVER," ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1839, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Northern District of New York.]

JOHN BARRY.

THE subject of this sketch was one of the fathers of the American marine, having been among the first of its sea-captains, in the struggle of the Revolution, and dying at the head of the service a year or two after the termination of the quasi war with France. No man in the profession ever enjoyed more of the confidence of the country, or of the government; a confidence that his conduct, on all occasions, appears fully to have justified.

John Barry was born near the city of Wexford, in the memorable year 1745. His parents were farmers of a humble class, and young Barry must have been sent quite early to sea, for he arrived in Philadelphia, as second mate of an Irish vessel, when only in his seventeenth year. This must have been about the year 1762; a period when England and her American colonies formed a common country. Barry was induced to quit his vessel and cast his fortunes on this continent. From that time, to the hour of his death, he became American in feelings, fortunes and residence, Philadelphia becoming his home. A brother, of the name of Patrick, joined him at a later day, but died at sea before he had made any material advances in his profession. A sister's son, the present Patrick Hayes, Esquire, Master Warden of the port of Philadelphia, was sent to him more than sixty years since, and still survives, having children. This gentleman became the adopted son and principal heir of his distinguished kinsman.

Young Barry's first service in this hemisphere was in the character of chief mate, on board a Bermudian-built sloop, in the West India trade. While in this situation, after having made several voyages in the sloop, an accidental occasion offering for him in which to show his spirit, it became the means of procuring him not only immediate preferment in his profession, but of subsequently introducing him into the navy. A riot occurred among some stevedores, and a ship-owner of respectability was threatened with injury. Barry interfered, and manifested so much intrepidity and personal prowess, as at once to procure for him a reputation in the then peaceable town of Philadelphia. He was rewarded by the command of a schooner called the Barbadoes, owned by Reese Meredith.*

This was in 1769. In 1771 he commanded the brig Patty and Polly, belonging to Geo? Meade & Co. In 1772 we find him in the schooner Industry, and in 1773, in the sloop Peggy. From 1773 to 1776 he commanded the ship Black Prince in the London trade. He continued in this employment down to the commencement of the Revolution. In a memorial presented to Congress, some years later, Barry says he left one of the best ships and employments in the country to join the navy. This vessel is supposed to have been the Black Prince, which ship was in the London trade.

Near the close of the year 1773, Barry married Mary Byrne, of Philadelphia. This connection, however, lasted but a short time, his wife dying February 9th, 1774, or about four months after their union. She lies at her husband's side in the church-yard of St. Mary's Chapel, South Fourth Street, Philadelphia. It may be added here, that three years later, or in 1777, Barry married Sarah Austin, also of Philadelphia, which lady survived him. In consequence of these two marriages, Barry obtained many connections, some of whom were of very reputable positions in the town and country of his adoption. He had no children by either of his wives.

Such was the situation of John Barry when the war of the Revolution commenced. His position as a seaman of great skill, a citizen of excellent character, and long the master of a fine ship, could not fail to bring him early to the notice of the Marine Committee of Congress, which body naturally first turned their eyes toward the ship-masters of the capital of the country in quest of commanders. As soon as it was determined to create a navy, Barry's name was offered to the consideration of the committee, and he was presented with the commission of a captain. As this occurred in 1775, it follows that our hero received this preferment when he was thirty years of age, and rather more than thirteen years after his first arrival in America. On the corrected list of captains, in 1776, Barry's name stands as the seventh; having those of James Nicholson, Manly, M'Niel, Saltonstall, Biddle and Thompson before it.

Barry appears to have been first employed in assisting in fitting for sea the squadron which subsequently sailed under Com. Hopkins. This renders it a little

* The elderly Philadelphians have a tradition to this effect. Barry had grappled one of the stoutest of the stevedores in the presence of the owner, who was a "Friend." "Give it to him, Johnny, now thou hast him," cried the merchant, "and the next voyage thou shalt have the vessel."

Another anecdote says, that there was one of these "Friends" on the Marine Committee of Congress. The question came up about appointing a captain: "I know little of these things," observed the Friend, after a good deal of discussion, "but, if thou wantest a proper *fighter*, take John Barry."

questionable whether he obtained any commission, or positive rank, on his first joining the navy. The irregularities at that day were great, but it was the usage at first to commission officers for particular vessels, and the name of Barry does not appear as connected with either of these vessels, as they were subsequently officered.

When the squadron was equipped, it dropped down into the bay, where it lay ice-bound for several weeks, getting to sea February 17th, 1776. It has long been a question what regular American cruiser first got to sea, *on a cruise*, in the war of the Revolution. The distinction has been claimed equally for Hopkins and Barry, and in the Naval History we were disposed to accord the latter the precedency. After an examination of his own private papers, however, we see strong reasons for thinking it must have been Com. Hopkins. It appears that after the squadron left Philadelphia, Barry was employed in equipping a vessel for the Colony of Pennsylvania, in which duty he was engaged when he received his appointment to command the brig Lexington, with the rank of captain in the continental marine. Previously to sailing, Barry received a letter from the Marine Committee of Congress, recommending him to the assistance and favor of all Committees of Safety, Inspection, &c., to whom it might be presented. This letter speaks of the brigantine Lexington, as "now bound on a cruise," and of Barry as its "bearer;" two circumstances that leave little or no doubt of its having been written before he sailed; and, as it bears date March 25th, 1776, it would seem Com. Hopkins must have sailed on his cruise against the Bahamas more than a month before Barry got out in his brig.

The Lexington mounted sixteen four-pound guns, and, according to shipping articles, that are now before us, must have sailed with a crew of about seventy souls, the officers included. The letter of protection and credit with which Barry sailed, was signed by John Hancock, Robert Morris, Stephen Hopkins, Joseph Hewes, Wm. Whipple, Samuel Huntington and J. D. Sargeant. The pay of a captain of the navy, as directed by law, was $60 per month, of lieutenants $30, and of able seamen not *more* than $8! The shipping articles were a contract with seven sections, the officers signing them as well as the people. The brig had two lieutenants, Luke Mathewman and John Scott, and a master, William Hodge. She appears to have had two midshipmen, John Kemp and Thomas Haughton Clarke.* Dale, however, joined the Lexington at sea, as a master's mate, soon after she sailed.

Barry could not have got outside of the Capes, agreeably to the evidence of the papers before us, much, if any, before the beginning of April, 1776. He shaped his course to the southward, clearing the coast of several small craft that were annoying the bays and inlets, rendering much useful service in this duty. On the 7th of the month, off the Capes of Virginia, the Lexington fell in with a sloop tender of the Liverpool frigate, and brought her to action. The engagement was close and spirited, lasting nearly an hour before the tender struck. In this affair the Lexington had four men killed and wounded, while the tender was much cut up, and had a large proportion of her crew injured. This little success, added to his previous good character, did Barry much service, and was probably one of the reasons why his name stood so high on the list of regulated rank. The unsuccessful action between Hopkins' squadron and the Glasgow having taken place on the 6th of the same month, the capture of the Edward, for so was the tender called, derived more credit from the contrast.

The Lexington returned to port soon after this combat, but continued under Barry's command until after the Declaration of Independence. During the summer he cruised on the coast, and was particularly useful in driving away the tenders and boats of the enemy, although he had been previously selected to command a frigate which was not yet launched. His last orders to cruise in the Lexington bear date July 13th, 1776.

Congress having ordered the construction of thirteen frigates, or one for each state, Barry was selected to oversee the building, and eventually to command one of them. His ship was the Effingham 28, a twelve-pounder frigate that was laid down at Philadelphia. It is a proof how highly the country valued any assistance in that day, that this vessel was named after an English peer of the house of Howard, merely because the Earl of Effingham, a captain in the army, had resigned his commission in preference to serving against the United Colonies. Seventy years ago the countenance of a single member of the English House of Lords was of more importance to America than the united support, or opposition, of the whole body would be thought to-day! The Effingham we believe was the ship that came so near capsizing when launched, on account of her being so sharp, and having so many persons on her deck.

The winter of 1776–7 was the dark period of the Revolution. His ship not yet being ready, and her safety depending on preventing the enemy from reaching Philadelphia, Barry joined the army under Washington with seventeen marines, contriving to mount a light gun or two, in a manner that admitted of their being used in the field. In this novel situation he actually made the winter campaign that has since become so celebrated in the annals of the country, having been present at Trenton, if not at Princeton also. In the spring he returned to his command.

On the approach of the British army to Philadelphia, it became necessary to remove the public shipping as far up the river as possible. Four of the new frigates, the Randolph 32, Washington 32, Effingham 28, and Delaware 24, had been built at this port. Of these vessels the Randolph, Capt. Nicholas Biddle, had blown up in action with the Yarmouth 64, and the Delaware, Capt. Alexander, had grounded and been captured, in a fruitless effort to open the communication with the ocean. The Washington and Effingham, not yet being equipped, were carried up the river, the latter as high as Bordentown, where they were burned by an expedition sent against them by the enemy, in

* This last name corresponds with that of a family of great wealth and respectability in England, and which has large estates in Jamaica; Sir Simon Haughton Clarke, Bart., being at its head

May, 1778. Barry is said not to have been present when the hostile force arrived, having gone to head-quarters to confer with Washington as to the means of procuring a force for defending the ships. During the rest of the season of 1777, Barry appears to have been employed generally in helping the army to supplies, by means of boat service. It was in this temporary absence of high professional duty, that he contracted his second marriage.

Barry had a serious difficulty with Mr. Hopkinson, one of the Marine Committee, on the subject of destroying his frigate. He was compelled to appear before Congress and enter into his justification, the charge being disobedience of orders. By a justificatory memorial presented to Congress, a copy of which exists among the papers of Barry, it would seem that he and Capt. Read, the commander of the Washington, had obtained guns from different merchant vessels, and that they had mustered 70 or 80 men each, and felt confident of being able to defend their respective ships. Mr. Hopkinson had orders from head-quarters to sink them, and compelled Barry to sink the Effingham. She was in this state, or on the bottom, with her upper works out of water, when the enemy approached, and, of course, not in a state to be defended.

Barry's memorial is a plain, sailor-like statement, and contains this characteristic sentence, when justifying his own opinions against those of his superiors; viz.—"I assured him (Mr. Hopkinson) that boats could not board us!—He replied 'he would take General Washington's opinion sooner than mine.' I told him 'I did not doubt that, but nevertheless *I knew more about a ship than General Washington and the Navy Board together.*'" This was the frank statement of a seaman, conscious that no other profession could meddle with his duties without doing mischief. It might not be amiss for the Congresses of the present day to remember this declaration.

By an order of the Navy Board, now to be seen among Barry's papers, and which bears date July 31, 1777, Barry and Read were commanded to lay their hands on such articles as were necessary to carry their ships up the Delaware to a place of safety, to escape from the approaching British army. After giving this peremptory order, the Navy Board add—"We expect you will conduct this business with all decency and discretion." Facts like these prove against what obstacles the independence of the country was obtained.

Cut off from all hopes of doing any thing in his frigate, Barry's mind was too active to permit him to remain long without more genial employment. In the spring of 1778 he manned four boats, and pulling down past the town in the night, with two of them he attacked and carried, by boarding, a man-of-war sloop, of 8 or 10 guns and 32 men, beside capturing some English transports that had ascended the river. On this service, as appears by a document now in possession of his family, Barry had but 28 men under his orders. These captures must have been made on or about the 8th of March. The schooner captured he was ordered to name the Wasp, and to put in the service as a regular cruiser, but the appearance of some English frigates in the river compelled him to burn all his prizes. Barry returned from this bold excursion without the loss of a man. May 21st, 1778, Barry was appointed to command the Raleigh 32, then lying in the port of Boston. The Raleigh was one of the thirteen frigates, and had been built at Portsmouth, N. H. She had made one cruise to France, under Capt. Thompson, in company with the Alfred 20, and had a smart engagement with the Druid, on the passage out, in the midst of an English convoy. On the return passage the Alfred was captured, under circumstances that raised a question as to Capt. Thompson's conduct, and Barry thus obtained the vessel. That no unjust aspersion may rest on the memory of a brave man, it may be well to say that Capt Thompson behaved particularly well in the first affair, and was thought not to have had full justice done him in connection with the last.

The Raleigh was unable to get to sea for some months, a delay under which her gallant commander appears to have chafed for years afterward. On the 25th September, 1778, however, the Raleigh lifted her anchor from King's Roads, now Independence Roads, at 6 o'clock in the morning. At 8 the pilot left her, when the frigate crossed top-gallant yards, and run off easterly, under studding-sails, with a fresh breeze at northwest. The Raleigh had two small vessels under her convoy, which went out in company.

About noon, Cape Cod was made, bearing south, a long distance off. At this moment, the look-out aloft announced the presence of two sail to the southward and eastward, or nearly dead to leeward. Barry, anticipating that these vessels were enemy's cruisers, took in all his studding-sails, in readiness to haul up, should his conjecture prove true. These craft, however, were soon made out to be fishing schooners, but, nearly at the moment the character of these vessels was ascertained, two more sail were made, bearing about S. E. by S., and distant eight or ten leagues. The strangers turned out to be ships of force, and doubtless were British cruisers. One of these ships was on a wind heading to the northward, while the other was on the contrary tack. As Barry had no doubts as to the characters of these vessels, he hauled close on a wind, ordering his convoy to keep him company. On this hint, the ship to the southward tacked in chase. That night the wind fell, becoming light and variable, the Raleigh making every effort to get in with the land. Of course, the strangers were lost sight of when it became dark, nor were they visible on the return of day. The morning, however, was hazy, and when it cleared the two ships were seen still at the southward and to windward, there being at this time light airs at southeast. The brig that had been one of the Raleigh's convoy was near the enemy, and, by her movements, Barry fancied she had been captured during the night. A schooner in company was believed to be a tender, and was probably the vessel that had captured the brig. About this time land was seen ahead, though the weather was too thick to observe. Signal guns were exchanged between the ships, and the wind now came

out at the westward, and blew a good breeze. At this time the strangers were lost to view, and Barry fancied he could pass them. He kept his ship away, therefore, carrying easy sail lest he might come upon one of them unexpectedly, and not be in readiness to engage, for he was quite uncertain on what course they would steer.

During the whole chase, all hands were at quarters on board the Raleigh. About dawn, having run a considerable distance to the northward and eastward, Barry furled every thing, determined to let the sun rise before he betrayed his own position. When the sun appeared on the 27th, nothing was in sight, and sail was again made on the ship, which steered southeast and by east, in order to clear Cape Sable. At half past nine, however, the enemy were again made, in the southern board, in full chase. At this time the wind was fresh at west, and all three vessels hauled up on taut bowlines, the Raleigh greatly outsailing her pursuers. Barry, in his defence, is silent as to the subject of the speed of the Raleigh, at this critical instant, but one of his officers reports her rate of sailing to have been eleven knots two fathoms.

The land soon re-appeared ahead, and, unfortunately, not a soul on board the Raleigh knew what land it was. Barry had hoped to be able to get into some of the eastern ports, but did not know where to find one, and, without this resource, the coast only offered an obstacle to his escape. The ship had, in truth, got a little too far to the eastward for the desired purpose. The land in sight proved to be rocky islands on the coast of Maine, then almost an uninhabited and little known country, and there was no alternative between going ashore, running down toward the enemy, or tacking to the westward, where several ports offered as places of shelter. As the largest of the two ships in chase was a good way off, and the smallest still out of gun-shot, Barry adopted the latter course. The wind began to fall, however, and the smallest vessel gained on the Raleigh. At five P. M., this little frigate, a ship mounting 28 guns, crossed on the opposite tack, within reach of shot. Barry now showed his colors and gave this vessel a gun. The stranger set a St. George's ensign, and fired his whole broadside at the American frigate, which instantly returned the compliment. While passing each ship delivered two broadsides, but little damage was done on account of the distance.

By this time, Barry was satisfied that the largest of the enemy's ships was a small two-decker, and he felt the necessity of keeping under as much sail as he could carry, in order to avoid her. He directed the mainsail hauled up, notwithstanding, for it pressed the Raleigh over so much as to render it difficult to fight her guns. Soon after this was done, the Raleigh's fore-top-mast unexpectedly went over the ship's side, carrying with it, as usual, the main-top-gallant mast, and, as a matter of course, the jib and fore-top-mast stay-sail. Barry, who has left a minute account of all these proceedings, does not seem to have thought this injury was in consequence of a shot, for he speaks of the enemy's fire as having done "little or no damage," while he attributes the sudden loss of his spars, at this critical moment, to "some unforeseen accident."

Although Barry immediately ordered the main tack to be hauled aboard, it was some time before he could get clear of the wreck. The smallest ship was the Unicorn, 22, mounting 28 guns, and as soon as she found that this accident enabled her to fetch the Raleigh, she tacked and ranged up along side of the American vessel. The action now became very warm, Barry endeavoring the whole time to get clear of his wreck, which disabled four of his guns, besides otherwise annoying him. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the Unicorn was soon glad to drop astern. After repairing some damages, however, this vessel again closed, and Barry, feeling the necessity of getting rid of this opponent before the other drew any nearer, endeavored to run on board him. By this time it was dark, and for a short time the Americans believed they would succeed, but, no sooner was the Raleigh's helm put aweather in order to effect her purpose, than the Unicorn took the alarm, made sail, shot ahead, and passed to windward, where she was enabled easily to maintain her station during the rest of the combat.

The action had now lasted several hours, and Barry, finding that the large ship was drawing near, felt the necessity of surrendering, or of attempting to run his ship ashore. He adopted the latter expedient, making sail, and waring round to approach the land. His persevering enemy stuck to him in the most gallant manner, both ships keeping up a brisk fire for more than an hour longer. In the whole, these two vessels were engaged seven hours, much of the time at no great distance asunder. At length the Unicorn fell astern, appearing to be much injured, but making signals to lead on her consort. The latter soon got near enough to engage, getting pretty well on the Raleigh's quarter, while the Unicorn again came under fire, more astern. For half an hour Barry stood this renewed and formidable attack, when the Raleigh struck the bottom, after which the two English vessels hauled astern into deep water and anchored, though quite within gun-shot.

Barry next attempted to land his people, and burn the ship. It was near two in the morning, and the darkness rendered this duty still more difficult. No one knew precisely where they were, but, on landing, it was ascertained the ship had grounded on a barren rock, less than a mile long, and about a quarter of a mile in width. It is called the Wooden Ball, and lies about twenty miles off the mouth of the Penobscot. Men, on such an island, were almost as much exposed to the enemy as when in the ship. Barry attributed the circumstance that the Raleigh was not burned to the treachery of a midshipman, who was entrusted with the duty. The enemy got possession of the ship soon after it was light, and, in one way and another, about 140 of the men were captured, Barry escaping to the main with the remainder. Some of the men were taken from the island as late as the succeeding night. The British got the Raleigh afloat about 3 P. M., and subsequently put her into their own marine.

Barry reached Boston with 95 of his crew. The vessels that engaged the Raleigh were the Experiment 50, and the Unicorn 22. The latter vessel is said to have lost ten men killed, besides a great many wounded. Barry, in his defence, states that he could not ascertain his own loss with precision, on account of the manner in which his crew was dispersed, but it is now known that the Americans had about 25 men killed and wounded.

A court of inquiry, composed of Captains Samuel Nicholson, Rathburne, and Waters, sat on Barry for the loss of his ship, convening on board the Alliance, October 12th, 1778, and rendered a finding of honorable acquittal. The causes assigned for the loss of the ship were "partly from the want of a pilot on board acquainted with the coast, but principally by the very great superiority of the enemy who attacked him." The testimony in favor of Barry's personal deportment was of the clearest character.

The Raleigh was captured near the close of September, 1778, and there remaining no other frigate to bestow on Barry, who had been so unfortunate as to have lost two, though without the slightest reproach to his character, he was sent to Portsmouth, N. H., to take charge of the America 74, then about to be built. His first duty was to examine the state of this vessel, after which he proceeded to Philadelphia, in person, to report her condition. The report made, he was selected to return to Portsmouth in order to superintend the construction and equipment of this fine ship. It would seem, however, Barry did not go on this duty, Congress not having sufficient money to spare for so heavy an expenditure. The America was subsequently put into the water by Paul Jones, who delivered her the same day to an agent of France, to which country Congress had made an offering of the ship.

Barry was now altogether out of employment. There was no other frigate for him, and, to use his own language in the memorial of his services, "finding he had been at very heavy expense, and not being likely to get a command in the service of Congress, he solicited leave of absence, which he obtained, and made one voyage in a very fine letter-of-marque, and he, at that time, had every prospect of repairing the loss sustained in the public service, but on returning to Philadelphia was ordered to Boston to take the command of the frigate Alliance," &c.

The letter-of-marque was the Delaware, a brig of 10 guns and 45 men. We can discover no evidence of the port to which she sailed among the papers that have been put into our hands, but her commission bears date February 15th, 1779, and is signed by John Jay, as President of Congress.

Barry must have received his orders to the Alliance about the month of July, 1780, the ship having sailed from France for Boston in June of that year. In his memorial, he says he lay several months at Boston, after taking command of the ship, for want of men, and his orders to sail for France with Col. Laurens, who, it is well known, was sent out as an agent of Congress, are dated January 3d, 1781. By these orders, his first duty was to carry Col. Laurens to his point of destination, at l'Orient. He was there to receive on board such military clothing and other supplies as might be ready for him, and return to Philadelphia. He was also directed to give convoy to any store ships that might be ready to sail for this country. Permission, however, was given him to cruise for the enemy, should no vessel or stores of consequence be ready for him, within a few weeks of his arrival out.

Barry executed these orders with promptitude and despatch. The Alliance was a very fast ship. She sailed from Boston early in February, 1781, and was ready to leave l'Orient on her return, the last of March. On the outward passage, an English privateer, called the Alert, was captured, but no incident of moment occurred. The Marquis of La Fayette, a heavy store ship that carried 40 guns, left France in company with the Alliance. The two ships sailed March 31st, and on the 3d April they captured two Guernsey privateers, viz. the Mars, of 22 guns and 112 men, and the Minerva, of 10 guns and 55 men. After this success, Barry left his consort and two prizes to cruise by himself.

In his memorial, Barry alleges that he put to sea in the Alliance with a crew so small and of such a quality as endangered his reputation as an officer, and that, on his return passage, the remains of this crew were much reduced by illness. Such was the state of the Alliance, when, May 28th, she made a ship and a brig toward evening, evidently enemy's vessels of war. The strangers got near enough to remain in sight until morning, but at daylight it was calm. The enemy set English colors, got out their sweeps, and came up on the quarters of the Alliance, in positions where it was difficult to injure them. Owing to the total want of wind, however, it was nearly noon before the action commenced, which it did within hail. For more than an hour was the Alliance compelled to bear all the fire of her assailants, one on each quarter, unable herself to bring more than four or five guns to bear on each. Things were looking very gloomy on board the American ship, when Barry received a severe wound in his left shoulder, by a grape shot. He was taken below, but continued to manifest the greatest resolution, directing his officers not to think of surrendering. About this time the Alliance's ensign was shot away, when the English cheered, supposing that she had struck. They had left their guns to give this usual demonstration of success, just as a light breeze struck the frigate's sails, and she came under command. No sooner did the Alliance get steerage way on her, than she brought her broadside to bear, and, for the first time that day, her guns forward of the gangways were discharged. The scene was now changed. The enemy's turn to suffer had arrived, and, after a stout resistance, both the Englishmen lowered their flags.

The prizes proved to be the Atalanta 16, Capt. Edwards, and the Trepassy 14, Capt. Smith. The crews of the two vessels amounted to 210 men, of whom 41 were killed and wounded. The Alliance suffered a good deal also, having 32 men among the casualties.

Barry converted the Trepassy into a cartel, and

sent her to an English port, but the enemy recaptured the Atalanta before she could reach Boston, where the Alliance arrived in safety. The letter acknowledging the receipt of Barry's official report of this action being dated Philadelphia, June 26, 1781, renders it probable Barry got into port about the middle of that month. The Navy Board expressed their warm approbation of his conduct, and decided that the ship should be coppered, if enough of the material "*and one who knows how to put it on, can be found in Boston.*"

Barry's wound was severe, but it did not induce him to give up his ship, nor did the government, for a moment, think of giving her to another. In September, he was ordered to prepare for a cruise, in company with the Deane 32, (subsequently the Hague,) Capt. Nicholson, with a roving commission. As constantly happened, however, to ships in that war, the plan was changed, and December 22d, 1781, Barry sent a copy of his instructions to Nicholson, ordering him on the cruise alone, stating that another destination was given to his own ship.

The embarrassments of the day, or want of men and money, pressed hard upon Barry, who could not get to sea. It appears he was directed to carry La Fayette and various other French officers to France, to which country he again sailed, with a crew so small that he states in his memorial he had not men enough to work his ship properly, much less to fight her. Among his papers is a letter from Franklin, dated Passy, January 24th, 1782, acknowledging the receipt of a communication from Barry, reporting his arrival at Fort Louis on the 17th of the same month. Franklin says he would endeavor to get some French sailors, but doubted his succeeding, and recommended Barry to look for Americans at l'Orient. Another letter of Franklin's, dated February 10th, speaks of the Alliance's carrying stores to America. In a communication from Robert Morris to Count de Grasse, dated May 25th, 1782, we learn that the former had not long before heard of the arrival of the Alliance in America, and a general statement in Barry's memorial gives us to understand that he got into New London. He appears to have got in about the 16th of that month, making his voyage to France in a little more than three months, notwithstanding the miserable condition of his crew. It appears by his correspondence that Barry had many narrow escapes, and had been driven off in an attempt to enter the Delaware. It would seem he made no prize of any moment on this cruise, if he made any at all.

The friends of Barry appear to have congratulated him warmly on his getting in at all from this cruise, in consequence of the rigid manner in which the enemy watched the coast. Among others that write is Mr. John Brown, at one time the Secretary of the Marine Committee, who appears to have been Barry's agent in his money transactions. Some of the statements of this gentleman's letters are sufficiently curious. In one, speaking of the money received on behalf of his friend, he accounts for a part of it as follows, viz:

Paid Mrs. Barry, out of the money received from Mr. Donaldson, the 5th July, - - - $5715

November 10th, supplied Mrs. Barry, with *two casks of beer* and *one cheese*, amounting to - - $5600

Continental money is of course alluded to.

Barry had hardly got into port before he received orders to repair to Newport, and place himself under the orders of a certain Mons. Quernay, or Quincey, who commanded a ship called the Emerald, and who was to convoy a store ship from Boston, that was deemed to be of great importance to the movements of the fleet under De Grasse. Barry did not relish this service, and appears to have gotten rid of it on the two-fold ground that he wanted men, and that Mons. Quernay was not an officer in the French navy. After a protracted correspondence on the subject, the destination of the ship was altered. Men were sent from Philadelphia, and Barry sailed on a cruise toward the close of summer, taking the direction of the Western Islands, and France. He made a good many prizes, but none of any great value, and those that were got in sold at reduced prices, in consequence of the peace.

If Barry returned home, after sailing on this cruise, until the peace was made, we find no evidence of the fact among his papers. On the contrary, he states in his memorial that he received orders, while lying at Martinique early in 1783, to proceed to the Havana and give convoy to a ship called the Luzerne, or Lauzun, commanded by a Capt. Greene, and which ship was in the service of Congress, as a sort of store vessel, then bound home with a considerable sum of money. This was the last of Barry's service in that war, in face of the enemy. As there have been various conflicting accounts of the incidents of this passage, we shall relate the facts as they appear in an account written by Barry himself, shortly after his return to this country.

The Alliance sailed, in company with the Lauzun* and a Spanish fleet, March 6th, 1783, at 11 A. M. Of the Spaniards there were nine sail of the line, and a flotilla of small craft, the latter being bound down the coast. When the Americans got into the offing, they lay to to watch the movements of the Spanish vessels, being ignorant of their destination. After losing a little time in this manner, Barry determined to abandon the hope of receiving any protection from them, and he ordered the store ship to make sail on her course.

For two or three days the American vessels were much embarrassed in their movements, by the appearance of enemy's vessels that were probably apprised of their characters and objects, and an effort was made to join the Spanish fleet again, to get rid of these troublesome neighbors. Failing in this, the Alliance took more of the money out of the Lauzun, after which Barry appears to have had less concern for his charge.

On the night of March 9th, a strange ship was

* We have elsewhere given the name of this ship, from the printed accounts of the day, as the Luzerne. This was the name of the French minister, or the *Chevalier de la Luzerne*. But Barry calls the vessel the *Duc* de Lauzaun, and there having been in this country an officer who distinguished himself at York Town, the duc de Lauzun, afterward guillotined as the well known *duc de Biron*, we now presume Lauzun was the real name of the ship.



Painted by Edward Corbould. Engraved by C. W. Hodson

Paradise & the Peri

(FROM LALLA ROOKH)

Engraved Expressly for Graham's Magazine

UNIV. OF CH.

...ke at a good distance, and at 6 A. M. on the morn... the 11th they saw, at once known to be English ...ships of war, were seen within three leagues ... now wore to the northward, thinking still to ...Spaniards, but the Lauzun sailing badly, he ...ged to shorten sail, to keep within supporting ... At length, one of the strangers got so near ...ship that Barry advised Capt. Greene to ...clear ship and go into action. This was done, ...prepared two stern chasers, with which Lauzun began to fire on the nearest enemy. After this ...more ship fired a gun with her pursuers, and the ...vessel, which Barry had all along taken for an ...attacking vessel, being still uncertain. ...had decided on this step, Barry ...hauled up ...sails, ran between the Lauzun and her enemy ...ved several broadsides in so doing, ...he ...fire until within pistol shot, when it ...with great effect. A warm engage... ...contested for three quarters of an ... English vessel sheered out of the ... damaged. Almost at the same time, ...made sail from the Americans, neither ...ssed during the engagement. There can be ...on this movement was occasioned by the ... of the fourth stranger who turned out to be ...French two-decker. Barry spoke the latter, ...Americans, in company with their ship, made ...attempt to close again with the enemy. ...this design, on account of the ...ing ...commander of the convoy ...

... had ... and ... the Secretary of the Marine ... to Barry, under the date of May ... arrival of the Alliance in Ame... ...Swiger (an agent of the government in ...Indies) writes to me that the vessel which ...ed was a British frigate called the Sybell, of ... She arrived at Jamaica a mere wreck, hav... ...killed, and upwards of 50 wounded. The ... were one of 36 and one of 28 guns." ... the Sibyl, mounting 28 guns, was ... more fought. The English ac... ...much less, and they diminish ... The truth probably lies ...

Barry continued on the Alliance for some time after the peace, or until she was cut out of service, and all thought of maintaining a navy was abandoned. He then made several voyages to India, commanding a ship called the Asia. As was common to most of those who served America, much time was lost in soliciting commutation, half pay, or other compensation for wounds and dangers, but Barry appears to have taken the wiser course of relying on himself for support before he called on Jupiter.

In 1794, the country began to feel the necessity of possessing ships of war again, and six captains were appointed. Of the six that had stood before him in the continental navy, James Nicholson alone remained, all the rest having declined or been degraded, and Washington placed Barry first on the list of the new appointments, Nicholson not wishing to serve any longer. By these means our hero now became commander-in-chief of the American navy. It was not until 1798, however, that he got to sea in the United States 44, in which ship he served until the close of the French war. During the years 1798, 99 and 1800, Barry cruised on the coast commanded in the West Indies, and made one voyage to Lisbon. No opportunity occurred for distinguishing himself, though his character and example were rightly deemed to be of great importance to the infant marine. At the peace he was retained in service, dying of an asthmatic affection September 13th, 1803, and in the 59th year of his age.

John Barry was a man of fine personal appearance, and great dignity of manner. His deficiencies of education were, in a degree, repaired by strength of character and self-improvement. In most relations he was true to the country of his adoption, which he retained all the attachments of early life. He supported his father in his later years, and also retired a widow of [illegible] upon Pennsylvania. When a ... ...ship of the line was ... ... in 1777 ... he was ... rank of ... at the same time, ... that in the Revolution was not ... ...ble, though it wanted the ... ...circumstance of success, evincing stubborn ... great coolness, a variety of resources, and ... courage. The correspondence of Barry, which ... plain and unpretending, proves that he preserved the respect and entire confidence of his contemporaries. Owing to his career, and the situation he occupied at his death, his name will ever remain inseparable from the annals of the navy of the republic.

Barry's widow survived him many years, but he left no direct descendants.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turned
To the fair child who fearless sat,
Though never yet near human eye-beam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire!
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed. *Lalla Rookh.*

made at a good distance, and at 6 A. M. on the morning of the 11th three sail, at once known to be English vessels of war, were seen within three leagues. Barry now wore to the northward, thinking still to find the Spaniards, but the Lauzun sailing badly, he was obliged to shorten sail to keep within supporting distance. At length, one of the strangers got so near the store ship that Barry advised Capt. Greene to throw overboard most of his guns, which was done, with the exception of two stern chasers, with which the Lauzun opened on the nearest enemy. After this the store ship held way with her pursuers, and the fourth vessel, which Barry had all along taken for an ally, tacking toward him, the two remaining English cruisers keeping aloof, it was determined to engage the vessel that pressed the Lauzun, in the hope of still saving the latter. This was a delicate office, on account of the proximity of the two other English vessels, both of which appeared to be frigates, and the character of the fourth stranger being still uncertain.

As soon as he had decided on this step, Barry hauled up his courses, ran between the Lauzun and her enemy, received several broadsides in so doing, but held his own fire until within pistol shot, when it was delivered with great effect. A warm engagement succeeded, and lasted for three quarters of an hour, when the English vessel sheered out of the combat, greatly damaged. Almost at the same time, her consorts made sail from the Americans, neither having closed during the engagement. There can be little question this movement was occasioned by the approach of the fourth stranger who turned out to be a small French two-decker. Barry spoke the latter, when the Americans, in company with their ally, made a fruitless attempt to close again with the enemy. Abandoning this design, on account of the bad sailing of his consort, Barry took the remainder of the money out of the Lauzun, and reached home without any further adventure.

In this action the Alliance had 14 men killed and wounded. John Brown, the Secretary of the Marine Committee, wrote to Barry, under the date of May 10, 1783, or after the arrival of the Alliance in America—"Mr. Seagrove (an agent of the government in the West Indies) writes to me that the vessel which you engaged was a British frigate called the Sybell, of 32 guns. She arrived at Jamaica a mere wreck, having 37 men killed, and upwards of 50 wounded. The other two frigates were one of 36 and one of 28 guns." James admits that the Sibyl, mounting 28 guns, was the vessel that the Alliance fought. The English accounts make her loss much less, and they diminish the force of her consorts. The truth probably lies between the two statements.

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John Barry was a man of fine personal appearance, and great dignity of manner. His defects of education were, in a degree, repaired by strength of character and self-improvement. Like most Irishmen he was true to the country of his adoption, while he retained all the attachments of early life. He supported his father in his later years, and it is said refused a bribe of 13,000 guineas to give up the Effingham, when she was carried up the Delaware, on the approach of the British army in 1777. It is also believed he was offered rank in the British navy at the same time. Of his combats, that in the Raleigh was much the most creditable, though it wanted the crowning circumstance of success; evincing stubborn resolution, great coolness, a variety of resources, and unflinching courage. The correspondence of Barry, while it is plain and unpretending, proves that he preserved the respect and entire confidence of his cotemporaries. Owing to his career, and the situation he occupied at his death, his name will ever remain inseparable from the annals of the navy of the republic.

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Dark tales of many a ruthless deed. *Lalla Rookh.*

FEELING VERSUS BEAUTY.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

"But, Sybil, you have something better worth than beauty—you have genius, feeling, grace, and gifted thus you cannot fail to win him."

Sybil's dark eyes filled with tears, and, clasping her hands with passionate earnestness, she exclaimed—"And what are they all without it? All men shrink from genius in a woman, and they never give an ugly one credit for *feeling*. As to grace, there is not one in a thousand of them that has taste enough to appreciate that divine emanation of the soul. No, no, Eleanor, beauty and good temper are all they ask in us—gifted with more or less we only annoy or repel them. And yet—yes—I will—I must believe that Hamilton is an exception to the general rule. His letters are so filled with lofty and generous sentiment. They are so noble, so chivalric! He must be superior to all I have seen and known as yet."

Sybil Stanley's eyes were superb—her mouth affectionate and sweet; but she was not beautiful—not even handsome—and yet the color went and came in her cheek with such bewitching unexpectedness that her face was always interesting, and those who saw it once were sure to look again. She had been betrothed in childhood to her cousin Hamilton Herbert, at the wish of his dying father, and she had not seen him since he was a boy. He had been educated in Europe but was daily expected home. During the past year the cousins had carried on a playful and affectionate correspondence, of the latter part of which we will make some extracts.

Herbert to Sybil.

Do not tell me, Sybil, that I must not expect to find you beautiful. The soul that glows in your letters must speak in your face also. It must talk in changeful and ever eloquent blushes on your cheek, in radiant glances from your eyes. It must express itself in a graceful and noble bearing—it must lend its rare, rich music to your voice, its purity to your smile—I don't see for my part how you can help being lovely, and I will not believe you to be otherwise. For years you have been my ideal, my star, my dream, "my beautiful hope." I have compared with the sweet picture in my heart the charms of every land through which I have passed—the languid and voluptuous grace of the Spaniard—the impassioned loveliness of the dark-eyed Italian—the light, buoyant, spirituelle daughter of gay and gorgeous France—the high-bred, blooming English belle—all yield the palm to you; for I imagine that in you are combined the enchantments of each—grace, feeling, refinement, vivacity and wit—they must all meet in my Sybil. . . . . .

Sybil to Herbert.

Hamilton, I implore you not to come to me with that false and fatal dream of beauty in your soul; it cannot be realized in me, and your disappointment will destroy your love. I wrote this morning some playful verses on the subject—but though written half in jest you must read them in earnest—

Oh! come not to me, if you sigh for the splendor
That 'neath the lash lightens, in Beauty's blue eye,
I have naught but affection, true, timid and tender;
If this be not dear to you—*all* to you—fly!

Oh! seek not my side, if the grace of a ringlet,
That goldenly floats, too beguiling can be;
A love such as yours is can ne'er want a winglet,—
Go! wave it o'er others—but come not to me!

Oh! come not to me, if you watch the glow stealing
O'er Beauty, like rose-light of morning on snow;
No bloom warms my cheek, save the wild-rose of Feeling!
If this be not dear to you—*all* to you—go!

—

Sybil was dancing through the garden, with her little baby brother mounted on her back and clinging with his dimpled limbs around her—her classic head half turned to meet the happy smile of her playmate, her dark curls floating from her forehead, her eyes, cheeks and lips kindled with the glow of exercise, and the grace of her fine form charmingly developed by the attitude—she met the gaze of a young man who was just entering the gate—her heart told her at once who it was, and lightly swinging the child to the ground she stood for an instant perfectly still, with locked hands and drooping head, in an attitude of enchanting timidity. Hamilton Herbert sprung forward with a smile, which gloriously illumined his dark and noble face, and exclaimed—"Sybil! It *is* Sybil, is it not?" The clasped hands were placed frankly and affectionately in his, and, for a moment, there was an eloquent pause of wordless emotion.

—

Preparations were making for the wedding, when one morning Sybil received a letter from a young cousin, reminding her of a promise made years before, that she should be her bridemaid. A shadow crossed the frank, sweet face of our heroine when she read this epistle. "I am so sorry," she exclaimed, as she placed it in her lover's hands.

"I see nothing to be sorry for, Sybil," said he. "It is a very sweet, simple, affectionate letter, rather too sentimental perhaps; but the love she evidently feels for you would redeem a graver fault than that. Is this her real name—Zephyrine?"

"Oh no! she was christened Nancy, after my aunt; but she adopted this years ago, and insists upon her friends calling her so."

Herbert smiled—"And why do you regret her coming?"

Sybil colored and was silent—but there was an expression of pain on her ingenuous face which interested and surprised her lover, and he repeated his question more earnestly.

"I will tell you, Hamilton," she said, raising her eyes to his, "at the risk of being misunderstood. I will tell you frankly, because I think it my duty. My cousin is exquisitely beautiful, and I dread the effect of her beauty upon you."

"Sybil! can *you* be so weak?"

"I dread it for my own sake, cousin—still more for yours. If you trust her—if you love her, you are lost!"

"Oh, Sybil! her letter is simplicity itself, and she seems to worship *you*."

Sybil burst into tears.

CHAPTER II.

Heed not her sigh,
'T is Falsehood's breath;
Trust not her eye,
Belief is death.

It was winter—the wedding was to take place in three weeks. The Stanleys had returned to New York from their country seat, and Herbert one evening was alone in the conservatory attached to Sybil's sitting-room. A Croton fountain played in the centre. He was leaning against a pillar, and gazing down into the marble basin, when suddenly a face, delicately beautiful, smiled from the water and vanished. He started and turned. A slight rustle among the plants, as of some one gliding swiftly away, was all that betrayed the presence of another. He returned to the sitting-room, restless and wondering; but Sybil came in, looking paler than usual, and the trouble in that dear face recalled him to himself.

"What ails you, dearest?" he asked.

"Nothing!—but—she has come!" said the poor girl in a low voice, then, passionately clasping her hands, she bent an earnest, almost imploring, gaze upon his face.

"Who, Sybil?—who has come?"

"My cousin."

"Zephyrine?"

At this moment the door softly opened, and a light, airy-looking creature—lovely as a dream—stole into the room, sunk upon a footstool at Sybil's feet, and, leaning her head on her cousin's lap, looked up to Herbert through the soft fair curls that fell over her face, and said, in a voice bewitchingly, childishly sweet, and with a naive and simple earnestness of manner—

"Are you my Cousin Hamilton?"

The words were nothing, but the enchanting melody of her tone, the exquisite, childlike grace of her attitude, the ineffable expression of those lovely eyes, all *told* upon his heart, and for a moment he was perfectly bewildered with delight, surprise and admiration. He gazed from one to the other.

"Yes, Zephyrine," said Sybil, very quietly; "this is our cousin, Hamilton Herbert."

The beauty put up a little hand dazzlingly white, drew back the curls from her eyes and said, with an arch smile, "Why don't you ask me how I do?"

Gifted with a rare and peculiar charm, her voice and manner lent a grace to these simple questions which Hamilton knew not how to resist.

With a woman's instinct, Sybil saw that the spell was at work. She dared not remain lest she should betray her feelings, and, coldly releasing herself from Zephyrine's embrace, she left the room.

The young girl remained seated on the footstool at Herbert's feet, and, raising her eyes full of tears to his face, with a touching expression of sorrow, she said—"I wish I knew how to make Sybil love me as I love her. She is so good and so intellectual—so superior to me—she is just such a friend as I need, for I am very wild and inexperienced. I want some one to guide me and to teach me. But she is always so cold that I am afraid of her. I lost my mother when I was very young, and I do a thousand things I ought not to—will *you* be my friend, Cousin Hamilton?"

There was no resisting this appeal—so artless, so confiding, so tender. Hamilton replied to it with affectionate fervor, and the cousins were sworn friends from that hour.

"Do go away, child," exclaimed Zephyrine, and her delicate cheek flushed with anger as she spoke, for little Willie, Sybil's brother, attracted by her beauty, had climbed the sofa by her side, and was stroking her lovely hair. "Go and play—do, I can't bear children." Willie gazed at her for a moment, with his large eyes full of sorrowful wonder, and then slowly returned to his playthings on the rug at Sybil's feet.

A well-known step was heard on the stairs. Zephyrine sprung from the couch, and, flinging her fairy form on the floor by his side in the most picturesque manner imaginable, began to caress the boy with great apparent fondness.

"What a charming tableau!" said Herbert, as he entered. "Is n't it, Sybil?"

"Very," she replied, with a slight curl of her graceful lip.

Herbert looked surprised and displeased at her tone, but Willie withdrew from Zephyrine's embrace, and, nestling close to his sister, said simply, "Just now, cousin, you pushed me away from you, and said you could n't bear children, and I do n't want you to play with me if you do n't love me."

The discomfited beauty colored, but exclaimed, "Willie! what a fib you are telling!"

"Sister," said Willie," what does 'fib' mean?"

"It means an untruth, dear."

"But I have not told an untruth, Sybil."

"No, darling."

Zephyrine hid her face in her hands, and *seemed* to be weeping—her sweet voice faltered as she exclaimed, "Oh, Sybil, how unkind you always are to me! You know I was only in play when I pushed Willie."

Sybil was silent and the beauty sobbed audibly. Hamilton, touched by her sorrow, could not help saying,

"You are indeed ungenerous, cousin. Do you not see that you have deeply grieved her?"

Sybil resolutely shut her eyes to hide the tears that anguish forced into them, and, with a slight quiver of her lip, bent over her work—but Willie, with the instinct of a loving heart, felt that she was suffering, and, springing into her arms, put his round her neck. "Let us go up stairs away from them," he whispered.

And again Herbert was left alone with his dangerous companion, and again was he beguiled into sympathy and confidence by the alluring grace and pleading tenderness of her manner.

Thus it went on—the lovers gradually and almost imperceptibly estranged from each other, and Zephyrine winding herself like a beautiful serpent around the heart of her victim.

One evening she tripped into the room where Herbert and Sybil were sitting, dressed for a fancy ball, in the becoming costume of a Sicilian boatwoman. Her beautiful hair, partly confined by a net whose crimson tassels mingled on her cheek with a rich profusion of golden curls—the small black hat placed coquettishly on one side—the short, full, gray petticoat, striped with red—the bodice of green velvet—the little dainty slippers, with crimson lacings crossed and recrossed over her delicate ankles—and the light, shining over, which she held with graceful ease—the whole was exquisitely picturesque. She was singing gaily a boat-song, as she came in, and Herbert, more than ever enchanted, playfully joined in the chorus.

Oh! share my bark!—the night is dark,
And wild the wintry weather;
And Love will light his taper bright;
We 'll gaily row together!

"Cousin Hamilton, I came to persuade you to go to the ball with me. You are not obliged to be in costume—do come! there 's a dear cousin!" and, leaning on his arm, she looked up coaxingly in his face.

"Sybil," said Herbert, hesitatingly.

"Do not hesitate on *my* account, cousin," said Sybil, proudly.

Herbert went, and, on his return home at night, found in his room a letter, which almost brought him to his senses.

"Dear cousin—It is time I should free you from an engagement, which is evidently a restraint to your heart. I do it cordially. Farewell! and may God be with you! Your sincere friend,

"Sybil Stanley."

Such was the letter which the proud girl wrote to her lover, but the following lines, written in a journal and blotted with tears, are a better transcript of her feelings at the time:

Go, then, forever! since your heart
Can stoop to one so light, so vain,
Though Hope must perish if we part,
With calm resolve I break the chain.

Go, then, forever, at the shrine
Of Beauty bend that noble brow,
Pour forth the love *I* dreamed divine,
And *more than waste* wild Passion's vow.

Yes, yes! her eyes are stars of night—
Her cheek, a rose in dainty bloom—
Her radiant smile, the morning's light—
Her sigh, the violet's soft perfume.

Go, then, forever! leave the soul
From which your lightest look or tone—
As zephyr o'er the air-harp stole—
Could wake a music all your own.

Leave, leave me with my breaking heart—
If Grief would let me, I could smile,
To see an idle toy of art,
So grand a soul as yours beguile.

But when, through Beauty's veil of light,
You seek in vain for Feeling's fire,
Remember one—whose day is night—
Who breaks, for you, her heart and lyre!

Herbert came the next day to remonstrate with Sybil—whom he still loved—to own his momentary infatuation and to implore her to forgive it; but he had hardly seated himself to await her coming, when Zephyrine, in her childish morning dress, looking fresh and sweet as a rose-bud, came dancing into the room, and, seeing his look of sadness, flew to his side, laid her light hand upon his forehead and asked, in a voice of touching tenderness, if he were ill. With a moment's struggle, Herbert yielded once more to the strange charm of the little enchantress. Poor Sybil was again forgotten, and Zephyrine was listening, "with downcast eyes and modest grace," to a fervent declaration of love, when a voice, which made her start with clasped hands from the half embrace in which he held her, was heard in the hall.

"'T is he!—he has come!" she exclaimed.

"He! Who? What do you mean, Zephyrine?"

"Hush!" said the little actress, placing her finger on her lovely mouth, in a listening attitude.

A young, dissipated-looking man entered the room.

"How are you, Zeph?" said he, coolly drawing her toward him, and imprinting a kiss upon her cheek.

"Oh! Charles! I am so glad you have come at last! I have been so unhappy! Why did you stay so long? Mr. Murray, Mr. Herbert."

It was evidently an engagement. With one reproachful look to the beautiful coquette, whose only reply was a light laugh and a graceful but saucy shake of the head, Herbert left the lovers to themselves.

Sybil had long ago discovered the utter heartlessness—the consummate duplicity of Zephyrine's character. She had known more than one noble heart victimized by her fascinating arts, and had therefore dreaded her power upon Herbert. She was aware of, but had thoughtlessly promised to keep secret, her engagement to Murray, who was a handsome, good-natured, but shallow-brained and shallow-hearted youth, very rich and very dissipated.

The reader must guess if Sybil forgave her lover. I can only say that the last time I saw her, she was smoothing, with a mother's care, the silken curls of a beautiful little girl, whose dark eyes were very like those of a certain wight we wot of by the name of Hamilton Herbert.

NUREMBERG.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.
Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng.

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the Emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy Castle, time defying, centuries old;
And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great Imperial City stretched its hand through every clime. (1)

In the court-yard of the Castle, bound with many an iron band,
Waves the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand.
On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise. (2)

Every where I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art—
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart,
And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;
In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air. (3)

Here, when Art was still Religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;
Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies;
Dead he is not—but departed—for the Artist never dies.
Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.
From remote and sunless suburbs, came they to the friendly guild,
As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime;
Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed; (4)
But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song, (5)
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.
And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the Master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.
Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers win for thee the world's regard,
But thy painter Albrecht Dürer and Hans Sachs thy cobbler bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay;
Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labor, the long pedigree of toil.

—

NOTES.

(1) The old popular proverb in rhyme—

> Nuremberg's hand
> Goes through every land.

(2) Melchior Pfinzing, author of *Teuerdank*, the most celebrated German poem of the sixteenth century. The hero was the reigning Emperor Maximilian; and the poem was to the Germans of that day, what the Orlando Furioso was to the Italians.

(3) This tabernacle or pix is of white stone, sixty feet high, and stands near the painted windows of the choir.

(4) The Twelve Wise Masters was the title of the original corporation of the Mastersingers. Hans Sachs, the Cobbler of Nuremberg, though not one of the original Twelve, was the most renowned of the Mastersingers, as well as the most voluminous. He flourished in the sixteenth century; and left behind him thirty-four folio volumes of manuscript, containing two hundred and eight plays, one thousand and seven hundred comic tales, and between four and five thousand lyric poems.

(5) Adam Puschman, in his poem on the Death of Hans Sachs, describes him as he appeared in a vision—

> An old man,
> Gray and white, and dove-like,
> Who had, in sooth, a great beard,

THE SMITH OF AUGSBURG.

A LEGEND.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

THREE hundred years ago there lived at Augsburg a lad named Willibald, apprentice to a smith, whose diligence and industry obtained him the approval and regard of his master, while his good nature and obliging disposition caused him to be a favorite with all who knew him. His master, in truth, so highly estimated his skillfulness and excellent workmanship, that, when the boy grew into a man, he offered to make him his partner, and moreover hinted that he was not displeased at the young man's friendship with his daughter.

Now, this alarmed Willibald, who, though certainly much favored by the young lady, was quite free from any feeling of love for her. He replied to all her advances with distant though profound respect; and the reason of his coldness was apparent.

In the small house opposite lived Dame Martha, a respectable widow, with a granddaughter of uncommon loveliness, about sixteen years of age. The sweet face of the young Ellen had quite captivated the heart of Willibald; and when he saw her through the window, or the open door, neatly dressed, sitting at the spinning wheel, or heard her clear voice warbling hymns, he thought there could be no happiness so great as that of calling her his own. Ellen was her grandam's darling, and the delight of her eyes, and the old woman seldom suffered her to stir from her sight. So that there was no opportunity for the youth to declare the passion with which the fair girl had inspired him.

For a long while did Willibald wish in vain for some pretence for a visit to their dwelling, but fortune at length favored him. One day, when the snow and ice made the ground so slippery as to be dangerous to an infirm person, he saw Dame Martha coming out of the church alone. He hastened to offer her the assistance of his arm, and conducted her home. She invited him to enter, for she thought to herself that only a very worthy young man would be so courteously attentive to an aged dame. She offered him also a cup of beer, which the pretty Ellen presented with her own hands.

Who was now happier than Willibald? From this day he was one of Dame Martha's most frequent visiters, and was always received with a welcome. In process of time, he made bold to lay open his heart to the old woman, and ask permission to make love to her granddaughter. "My dear young friend," was her reply, "I have the highest esteem for you, and, indeed, could never wish for Ellen a better husband than yourself. I believe she loves you, too, as much as becomes a damsel; but you have not yet sufficient for the support of a wife. I can give my little girl nothing except a good stock of clothing as her portion, and it is not the part of prudence to commence life by falling into debt. Save from your wages a decent sum, say thirty gold pieces; that will be enough, as I know, for a beginning, then come and receive your bride with my blessing."

Willibald was almost beside himself with joy. He had now an object for labor and frugality, and he redoubled his industry, laying by carefully all he made. Ellen assisted him, for she was much attached to him, and spun more briskly than ever, now that she was permitted to add her small savings to her lover's store. The lovers met less frequently, but their time passed pleasantly, for they were both incessantly occupied, with hope to animate their toil. Every Sunday evening Willibald went over to Dame Martha's, and told her how much he had earned and saved the preceding week. Thus the weeks passed, and eighteen months rolled by, and the young smith with joy announced himself master of five-and-twenty gold pieces.

About this time Dame Martha became indisposed with a bad cough, which rendered her almost helpless, at least quite unable to work according to her custom. Her physician prescribed change of air, and said a longer abode in the narrow and confined streets of the city would kill her. She must remove to the country. The dame followed this advice, and took a little cottage in the suburbs, about an hour's walk from the city.

Willibald was grieved enough when he found himself so far from his beloved; but he loved her the more, and proved the truth of the old proverb, "the further off the charmer, the dearer the way to her." Every Sunday he went to visit her, and thought the air of the country even improved her beauty.

One day, as Willibald approached the house, Ellen came to meet him weeping. She sobbed bitterly as he drew near, and exclaimed, "Ah, Willibald, what a misfortune!"

"You know it, then!" cried he, with faltering voice.

"What—no—what?" asked Ellen, quickly and eagerly.

"That I have been robbed of my box of money," answered the youth, in a tone of anguish. "I could find it nowhere this morning; some one has stolen it. You see all our prudence and foresight has gone for nothing."

* There is much meaning in some of the old German popular legends; one could construct a moral tale on the hints frequently afforded. Here is one I have picked up at random, and give as simple as possible.

"Alas!" replied Ellen, "then misfortunes never come single! Yesterday morning a rich gentleman came to our cottage. He asked for a drink of water, and when I handed it to him, looked at me earnestly, and asked if I would go with him and be his wife. I answered 'no,' but he returned early this morning, and demanded me of my grandam. His name is Werner; he is a rich merchant from Ulm. Even now he is sitting in the room yonder, with my grandam, drinking wine, and telling her of his house and lands, while his servant, who stands by the chimney, confirms every thing he says. But be comforted, dear Willibald; my grandam may say what she will, I will die rather than be faithless to you!"

Here Dame Martha came out of the house, and commanded Ellen to go in directly. The poor girl was forced to obey; and the old woman said to Willibald, "Young man, I came to say to you that I think it best you should come no more to my cottage. A rich man is a suitor to my Ellen, and it is my duty to do what is for her good. I say nothing of myself and my infirm age; I could cheerfully bear hardship, but I wish to see her surrounded by comfort and elegance. I put it to yourself—what could you offer the girl? Would you have her bind herself to poverty and toil, now when she may place herself in ease and affluence?"

"Very good—very good, Dame Martha!" cried Willibald, half choking with emotion. "I say nothing of your conduct! If you choose to break an honest fellow's heart—and your own word also—'t is all the same to you!"

"But, Willibald," persisted the dame, "listen to me"—but the impetuous youth was already several paces off. She called after him, but the sound of her voice did not serve to check the mad speed at which he rushed on. Despair drove him; and he slacked not his pace till he found himself in the open fields, night gathering around him. It was darker night, however, in his own breast. He threw himself on the ground and cursed himself and his destiny—for no tears would come to his relief. When he thought, too, of Ellen, and her wretchedness, his heart was like to break.

Some hours must have passed unmarked in the indulgence of his grief, for it was late when he rose, and tried to his find way homeward. After wandering about some time, without being able to discover the road, he found that he was in a church-yard. The tall spire of the church was visible at some distance, in relief against the drifting clouds. "There is the house where the people go to pray," murmured the youth bitterly. "Have I not also prayed, have I not toiled, have I not denied myself? Have I not kept my soul from taint of sin? And what is my reward? Ellen is lost to me. Prayers will not give her back; else could I pray—aye, to the bad fiend himself—and promise to be his, so *she* would be mine!"

Scarce had the distracted youth uttered these wild words, when a sound of shrill laughter near startled him, and, looking round, he saw a figure which he had no difficulty in recognizing by the well-known horns and cloven foot. "I am here," cried he in hoarse tones, "at your service, and ready to do your bidding; asking only a small service in return."

"What is that?" Willibald mustered courage to say, though he trembled all over.

"You are, as I happen to know," said the fiend, "an excellent smith. I have a piece of work for you. Follow me; I will take you to a spot where lies buried one of my subjects. You must make me an iron railing round this grave; and, in reward, I will give you your bride."

"If you have nothing more to ask, I am content," replied the young man.

"This is all; but it is a harder task than you imagine. You have but one hour to work. At twelve you must begin, and the railing must be completed by the time the clock strikes one. If it is done, you are free; if not, you belong to me forever."

Willibald paused an instant, but a flood of wild thoughts came rushing upon his brain; and the passionate desire to snatch Ellen from his rival overcame all his prudence. He pledged himself to the unhallowed contract, and followed the fiend, who hobbled on till he stood by a new-made grave. "To your work, my lad," he cried, and vanished.

At the same instant, Willibald saw fire spring out of the ground beside him, and caught a glimpse of several bars of iron, and the tools of his trade. The clock on the church-tower struck twelve, and, starting, he betook himself to work. So diligently did he apply himself, that the work grew rapidly under his hand; the railing was almost finished. A single screw only was wanting to complete it, when the dull sound of the clock was heard striking one, and Willibald fell to the ground insensible.

When his sense returned it was morning, the sun was shining brightly, and he thought all that had passed a wild dream. But a sight of the railing nearly finished around the grave, and a rusty bar of iron lying on the ground, convinced him of its reality. There was, however, no trace of the fire, and the tools had disappeared.

Full of shame and repentance, Willibald hastened to the church, to pray more earnestly than he had ever prayed before, for the pardon of his dreadful sin. His heart was lighter after the prayer; but he could not go home to work that day, and sadly he walked toward Dame Martha's cottage.

Ellen came to meet him, as before, and shed tears as she threw her arms round his neck.

"This time," she said, "they are tears of joy. When you left us so suddenly yesterday, I also came from the house, and into this little garden, where I might weep undisturbed. I sat there long, Willibald, long after dusk; when, as I leaned my head on the table yonder, thinking hopelessly of you, a female figure approached me. She resembled my dead mother; but she smiled very sweetly, Willibald, and said, 'Weep not, my child, but pray—pray for your lover; he is in very great danger.' She vanished before I could thank her; but I remembered her words and prayed for you, Willibald, all night long."

The young man shuddered, but raised his eyes upward in thankfulness.

"Early this morning," continued the damsel, "came Herr Werner; I went out to meet him, and told him I would die rather than become his wife. He was much vexed, but, without another word, mounted his horse and rode away, followed by his servant. My grandam was angry, but my conscience told me I did right, and now that you return to me in safety, Willibald, I am sure that I have the blessing of Heaven."

And the young smith felt the same assurance, when, a few days after, his box of treasure was restored to him by his master's daughter, who, in a fit of jealousy or love of mischief, had stolen it from him. Dame Martha could no longer withhold her consent; but, before Willibald dared to claim Ellen as his bride, he confessed his great sin to the priest, and submitted to the penance enjoined upon him, and this *of course* saved him.

The lovers were married and lived happily, remembering their past troubles only as a warning against discontent and a want of submission to Providence. "If I had been suffered to perish then," would Willibald say, "my want of faith would have deserved such a doom!" To this day the poor people of Augsburg learn the same lesson; for to this day the iron railing, with its one screw wanting, is an object of wonder and curiosity. Many skillful workmen have essayed to furnish a screw that will fit, but the current saying is, that "*no thread will ever be made for it, unless by the* FIEND HIMSELF," and we incline to the same opinion.

TO—"YE KEN WHO."

BY HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

O NOT with heartless eulogy,
Or flattery's idle word,
Can I approach the crystal fount
God's breath has often stirred;
With thee I own a higher spell,
And feel a purer air,
For when I strive to speak thy praise
It trembles into prayer!
Prophetic thoughts that silent dwell
Beside the source of tears,
And hopes that seem too sweet and high
To know the blight of years,—
A solemn tenderness that pleads
That life to such as thee
May prove more happy and divine
Than it is wont to be,—
All—all forbid that I profane
The shrine of grace and youth
With any tribute but a wreath
Twined by the hand of truth.
As I listen, dearest, to thy voice,
And look within thine eyes,
To trace the workings of thy soul
With exquisite surprise,
Or watch thy fancies quiver
Like dew-drops on the grass,
I think some dream of beauty
In thee has come to pass;
And visions rise of fairer worlds
Whose memory time has quelled,
The weight of life is lifted,
The gloom of earth dispelled;
I see the bloom upon the grass,
The sparkle on the wave,
And fear no more the shaft of fate,
Or shadow of the grave;
A faith in something bright and good
That cannot pass away,
Redeems the world from loneliness
And hope from slow decay.
I ask not for thee, dearest,
The weary crown of fame,
Earth boasts no sweeter title
Than thy loved and gentle name;
I would not that thy goodness
Should dim in fortune's glare,
Or thy flowers of pleasure wither
In the world's corrupted air;
But round thy pathway ever
May kindly spirits throng,
And thy soul ne'er vainly listen
For an echo to its song;
And when affection's vine shall shoot
Around its elm to twine,
O mayest thou find as fond a heart
And true a love as mine!

SONNET.

There is a God! The wise man's heart declares,
There is an author to the wondrous birth
Of light and life—which nature guily wears,
When music-toned her smile rests on the earth.
There is a God! The sky his presence shares,
His hand upheaves the billows in their mirth,
Destroys the mighty, yet the humble spares,
And with contentment crowns the thought of worth.
THERE IS A GOD! To doubt it, were to fly
Mad in the face of Reason and Design;—
To lift the vision of the mole on high,
And, blinded by the sunlight there, repine;
This is the fool's part! To the wise man's eye,
The light uplifts him to the Source Divine! c. c.

ELSIE AND ISABEL.

OR TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"Alas for the sweet lady!"

"AND do these cold words come from your heart, Isabel?"

"I seldom speak that which my heart belies," replied the fair girl, almost sternly.

"And yet a few short weeks ago those lips were warm with softer words; can the heart of woman change so easily?"

"Even so," said Isabel George, turning away her head that the moonlight should not reveal the tears that started to her eyes. "Even so the privilege of change should not always rest with men. It is true, a short week ago I said that my heart was yours, now I say—"

"That it is another's!" said the proud man by her side, while his lips grew pale, and, even in the dim light, the kindling of his eye was discernible.

Isabel started, the hot blood flushed into her cheek, and a smile, scornful and yet with a strange mournfulness mingling with its triumphant expression, curved her beautiful lip.

"Your own heart has pointed out the falsehood of mine," she said; "see how we have learned to read each other!"

The young man turned away, and moved a few paces down the garden-walk, which led to the clump of mountain ash-trees under which they had been standing. But the moonlight had scarcely fallen on his forehead when he turned hastily back, and drawing close to the young girl where she stood supporting herself against the slender trunk of the tree that sheltered her agitation from his sight, and he addressed her in a voice so low that it scarcely rose above the whispering of the leaves all around, and yet that suppressed voice was very, very calm—calm with intense passion.

"Let us understand each other," it said. "You wish to break the engagement that has existed between us two years?"

"Yes," said Isabel, and now her voice sunk almost to a whisper; "yes."

"And you love me no longer?"

There was a moment of intense silence. Twice Isabel essayed to speak, but no words came from those white lips. She put her hand up as if to loosen something from her throat, but it was keen emotion that seemed strangling her, not the light chain of gold that hung loosely from that slender neck. As the quivering hand fell again, Park Oram grasped it convulsively in his and repeated the question.

Isabel George answered him then, "It is true, I love you no longer!"

"As she uttered the falsehood, Isabel felt her head reel, and the heart within her bosom tremble like a wounded bird.

The vise-like grasp that had prisoned her finger gave way—not another word was spoken, and the miserable girl stood gasping for breath and clinging wildly to the ash, that he might not see her fall to the earth and thus know how wretched she was. She watched him as he almost ran up the garden. She saw him turn a corner of the rude old dwelling that seemed a home to her no longer, then the sound of a gate, clashing with a harsh noise, jarred on her ear, and she sunk slowly to the ground grasping upward and trying to regain her hold on the tree, till her face fell forward cold and white upon the wet grass.

There was a shadow that of a young girl, moving to and fro before the gable window of that old dwelling, and the thrifty honeysuckle, that wove and twisted itself up the portico and around the projecting eaves, twinkled in its dew and brightened up for yards around as the sash was flung open and a lamp held forth into the still night.

That was a beautiful face which looked forth through the dusky blossoms and wet leaves of the old vine—beautiful but anxious—and there was something lurking in those light-blue eyes, an expression about the soft red mouth which would have struck a beholder unpleasantly though he might not have known the exact cause of his sensations. Still, as she bent forward through that painted window with the sleeve of her white dress falling back from a snowy and rounded arm which took the strong lamplight like a limb of marble—with that sombre back ground and her soft auburn ringlets catching the golden rays—an artist would have forgotten that slightly unpleasant expression, which, after all, might not have been observed by one searching only for personal loveliness.

After a moment the lamp was taken in. A muslin curtain crossed like a snow-wreath over the window; the chamber door opened and the light glanced now through one window and again through another, as it was carried down stairs through a door and out into the vine-laden portico.

"I am sure I heard the gate close half an hour ago," murmured Elsie Ware, placing the lamp on a wooden seat that ran half across the front of the building, "and footsteps crossing up from the garden—*his*

footsteps, I could not mistake them; but where can he have gone—where is she?—together! Good heavens! they cannot have explained—she would *not* tell him. It is impossible! they cannot have gone away together!"

Elsie Ware moved hurriedly to and fro on the portico, as she uttered these broken exclamations. Then, springing down to the rude stepping-stone which led into the garden, she turned her face eagerly, first on one side and then on another, as if searching for some one amid the thick, damp shrubbery, now but dimly lighted by the waning moon. No sound disturbed the sweet repose of the garden. Nothing but the leaves shining in the dew, patches of faint light and dense shadows blending together, met the eye of that anxious girl.

She hurried back into the portico, and seized the lamp which flared in the wind, but still was powerful enough to reveal the startled expression of the young creature, who, in shading it with one hand, threw the whole strength of the blaze on her working and now pallid features.

She hurried down the principal walk, peering eagerly amid the shrubbery on either side, and regardless of the dew which rained over her muslin dress as she brushed by the flowing branches.

"They went this way, I am certain of it," she murmured, while her soft eyes kindled with keen excitement beneath the concentrated glare of the lamp. "Somewhere hereabouts she must be, dead or alive. Yes, yes," she added, and a gleam of exultation shot over her features, "now I think of it, he walked so fast—he almost ran—she could not have been with him! Oh! there, there—beneath the ash-trees—I see her white dress!"

She sprung forward, her hand fell from before the lamp, its light danced over the clusters of rich, scarlet berries with which the trees were covered an instant, and was extinguished.

But Elsie Ware had seen the white garments of her friend and school companion, beneath the trees, and there was still moonlight enough twinkling through the boughs to reveal the pale features of Isabel George as Elsie passed her trembling hand beneath the forehead and lifted it from the grass.

"Isabel, speak—are you ill?" said Elsie Ware, in a voice much sharper than her usual sweet tones.

Isabel struggled a little, but her head sunk back into the lap of Elsie Ware, and she made no reply.

Again Elsie spoke, and her voice was still rendered almost harsh with contending feelings.

"Tell me what has happened," she said. Is Oram gone? I thought you had more pride, Isabel George."

"Pride—what has pride to do with affection?" murmured Isabel, sitting up fully and making an effort to sweep back the damp hair that had fallen over her face. "I am not proud—no, I am not proud, for I must always love him—always—forever and ever. But *he* loves you, Elsie Ware. Pride should make me hate him—hate you, but I do neither. I would die for him—die, that is nothing; but I could live—oh, that is to suffer, that wants strength—live and yield him up. Elsie Ware, Elsie Ware, how happy you will be! But I do not hate you—it is envy, grief, not hate!"

"Isabel, you frighten me—have you lost your senses completely?" exclaimed Elsie Ware, in a reproachful and startled voice.

"Perhaps I have," replied Isabel, with a wan smile; "oh, yes, perhaps I have, but do not mind what I am saying—of course, you know, there must be a little feeling in such matters, but it is all over now."

"It *is* all over then," said Elsie, in a voice and with a look where joy spoke forth in spite of herself.

"Yes, yes," replied Isabel, almost wildly; "come, let us go to the house," and, with a desperate effort, the poor girl arose to her feet and staggered out from beneath the shadow of those trees that had witnessed the breaking of her heart.

Elsie Ware followed her victim, and, winding an arm around her waist, supported her up the walk. Twice she attempted to speak, but the words died on her lips.

"You did not tell him?" she said at last.

"No, I told him nothing," was the quick reply.

"Nor even hinted that you were conscious of his love for me?"

"Why ask these questions? You had my promise," said Isabel, still more impatiently.

"Yes, yes, I know; but did he not demand some explanation?"

"I do not know. You had my promise, I have kept it, how I can scarcely tell, but my conscience is clear—good night!" and, weaving her fingers convulsively together, Isabel began to pace up and down the portico.

"Will you not come with me and try to sleep some? You were awake all last night and the night before that. Come, I shall be very unhappy if you take this to heart so deeply."

"*You* unhappy!" repeated poor Isabel, shaking her head with a mournful smile. "Have you not told me that he loves you?"

Elsie had opened the door, and was busy relighting her lamp by one which stood upon a table in the passage.

"Come," she said, approaching Isabel once again, but when that unhappy girl turned her face to the light, her destroyer drew back and hesitated; there was something so heart-stricken, so utterly hopeless in the expression of those beautiful features, that she could not go on.

"Take the light away," said Isabel, passing her hand feebly across her eyes. "Go to your room, I beseech you—I will follow you."

"Well," said Elsie, "perhaps you will be better after a few minutes' solitude. Good-night, dear—good-night."

With these words Elsie turned away and went up stairs. She entered the pretty sleeping bower, which, three weeks before, her friend and school companion had decorated for her accommodation. She set her lamp on the snow-white toilet, took a little ruby pin from the folds of muslin it had gathered over her bosom, and thrust it slowly into the heart of a silken

rose-bud which glowed on the satin cushion reflected in the dressing-glass. The hand was a little unsteady, but a tinge of color was deepening in that round cheek all the while she prepared herself for rest. "She will take it hard at first, but these things do not last," she murmured, while her head sunk to the frilled pillow. But the quick footsteps of Isabel George, as she paced the portico, could be heard faintly in the quiet chamber, and for a little time they disturbed the repose that was stealing over the eyelids of her guest. She lifted her head and listened a moment, then nestling down again her little hand stole itself softly between the pillow and her cheek, and, murmuring "all is fair in love," she sunk to sleep.

All that night Isabel walked back and forth on the portico of her dwelling, and when the morning dawned, when the old vine overhead began to twinkle and shake off its perfume in the beautiful light, she went up stairs and entered the room of her guest. She was sound asleep, and smiling like a child in its dreams. "How happy she is!" murmured poor Isabel, and, closing the door softly after her, she went to another room. In about an hour she came forth again, pale as death, but mournfully calm. Elsie was at her toilet, turning the ringlets of her auburn hair around her fingers, and dropping them carelessly over her cheek, which was a little, very little paler than usual.

"I hope you are better this morning, dear Isabel," she said, with a graceful bend of the neck on one side as she dropped one of the longest curls on her shoulders.

Isabel approached, and, resting her hand on the toilet, lifted her eyes to the lovely face of her rival. She, too, was beautiful, and both were reflected in the mirror—Isabel with her pallid face, and those dim shadows giving to her eyes an intensely mournful expression, her garments damp with night-dew, and her rich, golden hair gathered in disheveled waves back from her temples—and Elsie, with bloom on cheek and lip, coquetting gracefully with her ringlets. It was a painful contrast—painful was it to know that the pure of heart, the creature of deep, passionate and lofty feeling should become a victim to that other being who had just intellect enough for successful falsehood, imagination sufficient for fraud, and whose most exalted feelings were less dignified than the very faults of her victim.

"Elsie," said Isabel George, in the calm, sad voice which never left her after that day, "you asked me last night if I had no pride; I can answer you now—I have all that is necessary for my own self-respect. I loved the man who now loves you—I am his wife—do not start, there is no reason why you should—I promised to become his wife—God was our witness, and in his eyes our heart-pledge could not be broken without crime. When the wife is deserted by a husband men do not sneer at her for feeling the wrong—does the simple marriage ceremony change a woman's heart so much that affection, forgiveness of injury, and faithful love which is a virtue in one must be a degradation to the other—may not a spirit grieve without shame over the breaking up of those dreams that first called forth its music!"

"I am sure, Isabel, I am grieved and vexed as much as you can be at his unfaithfulness," said Elsie, untangling the little golden chains that linked the drops of her enameled hair-pin together. "I never encouraged his love—do not now desire it—yet perhaps you will think hard of me for informing you about it, but I could not believe that it would be friendly to let you fulfill your engagement after his feelings against it had been so plainly expressed. You cannot blame me, Isabel!"

"No," said Isabel, musing sadly, "I ought not to blame you, my friend. You have never deceived me,—no one ever has till now—but repeat all this to me again—I have been so wild, so insane with anguish, that I would gladly impress his words on my memory now that I am calm. He said that nothing but a sense of honor kept him from breaking our engagement, that it was made while we were both too young—while his love was a mere boy's passion which had passed away, leaving his honor chained and his heart another's—did I understand you right, Elsie?"

"Yes, he said this and more—but he also added that, though his feelings had changed in spite of himself, he never would tell you of it, never break the engagement himself—that he could never cease to admire your talents and respect you above all women on earth."

A sad, almost contemptuous smile came up to Isabel's lips. It was the old story. Few men ever act treacherously toward our sex but protestations of eternal respect follow the cruel act that crushes the affections. Esteem!—the man who can be deliberately unjust to a woman is incapable of esteem. The very virtues which he professes to admire are so many reproaches to his falsehood—so many torches to light up the dark plans of his soul. It was this thought which caused the little smile which sprung to the lips of Isabel George.

The next morning, Elsie Ware returned to New York, and Isabel remained in that shady old country place alone with her widowed grandmother, and when that mother questioned her about Oram's sudden departure for the city, she answered quietly that their engagement was broken off, and it would be some time probably before Park returned to the magnificent home which was almost ready for her reception as a bride. When the nervous old lady seemed disposed to condemn her lover, Isabel besought her to desist. "Do not blame him, my dear grandmother," she would say, "it was I that broke the engagement. You are not anxious to part with me. Only think how hard it would have been to leave the dear old place. You never would have been contented in those granite walls and among so much new-fashioned finery. Only think how you would have missed the old honey-suckle and the humming-birds that swarm about it in the summer time. Such things do not grow in a year."

"Very true," the good old lady would reply, leaning back in her great easy-chair. "Very true, my dear, and, if you did not love him, of course I am glad to stay here always; it would have been a sad thing to move away from the old place."

So the old lady soon learned to forget that such an event as her granddaughter's engagement had ever existed; and, though Isabel grew pale and thin, and a look of habitual suffering hung forever on that beautiful forehead, the eyes of the old lady were getting dim with age, and she never saw that any thing was amiss with her darling.

"What is this, granddaughter, what is this?" exclaimed Mrs. George, taking off her gold spectacles and laying her hand on the morning paper, which had just reached them from the city. "Did you know that Park Oram thought of marrying that little Ware girl that visited here last summer? See here, see here! they were married at the Ascension Church last Tuesday—why, it is but two months since they were both in this house, and he preparing to be—"

"Let me see the paper, grandmother," said Isabel, rising from her chair and taking the sheet. How white she was—how her deep blue eyes glittered—those fingers clutched the paper firmly, but it rattled in her grasp, for she trembled, not in the hand alone, but through her whole frame. It was well that the old lady had taken off her glasses and that her hearing was not over keen, for it would have broken her kind heart had she known the truth.

Poor Isabel! like a wounded hart left to suffer in its lair, felt the approach of the hunters again; with the arrow in her side, she must yet bound on and on that people need not guess how deep her hurt had been. Men talk of self-control, of courage and firmness, of suffering and fortitude! Great heavens!—there was more firmness, more terrible self-command in the heart of Isabel George when she gathered up her strength and went up to that sumptuous dwelling to greet the bride of her own husband—for, in the sight of high Heaven, he was her husband! a promise was registered there which no after vow could annul!—there was more of that courage which carries the martyr to the stake than man ever dreamed of!

But she did go—not smiling, and with a falsehood of seeming joy in her face, but she hushed the cries of her heart and entered the dwelling which should have been hers with a degree of calm dignity which those who have learned to suffer alone can attain.

Oram was very wealthy, and his country seat one of the most magnificent on the Hudson; for miles and miles the river might be seen from the front entrance winding majestically onward through the embrace of its broken and picturesque banks; a beautiful town lay embedded in the hills on the opposite shore, and the highly ornamented grounds which lay about the house sloped gently to the water in a thousand flowery undulations; down in a hollow, some half a mile distant, stood the old stone cottage of Mrs. George, half smothered in verdure and forming one of the most picturesque objects in the surrounding scenery.

Carriages were at the door, for the bride was at home to callers that morning, and Isabel entered a drawing-room where a dozen guests were already paying their congratulations to Elsie Oram. She was deadly pale, but the light which filled the room was richly mellowed by the windows of stained glass through which it fell, and all were too busy with themselves to observe how her hands trembled.

Gracefully, and with a soft pressure of the hand, Elsie Oram received the being she had crushed—her manners had become more indolently refined, and there was a softness in her tones which does not always spring from pure or deep feeling—still she was very beautiful; the tinted light fell over the azure couch on which she sat, bathing her splendid tresses and the morning robe of India muslin which formed her simple attire, with a kind of purplish shadow which sometimes gives tone to a picture.

Oram was moving among his guests excited and apparently very happy. But when he saw Isabel the laugh died on his lip, and a sudden change swept over his features. He approached her, however, and, while she spoke to his bride, seemed listening keenly, though his head was turned away. After a little time he went out to escort some ladies to their carriage and did not return.

After that visit Isabel George was very ill of a low nervous fever which nothing seemed to relieve; for a time her life was despaired of, and when she did begin to recover in health a settled and deep melancholy seemed fixed on her heart forever. She wept much, and prayed almost without ceasing, for Isabel knew that she loved the husband of another, and the bitter secret humbled her soul to the dust.

She never went to that house again; the effort was too dreadful. Elsie had kept her card, and sent constantly to inquire after the health of her former friend, but of Oram poor Isabel heard nothing. She knew that he was at home and very gay, for sometimes she would see his carriage, sweeping round the hill on which his dwelling stood, from her window; but at last winter came on, the newly married pair went down to the city for the season, and the poor girl was left alone with her breaking heart—broken and yet not broken. The spring came again, with violets and wild thorn-blossoms, and their sweet breath brought comfort to the weary spirit of Isabel. She was still feeble and could not rest at night, so in the evening when all was hushed and quiet she loved to go forth into that wilderness of a garden. It was soothing to hear the great river sweeping onward with a perpetual music to the sea, and the wild-flowers gave out their breath most lavishly when the dew was in their leaves. But, above all, *he* had been there—he had told her of his love in that old garden, and in the night time it seemed as if the bond which had registered that love in heaven was perfect as it had ever been. It was a weakness in the sweet Isabel, but the female heart is helpless in its affections, and sometimes even its faults are beautiful.

One night—it was in the pleasant May time—the sward was full of flowers and the thickets all in blossom. Isabel was very restless that evening, and she went forth first into the portico, where the old honeysuckle was putting forth its leaves, and then down into the garden—through the shrubbery till she reached the clump of ash trees close by the river. The gable window of her little sleeping-room could be seen from that spot—she had been sitting by the open sash

a long time, and left a lamp burning on the toilet when she stole forth to ponder in the garden—it shone like a star through the masses of foliage that crept around the gable, and lighted up the lonesome but luxuriant scene.

A man stood beneath the ash trees, with folded arms, gazing upon the light. He would have fled when Isabel glided beneath the boughs, but she had seen him, and, with a faint cry, turned to retrace her steps—for she knew that it was Oram, though his person was in darkness—but surprise, terror and joy chained her limbs, and she had no power to move, though he had taken her hand and was speaking to her in that old familiar voice—

"There is no reason why you should be terrified," he said. "I have just come up from the city, and, knowing that you have been ill, it was natural that I should be here. You have renounced my love, but there are times when memory of the past is strong within me and will not be resisted."

"Are you also unhappy?" said Isabel, in a low voice. "I thought that to love and be loved was the great joy—the one thing without which the heart pines to death."

Oram shook his head—"Oh Isabel!" he exclaimed, with sudden passion; "Why did you cast me from you? Why fling me out upon the world to crush my sorrows as I might in the whirl of society? Why teach me how precious the love of a noble heart may be, and then in one moment deprive me of that which had become my life? What had I done that you could thus proudly fling such love as mine to the wind?"

"What had you done?" repeated Isabel. "Did you not love another—did you not wish to break the bonds that had grown irksome?"

"No, Isabel, I did not love another. The bonds that had become irksome! Girl—girl! they were woven round my heart like threads of gold. Thank God, I can never suffer as I suffered that night when you told me that you were changed. Oh, Isabel, how I did love you!"

"And you did not love Elsie Ware, then?" said Isabel, almost wildly.

"No, not then!" replied Oram, in a suppressed voice.

"And you never told her—" she checked herself—"you never told any one so?"

"Never!" replied Oram firmly; "never."

"Yet you married her!"

"I was alone—cast forth to seek happiness where I might. You were unjust, cruel to me—I wished to avenge myself on your pride. I wished—in short, I was wretched, excited and resolute to fling off the unhappiness which was torturing me—Elsie was thrown much in my society; to me she was always gentle, kind, and full of sympathy for my sufferings—I saw that she was attached to me, and married her."

"But do you love her?" How wild, how full of anxious and thrilling doubt was the face of Isabel George as she asked this question.

"Do not ask me," said Oram, with sad dignity, "am I not here?"

"God forgive me this joy," exclaimed Isabel, and covering her face with both hands she burst into a passion of tears.

"Isabel—Isabel, what does this mean?"

"Do not tempt me—oh do not urge me now, I am not myself—I am very, very weak—no, no, I can say nothing, she is your wife. God help me, God help us both!" And with these wild words the poor girl rushed forward toward the house, as if fleeing from an enemy; and so she was, poor thing, for the temptations of our own erring natures are the worst of enemies.

Two years went by, and Isabel George stood once more beneath the roof of her former lover. Oh! it was a gloomy contrast to the wedding visit. Gloomy, but not so painful to the poor girl who trod those sumptuous rooms like a troubled spirit. No graceful compliments or careless greeting met her ear then. A mournful twilight slept everywhere amid the magnificent furniture. The tall windows were muffled, and the servants glided noiselessly over the thick carpets, speaking to each other in suppressed whispers—as even the coarsest natures will speak when death is very near.

Slowly, and with a troubled step, Isabel mounted the stairs. Her heart beat heavily and her limbs shook; but her face, though white, was very calm. He was dying and had sent for her. Every step brought her nearer to his death-chamber—still her face was calm, as I have said, for years of stern self-control had given to that feeble being a strength which nerves the spirit for Heaven.

"Is she not come?" murmured the sick man, turning his head feebly on the pillow. "Is she not come?"

He turned his eyes languidly to the place where his wife had been standing, and there in her stead was Isabel George, pale and breathless, gazing upon him; a smile—one of those beautiful, mournful smiles that sometimes light the faces of the dying—broke over his lips; he made an effort to reach forth his hand, but it only moved on the snowy counterpane, and though hers shook like an aspen, she grasped the cold fingers and raised them to her lips—and now a change came over her—she was but a woman, and her heart broke loose in tears.

"Isabel, my poor Isabel, we have both suffered," murmured the dying man.

She answered him only with her tears.

"And now," he added, with more strength than seemed possible in one so completely exhausted with disease, "now when I am dying you will not refuse to tell me that which I have pleaded to learn so often in vain. Why was it, and who was the person that induced you to cast me from you?"

A quick, gasping sob broke from one of the muffled windows where Elsie had withdrawn at the approach of her friend; she sprung forward with an impetuosity that sent the damask curtains floating into the room and flooded her figure with sudden light. There she stood between the window and the bed, in her loose and neglected morning dress, with her trembling hands clasped before her, looking pleadingly at Isabel, abject and supplicating like a criminal before its

judge—and there stood Isabel with that cold hand in hers, bending gently that she might hear the words of the dying. She turned her eyes on the agitated figure opposite, and an expression almost of pity came to her eyes. The window drapery had hardly settled in its place again, enveloping the crouching figure of Elsie once more in comparative gloom, when the dying man repeated his question.

"Not here," said Isabel, in a sweet, low voice, "not here; a little time and we shall meet again where all secrets are made known."

"It is but a short time I can wait," murmured the dying man; "and now do not leave me, Isabel, do not leave me!" and with a convulsive grasp he retained the hand which Isabel was gently striving to draw from him, for Elsie had tottered around the bed, and the noble girl would have surrendered her place by the dying man to his guilty but suffering wife. Elsie saw the eager clasp with which her husband held the fingers of her rival, and sunk to her knees by the bed, sobbing aloud.

"Hush, Elsie, hush!" muttered the dying man, "do not weep—you have been kind and true—we shall all meet again where truth has its reward."

The wretched woman writhed upon her knees and sobbed more bitterly than ever. Isabel bent her head, and, while tears dropped slowly from her eyes, prayed for the departing soul. It was a touching picture of Truth in its dignity and Falsehood suffering the first touches of remorse. And now Isabel saw the gray shadows of death stealing slowly around the eyes still turned upon her, as up it crept over the broad forehead which her lips had pressed so often. The breath was hushed upon her lips, the tears no longer filled her eyes, and a smile dawned softly on her face as she saw his life ebbing away. At last when his fingers released their grasp, she bent down and kissed that lifeless forehead again and again—wound her arms around the dead, and murmured strange, fond words, like a wife whose husband had just returned to her after a long and perilous journey.

This wild burst of feeling aroused Elsie from her crouching position by the bed; she arose and would have forced her way to the corpse, but, with one arm still around the dead Isabel, lifted her face from the bosom where it had rested and put the wife gently back with her hand.

"Not now, not now, Elsie Ware; he is mine now, all mine. The law gave him to you living, but laws do not reach him here—in death he is mine, mine forever and ever!"

Elsie still struggled to approach the pillow where that pale head was resting.

"Would you keep the wife from her husband?" she exclaimed, amid her sobs pressing forward with the impatience of a still untamed spirit.

"He is your husband no longer," replied Isabel, lifting the pale forehead tenderly to her bosom and turning her face full upon that of her companion, yet speaking in a gentle voice. "There was a vow in Heaven before he made one to you—a holy vow, which God alone will recognize—I respected your earthly rights while he lived, but now, Elsie Ware, I reclaim my own. My place is close by the dead; no human being shall come between my heart and his now that it has ceased to beat."

Still Elsie pressed forward. Isabel lifted the marble head from her bosom and laid it softly on the pillow.

"Elsie Ware," she said, in a low solemn voice, "I will oppose you no longer; but when you approach the dead, remember that by this time he is acquainted with the falsehood which placed you in his bosom!"

Elsie shrunk back and fell crouching to her knees again; the dead was free to her approach, but she dared not touch her false lips to the forehead that had been pillowed upon her heart so often in life. While the sound of her convulsive weeping filled the room, Isabel bent softly over that beloved clay again, with her shivering fingers she put back the damp curls from the marble forehead, bent her cheek to it and murmured tender words, as mothers do over their sleeping infants. A blessed calm lay upon her heart; a sweet, tranquil grief from which all bitterness was swept away—and thus it was in the presence of the dead that truth and falsehood were revealed.

RUTH.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PIERSON.

"Thy God shall be my God!" Strong was the faith
Of that fair Moabitess who forsook
Her native country and her father's house
For Israel's God. There is no spot on earth
Where sunshine is so bright, the dew so pure,
Or grass so green, as in our native land;
And by our father's hearth-stone gushes up
The only fount of human tenderness
In which the heart can bathe, and fear no ill.
But Ruth had heard of God. She could not stay
Where men bowed down to demons; so she broke
All her heart's idols, and went trembling forth,
Poor, and a widow, to a stranger land,
To seek the living God. No dream of love,
Or wealth, or fame allured her. Meek of heart
Was that fair, gentle creature who went forth
To glean her bread-corn in the field of him
With whom she might find grace.
Well didst thou prove,
Thou young devoted proselyte to God,
That "He is a rewarder of all those
That diligently seek Him." Couldst thou then
While gleaning barley, 'neath the burning sun
Have looked into the future, thou hadst seen
Love, wealth, and princely honors waiting thee;
And thy descendants, an illustrious line
Of kings and princes, reaching down to Him
Of whose dominion there shall be no end,
And thy name "written for posterity,"
And honored to the latest hour of time.

MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

OR NATURE AGAINST EDUCATION.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," "PRIZE STORIES," ETC.

Had she been but a daughter of mine
I 'd have taught her to hem and to sew;
But her mother, a charming woman,
Could not attend to such trifles, you know. *Song—Charming Woman.*

"WHY on earth, Cornelia, do you persist in having that child taught music?" said Mr. Langtree to his sister; "she has not a particle of talent for it, and hates it to boot."

"I never saw a child yet that was fond of practicing," replied Mrs. Robinson, coldly. "Upon the same principle, that 'she does not like it,' I suppose, I am to give up arithmetic and grammar with music."

"Not at all. *They* are necessary, and, beside, require no peculiar talent to acquire," answered Mr. Langtree. "If Fanny had any ear, I would not say a word in opposition to your present system. But here she has been practicing an hour, and has certainly struck two false notes to one true. It is enough to put one's teeth on edge to hear her," continued Mr. Langtree, whose nice musical sense had undergone torture during the aforesaid hour.

"What *are* false notes, uncle?" said the little girl, quitting the piano as she heard the last words of the above dialogue. "My teacher scolds me so about them, and I sing as well as I can—I am sure I do not know what he meant."

"Come to the piano, and let me see if I can show you," said Mr. Langtree, good-humoredly, and, running his fingers over the keys, hummed a few bars first correctly and then incorrectly, pointing out the difference to the child, who shook her little head as she answered to his

"Don't you see it now?"

"I see it, but I don't hear it."

"I don't know what you mean by seeing and not hearing, Fanny," said Mr. Langtree.

"Why," said she, "when I look at the piano I see you do not strike the same keys, but it *sounds* to me all the same."

"Ah, well," said her uncle, quitting the instrument, "you are tired and stupid now, may be you will comprehend better another time."

"No," said Mrs. Robinson, approaching them and fixing a severe look upon her daughter; "Fanny is not stupid, but she is naughty; it is nothing but willfulness and laziness, and I 'll cure her of both," she added with emphasis. "You have practiced very ill, miss, and, as I told you, you shall not go out to-day, nor have any dessert after dinner, and now go and prepare your French lesson—not a word," she added imperiously, seeing the child about to speak, "but do as I bid you."

Tears started from the little girl's eyes as she obeyed in silence.

"Poor Fan!" said her uncle, as the door closed upon her. "I am sorry my interference has procured her this punishment, which she certainly does not merit, and, moreover, the nature of which I do not like. You are making her already attach most undue importance to her meals, which will end in her being a perfect little epicure."

Mrs. Robinson colored as she answered,

"She is punished for willfulness and inattention. I do not see what your interference has to do with the matter."

"I do, if you do not," replied her brother, coolly. "You are angry with me because I said Fanny had no talent, and that your system of education is wrong; but, as you cannot make me go without my dessert for saying so, therefore poor Fan must pay the penalty. It is just what I have always said, that nine times out of ten, when a child is punished, it is the parent, and not the child, who deserves it."

Mrs. Robinson felt herself too angry to reply immediately to this, and after a few minutes' silence she only said,

"I know you have very peculiar notions, as most old bachelors have. According to your views, I should let Fanny grow up without any education at all."

"No," he replied; "but you should consult nature in the undertaking, and not darken the brightest and freshest period of her existence by forcing her to learn what it is not in her nature to acquire."

"Consult nature!" repeated his sister, contemptuously. "What 's a child's nature?—to play with a doll and eat sugar-plums; and am I, forsooth, to let her play with dolls and eat sugar-plums for the rest of her days?"

"No," he replied, "but you are not to make her shed unnecessary tears, for which the future may have no compensation. God only knows what bitter drops she may be called upon to weep hereafter, and, were she a daughter of mine, I would secure sunshine and happiness for her childhood, the only portion of life that is within a parent's control, and for the happiness of which he is responsible."

"Pshaw," said Mrs. Robinson, impatiently, "you do attach so much importance to a child's tears. Fan's are dried ere now, I 'll answer for it; the dew-drop on the rose is not more evanescent."

"A very pretty simile, which suits those who are careless about causing them," pursued Mr. Langtree; "the thorn upon the rose would be more accurate—tiny but sharp. That childhood's sorrows are evanescent is one of God's providences, for if they were as lasting as they are keen, the earliest years of our lives would be wretched indeed. Let any one look back to their own youth, and, if they have any memory at all, they will remember some of the bitterest griefs they have ever known. If I had children I would certainly study their young hearts and consult their natures more than I think is generally done."

"I wish to Heaven you had, and half a dozen of them," thought Mrs. Robinson, "and then you would soon be cured of these fine notions;" but she only said aloud, "Then I am to dismiss Fanny's masters, and let her run wild by way of securing her this 'sunshine' you talk of."

"You are not to cram her with what she never can digest; force accomplishments upon her for which she has no talent, nor, above all, punish her for having no ear."

"She has ear enough," said Mrs. Robinson, haughtily, "if she only chooses to open them. Perseverance and application are all that are needed to make children learn any thing you choose to teach them."

"Then you recognize no original difference in capacities nor peculiar gifts of nature?" remarked Mr. Langtree.

"Certainly I do," replied his sister; "but they are rare—genius of the highest grade, for instance, like beauty. Fanny is no beauty, and I do not expect to make her one; that is a direct gift from Heaven, but," added she, with an expression of the utmost determination, "I *can* make her accomplished and *I will*."

"In spite of nature and thanks to no one," said Mr. Langtree, laughing. "Well, we will see who will conquer."

Mrs. Robinson was a widow with an only child, the little Fanny, whose education has already been discussed so much at large, and whose career she was resolved should realize the visions that had been disappointed in her own. Like most persons, she determined that all the defects of her own education should be remedied in that of her child. *She* was not accomplished, therefore Fanny should be, and she had married poor, but so should not Fanny. With a craving vanity and restless ambition, that nothing had yet satisfied, she attributed all the mortifications she had met with to want of early culture, and believed that she could have sung like a Malibran and talked like a Corinna if her mother had only pursued the system she intended for Fanny, and that had not her parents yielded to her foolish fancy for the first young man that had addressed her, she might now have been at the head of some brilliant establishment where she would have had that distinction her heart panted for. In short, Fanny's belleship and Fanny's marriage were to be that "balm of Gilead" which she had not yet found on earth. Wo to the child whose future is expected to do so much! The different hours were only marked by different studies, and play and relaxation would have been left altogether out of the scheme, had not Mr. Langtree kindly hinted at the bright eyes and glowing tints to be acquired through them alone.

Mr. Langtree saw that all these expectations were probably doomed to disappointment, for his little niece was as like what her father had been, as he recollected him a boy at school, as it was possible to imagine, and certainly never were husband and wife more unlike than Mr. and Mrs. Robinson proved to be. He had been a plain, kind-hearted, honest man, as obtuse and good-humored as his wife was restless and ambitious. They had jogged on together a few years at opposite ends of the chain, which galled her but never troubled him, as he might rather be compared to the anchor of which she was the buoy, the cable of which being suddenly snapped asunder she would have sailed down the stream of time, uncontrolled and unhampered, had she not been arrested by the strong hand of poverty. Small means are great soberers. Mrs. Robinson found herself compelled to cut her pattern to her cloth, that is, live quietly and in comparative obscurity. She had formerly fumed at her husband, but there was no use in chafing now against circumstances. She had only to submit. Her brother resided with her, and for the sake of his income she was compelled to put up with his advice, which, luckily for Fanny, always came to the side of good sense and humanity.

"Well, Fanny love," said her uncle, whose kind heart mourned over the punishment he had unwarily drawn upon her; "dry your eyes. If you would like to go to the opera with me this evening I 'll take you."

"No, thank you, uncle," said the little girl; "all those big fiddles make such a noise that they make my head ache."

"Why, you monkey," said Mr. Langtree, laughing, to call such music 'noise.' No matter, if you don't want to go, you shant. If there is any thing else you would like to have you had better speak quick, for I am in good humor now."

"Oh," said the child, throwing her arms round his neck, "yes, there is the prettiest pattern for working in worsteds at Peses'. It is a little dog with long ears and something in his mouth, I don't know what exactly," (it would have puzzled older people to determine) and on Fanny went in her description, getting quite excited with the recollection, when suddenly she stopped, and her countenance changed as she said sorrowfully, "but I suppose mamma would not let me work it if you were to give it to me."

"Why not?" inquired her uncle.

"Because," she said, turning her earnest young face toward him, "she never lets me sew. She says it makes me stoop, and besides is a loss of time. Oh," continued she, with animation, "how I mean to sew when I have got through with learning every thing."

Mr. Langtree only laughed and said,

"Well, I am glad you have decided against the opera, for it is beginning to rain."

"Is it?" said Fanny in an accent of disappointment,

"oh, I am so sorry! Now I shall not be able to go to Sunday-school to-morrow."

"What is to prevent you?"

"Mamma never lets me go in bad weather—she says I will take cold. But I never take cold when I go in the rain to take my dancing lesson, and so I should not think I would now—would you?" she said innocently, turning to her uncle, who only smiled in silence.

And thus Fanny's education went on, and at the age of sixteen she was very much what she had been at six, neither musician nor dancer, speaking French but hating Frenchmen, a simple-hearted, straightforward good girl, without either taste or talents for society, and loving her uncle Langtree better than any one in the world, and only longing for the time to come when she should be married, that "mother need not fuss about her dress or care how she looked;" for she said to her old confidant, Mr. Langtree,

"Mother always wants me to look better than I can, and there is no use in that, is there?"

"None in the world, I should think," said Mr. Langtree, with a hearty burst of laughter, highly diverted at the form in which Fanny had couched her mother's ambitious and somewhat unreasonable expectations.

CHAPTER II.

The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy.—*Burns.*

"That is rather a pretty girl," said young Rives, as he saw a new face in one of our gayest ball-rooms; "who is it?"

"Miss Robinson," replied the person he addressed; "a very nice girl, and, by the way, you are a marrying man and she is just the wife for you. Let me introduce you."

"No, thank, you," replied, Mr. Rives, "I don't want a daughter of Mrs. Robinson's—I know the mother and that is quite enough."

"Well, and what has that got to do with the matter?" inquired the other. "Because Mrs. Robinson is not to your taste it does not follow that the young lady may not be."

"Yes it does though," replied Mr. Rives; "how can you expect any thing like truth and simplicity from the daughter of such a worldly, ambitious woman as Mrs. Robinson? Of course, the girl is but a second edition of the mother, newer, fresher, and *better got up*, I admit, but still must be the same in essentials."

"Nonsense!" answered the first speaker; "never let yourself be runaway, man, by prejudice founded on theory. I have seen many a simple, true-hearted daughter of an artificial mother, and many an artificial daughter of a simple-minded mother. There is just as apt to be reaction as imitation in such cases, according to the character of the individual. So don't prejudge poor Miss Robinson before you know her. Come and be introduced."

The young man yielded accordingly, and, just as he made his bow, some one happened to be speaking of the performance of the last night's opera, which had been "Lucia de Lammermoor."

"I have not seen it," said Mr. Rives, addressing Fanny. "It is taken from Scott's novel, I presume. Is the plot adhered to throughout?"

"I don't know," replied Fanny, quietly. "I never read the novel."

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Robinson, in her most silvery accents, "you are not thinking of what you are saying. You remember the Bride of Lammermoor," and from the inflexion on the words "you remember," Rives saw that Mrs. Robinson meant that Fanny *should* remember whether or no, but Fanny did not take the hint, for she replied—

"It is impossible for me to remember what I never read, mamma, and that I never read the novel I am very sure."

"Then," said Mrs. Robinson playfully, but really vexed that Fanny would, as usual, persist in telling truth in contradiction to her views and hints, which Fanny's frank but not very quick mind never seemed to catch; "then, at least, *don't say so.*"

"Why not?" persisted Fanny, opening her eyes in uncomprehending surprise at her mother's advice.

"Why not, indeed?" said the young man, in whose opinion she had risen at once. "I like your frankness, Miss Robinson," and, turning to Mrs. Robinson as her daughter spoke to some one else, he said, "such unsophisticated simplicity is worth all the learning in the world. Why would you destroy it?"

"It may *take*," thought Mrs. Robinson, struck with the idea that Fanny's simplicity might charm. "There are some men who like that kind of thing," and, for the first time, the mother was consoled for the daughter's truth; that truth which she had hitherto regarded as a terrible stumbling block in the way of her success, for it must be admitted that Fanny's frankness bordered on brusquerie, and that, spite of all her mother's training, she was often absolutely blunt. But the contrast between the mother and daughter took most so by surprise, that few blamed as inelegant what they found so refreshing. Music was naturally touched on in the course of conversation, and he said,

"You are a musician, Miss Robinson?" to which Mrs. Robinson replied,

"Oh, yes," with a decision of manner that implied that she was a proficient.

"Only after a fashion, Mr. Rives," said Fanny, smiling. "My music does not amount to much—I have no ear."

Mrs. Robinson was really vexed, and took Fanny to task afterward for such unnecessary frankness.

"There is no use, Fanny," she said angrily, "in telling every one what you don't know, particularly as you never tell what you do. Really it is too hard, after all the money I have spent upon your music, that you should not have even the reputation of it."

"I am sure, mamma," said Fanny, good humoredly, "you need not reproach me with the expense of it, for certainly I dropped more tears than you have dollars over that old piano. I think it has cost me the most of the two."

And so they went on; Mrs. Robinson telling fibs which Fanny always contradicted, to the great amusement of their friends, who could not help often smiling at Fanny's interposing with "oh, mother, how can you say so?" or "dear, mother, how you forget," when Mrs. Robinson was weaving up some tissue that only wanted truth to be very fine."

Mr. Rives seemed quite taken, and more even by Fanny's ignorance than by her acquirements; for the one he had been prepared, but the other was avowed with such naïveté that he thought it charming. There was nothing brilliant about him in the way of a match, and therefore Mrs. Robinson did not pay much attention to his admiration for Fanny, and consequently was taken quite by surprise in the course of some months by his offering hand and heart with all the earnestness of serious affection. It was a surprise however that had nothing of disagreeable in it, as it had been a part of Mrs. Robinson's expectations that Fanny should reject some two or three before she finally decided, and young Rives Mrs. Robinson thought a very creditable offer to *refuse*. But how was the feeling heightened, and that any thing but pleasantly, when she found that Fanny had no idea of refusing him. On the contrary, she stoutly persisted that she liked him, and saw no reason why she should not marry him, and appealed as usual to Uncle Langtree for support and countenance, and begged his intercession.

"Why, really, Cornelia," said he, "I see no reasonable ground for your disapprobation. Rives is a young man of good character, and in good business, and, if Fanny likes him, I see every prospect for her happiness."

"Is this then to be the end of all my pains, all my toiling," said Mrs. Robinson with bitterness, "that Fanny is to settle down thus, without either fortune or distinction? Fanny," she said, and the tears started to her eyes, "I did hope to see you at the head of such an establishment as Melville's. But my whole life has been a disappointment—and this is the bitterest of them all."

Fanny was touched by her mother's evident distress, and she said more gently—"But, mamma, I do not want such an establishment as that. You know I have no taste for display."

"Come, Fanny," said her uncle, "What is your beau ideal? Let us have it. Love in a cottage?"

"No," said Fanny laughing; "love in a nice, pretty little two-story house, well furnished and supplied with every comfort. And, uncle," she continued with animation, "when you come to drink tea with me, I'll give you the nicest soft waffles you ever ate yet."

There was something so prosaic, so unsentimental, yet so rational in this speech, that Mr. Langtree could not restrain his laughter, which was "long and loud," without any control.

"'P on my word, Fanny, I should not think there was much danger of your being disappointed in *your* visions. I think they are such as mortality may attain. Love and soft waffles, hey! 'Pains and penitence' have had the effect I always prophesied. However, Fan, if you are a bit of an epicure, you'll only make the better housekeeper."

And Fanny being called from the room, Mr. Langtree turned to his sister and said—

"Cornelia, I would not advise you to oppose this marriage. You had better yield with a good grace, for yield you'll *have* to in the end, and what must be done at last had better be done at first. When two young people have made up their minds, and there is no reasonable objection to their wishes, depend upon it, they will have their own way. Besides, I think myself that you ought rather to be pleased than otherwise. It is not a brilliant match, I admit; but yet, I do not think Fanny's chance of making such a conquest very probable. I certainly love Fan dearly. She is a good girl, but no beauty, and not what I should call very attractive. If you don't want her to be an old maid, you had better let her marry Frank Rives."

This was coming to the point, and a point, too, which made Mrs. Robinson shudder. Such doubts and fears had thrilled in her own bosom before now, and Mr. Langtree sent them home with a shock that brought her to her reason at once. She sighed heavily as she said—

"Well, if you say it must be, so be it. I will not oppose, although I cannot approve it."

"He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." Mrs. Robinson had often felt equal to the "taking the city," for she had resolution and energy sufficient for any emergency; but the "ruling her own spirit" was a task she had never attempted, whether as a feat beyond her powers or beneath them we do not undertake to say.

Her consent was given, however, and the thing settled, but no sooner was it thus settled than she became, as her servants expressed it, "so cross there was no living in the house with her." Nothing went right, nothing pleased her. She was indignant at being congratulated, and vexed when she was not. Mr. Langtree saw that this irritation of spirit would not subside until the marriage was over, and therefore backed Mr. Rives in his petition for naming an early day; and Fanny being only in too great a hurry to get away and take refuge in her own house, the affair was soon arranged, the wedding over and Fanny gone.

Mrs. Robinson sat down and cried heartily as the bridal carriages drove off, but whether her tears were shed for Fanny or herself she could not perhaps have told even while she wept. It was the termination of many a bright dream and brilliant vision, the rainbow ending in the shower.

A few weeks had passed away, and Mrs. Robinson and Mr. Langtree were to dine with Fanny. Her husband expected several strangers, and this being her first dinner, was, of course, quite an event in her domestic economy. But, alas! when it made its appearance, that it was the *first* was very evident. The soup was miserable, the fish half boiled. Roast turkey boldly faced roast venison, and the currant jelly was forgotten. In short, it was a dinner of mistakes. Mr. Rives cast an expressive look, half distress and half reproach, at his young wife, who colored crimson,



BROADWOOD FEMALE INSTITUTE.

and in her embarrassment said, "No, thank you," not [band was mortified to-day. demand upon it. he would

Yet blithe as summer—'t is the distant strain



FEMALE INSTITUTE.

and in her embarrassment said, "No, thank you," not | band was mortified to-day, depend upon it, he would



and in her embarrassment said, "No, thank you," not hearing what was said, to some one who asked her to take wine.

She left the table mentally resolving to get Miss Leslie's Book on Cookery before she slept, and never again to trust her husband's temper or her own comfort to the native skill of a new cook.

"Well, Fanny," said Mrs. Robinson to her daughter, after they withdrew to the drawingroom, "I think your husband must have been proud to hear you conversing at the head of your table to foreigners in their own language."

"He might have been," she replied sorrowfully, "if he had not been so ashamed of the dinner—but I rather think if he had said frankly what he thought he would have said, 'there was no accomplishment like cooking.'"

"Mr. Rives did not expect to find a cook in my daughter," said Mrs. Robinson haughtily.

"No, certainly not," replied the young wife, "but every mistress of a family should know how to *direct*, and *that* I mean to set about learning at once. Ah! Uncle Charles," she continued, as her mother turned away, "do you remember how often I used to say that I should be glad to be married, if it were only to be done with my education, and here I am just beginning, at the useful part of it at least. You would laugh at me of an evening stitching coarse wristbands and cutting up old calico for the sake of learning how to sew and shape."

"Take comfort, Fanny," said her uncle kindly, "these things are easily learnt, and though your husband was mortified to-day, depend upon it, he would have been more so if every thing had been perfect on his table and his wife had shown herself a mere domestic drudge."

"That is true," said Fanny, brightening, "and, as you say, it is easily learnt. What comes *au naturel* comes readily."

"Fanny seems very happy," said Mr. Langtree, as he walked home with Mrs. Robinson.

"Yes," she answered, "very," but her tone was so dispirited and sad, that her brother saw that the conviction gave her little comfort, for though Fanny was happy, it was not in her way, and she could not comprehend the fact.

"And what should you ask more," continued he, "than her happiness? You did all you could to give her other tastes, but she is as God made her"

"I know what you have always thought," said Mrs. Robinson; "and though in some particulars I may have erred, yet upon the whole, I think, I have been in the right. Without all the pains and education that have been bestowed upon Fanny she would have been, it must be confessed, very home-spun."

"There is a great deal in that," replied Mr. Langtree, more struck than he had ever been before by any argument of his sister in favor of her views, "but after all nature is a good model. Cultivation improves, forcing spoils her. Children are like plants, the sun and air and some pruning, and a fair opportunity, are what they require; but *forced* fruits and flowers have no second bloom or racy flavor, and I think the present system of cramming produces parallel effects.

BROWNWOOD FEMALE SEMINARY.

SWEET spot of earth, with umbrage never sere
Of mightiest woods embowered, and dewy lawns
Wooing the glimpses of the sun between,
And flowers that love the shade, and opening buds
That court the noontide ray—meet home is here
For those rare spirits, flowers of the mortal world,
Most beautiful and best, where all was good
When the Creator saw it in the prime,
Ere knowledge tainted innocence, and sin
Crept with that knowledge in, which is not life.
I see your white walls shining through the gloom
Of the long dim-wood cloisters, steeped in calm
Of holiest quietude, beneath the eye
Of the far azure through the gauzy fleece
Of summer clouds its glory smiling down
On that fair home of the fairest.—
But no sound
Comes to my ear from dewy lawn, or glade
Wood-girdled, voice of man, nor song of bird,
Nor streamlet's rippling melody—all mute—
All, but the solemn whispers of the breeze
Holding strange converse with the spirits that dwell
In the green leaves and gnarled branches old
Of the nymph-haunted foresters.
Yet pause!
There comes a gentle murmur on the air,
Sweeter than rippling streams, clearer than song
Of rarest warblers, gentle, faint, and low,
Yet blithe as summer—'t is the distant strain
Of girlish voices musically shrill,
Half heard, half lost, yet floating on the air
In purest symphonies.
Lo! it has ceased
And all again is silence. Can it be
These pleasant woods, these lawns so dewy bright,
These fair white walls, are but the pomp of wo,
The pride of the prison-house! Can 't be that here
Imprisoned maids, immured from light of day,
Waste their sweet harmonies of soul and heart,
Their founts of love and bliss, thus barren made,
Self-mortified and fruitless?
Stranger, no!
There come no groans upon the summer wind,
No bitter tears of the heart belie the strain
That wells so joyously from the young lips we heard
Hymning the Lord of Life!—No—knowledge here,
Clogged with no curse, allures the fair and bright
Toward Heaven, not bars the gates of Paradise,
Nor makes of Earth a Hell. And Georgia's daughters
Are better taught the immortal aim and end
Of being, than to lock their inborn charms
Against their sweetest uses, and cry shame,
By scorning Nature's law, on Nature's God—
But in their innocent girlhood, trained to arts
The old world knew not, think to be—like maids
Of olden time, renowned in classic lore—
Proud wives and happy mothers of brave men.

H. W. HERBERT.
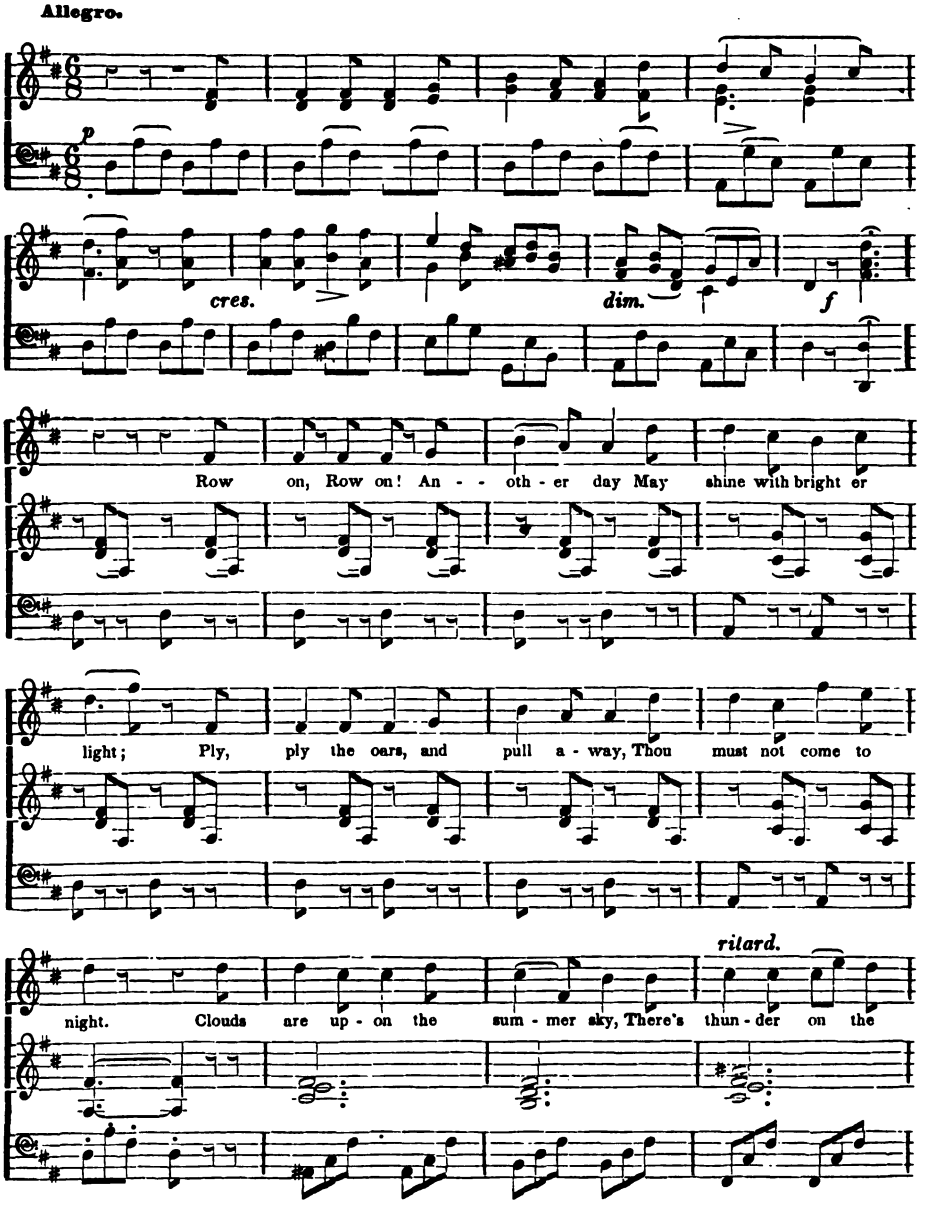
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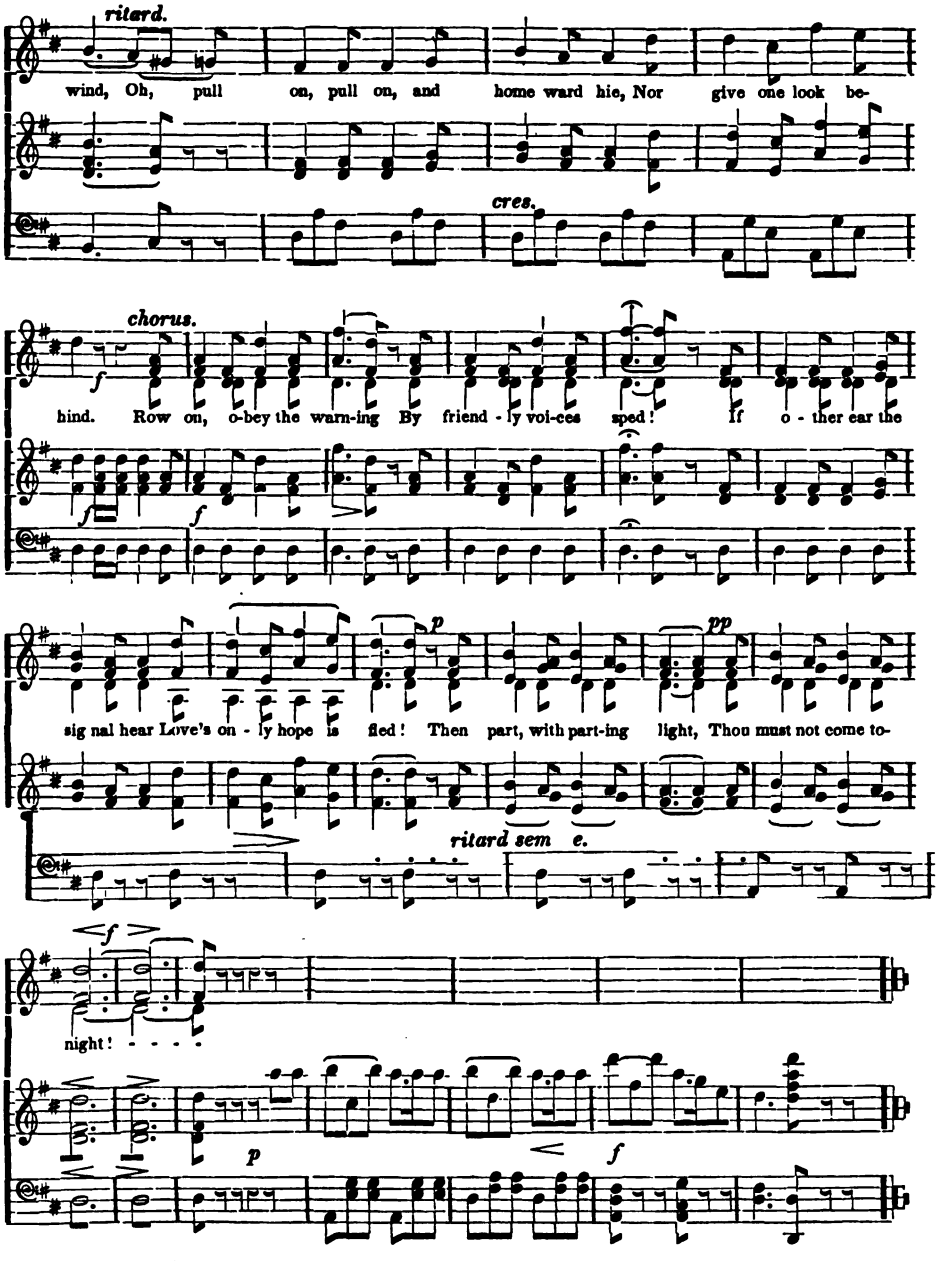
THE WORDS FROM JAMES' NEW NOVEL, ARABELLA STUART.

MUSIC BY GIORGIO ROMANI.

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Second Verse.

Bear where thou go'st the words of love;
Say all that words can say,
Changeless affection's strength to prove,
But speed upon thy way.
Oh! like yon river could I glide
To where my heart would be;
My bark would soon outsail the tide,
That hurries to the sea.
Row, on, &c.

Third Verse.

But yet a star shines constant still
Through yonder cloudy sky,
And hopes as bright my bosom fill,
From faith that cannot die!
Row on, then, row! God speed thy way!
Thou must not linger here;
Storms hang about the closing day;
To-morrow may be clear.
Row on, &c.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Whims and Oddities, in prose and verse, by Thomas Hood, Esq. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, one vol.

We are glad that a republication, in a cheap form, of these rich and racy pleasantries has been undertaken in our city. The book is morally certain of a sale. The name of Thomas Hood is known wherever language is put upon the rack. Every civilized Englishman who uses words is acquainted with the great word-twister. He is the acknowledged monarch of Pun-land. All other luminaries "pale their ineffectual fires" before the quick sparkle of his multitudinous quibbles. He has made punning a kind of genius. He has redeemed it from the detractions of the dull and pedantic. Any man may now play upon words, without having his friend point significantly to the gallows, and murmur that "he who makes a pun would pick a pocket." What King James, and Bacon, and Shakspeare, and Denne, and Cowley, could not do—what Canning, and the whole Anti-Jacobin club could not effect—has been done by Thomas Hood. The analogies of sound are now as much prized as those of thought. The fact that the greatest men in all ages have displayed a love for this kind of wit, must be admitted as a strong argument in its favor. The "verbal Unitarians," as Hood calls his opponets, have been compelled to abate the insolence of their censures, and relax the grimness of feature with which they once frowned defiance on double-meanings. The great family of Words which might be supposed most interested in the issue of the struggle, have willingly given up their frames to the torture, and suffer martyrdom daily. The priests in the Inquisition of Verbinge, with their racks, wheels, scourges, and hot-irons, are doing what is called a "fair business;" and every shriek drawn from the agonies of a tortured word is registered as a pun.

Hood, then, has so far affected the legislation of letters as to turn quibbling from a crime into a fashion; but his own popularity as a humorist is not indebted altogether to his word twistings. He has one of the most singular minds ever deposited in a human brain. Whims and Oddities come from him, because he is himself a whim and oddity. He seems of different natures mixed. He has the fancy, if not the imagination, of a poet, and some touches of pathos almost equal to the most brilliant scintillations of his wit. Behind his most grotesque nonsense, there is generally some moral, satirical, or poetic meaning. He often blends feeling, fancy, wit, and thoughtfulness, in one queer rhyme, or quaint quibble. The very extravagance of his ideas and expression; the appearance of strain and effort in his puns; the portentous jumbling together of the most dissimilar notions by some merry craft of fancy; and the erratic, dare-devil invasion of the inmost sanctuaries of conventionalism, have, in his writings, a peculiar charm, which we seek for in vain among his imitators, or among the tribe of extravagant wits generally. We do not believe he would be so fine a humorist if he were not so much of a poet. There is a vein of genial kindliness in his nature, which modifies the mocking and fleering tenddencies of his wit. Seriousness seems engaged in a coquetry with ridicule, in many of his poems, and the quick alternations from one to the other produce a succession of "briak shocks of surprise."

Two of the most felicitous of Hood's punning poems, are the lachrymose ballads of "Sally Brown, and Ben the Carpenter," and "Faithless Nelly Gray." The mockery in these exquisite *morceaus*, of the plaintive style of the modern ballad, glistens with wit and humor. They are so well known that to extract from them would be an impertinence. "The Wee Man" is another queer specimen of his drollery. In the poem called "Jack Hall," (Jack-all) the resurrectionist, he commences with wailing the custom of disinterring bodies, and remarks with much logical feeling:

'T is hard one cannot lie amid
The mould beneath a coffin lid,
But thus the Faculty will bid
Their rogues break thro' it!
If they don't want us there, why did
They send us to it?

The situation of the lover, who comes to sentimentalize over his mistress's grave, is thus vividly portrayed:

The tender lover comes to rear
The mournful urn, and shed his tear—
Her glorious dust he cries is here!
Alack! alack!
The while his Sacharissa dear
Is in a sack!

Here is a grave and singular pun:

Death saw two players playing at cards,
But the game was not worth a dump,
For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,
To wait for the final trump!

Hood's wit plays about the tomb somewhat daringly, but still he can hardly be said to disturb its sanctities. In the ballad of "Mary's Ghost" he makes the poor spirit lament the distribution of her former body among the physicians. She cries—

O William dear! O William dear!
My rest eternal ceases;
Alas! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces.

The body-snatchers, they have come,
And made a snatch at me;
It 's very hard them kind of men
Wont let a body be.

After much agonizing description, respecting the disposition of the several parts of her once compact frame, she concludes:—

The cock it crows—I must be gone!
My William, we must part!
But I 'll be yours in death, altho'
Sir Astley has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
And think that there I be;
They have n't left an atom there
Of my anatomie.

The poem of the "Last Man" is a mixture of the horrible, the imaginative, and the ludicrous. It should be read in connection with Campbell's solemn lines on the same theme. We wish that the publishers of the "Whims and Oddities" had selected some of the poems of Hood which have appeared since that work, in the Comic Annual and New Monthly Magazine. The success of this reprint will probably embolden them to give the American public two

or three more volumes from the same teeming pen. There are numerous pieces, not included in the present collection, which are worthy of being more generally known on this side of the Atlantic.

We cannot take leave of the book, without a benison on the author who has afforded the world so much matter for merriment. Hearty laughter is an important element of comfort, and those who provoke it without sacrificing good taste and morality, are philanthropists to some degree. We sincerely trust that Hood prospers in all his literary speculations, and that words are still left in the dictionary to twist and turn. We hope that his puns bring him in a good living; and can hardly dream that want should ever attack one, whose every composition suggests a good *lively-hood*.

The Light of the Light House, and Other Poems, by Epes Sargent. New York: James Mowatt & Co.

This is the first collected edition of Mr. Sargent's poems we have seen, and we avail ourselves of the opportunity it offers to make some remarks on the character and merits of his muse. It is evident that a collection, composed of pieces produced at various periods of life, and prompted by varying impulses of feeling, must contain poems of different degrees of excellence. There are several pieces not particularly distinguished from the flood of verse now deluging the land, and therefore worthy of no particular comment. Two or three bear evidence of being manufactured "for the occasion," with the usual economy of thought and emotion. Here and there we meet with a lame line or a trite image. But, taking the collection as a whole, we think that it must be allowed to contain much fine poetry, and to place the author in a prominent station among our poets, even if he had not attained that position before its publication. Whatever we may think of his themes, or his mode of treating them, it can hardly be doubted that he describes no scenery that he has not seen, and versifies few emotions which he has not felt. He is no mere metrical trifler, playing daintily with thought and passion, and "pleased with the rattle" of his rhymes, but a man of fancy and sentiment, who has too much of the material of poetry in him to need the affectation of the poetaster.

It is difficult to fix on one general term to describe a poet, whose heart and brain have been exercised on a variety of topics, and who varies his manner with his theme. When we have clutched an epithet which seems to cover the extent of his range, he often contrives to elude its application by displaying some quality which clashes with it. As we hunt him through lyric after lyric, he still manages to dodge our analysis; and if we run our knife into that part "where he is," we find, with the Hibernian, that "he is not there." In the present collection of Mr. Sargent's poems there is much of this variety, but there is likewise a unity of spirit in all his writings. A general healthiness of thought and sentiment animates and gives freshness to his compositions. He is no puling versifier, wailing over fictitious sorrows, and ravenous for sympathy. Without any lack of sensibility or thoughtfulness, he still does not brood over his own consciousness until he has turned his individual peculiarities into idiosyncrasies. He has evidently left his mind open to outward objects, and aimed to describe them as they appear to his eye, not as they appear to his whim. He can mingle thought and emotion with description, without destroying the essential features of either. In most of his poems relating to the sea, there is much vividness of representation, combined with feeling and fancy. We look at the ocean with his eyes and sympathies, it is true, but we feel confident that he has not distorted the appearances of things, to meet the wants of rhyme, imagery, or eccentricity.

We think that a few extracts will display, better than the most labored criticism, the truth to nature, the fine affluence of fancy, the force and tenderness of feeling, and the graceful facility of expression which characterize Mr. Sargent's best efforts. We begin with the Light of the Light House, a most pure and beautiful product of imagination and sentiment. We select a few stanzas:

But O! Aurora's crimson light,
That makes the watch-fire dim,
Is not a more transporting sight
Than Ellen is to him.
He pineth not for fields and brooks,
Wild-flowers and singing birds,
For summer smileth in her looks,
And singeth in her words.

The ocean's blue is in her eyes,
Its coral in her lips,
And in her cheek the mingled dyes
No sea-shell could eclipse!
And, as she climbs the weedy rocks,
And with the sunshine plays,
The wind that lifts her golden locks
Seems more to love *their* rays.

When the smoothed ocean sleeps unstirred,
And, like a silver band,
The molten waters circling gird
The island's rim of sand,
She runs, her tiny feet to lave,
And breaks the liquid chain,
Then laughs to feel the shivered wave
Coil down to rest again.

The sea-fog, like a fallen cloud,
Rolled in and dimmed its fire;
Roared the gale louder and more loud,
And sprang the billows higher!
Above the gale that wailed and rang,
Above the booming swell,
With steady and sonorous clang,
Pealed forth the light-house bell!

"Shells and Sea-weeds," a series of short poems recording a summer voyage to Cuba, display to much advantage Mr. Sargent's power in themes relating to the ocean. "To a Land Bird," "A Calm," "The Gale," "Tropical Weather," are characterized by that force and freshness of description which can only come from actual observation of the scenes represented. "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "A Night Storm at Sea," and "A Summer Noon at Sea," are also excellent. In the "Lampoon" there is much sharpness and energy of expression, and a fleering fearlessness of tone. "Midsummer in the City" is very fine. "Rockall" contains many noble lines, and the diction generally is lofty and majestic. We extract the commencement:

Pale ocean-rock, that like a phantom shape,
Or some mysterious spirit's tenement,
Risest amid this wilderness of waves,
Lonely and desolate—thy spreading base
Is planted in the sea's unmeasured depths,
Where rolls the huge leviathan o'er sands
Glistering with shipwrecked treasures. The strong wind
Flings up thy sides a veil of feathery spray
With sunbeams interwoven, and the hues
Which mingle in the rainbow. From thy top
The seabirds rise and sweep with sidelong flight
Downward upon their prey; or, with poised wings,
Skim to the horizon o'er the glittering deep.

It would not be difficult to select other specimens of Mr. Sargent's poetical powers, equally worthy of panegyric. We hope that he will redeem his promise to reprint his other productions, including the tragedy of "Velasco."

THE BATTLE-GROUNDS.—In the July number we shall give No. 2 of "*The American Battle-Ground Plates*," a most spirited and effective engraving. We are glad to see that this enterprise promises to be a popular one, and have taken occasion, in the prospectus, upon the cover, to meet an insinuation which was started after the issue of the May number.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The likeness of JAMES FENIMORE COOPER will next appear in "Our Portrait Gallery of American Authors." Probably in the August number.

THE NEW VOLUME.—A new volume of "Graham" will commence with the next number, which will contain several valuable papers; among them, a sketch of the life of the late King of Sweden, from an able correspondent.

OUR BOOK TABLE.—The Harpers have sent us "*The Jew*," a Russian romance; "*Arthur*," by Eugene Sue; "*Neal's History of the Puritans*," with portraits on steel, a valuable work to every Christian. Also, "*Gibbon's Decline and Fall*," Nos. five, six, and seven; "*The Life of Andrew Jackson*," No. four, with engravings; and "*M. Chailly's Midwifery*," edited by G. S. Bedford, M. D., illustrated with two hundred and sixteen wood engravings; a very useful book to medical men.

We have received from Messrs. Lindsay & Blackiston the amusing "*Yankee Stories*" of Judge Haliburton, in one handsome volume; also, from the same gentlemen, "*The Bondmaid*," by Frederika Bremer, published in Boston by Messrs. Monroe & Co.

WATSON'S ANNALS.—Mr. Watson, the author of the Annals of Philadelphia, has in press a new and greatly enlarged edition of this work. More than sixty pages of the book are occupied with anecdotes and memoranda concerning the "Germantown Battle," collected by himself, and we acknowledge our indebtedness to him for permission to read the proof sheets and to make use of facts for a forthcoming article, to be written for our next number by one of "*Our Contributors*," Mr. C. J. Peterson. This article will accompany a spirited engraving of the "Battle-Ground," prepared for the Magazine by Rawdon, Wright & Hatch.

FASHIONS—LATEST STYLE.

As the Fashions are held by some to be important, we have engaged a special reporter for "Graham," who will keep our readers advised of the most minute alterations, "in advance of all our cotemporaries," and furnish the "only authentic fashions." The styles given below are certainly later than any we have seen, and are quite as correct as some.

THE HIGHER CIRCLES AND THE LOWER CIRCLES.



Among the *higher* class the *mode* is rather shadowy, the form being more cared for than the substance. *Tights* in every department are the rage, and among the *ton* the waists and knees are so managed as to prevent a wasteful or needless supply of material. Among the *lower* class substance is a more material matter.

GRAHAM'S

AMERICAN MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

Of Literature and Art.

EMBELLISHED WITH

MEZZOTINT AND STEEL ENGRAVINGS, MUSIC, ETC.

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PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTORS.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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POOR GENEVIEVE.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE," ETC.

SHORTLY after the conclusion of the late war, a gentleman, distinguished as a scholar, a wit, and a politician, who stood high in the walks of literature, and had risen to the most dignified offices by his talents and worth, was proceeding up the Mississippi in one of the first steamboats that ever plied on the bosom of that mighty stream. He was a self-made and self-sustained man, somewhat past the period of blooming youth; but his person was striking, his countenance highly intellectual, his manners polished by intimate intercourse with society, his voice exceedingly melodious, and his eye capable of discoursing most eloquent music. During the course of the voyage, which was not in the most favorable season of the year, he became gradually indisposed, and finally so ill that, at his own request, he was put on shore at one of those little old French villages, between the mouth of the Ohio and St. Louis, whose size bears no proportion to their age, and whose growth is so slow that, like the current of a stagnant stream, it is next to impossible to tell whether they are advancing backward or forward. The agitation of removal, and the heat of a summer day, so aggravated his disease, which was a bilious fever, that he became partially delirious, and, being without a servant, might have fared but indifferently, a stranger in a strange place, had not an elderly lady, who happened to be looking out at a neighboring window, been charitable enough to have him conducted, or rather carried, to her house. Here he was placed in bed, and immediately attended by a physician, who administered to him so successfully, that the next morning his delirium had subsided into one of those low desperate fevers so harassing to the constitution, so difficult to cure.

His returning consciousness disclosed to him the form of one of those ministering angels called woman, sitting at his bedside, as if awaiting an opportunity to present his medicine, or perform some kind office. The sick traveler at first took it for a vagary of his brain, but, after rubbing his eyes and gazing awhile, recognized a female, with a cap such as French attendants generally wear, a plain gown, and a black silk apron, with a sweet, gentle, and expressive face, apparently bearing the impression of deep solicitude. Perceiving him to be awake, she inquired, in a voice of exquisite melody, if he wanted any thing. Instead of answering the question, the sick man, whom I shall call Hartland, though that was not his real name, asked two or three others, in a low, feeble tone.

"Where am I—and who are you?"

"You are in St. ——, and I am poor Genevieve, your servant—can I do any thing for you, sir?"

O, a nurse they have provided for me, I suppose, thought Hartland, I shall therefore stand on no ceremony with her. "My good girl, I will thank you for a glass of something to quench my thirst—I am burning up, I believe."

Genevieve took his hand, and, after holding it a little while, laid it softly down on the bed, saying, as if to herself, "It does indeed burn like fire." The touch of her hand was so soft, that Hartland could tell that she pitied him with all her heart. At this moment the physician came, and our traveler recognized in him an old acquaintance, a senator whom he had known at Washington, and a very eminent man in his profession. He felt extremely grateful at having so gentle a nurse, and so able a physician. Yet his recovery was so slow that it did no great credit to either nurse or doctor, for it was nearly six weeks before his fever was fairly broken.

During that time he relapsed more than once, and there were periods when all, and himself among the rest, despaired of his recovery. Day and night Genevieve was his attendant, we might almost say his guardian angel. If he opened his languid glassy eyes in the day, she was sitting by his bedside; and if he asked for any thing at night, he was administered to by her gentle hand, and soothed by her gentle voice.

At such times he was occasionally puzzled by a vague perception that he had somewhere seen her before; but it passed away, like a dream, when, with all his efforts, he could neither recall the time nor the occasion. More than once he thought he saw her wiping tears from her eyes, as he awakened from his miserable intervals of partial oblivion; but he ended in being convinced that it was a mistake, since what was she to him or he to her. Genevieve had said she was his nurse "Poor Genevieve;" she was therefore hired for her services, and her attentions were to be repaid in money. Still his soul could not resist the sacred impulse of gratitude, and he promised before his Maker that, whether he lived or died, he would make her ample amends.

At length he became convalescent, and, in proportion as he recovered, Genevieve gradually relaxed in her attendance, which was now supplied by a male servant. Hartland was a little hurt at this, and indeed seriously missed the soft voice, and gentle, compassionate look of Genevieve. "I suppose her month is up," thought he, in a pet, "and she is waiting to be engaged for another." Still Genevieve came sometimes, though not so often as before; and Hartland, being now recovering from a state of almost infant helplessness, began to study her a little more attentively. There was something about her that puzzled him. Though dressed like a waiting maid, her appearance and demeanor did not seem to belong to that class, and, in the conversations he had with her, she discovered a well cultivated mind, stored with that polite information becoming in a well-bred woman. Every thing she said or did exhibited a quiet, lady-like simplicity and decorum. There was also something in her deportment toward him so different from that which usually exists between the nurse and the patient, that Hartland, half the time, did not know how to behave himself. He sometimes insisted on her being seated, but she always declined with a look of humility that sunk into his heart. At first he was puzzled, next interested, and finally there stole into his heart one of the softest of all possible feelings for Genevieve, compounded of full-grown gratitude and new-born love.

One day, while the doctor was with him, it suddenly occurred to Hartland to inquire where he was, how he came there, and, most especially, to whose kindness he was indebted for such benevolent attentions; hinting at the same time that he presumed it was the doctor who had interposed in his behalf.

"You are mistaken," replied his friend; "I knew nothing of your situation till I found you here."

"Indeed!—and how came I here?"

"I will tell you, for you ought to know, in order to return thanks in the proper place. You are in the house of Mademoiselle de F—, a young lady of French extraction, a great heiress, of lands, mines, and what not, extending no one knows where; and, withal, a most beautiful, amiable, accomplished woman. She is a ward of mine, or rather was, for she is now of age, and might have married long ago, but for a singular scruple which she encourages at the risk of passing the remainder of her life in single blessedness."

"Ah!" rejoined Hartland, who found himself not a little interested about the heiress; "ah, and what may this scruple be?"

"She imagines, or rather fears, it is her great possessions that attract so many admirers wherever she goes; and faith, notwithstanding her beauty and accomplishments, she is probably in the right. She is waiting to be loved for herself alone, and from being almost always surrounded by frivolous or interested admirers, has contracted a sort of contempt, if not aversion, to men, which, in spite of the feminine gentleness, not to say tenderness, of her disposition, displays itself in a uniform indifference, if not haughtiness, toward almost all those who aspire to her good graces. She once told me she never saw but one man toward whom she felt almost irresistibly attracted, and he treated her as if she was nobody."

"I should like to see her," answered Hartland, "for, independent of the obligations I owe her, she must be something of a curiosity. Such humility is not often coupled with wealth, beauty, and accomplishments. But you have not yet told me how I came to be here."

"You were seen by a good old aunt who resides with the young lady, and who happened to be looking out of the window as you were landed, in a state of partial delirium. She apprised Mademoiselle de F— of the circumstance, who immediately gave directions to have you brought here."

"Upon my word, I owe her obligations which I can never repay."

"That is more than you know," said the doctor, smiling.

"I should, however, at least, like to thank her. Where does she hide herself? How happens it I have never by any chance seen, or heard her voice? and when will she permit me to express my gratitude?"

"It would not be etiquette, you know," replied the doctor, again smiling with a sweetness I never saw in any other man. "It would not be etiquette for a young lady to visit a young single getleman, like you, in his bed-chamber. But, in a few days, I shall let you out of the cage, and then you will see her. Take care of yourself; the citadel is inviting, but will cost a long siege, and perhaps not surrender at last."

The doctor then rose to depart, when Hartland, with a degree of hesitation which surprised himself, and the color rising in his pale cheek, asked—

"But, doctor, now I think of it, who is the gentle, kind, attentive nurse, to whom, I verily believe—meaning no reflection on your skill—I am indebted for my recovery. I owe her much, and you must put me in some way of expressing my obligations."

"She is paid for her attendance," replied the doctor, carelessly, "and will accept of nothing from you, except what you will not perhaps be willing to bestow on her."

"What do you mean by that, doctor?"

"Nothing," answered he, as he departed with another significant smile.

Hartland fell into a reverie. The words, "she is paid for her attendance," grated harshly on his ears. He wished it had been voluntary, for then he could have ascribed it to some motive that would have flattered his self-love, or, to do him justice, appealed to his gratitude and affections, and merited a different acknowledgement than mere sordid money. He tried hard to persuade himself that he owed poor Genevieve nothing but her wages, while his heart told him that such attentions as she had paid him could never be bought with gold. But what could the doctor mean by his mischievous smiles, and the equivocal phrase of "she will accept of nothing from you, but what you will not perhaps be willing to bestow on her"? Hartland could make nothing of this, and became buried in a perplexity of thought, from which he was roused by the steps of Genevieve, who entered the room with slow timidity, and asked, in trembling accents, after his health.

"I am quite well, dear Genevieve, thanks to your blessed kindness, which I can never repay."

"My wages are already paid," answered she, with apparent simplicity; "and now that you are quite recovered, I am going away. I came to bid you farewell, to express my wishes for your happiness, and to ask of you sometimes to remember poor Genevieve."

There was something exquisitely touching in her voice, her look, and the dewy lustre of her eyes, as she pronounced these words, which entered the very soul of Hartland.

"Genevieve," said he, "sit down by me, and hear what I am going to say. Nay, I insist upon your being seated, for you have much to hear, and it does not become one who owes his life to you to be seated while you are standing."

"It does not become one like me to be seated in the presence of one like you," replied Genevieve, in a low and thrilling voice of deep humility, as Hartland with respectful violence compelled her to place herself by his side on the sofa.

"Genevieve," said he, "you have saved my life; is there any wish of your heart ungratified, any thing within the power of man to do that will contribute to your happiness, or that of any one dear to you? If there is, I here pledge the soul which was bestowed on me by my Maker, and the life which you have preserved, to do what man can do to repay, as far as possible, obligations that can never be canceled. Tell me, Genevieve—dear Genevieve!—for you are very dear to me—tell me in what way I can prove to you I am not ungrateful. Do not leave me with a load of obligation on my heart that will weigh me down to the earth with a sense of absolute degradation. My life will be comparatively worthless, unless you permit me to consecrate it to your happiness."

"To my happiness!" reiterated the trembling girl. "My happiness does not depend on wealth or benefits. I can accept nothing from you except—except your kind remembrance. I am already paid my wages, and my object was simply what I said. I came to bid farewell, and wish you health and happiness."

She was rising to go, but Hartland detained her.

"Genevieve, you do not, or will not comprehend me. I love you, sincerely, tenderly, faithfully."

"And you prove it by thus insulting me."

"Insulting you, Genevieve! Do you take me for such a wretch? Is such a declaration insulting?"

"From one like you to one like me, it is more than insulting—it is degrading to one, dishonorable in the other. But it is time I should go, if I wish to preserve, as a source of future gratification, the remembrance of having humbly administered to the wants of one who has repaid by wishing to degrade me."

Again she made an effort to leave him, but Hartland detained her.

"In the name of Heaven, what do you mean, Genevieve?—what do you suspect, that you thus reproach me with insulting and degrading you? Do you think me such a brute and villain as to do one or the other? Is the proffer of a sincere and ardent love from an honest man to a virtuous woman, insult and degradation? Is the devotion of a true heart, that I would tear from my bosom if I thought it capable of deceiving or betraying one who has filled it to overflowing with love and gratitude, insult and degradation?"

Those alone who have seen Hartland in the halls of legislation mowing down hearts with his irresistible eloquence, can judge of the effect of his words on Genevieve.

"Tell me—tell me, Genevieve," added he, "what you think and what you fear?"

"Are you not the great orator, statesman, author? Is not your name on every tongue, your words in every mouth? Do you not stand high among the highest of your country, and may you not aspire to be still higher? and am not I a menial without wealth, name, or family to render me worthy of sharing your honors? No, sir—I understand you but too well. You would—you would—" she burst into tears, and could proceed no further.

"I would make you my wife," cried Hartland, with a tone and expression that could not be mistaken. "My dear, dear wife, to live with me and be my love forever."

"What, poor Genevieve!" almost shrieked she. "Me—your nurse—your servant—your—"

"Preserver!" interrupted Hartland. "Yes, I would ensure the happiness of my future life, by sharing it with one who, in her humble garb and humble occupation, has proved to me that neither grace nor dignity, virtue nor refinement, is confined to any situation of life, or dependent on wealth and splendor. Will you consent to trust your happiness with me? Will you be mine forever?"

"Are you really in earnest?" faltered she, with tears and trembling. "What, poor Genevieve!"

"Poor Genevieve!—are you not rich in virtue, grace, and beauty; and is not such a heart and mind as yours worth all the wide lands and rich mines of your mistress, whom I am yet to see and thank for her kindness? Yes, 'Poor Genevieve,' I am in earnest—serious and solemn as a man can be at the moment when the happiness of his life hangs on the decision of a moment."

Genevieve wept as she reclined on his shoulder for

a few moments, then started away before he was aware of her intention, and, turning toward him as she retreated through the door a face full of inexpressible tenderness, exclaimed—

"You shall see me again, and receive my answer."

Hartland did not know exactly what to make of all this. But he had felt the heart of Genevieve throb against his side, and seen her parting look. Neither could be mistaken, and he remained in the happy anticipation that all would end as he wished. From this, in the lapse of some hour or two, he was roused by the entrance of Genevieve in her bonnet and cloak, who delivered a message from Mademoiselle de F—, purporting that she desired to see him, if he felt himself strong enough to leave his room.

Hartland sought to detain her a moment, for the answer she had promised. But she only replied with a look and accent he could not comprehend. "You will receive it soon from my mistress."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed he in a pet; "what care I for your mistress?"

"But you must care for her, and love her too, for she is far more worthy of your heart than Poor Genevieve.

"If I do may my—"

"Hush! do not swear, lest you should forswear yourself the next minute. Remember what I say. In less than a quarter of an hour you will forsake poor Genevieve. You will not acknowledge your love for her in the presence of my mistress."

"Come!" cried Hartland, seizing her hand, "lead me at once to your mistress, and put me to the test."

Genevieve did not reply, but led him into a capacious apartment whose windows, reaching to the floor, opened on a terrace overlooking a little river that skirted a green lawn, as it coursed its way to eternal oblivion in the bosom of the great father of waters. No one was there to receive him, and Genevieve immediately left the room, merely saying, "I will tell my mistress you are here." He remained a few minutes looking out on the scene before him, but unconscious of its loveliness, when he was roused by the opening of a door, and turning round perceived a female advancing with hesitating steps and head inclining toward the earth. Her face was entirely hid by a thick, black veil, which descended below her waist, and prevented the contour of her figure from being seen.

Hartland advanced to pay his compliments and express his acknowledgments, which he did with his usual grace and fluency. But the lady made no reply, and for a few moments seemed greatly agitated. At length she slowly put aside her veil, and at once disclosed the face of Genevieve, glowing with blushes of modest apprehensive delicacy, her eyes cast down and her bosom swelling with emotion. In an instant he comprehended all.

"Genevieve!"—he exclaimed—"Is it possible?"

"Yes," answered the well-remembered, persuasive, gentle voice which had so often soothed his pains, and quieted his impatience in the hours of sickness. "Yes, once poor Genevieve, your nurse—now rich and happy Genevieve, for now she has found in the man she would have selected from all the world, one who loves her for herself alone. Hartland, dear Hartland, will you forgive me? It is the last time I will ever deceive you."

Hartland was not obdurate, and the forgiveness was accorded by folding Genevieve in his arms, and imprinting on her lips the first, sweetest kiss of love.

"How can I ever repay you for your gentle cares and noble generosity to a stranger?" at length he said.

"By always remembering and loving poor Genevieve. But you are not so much a stranger as you think. No one in this wide land is ignorant of your name; but I—I am old acquaintance."

"You, Genevieve!"

"Yes. I see I must humble my vanity, by introducing myself to your notice. Do you remember traveling North about ten years ago, and accidentally falling in company with the family of Mr. M——, a Creole gentleman, consisting of his wife and his niece, a little girl scarcely eleven, and very small for that age? Yes—well, I was that little girl; but you know it is the fashion among us to consider tiny women like me not as angels, but nobodies. I was not named to you, nor do I know that you ever heard me called by any name but Jenny. At all events, you took no other notice of me than sometimes to pat my head in passing, and once—I shall never forget it—you stooped down and gave me a kiss, in sport. I had often heard you spoken of in terms that called forth my admiration, and that kiss was never forgotten. You do n't know how early the flower begins to bud in our spring. We parted, you to forget, I to remember you forever. I knew you the moment you were brought hither; and now you have my history. This humble person, and all that I inherit is yours, and, be assured, I will forgive your infidelity should you forsake your humble nurse, poor Genevieve, for her mistress."

"Forsake poor Genevieve!" cried Hartland. "When I do, may my tongue become mute, and my mind a desert. No! dearest girl, I must be without memory and without gratitude, when I forget her who hovered, and watched, and sometimes wept—was it not so, sweet Genevieve?—over the dark days and nights of my pain and weakness, and whom I more than once imagined I must have known in some previous state of existence, for I could not divest myself at times of the impression that I had somewhere seen you before. No, my beloved one, should you ever, in our journey through life, perceive, or fancy you perceive, any diminution of my love, you have only to dress and look as you did at my bedside, and become poor Genevieve again, to retrieve my heart, once more and forever."

"Ah, me!" exclaimed she, "I see I must make up my mind to always having a formidable rival. But I will try to reconcile myself to the calamity, and be content to share your heart with poor Genevieve."

Just at this moment the doctor came in, and, seeing how matters stood, at the first glance, began good-humoredly to banter his friend.

"Well, Hartland, the mystery is disclosed, I perceive. You first fell in love with the nurse, and have

deserted her for the mistress. The exchange is very sensible, judicious, and prudent."

"It is no exchange, doctor. She shall always be poor Genevieve to me—the object of my unchanging love, and eternal gratitude."

Genevieve looked at the doctor with a smile of proud consciousness, which he returned with one of approving affection. The Good doctor passed from this world but a little while ago, and, when he died, the suffering victims of poverty, disease, and sorrow lost their most benevolent friend—his country, one of her most noble citizens. He united the courage of a hero with the softness of a woman, and joined the most devoted attachment to his native land, with a generous, enlarged philanthrophy that comprehended all mankind. He was the friend of the human race, but his countrymen were his brothers.

Genevieve and Hartland still survive. The former has never had any cause to regret her experiment on the disinterestedness of mankind; and the latter, while steadily pursuing a lofty career of honorable ambition, blesses the hour when he yielded to the dictates of love and gratitude. If at any time he seemed to forego the delight of mutual confidence, and the enjoyments of domestic happiness, in the high pursuit of well-earned fame, his wife had only to put on her homely gown, her little nurse's cap, and black silk apron, and become poor Genevieve again, to awaken all his early love, and win him back to the hallowed shrine of home. Yet, strange to say, the rich heiress is not jealous of poor Genevieve. They live together in the most perfect harmony, and it is impossible to say which loves the other best.

CHANGES.

Here 's pansies for thoughts. *Ophelia.*

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

ALL things on earth are subject to a change.
Where firm-based mountains once upreared their heads,
Snow-capped amidst the clouds, now valleys smile,
And shepherds pipe to flocks in flowery meads.
Rivers forsake their channels and become
As rippling brooks, that with a tiny voice
Babble of former greatness. Mighty seas,
Where navies battled and the strong whale dwelt.
Now wash the axle of the globe we tread,
Ne'er to be seen by mortal eye again.
Nations, that in their pride and magnitude
Threatened to burst the confines of this globe,
Have passed away, and scarcely left behind
A record of their names. The giant Rome
Has dwindled to a pigmy. Macedon
Is, as it were, a village among nations;
Of Carthage scarce a single stone remains
To designate her grave; and Egypt now,
Though once the sun that hurled back rays to Heaven,
Is in Egyptian darkness.—

All things change!

Say, where is now the race of Pericles,
The Ptolemies and Cæsars? Look among
The refuse of mankind, you 'll find them there,
Unmindful of their name; and what they are
To us, the men we magnify will be
To after ages.—

Naught is lasting here!

Wealth taketh wings and fleeth as a bird
While Penury usurps her empty temple.
Friendship gives place to hate, and love to scorn;
Pride is o'ertoppled by humility;
Courage forsakes the strong man's heart to fear,
And Avarice—that yellow devotee
Who would far rather starve for lack of bread
Than take one glory from the golden god
His own hands fashioned—plays the prodigal.
Our rooted passions have not nerve to stay.
E'en Time, who changes all things, in his turn,
Wearied, must drop his sythe and crush his glass,
And in his second childhood sink to sleep,
And rise regenerate—Eternity.

And what is man for man to magnify,
Though made but little lower than the angels,
And crowned with glory and with loving kindness!
The dust we tread on was perchance a flower;
The ox consumed it, and that shrub became
His flesh and blood; then man consumed the ox,
And made the creature human, of that flesh
That rises in God's image on that day,
When spectral myriads of forgotten nations
Stalk from the earth and deep to meet their doom,
And in celestial armor feel a dread
That human weakness knew not.—We are told
All things were made for his use; he consumes
Fish, flesh and fowl, and various fruits of earth
Combine to form and mingle in his frame,
Making themselves immortal by the change,
And subject to immortal punishment.
Better remain the fruit, the fish, the fowl,
Than live as human, and to rise immortal
As some must rise!—

O! strange metempsychosis!

Lo! man returns to mother earth again,
And from his dust new shrubs and beasts are fed,
Who in like manner are by man consumed,
Through countless generations, making thus
Even the grave prolific, till earth's surface,
By transmutation, has at last become
The human family and not its grave:
Flesh of our flesh and bone of human bone,
That, Saturn-like, devours her own creation
To feed an after progeny, and fatten
On the stark limbs and heart's blood of her children.
There 's naught on earth wherein we find no change—
Save empty pockets!

BERKSHIRE.

BY CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK, AUTHOR OF "HOPE LESLIE," ETC.

SOME men are born to riches and some to honors, but among all the kind appointments of Providence one of the kindest is to have our destiny cast amidst beautiful scenery—to be born and bred where the loveliest forms of nature abound—to have the heart early linked to them; they remain through life a revelation of God's goodness and love, memorials of the absent and the dead, in all changes unchanged, and still eloquent when the voices of living friends have ceased forever.

This is the blessed inheritance of the natives of Berkshire, the western county of Massachusetts, one of the most lovely regions of our immense country. Till recently it has, from its sequestered position, remained in obscurity. Its communication with its own capital, even, has been impeded by the high and rugged hills that enclose it. But now the hills are brought low, and the rough places are made smooth. Man has chained to his car a steed fleeter than the rein-deer, and stronger than the elephant, and we glide through our mountain passes with a velocity more like the swiftness of lovers' thoughts than any material thing to which we can liken it. "I thank God that I have lived to the days of railroads!" said an old lady of eighty-nine, seated in her rocking-chair in a car, in which she was going, during the pleasant hours of the day, one hundred and fifty miles, to visit her grandchildren.

"And what may that child live to see?" said a gentleman, pointing to an infant of a month old, sleeping on a sofa in the "ladies' car" as comfortably as if it had been in its nursery cradle—what, indeed!

That section of the western railroad which traverses the wild hills of Berkshire is a work of immense labor, and a wonderful achievement of art. The pleasure of our citizens in surveying it is not impaired by the galling consciousness that there is yet a foreign debt to pay for it, or doubtful credit involved in it. No hisses of disappointed creditors mingle with the shrill whistle of the engine. The last farthing of the loan of "Baring, Brothers & Co." is paid, and the new course of business and rapid increase of travel promises a future fair return to our commonwealth and its citizens for the investments made with an intelligent and generous calculation of future advantage, and general good. In these days when men are all in a bustle "making haste to be rich," it is a proof of wisdom and high intelligence to sacrifice the present to the future. The prostrate worshiper before the golden calf loses sight of the noblest objects beyond it.

Berkshire lies midway between the Connecticut and the Hudson. After leaving the wide meadows of the Connecticut basking in their rich inheritance of alluvial soil and unimpeded sunshine, you wind through the narrow valleys of the Westfield river, with masses of mountains before you, and woodland heights crowding in upon you so that at every puff of the engine the passage visibly contracts. The Alpine character of the river strikes you. The huge stones in its wide channel, which have been torn up and rolled down by the sweeping torrents of spring and autumn, lie bared and whitening in the summer's sun. You cross and recross it, as in its deviations it leaves space on one side or the other for a practicable road.

At "Chester Factories" you begin your ascent of eighty feet in a mile for thirteen miles! The stream between you and the precipitous hill-side, cramped into its rocky bed, is the Pontoosne, one of the tributaries of the Westfield River. Alas! for Mr. Dickens, who talks about the "*slimy* rivers of America." Has he ever seen our sparkling mountain-brooks, (*rivers* we believe they call them in England,) so clear that, as we have heard an amateur trout-fisherman say, "you may drink every drop of them." Has he ever sailed up the Hudson, or seen the Connecticut, or any of our pure northern waters? Pure enough, one would think, to wash clear the misty eye of prejudice. As you continue your progress upward amidst the rocky hills, the traveler perceives a resemblance to the wild valley of Chamouni, and (bating the snow-covered Alps!) the valley of the Pontoosne is little less striking. As you trace this stream to its mountain-home it dashes along beside you with the recklessness of childhood. It leaps down precipices, runs forth laughing in the dimpling sunshine, and then, shy as a mountain nymph, it dodges behind a knotty copse of evergreens. In approaching the "summit level," you traverse bridges built a hundred feet above other mountain streams, tearing along their deep-worn beds; and at the "deep-cut" your passage is hewn through solid rocks, whose mighty walls frown over you.

Mountain scenery changes with every changing season—we might almost say with every change of atmosphere. In the spring, while the skirts of winter still hang over this high cold region, and the trees seem afraid to put out their buds, the Pontoosne breaks forth from its icy bars, and leaps and rushes on as if with conscious joy for its recovered liberty. It is the first sound that breaks upon the wearisome lingering of winter, and its music strikes upon the ear like the sweetest of human sounds, the morning song of a child waking one from a dreary dream.

In summer, as there is little on these savage hills of what is peculiar to summer, flowers and fruitfulness, it is a happy chance to make this pass when

piles of clouds hide the hot sun, and the rain is pouring down in sheets, when every little dropping rill that has dried away in the summer's heat is suddenly swelled into a waterfall, and over the banks and down the cliffs they come pouring and leaping, reminding one of that wild fable of German, imagining Undine and all her clan of water-spirits doing their whimsical feats.

In autumn the beeches and maples on the hill-sides are glowing with a metallic brightness, softened and set off most exquisitely by the evergreen of the towering pines, the massive cones of the Norway firs, and the graceful plumy hemlocks that intersperse them.

In winter the art that sends you swiftly and securely through these stern solitudes is most gratefully felt. The trees bend creaking before the howling blast, the snow is driving and drifting, here it is piled on either side in solid walls above your car, and there the hideous roots of the upturned stumps are bare. Even the hardy mountain children have shrunk from the biting blast, and the whimpering dog has begged an inside berth. You see no little tow-head with its curious eyes peering at you through the icy window, you hear not even the salute of a bark. On you glide, by the aid of the most recent discoveries and ingenious contrivances of art, through a country whose face is still marked with the savage grandeur of its primeval condition. To give the transition to the smiling valleys below the full force of contrast, it should be made in summer. Then, you slide down amid green pastures, meadows and orchards. You glance at Hinsdale and Dalton, and enter Pittsfield, famed for its lofty elm, the last veteran of the original forest, (now, alas! a dying veteran,) for its annual fairs, its thriving Medical Institution, and for its rural wealth, possessing as it does within the limits of its township perhaps more cultivable land than any other equal district in Massachusetts.

Pittsfield is the metropolitan village of Berkshire, and the whole county must yield to it in working-day prosperities. It has its depôt, its rival hotels, boarding-schools, its bakery, fruit-shops, and groceries, and its compact rows of shops. It has, too, the distinctive charm of New England village scenery, its long streets, shaded as a bower, with detached houses surrounded with pleasure-grounds. In refinement and rural beauty Pittsfield is inferior we think—perhaps it is a home prejudice—to some of our more secluded and unambitious villages. But each has its peculiar charm to its own denizens, and those who have had their birth-place in the rudest and roughest will say, as the woman said of her ill-favored child, "she is not a beauty, but I love *that* look!"

Of all the towns of Berkshire Williamstown perhaps best deserves the traveler's notice—not for its scenery alone, though that is unsurpassed. It lies under the broad shadow of Saddle Mountain, and its wide, beautiful plain is completely encircled by mountains, from which one should see the mist roll away in the golden days of autumn. The ascent to "Greylock" is made from Williamstown; the grand natural curiosity of "The Hopper" is in a cleft of its mountains. The Hoosack winds among its hills, and the wild scenery of Adams and Cheshire is in its neighborhood. But these, as we have hinted, are not its only attractions. Its college has been instituted fifty years, and has educated more than a thousand young men, for the most part the sons of our farmers and mechanics, persons of means so limited that but for the moderate expenses of education here they could have received none. The intellectual and moral education is of the highest order. The sympathies of the gentleman at the head of the college are with the rural classes, he having sprung from our yeomanry. This is not the place to proclaim his praise, and if it were, such proclamation would be less agreeable to him than to any one who knows him. But we may be permitted to say that his character, and his eminent gifts as an ethical writer, illustrate and give power to the institution over which he presides. Williamstown was the first to institute a society of Alumni. The first astronomical observatory in the United States was erected there, and there on the banks of the Hoosack were vows made of a deeper interest and holier consecration than those of the Swiss heroes at Grutli.

We have entered Berkshire by a road far superior to the Appian Way. On every side are rich valleys and smiling hill-sides, and deep-set in their hollows lovely lakes sparkle like gems. From one of these, a modest sheet of water in Lanesborough, flows out the Housatonic, the minister of God's bounty, bringing to the meadows along its course a yeasty renewal of fertility, and the ever-changing, ever-present beauty that marks God's choicest works. It is the most judicious of rivers; like a discreet rural beauty it bears it burdens and does its work out of sight; its water privileges for mills, furnaces and factories are aside from the villages. When it comes near to them, as in Stockbridge, it lingers like a lover, turns and returns, and when fairly off flies past rolling wheels and dinning factories till reaching the lovely meadows of Barrington it again disports itself at leisure.

The mere summer visiters to Berkshire know little of the various beauties of the Housatonic. To them it is a mere chance acquaintance, seen, perchance admired, and forgotten. But we who have lived in its companionship feel that

> "loveliest there the spring days come,
> With blossoms and birds and wild bees' hum,
> The flowers of summer are fairest there,
> And freshest the breath of the summer's air;
> And sweetest the golden autumn day,
> In silence sunshine glides away."

Ye whose childhood and youth have passed away along its course, who are familiar with its loneliest and loveliest places, who have seen the first dawning of the summer's morning on its waters, and the evening mist coming forth from its bosom, do ye not remember the first venturing of your little feet on its pebbly shallows, when sire or elder friend pealed for you the willow wand that grew on its banks—do ye not recall the first bold plunge into its deeper water—the first hardy attempt to swim its small breadth? Have ye not trodden every pathway along its banks, and sat there for hours gazing and musing, dropping in an idle pebble, or *skittering* it over the surface?

Have ye not climbed some blasted tree, wreathed with grape vines, to gather the bunches of fox grapes, deeming them (blissful ignorance!) good as grapes could be? Have ye not there filled your baskets with the pearly clusters of the elder, or other "herb of power"? Have ye not caught there your first strings of flat fish, pretty dace, and bull-heads; or perchance there baited your hooks for nobler victims, for perch, pickerel, or trout, and with the true angler's spirit sat the whole day, fish or no fish, "equal to either fortune"?

Is not the memory of parent, brother or sister, or school-friend, parted from you long ago, blended with the familiar paths along this stream? There you went together in the mellowing spring-time, in the summer's soft twilight, in the glowing autumn. Go there alone now, their voices and their footsteps will still ring on your hearts.

Nature's magnificence suggests worship, and it was in obedience to that suggestion probably that the ancients placed temples on the highest accessible elevations. There, where the first beam of day touches, where the last twilight lingers, and over which the stars keep their solemn watch, was their fitting sites. Thank God! we also have these natural worshiping places; but as yet the highest points in Berkshire, Saddle Mountain, at the north, and Taghconick, (Hart Mountain,) at the south, have been little explored. We are just beginning to ascend difficult heights and seek hidden treasures of beauty, for that best *use*, enjoyment. A few pilgrims to Nature's shrines have gone up to Greylock, the summit of Saddle Mountain. It is a long and difficult ascent, and none but valiant pedestrians should attempt it, for though our mountain-trained horses may carry them safely up, yet the descent down the dizzying steeps—the horse sinking at every step to his fetlock in the soft spongy soil—is, if not hazardous, startling to weak nerves. Once there, indeed, the "soul partakes the enlargement of the vision," and weariness is forgotten. The view has the character of our other better known mountain views, and is unsurpassed by any that we have seen. A sea of woodland is before you, God's garners awaiting his children's diligent hands, and bountiful watercourses, and open, cultured valleys thick set with happy homes.

Saddle Mountain is ascertained, we believe, by recent measurement to be the loftiest elevation in New England except the White Hills. Its form is indicated, but not well described by its name. The outline along the summit has the wavy form of the saddle, but there the resemblance ends. Its soft swelling sides gently rounding out from the conical form, and its isolated position give it a faint resemblance to Somma and Vesuvius. From its shape and position to the sun its lights are most changing and various. Strange as it may seem in our northern clime, it has at times the amethyst hue of the islands in the Bay of Naples, and again a vesture of as soft and melting blue as Soractes in its magic atmosphere. There is nothing in the voluptuous coloring of the south more beautiful than the quick succession of brilliant, clear lights and deep shadows that play over Saddle Mountain; and when the leaden clouds gather in heavy masses over it, and wrap it in a mantle of dark blue shadow, deepening into blackness, it has the stern aspect that best characterizes the scenery of northern latitudes. Taghconick lies on our southern boundary. In this range of mountains, and just within our borders, is the fall of "Bash-Bishe;" the "Eagle's Nest," on a pile of crags and precipices, hangs over it. Other like treasures may be hidden in the unexplored depths of Taghconick. The name, Bash-Bishe, is evidently a corruption of a very common Swiss name for a waterfall, and it was early given (as the name of Rhigi to a part of the mountain) by Swiss emigrants who settled in the neighborhood. To them what a memorial must this wild beauty in its mountain fastness have been of their Stanbach, Giesbach, and Riechenbach!

Nature breathes a mysterious influence into the soul of man—and man's soul in turn inspires her mute forms. We can never see Taghconick without thinking of a friend whose mind first knit itself to the outward world under its shadow—that mind has since sent its light far over the civilized world.

"Monument Mountain," standing "like the fragment of some mighty wall," needs no note of ours. Our truest poet has multiplied its images, and dispersed them to the reading world.

Richmond Hill, our Richmond Hill, is yet unsung, but with its view of the whole range of the Kaatskills—of the Hudson, of lakes, valleys, villages and hills, like the multitudinous waves of the sea, it is as superior in charms to the Richmond Hill near London, familiar to the readers of Thompson, as Diana and *all* her nymphs are to a sleeping beauty.

In our hill-country every township has some summit towering above its fellows, called "Prospect Hill" or "Bald Head," and held by its visiters and lovers to be pre-eminent in beauty—but we have no space to note them, nor to describe our ice-glens and the magic effect of torch-light parties through them, nor the pic-nics on the woodland borders of our lakes, nor the merry chorus of young voices that we have heard chiming in with the mountain song of "West Brook," and "Roaring Brook." One word we must say of our names.

Nothing can be better than a descriptive name, be it ever so homely, known from time immemorial, and familiar to every man, woman and child in the country. These are charmed words, "open sesames" to the imagination, so that whenever they are spoken the place and its accompaniments rise to the mind's eye. Such are "Greylock" and "Monument Mountain" and "Taghconick." A recent surveyor of our county has proposed to change this name to *Mount Everett*, and has actually so written it down! All honor be to the name of our accomplished minister, but it must not efface the name of Taghconick—that is consecrated by an elder baptism. We would gladly obliterate such accidental designations as "Great Pond" and "Little Pond," and we regret that the settlers of Berkshire did not preserve the Indian names, signifying the upper and lower valleys of the Housatonic, instead of calling them Pittsfield and Stockbridge, the one illustrating the family name of a land purchaser,

and the other transmitted from the parent country. Fine names our people will not adopt any more than they will stick fine feathers in their felt hats, and they are right, for they have no associations with them; but why should we not recur to the Indian names while they are to be got, and while the country is young enough to grow up with them? We have lately obtained a few of these names from some old Indian pilgrims from the West to this home of their childhood. The name of "Great Barrington" was Ma-hai-we. Is not this euphonious sound better suited to one of the loveliest villages of Berkshire than its present name, half pretending and half insignificant? The "Great Pond," in Stockbridge, is to "ears polite" the lake, but in this country of lakes this does not sufficiently designate it. It is sometimes called, by the christening of a little girl, "The Mountain Mirror"—this is happily descriptive, but too fine —the "Looking-Glass" would perhaps have taken better. Its Indian name is Qui-tchee-schook—this is too long for our busy times, but its English equivalent, "the bowl," is short and simple and perfectly descriptive. No bowl was ever more beautifully formed or set, or ever, even in old Homer's genial verse, sparkled more invitingly.

The little lake on the southern verge of Lenox, black with the shadows of the surrounding uplands, Pahquinnipahquok (dark water.) The circling meadow at the eastern entrance of Stockbridge, enclosed by the hills and looking as if a velvet carpet had been thrown over a lake, and that by some sudden charm had been transformed to solid ground, was called Pach-waäng-choock. The long marsh that skirts Stockbridge on the north, wild as the witches' heath in Macbeth, was Pang-qua-seek. We have found other Indian names, but they, like these, are of local interest. We have mentioned a few to encourage others by our success to seek such as may belong to places of note.

Our subject, we are aware, borders on egotism, and we should not have chosen it for a magazine of so wide a circulation as Mr. Graham's, had it not been suggested by the call made on the "Sons of Berkshire," wherever dispersed, to meet together in their hill-country—to come up to their Jerusalem to worship.

Should this slight notice of our common birth-place meet the eyes of any among them, let it remind them that this meeting has been appointed for August, 1844. In the name of Berkshire we bid her sons come! Come, and bring back to us the teachings of your experience, the wisdom ye have learned in other lands. Come, and shed on us the brightness of your honors, or let us partake the grace of your humility.

If ye are somewhat overburdened with the sordid cares of life, come; on your native green hills ye may forget, for awhile, the "bank-note-world."

If time, or sorrow and loss, harsher than time, have grayed your hair, diminished your light, and made your step slow and heavy on your mother earth, come, and tread again the homestead. Here the sun will again shine as brightly, and the air blow as freshly as when you were boys.

If ye have not been true to the generous purposes of your youth, come in the vigor of your manhood and rekindle your enthusiasm at the altars where it first burned.

And if there be who have wandered from the way of right, come—the spirit of father and mother will meet the returning prodigal at the threshold of his old home.

But, above all, if ye have kept your affections heavenward and your hearts warm, come, and feel how joyous is their beat in unison with the gathered friends of your boyhood! Come, and see again the sun rise and set where it rose and set to the eye of your childhood—thread the pathways to the "old pasture," "the orchard," "the meadow," the nutting, hunting, fishing-grounds—loiter round the old school-house—go to the meeting-house—to the haunts of your first loves, the point in life where each discovered a new world—and, finally, come, and listen to the small still voice where your dead lay!

Come with your wives and your children; come—we conclude in the words of the classic lay that has saluted your ears in many a merry moonlit evening—

Come with a call,
"Come with a good-will or come not at all."

THE DEATH OF LAURA.

TRANSLATED FROM PETRARCH'S "TRIONFO DELLA MORTE."

BY CHARLES W. BAIRD.

Not like the fire that by rude force is spent,
But like the flame that doth itself consume,
In peace then flew away the soul content,
And left the gentle body for the tomb;
And like unto a soft, clear, silver light,
That slowly dies away for want of food,
That tardily doth lose its flame so bright,
Retaining still its lustrous habitude.

Not pale, but white and spotless, more than snow
Fresh fallen upon a gently rising hill,
While not a single breath of wind doth blow,
Like one fatigued, she seemed to sleep at will.
As if calm rest had closed her beaming eye,
The spirit then had made its heavenly race.
'T was that which oft the thoughtless call to die;—
E'en death was lovely on her lovely face.

THE AGE OF PERICLES.

BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

SALLUST, in his book on Catiline's conspiracy, gives it as his opinion, that Athens owes her fame less to her real greatness, than to the patriotic genius of her writers. The remark is self-contradictory, for nowhere, but in the bosom of a great people, could so many illustrious authors, of such various characters, have acquired the knowledge and felt the motive to excel; yet ill-founded as it is, it is of use to show the jealousy, which the Roman felt, of Athenian pre-eminence in the judgment of future ages.

Greece and Rome must ever be rivals for the regard of the student, whether his favorite pursuit be mere literature, the progress of society, the science of government, the philosophy of morals, the refining beauty of Art, or the more doubtful glory of warlike achievement. Plutarch but accommodated himself to this necessary comparison, when in his matchless biographies he weighed each famous Greek against a famous Roman.

To the American, who is permitted to bear the two most noble names on earth, Christian and Republican, the study of those nations ought to be especially attractive. In their ethics and spiritual philosophy he may see how far short the best efforts of man's best mind fall of the divine beauty in the simple teachings of the Sage of Galilee; and learn, after having wondered that reason unassisted by revelation could attain so far, and wept that it could go no farther, to rest with a firmer trust and a more grateful love on those truths which God has caused to be "written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort in the Scriptures might have hope." It is only the superficial thinker who talks lightly of ancient heathen wisdom, and considers its existing remains as of no value He best knows the blessing of the Sun of Righteousness, who has talked with the mighty spirits of the past in their region of the shadow of death; and never does the Bow of Promise beam in such lively colors, as when we see it spanning that mysterious cloud of former darkness, which no heathen hope had strength to pierce. Nor should we forget that the great apostle of our faith was he, who, under the *afflatus* of inspiration, brought a mind trained in the logic and philosophy of the Grecian schools to the demonstration of Christianity.

The republican may discover in their forms and changes of government, a dim, confused foreshadowing of our own free institutions, and rejoice that the fatal causes of their downfall have been so happily obviated by the provisions of that system, which, while it makes the sovereignty of the people the basis of its strength, preserves in just balance the delegated functions of legislation, judiciary and executive. Such an examination is the more important, as every pen* which has written in our language the history of Greece and Rome, has been strongly biased in favor of aristocratic government. The reader of Mitford, Gillies (even in his translations of Aristotle's philosophical treatises) and the rest, must be ever on his guard against concealments, misstatements, and false inferences, designed or unintentional, which cast contempt upon republican principles, and alarm the generous lover of equal rights. Indeed, the history of the whole world, except what we have of it in the Bible, needs to be re-written. The time has come when we can no longer be satisfied to call biographies of a few great captains or lawgivers, and records of changing dynasties, history. We demand histories of the *people*, of their condition, character, opinions and movements. Mr. Prescott, in his admirable work on the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and Mr. Bancroft, in that history of our own land which will bear his name illustrious to the last age of time, have nobly set the example of philosophic history. No other historians have shown such sympathy with the people, and they could have acquired it nowhere but in republican America. May they be followed by others from among us, who will vindicate the importance of the many from the neglects of the few!

But the calm inquirer into the history of ancient republics will find no cause of fear for our own government and people, except so far as we may tolerate wrong in violation of our political creed, but will rather be encouraged to write upon the architrave of that system, whose foundation is the freedom of the people, and whose strong simple pillars are law, intelligence, virtue and religion, not the wish of a doubting patriot, "*Esto perpetua!*" but the bold prophecy of a heart confident in the supreme power of truth, "*Erit in perpetuum!*"

The Athenian is the most attractive of the Grecian States, and, in many regards, more interesting than the Roman. Rome was the more stupendous, Athens the more graceful. Rising from a farther antiquity, Athens is original, Rome more like a copy; while in letters, art and philosophy Athens is the acknowledged mistress. The Latin authors are more familiar, because more easily read, but the Greek well repay our harder study and open to us the fountains of all classic beauty and delight. Some critics have given the palm to the Latin historian, but the rushing energy of Demosthenes bears down even the high-toned, sonorous

* Thirlwall is an exception.

eloquence of his Roman rival, and no sufficient umpire would place the elegant Mantuan upon a pedastal as high as that from which the Father of poetry looks down on all ages. (We give Homer to Athens because she first collected and edited his works.) Cicero, notwithstanding his imitations and plagiarisms, as a moralist, and Horace as a lyrist, and Juvenal as a satirist, would have the writer's suffrage over all the Greeks, but Rome never produced a dramatist worthy of being named in the same hour with the three great Greek tragic writers, or in many respects with the comic Aristophanes. It remained for one in our own language to combine the supernatural grandeur of Æschylus, the chastened sublimity of Sophocles, and the truthful tenderness of Euripides, with the pungent wit (and, alas! too often the conceits and the grossness) of the licentious friend of the young Alcibiades.

It is of Athens we would treat, and Athens in her palmiest day, the time of Pericles. The brief space allotted to this essay will not permit the writer to say much on the various topics which will present themselves, nor will the intelligence of his readers allow him the vanity of hoping to say any thing new; but if, while he causes to flit rapidly across the mirror of educated memory persons and scenes already familiar from converse with books, he can impress a few useful lessons, his reward will be greater than he deserves.

A slight review of the political history of Athens will prepare us, without waste of time, better to understand the condition of the Athenian people at the time of that unparalleled demagogue, who, without office, ruled by the strength of mind and the unscrupulous cunning of ambitious tact.

The early history of Greece is lost in that Cimmerian darkness from which its first settlers came. There are changes of fashion in history as well as in the shape of our garments, and it is the present mode among the learned to treat as fabulous much of their legends which the Athenians themselves considered as true, from well-established tradition. Indefatigable Germans, bold as indefatigable, and their disciples in Britain and this country, have not hesitated to pronounce heroes and lawgivers, whose names are written upon the heights, the plains and the shore of Attica, mere mythical personages, whose only existence is in the dreams of the poet, or philosophical fables of the mysteries. We may, however, venture to inquire whether the creation of such myths does not argue a strength, ingenuity and refinement of conception utterly inconsistent with the condition of mind in those ages from which they came; and whether, as we know that the Esoterical teachers did use many real events and persons as the material for their mythism, they may not have employed facts and persons originally true in other if not in all cases? However strong the evidence of immigration from India may be, is it necessary to deny frequent and strong infusions from Egypt? Or can we hesitate to doubt that the Athenians, with *cicadæ* in their hair and the boast of Antochthonous origin on their lips, were made to admit the story of Egyptian colonists without strong evidence? That the Pelasgi, whoever they were, held Attica before the coming of Cecrops, is very evident, but no ingenious etymologies nor interlinkings of scattered sentences and obscure inferences, which erudite men have employed to prove that Cecrops never existed, are sufficient to destroy the testimony of tradition. We should believe that the myths were founded on traditionary facts rather than tradition upon myths; for it is most unphilosophical to believe that the main current of a generally received tradition is false, especially where, as in this case, it is opposed to national pride and pretension. Much of the Hellenic system, like its incomparably perfect language, must have grown upon its soil, but that it did not receive many ingredients from sacred Egypt, it would be a denial of analogy to assert. These questions are, however, too abstruse for our present discussion. We shall, therefore, while we are far from vouching for its entire authenticity, record the popular account of the rise of Athens from Pelasgic obscurity to Attic splendor.

It was about 1556 B. C. that Cecrops, a warlike and philosophical adventurer from Egypt, sailed through the Cyclades in search of a new home for himself and companions, and found on the coast of Attica (so called from a word signifying shore) a sheltered bay, with a lofty and almost impregnable rock a few miles from the sea. The advantages of an opportunity for commerce, with a place of defence against wandering pirates, determined them there to remain. The Pelasgi, the rude people who claimed the country, were quickly subdued, rather by the superior policy of the colonists than force of arms, and easily united by Cecrops into one government with his followers. They inhabited the land about the foot of the rock, while the Egyptians held the rock itself, which afterward acquired the name of Acropolis, or Height of the City. Other tribes and territories were soon added to the dominion of Cecrops, who proved himself, by his wisdom and moderation, worthy of his new sceptre. He divided his subjects, for the more ready administration of justice, into four tribes, and encouraged them in the practice of social virtues. The first of these bore his own name, and, although his successor was a native of the country, we may infer, with reason, that the descendants of the Egyptian colonists claimed a certain degree of nobility. But Cecrops rendered the most essential service to Athens (which derived its name from a title of Minerva, its tutelary deity,) by the attention which he paid to commerce; and, as in modern republics, the free and generous spirit of the merchants inspired the Athenians with a noble love of liberty, which afterward elevated their state to such commanding eminence over the other states of Greece and the Archipelago.

The population of Attica continued to increase rapidly. For the soil, being rough and barren, offered little temptation to predatory enemies, while it gave greater stimulus to an invigorating industry. The comparative freedom and security of the government drew many from the less regulated neighboring countries. The benign climate allured more adventurers from Asia, and the arts, which languished in the warmer countries of their birth, flourished into luxu-

riance, enriching and refining the people. Besides which, their commerce was extending and exerted a stronger influence upon their numbers and prosperity. We are not, therefore, surprised to find the seventh king (another Cecrops) from the Egyptian obliged to divide his people into twelve tribes, giving a separate jurisdiction to each, the effect of which was greatly to weaken the central power; indeed, it produced the first germ of the popular authority. Consequently Theseus (1230 B. C.) modeled the government anew, and united the people in one commonwealth, instituting for the preservation of the union a grand religious procession, in honor of Minerva, called Panathenæa, or service of the united Athenians, as the whole people engaged in it. In accomplishing the revolution, it was necessary for him to yield much of the royal prerogative, which, however, he did cheerfully, for he was a good and patriotic king. Theseus made the first distinction of ranks among the people, dividing them into nobles, farmers, and mechanics. The nobles had the choice of magistrates, the care of laws, and the management of religious rites. The mass was consulted in their general assembly on great national questions, though it is not easy to discover what influence they were permitted to exert.

At the death of Codrus, who devoted himself to death in a battle with the Dorians, on hearing that the Delphic oracle had promised victory to that nation whose king should be slain, the Athenians determined that no one after him should be allowed the title of king; and the son of Codrus succeeded him (1070 B. C.) as Archon, or Chief of Athens. The change of title took away much from the power of the office, and the archon was made subservient in a degree to the will of the people. This was the second important step of popular freedom. Under the archons they continually gained upon the privileged orders, until in 754 B. C. the term of the archonship was limited to ten years, another proof of popular advance. Seventy years afterward the term was restrained to one year, and divided among nine, chosen from families, free citizens for several generations. A separate jurisdiction was assigned to each, and they thus acted as checks upon one another. Still the office remained with the few powerful from family or wealth, and the people becoming weary of their partial decisions, demanded a written code of laws, or constitution, which should protect while it governed all. To this important work (the formation of the first Constitution, except that given by Heaven to the Jews) Draco was called by the popular voice. His laws, though absurdly severe, and, therefore, counteracting their own authority, kept the state for a time in quiet. But the power of the rich, owing to the high rate of interest, and the right of the creditor to require personal service of the insolvent debtor, operated strongly against the safety of the people; and they, aided by the jealous dissensions of the rich among themselves, succeeded in appointing the great Solon to the office of constructing a new constitution. His provisions were intended to balance the power of the aristocracy by that of the people. He divided the whole into four classes, according to a census of property. The higher officers were limited to the first class, the lesser to the second and third, while the fourth, "Thetes," had a voice only in the general assembly. But to that general assembly he gave the right of deciding appeals taken from the other courts, which brought the more important causes before them, and so gave to the people an immense influence. A council of five hundred, (Solon made it four hundred, but its number was soon increased,) chosen by lot from the several tribes, had a certain previous jurisdiction, and ordered the call of the general assembly.

The place of holding the assembly was the PNYX, an extensive, circular, roofless enclosure, a little to the left of the Piræan gate, remarkable for nothing but its size and antique simplicity, having been built in the time of Theseus. There the democracy of Athens passed their sovereign decrees, after having been addressed by their orators from the *Bema*, or pulpit of living rock, which commanded the whole multitude, generally from five to six thousand in number. The debates were conducted first by those citizens who were more than fifty years of age, and afterward by any who chose to speak. The question was taken by a show of hands, and the result announced by the chairman, who held the office only one day, and never again. The session was opened by the sacrifice of a black pig to Ceres.

In addition to these arrangements Solon fixed the rate of interest at twelve per cent, and made the debtor's person free, but forfeited his goods, except the necessary implements of his trade, for he considered idleness a crime no man should be forced to commit. By an agrarian law, he prohibited an inordinate acquisition of landed estates in any one man's hands, a regulation excusable, if at all, from the narrow extent of the Attic territory.

Still, liberal as was the constitution of Solon, it was defective in making mere riches the basis of political distinctions, and the jealous factions of the richer families disturbed the state by constant quarrels.

Thus, about thirty-five years after, Pisistratus, a noble by birth, and a man of the highest talents, raised a party among the populace, and, under pretence of confirming their liberties, established himself as Tyrant (another name for king,) of Athens. Notwithstanding the bold means by which he acquired power and the hateful title under which he reigned, his rule was mild, his private life virtuous and pure, by which he won the admiration of his countrymen. He and his son deserve the gratitude of the world, for having first collected and published the scattered books of Homer. He also established a public library, the first, it is believed, in the world. But the reign of a despot, however clement, was not to be long tolerated, and, after many struggles commenced by Harmodius and Aristogiton in circumstances very similar to those attending the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome, the Pisistratidæ were driven from Athens forever.

Clisthenes introduced a new engine of democratic power, called the Ostracism, or vote of shells, by which they paid their great men the compliment of banishing them from Athens, out of fear lest their

popularity, like that of Pisistratus, might become dangerous to liberty. If six thousand citizens wrote the name of a citizen upon their shells, which they used as ballots, he was exiled for ten years; a measure of doubtful authority, though it has been approved by Aristotle and Montesquieu.

The aristocracy still maintained the ascendant until PERICLES arose, (470 B. C.) and, having obtained the ostracism of Cimon, flattered the people by a great increase of their power. Gifted with extraordinary eloquence, and a mind of great strength, which had been cultivated under the best masters, he soon won the popular confidence. He enlarged the jurisdiction of their courts, paid the people out of the public treasury largely for every service, and pleased them with feasts and spectacles until Athens became in form a democracy, yet was ruled by the will of this one man, who, though he never held any high civil office, was master of Attica for more than thirty years. Such was the political condition of Athens at the time of which we would speak.

Serious, and in the end fatal, evils had entwined their serpent folds around the liberties of the Athenians. One was their method of deciding important questions on sudden emergencies, by popular assemblies. The selfish cunning of the demagogue weighed the scale against the wisdom of caution and the advice of candor, so that eloquence became, in the estimation of the Athenians, the most valuable accomplishment a man could possess. The mischief was greater from the fact that the people were but one state, and not divided, as with us, into sections which might have acted as checks upon each other. The happy expedient of representative delegates would, if it had been adopted by them, have prevented their downfall for a long time.

Another great evil was the extent to which servile labor was employed by them. In other states of Greece, it was considered scarcely respectable to live dependent upon the labor of slaves. But in Attica the very reverse opinion prevailed. They thought it impossible to have a free government, or even a household, without slaves. All the handicrafts were, with few exceptions, carried on by slaves. The mines and quarries, and even the land, were worked by them, so that while the entire population of Attica was five hundred thousand, the ratio of slaves to the free population was as three to one, or four to one of the citizens. The effect was on the one hand to increase the consequence of the rich by freeing them from a healthy dependence upon the poor, and on the other to make honest labor less honorable because shared with the slave. The common people, disdaining toil, lounged idly in the public squares, dependent upon the insidious bribes of the rich, and ready for any new excitement or tumult. No people can long maintain a free government where a large majority is not of those whose hands are hardened by daily toil, and whose bread is earned by the sweat of their face.

Similar mischief was produced by the sources of the Athenian revenue, derived from the silver mines of Laurion, which, being very extensive, though entirely within the Attic territory, were farmed to great advantage by the state, especially after the time of Themistocles, beside, the profit accruing from the application of capital; from the spoils of victory, which alone filled the treasury to overflowing; and, in the time of Pericles, from the treasure of the confederates for defence against invasion from the East, which was deposited at Athens, and claimed by the Athenians as their own, because of their superior services. These riches afforded demagogues among them the most dangerous of all powers, that of corrupting the people by their own money. Indeed, all wealth which is not the legitimate reward of labor corrupts, but never advances, the true prosperity of a nation; and it would seem from the experience of all nations, that a government is liable to be perverted in precise proportion as the means of maintaining it are not taken directly from the pockets of the people themselves.

The establishment of colonies, (over which the mother country held a strong hand) and the extension of territory by conquest, inflated the pride of the people, increased their baneful because too easy wealth, and involved them in mischievous wars and more mischievous alliances. Far-sighted, even beyond his ordinary sagacity, was that counsel of our country's father, who dissuaded from the lust of conquest, and gave us the maxim "Friendship with all nations, alliance with none." The fate of Athens is but one of many proofs that the Eternal Lawgiver, who decrees

> ——"That where guilt is
> Sorrow must answer it,"

has also determined, that they who encroach upon the liberties of others shall lose their own.

The state of morals at the same time was very bad, far worse than the partial judgment of their historians admits it to have been. The progress of philosophy, especially through the teaching of Anaxagoras and his greater pupil, Socrates, the best of all the ancients, had shaken the faith of the educated classes in the popular religion, without establishing a better in its place; while the great mass of the people, superstitiously zealous in the worship of their gods, gained from their fabled examples and the rites of their worship, only evinced far greater impurity.

The best test of social condition is the place which women hold in it; and there is unfortunately much uncertainty respecting the condition of Athenian women. Some writers consider them as having been generally degraded in character and influence. Others are inclined to claim more for them than they deserve. We hold a middle opinion. That there were virtuous and high-minded women among the Athenians, no one ought to doubt who has read the beautiful descriptions of female character which Æschylus and Sophocles, and even the woman-hater, Euripides, presented on the stage amidst the acclamations of the theatre. The exquisite affections, which sanctify the heart of woman for her offices as wife and mother, could not have been lost, and must have been felt by the husband and the son; and the dramatists delight in pictures of filial devotion and a

sister's love. One cannot doubt that the Alcestis, and the Clytemnestra of the Iphigenia in Aulis, Iphigenia herself, Antigone and Electra, must have been modeled from real examples. More delightful exhibitions of woman's tenderness, constancy and devotion cannot be found out of the Christian school. It might be shown that Shakspeare himself was in some manner a copyist of these types of moral beauty. In the story of Hamlet there are strong coincidences, to say the least, with that of Orestes, and, in the writer's judgment, the sister of Orestes has far more dramatic purity than even Ophelia brain-fevered for her lover. The daughter of Œdipus wears the same features, that we admire and bless in the faithful child of Lear. If we read of Agamemnon's murderous wife, or of the Colchian Medea, so do we of Hamlet's mother and the blood-stained Lady Macbeth. Still it must be owned that the name of not a single woman of the age of Pericles remarkable for her virtues, has reached us, though Theodota and Aspasia, and others as corrupt, are known to us all. No doubt, had the women been the historians, the tables might have been turned.

The women of the lower orders were notoriously dissolute, and it is difficult to suppose that the virtue of any could have been strictly preserved, when from their tender years they were made to join in the most corrupting religious ceremonies, bearing emblems and listening to chants which were vile in the extreme, though called sacred. It is an absurd thing to say that, because religion is necessary to humanity, a false religion, so gross as that which deified Bacchus, Venus, and Mercury, to say nothing of the rest of the abandoned denizens of Olympus, could be otherwise than corrupting.

The respectable Athenian women remained mostly, though not so strictly as is generally supposed, within the interior apartments of their houses, poorly educated, if at all. They rarely went abroad, and still more rarely persuaded their uneasy democrats of husbands to remain at home, when there were so many festivals and processions, and political meetings to attend, and the benign climate encouraged them to lounge in the gates or market places, asking and telling the news, which every day brought. On the other hand, many foreign women, whose trade was sin, with their fascinations increased by mental accomplishments, like the far-famed Aspasia, received open attention and gallantry, offered without shame, or seeming sense of wrong, from the most distinguished citizens, and even the wisest men. This was a state of things likely, above all others, to put contempt upon virtue, and encourage the practice of vice. The moral power of home, the refining influence of chaste female mind, the ennobling ambition of winning the favor of virtuous women by virtuous acts, were almost unknown at Athens. The morals of society were rotten at the core. The reader would be only shocked were the reality unveiled farther, but it is right that we should know, and that our women should know, how poor, beside the domestic peace and morals of Christianity, was the best refinement of Heathen life; that our women should feel how much they owe to the influence of the Gospel for their most common privileges; and that our men should confess how important an agency female character is destined to exert under the Evangelical system.

What idea the Athenians had of female excellence may be learned from a funeral oration, attributed to Pericles by Thucydides. After praising the Athenian people in a very extravagant manner, and comforting the sons and brothers of the slain warriors, the only notice that he takes of their widows is to advise them "to behave themselves in such a manner that the men may have no occasion to talk about them, ill or well." From other writers of the same period, we learn that they were remarkable only for any thing else but a passion for keeping great numbers of rare birds. There was also an old law on their books forbidding a woman, going upon a journey, to carry with her any more baggage than a hand-basket. This law could not have been strictly enforced, for we see by the works of art which have come down to us that it was impossible for women to be more elegantly, though too scantily, draped. We must not, however, infer from the same authority that the Attic women were handsome, though the men were. The beauties of Athens were, with few exceptions, from the islands.

Such, alas! was the state of morals at Athens in the time of Pericles, the sure precursor of her decay. Yet the power of Athens was at this time almost incredibly great. The walls of the city were twenty-two miles in circumference, but they included the Pelasgicum, a space about the Acropolis uninhabited from superstitious motives, much other waste land, and heights with precipitous sides. The number of her free citizens could have been at no period more than between twenty and twenty-five thousand. There were, however, large numbers of foreigners permitted to reside there for purposes of trade, on paying a certain tax. These may, with the floating population of mariners and others, have amounted to some sixty thousand; the rest of the five hundred thousand inhabitants, we have already seen, were slaves. Yet was she superior to all the rest of Greece, and her sway extended over millions of people. Certainly, no other nation so small has produced so many generals, poets, orators, philosophers, and statesmen, worthy of undying fame. [*To be continued.*

WHO SAYS THAT POETRY IS CHEAP?

THEY say that bards, in these dull prosy times,
Freeze on their wits, and starve upon their rhymes:
But I for mine most richly was repaid,
By the sweet bounty of a generous maid.
She for a couplet gave a priceless kiss,
And changed dull inspiration into bliss. GEOMAN.

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1844.

A FRAGMENT.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The night is calm and beautiful; the snow
Sparkles beneath the clear and frosty moon
And the cold stars, as if it took delight
In its own silent whiteness; the hushed earth
Sleeps in the soft arms of the embracing blue,
Secure as if angelic squadrons yet
Encamped about her, and each watching star
Gained double brightness from the flashing arms
Of winged and unsleeping sentinels.
Upward the calm of infinite silence deepens,
The sea that flows between high heaven and earth,
Musing by whose smooth brink we sometimes find
A stray leaf floated from those happier shores,
And hope, perchance not vainly, that some flower,
Which we had watered with our holiest tears,
Pale blooms, and yet our scanty garden's best,
O'er the same ocean piloted by love,
May find a haven at the feet of God,
And be not wholly worthless in his sight.

O, high dependence on a higher Power,
Sole stay for all these restless faculties
That wander, Ishmael-like, the desert bare
Wherein our human knowledge hath its home,
Shifting their light-framed tents from day to day,
With each new-found oasis, wearied soon,
And only certain of uncertainty!
O, mighty humbleness that feels with awe,
Yet with a vast exulting feels, no less,
That this huge Minster of the Universe,
Whose smallest oratries are glorious worlds,
With painted oriels of dawn and sunset;
Whose carved ornaments are systems grand,
Orion kneeling in his starry niche,
The Lyre whose strings give music audible
To holy ears, and countless splendors more,
Crowned by the blazing Cross high-hung o'er all;
Whose organ music is the solemn stops
Of endless Change breathed through by endless Good;
Whose choristers are all the morning stars;
Whose altar is the sacred human heart
Whereon Love's candles burn unquenchably,
Trimmed day and night by gentle-handed Peace:
With all its arches and its pinnacles
That stretch forever and forever up,
Is founded on the silent heart of God,
Silent, yet pulsing forth exhaustless life
Through the least veins of all created things.

Fit musings these for the departing year;
And God be thanked for such a crystal night
As fills the spirit with good store of thoughts,
That, like a cheering fire of walnut, crackle
Upon the hearth-stone of the heart, and cast
A mild home-glow o'er all Humanity!
Yes, though the poisoned shafts of evil doubts
Assail the skyey panoply of Faith,
Though the great hopes which we have had for man,
Foes in disguise, because they based belief
On man's endeavor, not on God's decree,—
Though these proud-visaged hopes, once turned to fly,
Hurl backward many a deadly Parthian dart
That rankles in the soul and makes it sick
With vain regret, nigh verging on despair,—
Yet, in such calm and earnest hours as this,
We well can feel how every living heart
That sleeps to-night in palace or in cot,
Or unroofed hovel, or which need hath known
Of other homestead than the arching sky,
Is circled watchfully with seraph fires;
How our own erring will it is that hangs
The flaming sword o'er Eden's unclosed gate,
Which gives free entrance to the pure in heart,
And with its guarding walls doth fence the meek.

Sleep then, O Earth, in thy blue-vaulted cradle,
Bent over always by thy mother Heaven!
We all are tall enough to reach God's hand,
And angels are no taller: looking back
Upon the smooth wake of a year o'erpast,
We see the black clouds furling, one by one,
From the advancing majesty of Truth,
And something won for Freedom, whose least gain
Is as a firm and rock-built citadel
Wherefrom to launch fresh battle on her foes;
Or, leaning from the time's extremest prow,
If we gaze forward through the blinding spray,
And dimly see how much of ill remains,
How many fetters to be sawn asunder
By the slow toil of individual zeal,
Or haply rusted by salt tears in twain,
We feel, with something of a sadder heart,
Yet bracing up our bruised mail the while,
And fronting the old foe with fresher spirit,
How great it is to breathe with human breath,
To be but poor foot-soldiers in the ranks
Of our old exiled king, Humanity;
Encamping after every hard-won field
Nearer and nearer Heaven's happy plains.

. . . . . .

Many great souls have gone to rest, and sleep
Under this armor, free and full of peace:
If these have left the earth, yet Truth remains,
Endurance, too, the crowning faculty
Of noble minds, and Love, invincible
By any weapons; and these hem us round
With silence such that all the groaning clank
Of this mad engine men have made of earth
Dulls not some ears for catching purer tones,
That wander from the dim surrounding vast,
Or far more clear melodious prophecies,
The natural music of the heart of man,

Which by kind Sorrow's ministry hath learned
That the true sceptre of all power is love
And humbleness the palace-gate of truth.
What man with soul so blind as sees not here
The first faint tremble of Hope's morning-star,
Foretelling how the God-forged shafts of dawn,
Fitted already on their golden string,
Shall soon leap earthward with exulting flight
To thrid the dark heart of that evil faith
Whose trust is in the clumsy arms of Force,
The ozier hauberk of a ruder age?
Freedom! thou other name for happy Truth,
Thou warrior-maid, whose steel-clad feet were never
Out of the stirrup, nor thy lance uncouched,
Nor thy fierce eye enticed from its watch,
Thou hast learned now, by hero-blood in vain
Poured to enrich the soil which tyrants reap;
By wasted lives of prophets, and of those
Who, by the promise in their souls upheld,
Into the red arms of a fiery death
Went blithely as the golden-girdled bee
Sinks in the sleepy poppy's cup of flame;
By the long woes of nations set at war,
That so the swollen torrent of their wrath
May find a vent, else sweeping off like straws
The thousand cobweb threads, grown cable-huge
By time's long-gathered dust, but cobwebs still,
Which bind the Many that the Few may gain
Leisure to wither by the drought of ease
What heavenly germs in their own souls were sown;—
By all these searching lessons thou hast learned
To throw aside thy blood-stained helm and spear
And with thy bare brow daunt the enemy's front,
Knowing that God will make the lily stalk,
In the soft grasp of naked Gentleness,
Stronger than iron spear to shatter through
The sevenfold toughness of Wrong's idle shield.

NOON IN THE GROVES OF THE HURON.

BY LOUIS L. NOBLE.

O, WHAT a dazzling noon! beneath this elm,
Whose foliage, like a still cloud, sleeps within
Its patient arms, how the delicious shade
Steals to the very fountain of my life!
Sinking, I feel the slumber that now steeps
The glowing landscape and the fainting air.
And sweet is sleep upon the flowery slope,
Quiet the beauty of this glittering hour:
But, couched between these roots of the old elm,
Till the low sun comes kindling through the fringe
Of his green hood to fright the timorous shadow,
Far sweeter will it be to watch and muse
Over the feeling heart and vivid mind
Moving amid the beautiful repose.
Morn hath her freshness, Eve her tenderness,
Midnight mysterious voices, visions, where
The empty darkness broods, and where the pool
And starry dew deep in the darkness shine,
To wake, subdue, to fright with fancies wild;
But when from noontide brilliance sink the bees
Into the hidden flowers, then thoughts serene
Into the still abyss of nature pass,
And see bright visions of the eternal home.

Lone wilderness, of all the rolling hours
Is this thine own, thy chosen one for dreams?
Is the bee-murmur but the sound, the soft
Sweet music of thy breathing? do they tell,
Like silvery bells, the time, those liquid tones,
In the cool chambers of the feathery nests?
Or hast thou holy service, and dost keep
Thy countless creatures motionless and hush,
While thou art bent and breathless at the throne
Of thy resplendent lord? Calm as the eye
Of deep devotion is the lake; above,
Meek willows bow each on the other's bosom;
Along the brink iris and harebell listen
To their uplooking images below.
Call it, O Solitude, thy solemn hour
Of worship,—the calm fellowship of woods,
Earth, waiting waters, and the lingering winds,
In one great act religious to the Power
That pours into the breast of each its life,
And heavenly beauty o'er the robes of all.

O, Nature, in thy loneliness, how like
Some ancient temple of the Gothic form!
Lo! yonder wood, an endless labyrinth
Of cloister, shadowy aisle, and pillared arch:
And yon dark grove, that spreads soft evening oe'r
One half the lake, a vast cathedral stands.
Through windows high, antique, and huge of frame,
Steals in the lustrous hour on breathless wing,
Leaving her silvery footsteps in the maze
Of leafy galleries, and the dim vaults
Dapple with glory. Stillness, how profound,
Dreams in its hollow shade,—stillness as when
Anthems are hush, and gone the multitude.

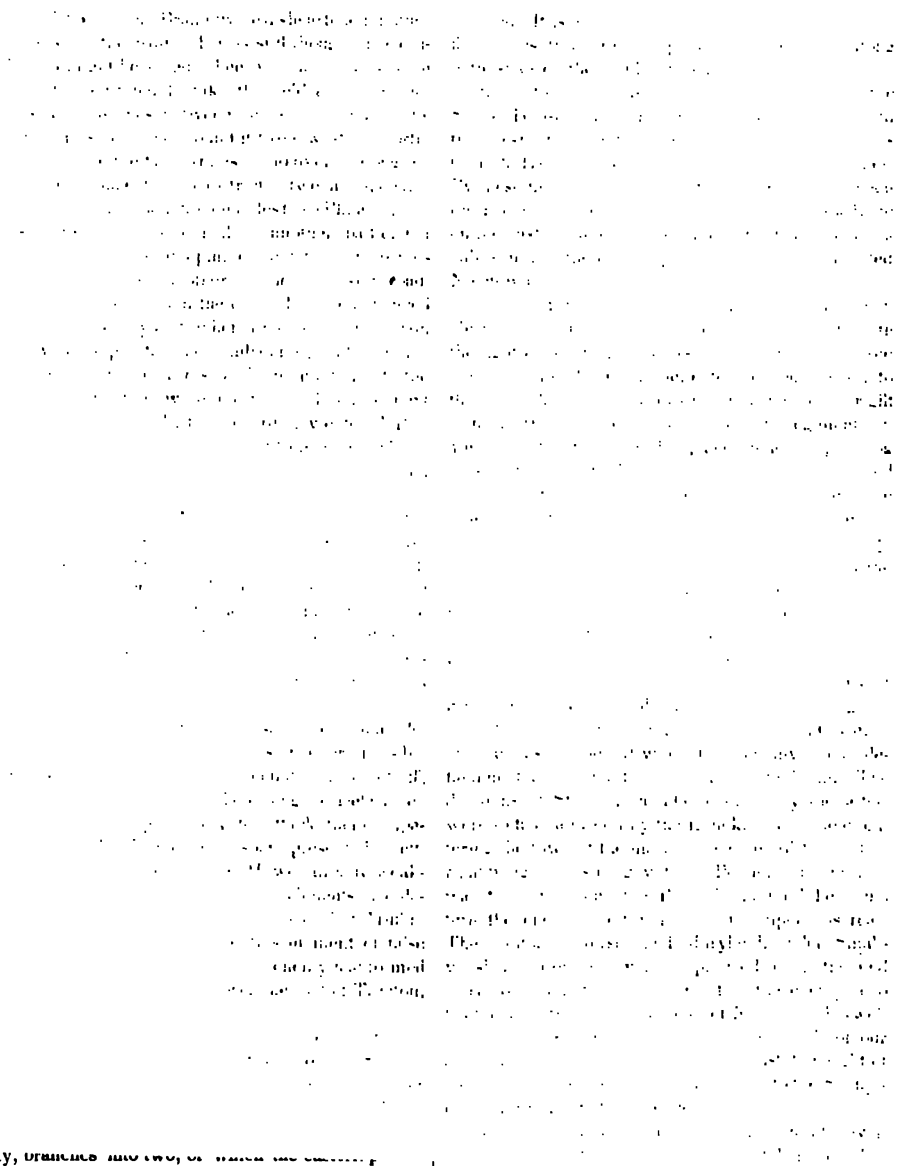
O, Silence, how thou dost unchain the spirit
And call it forth to wander!—how a sound,—
A drop of melody from airy cell
Becomes sublime!—can make the soul to pause,
And listen for an echo or an answer
From the unnumbered caves where music sleeps!
Sweet thrush, that broken strain which thou didst fling
From the green threshold of thy lofty bower
Into this Lord's-day quiet, makes the fancy
On her swift pinions poise, and every bough
People with unseen minstrels like thyself.

And shall not I, ye veiled, ye voiceless choirs,
Like you keep my concealment, nor disturb
The universal sabbath, till the west
Pipes to his breezy banquet the warm woods?
Yea, will I wait, and woo the grateful shade;
Blending with your wild preludes this my song,
Mine intellectual harping, till what time
Sounds the lone forest with the evening bass
Of its invisible organ, and ye pour
From your ten thousand rustling seats glad strains
Into the swelling tide of harmony.



THE BATTLE-GROUNDS OF AMERICA

NO. II.—GERMANTOWN



city, branches into two, of which the latter is called the Old York Road, and the other the Germantown Road. On this one the borough of that name is

fore sunrise the next morning reached Mount Airy. A thick fog shrouded the face of the country, conceal-



THE BATTLE-GROUNDS OF AMERICA.

NO. II.—GERMANTOWN.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE defeat on the Brandywine disheartened neither Congress nor the army. It was still thought that Philadelphia might be saved. The Americans were soon sufficiently recruited to take the field again, and interposed themselves between the enemy and city by moving in a semicircle around it to the west and north. For some time the two armies manœuvered along the Great Valley, an extensive district between two chains of hills, beginning about fifteen miles from Philadelphia. Washington was disinclined to another battle, but yielded to the general opinion; and the two armies came in sight of each other on the Lancaster road, about twenty miles from the city. But the advanced parties had scarcely met, when a violent storm of rain arose which separated the combatants; and so much damaged were the arms and ammunition of the Americans, that they were not in a condition the next day for action. The British accordingly entered Philadelphia unopposed on the 26th of September, 1777.

It is now believed that the storm which separated the armies was most fortunate for the Americans. But General Wayne, whose knowledge of the country was accurate and extensive, never ceased to regret that Washington did not attack the British in their ill-chosen camp in the Great Valley. It was during the manœuvres in this district, and on the morning of the 21st of September, that the surprise and defeat of Wayne occurred. The bayoneting of many of his soldiers in cold blood has given the affair the name of the Paoli massacre.

Washington, having failed to save the capital, determined to annoy its conquerors in every possible way. Their supplies from the country were cut off; an active warfare was carried on along the Delaware; and a favorable opportunity to attack them impatiently desired. The chance soon presented itself. Intelligence was received that Howe, already weakened by the absence of several detachments, had determined to send a large force against Fort Mifflin. Washington resolved to seize this moment of false security, and surprise the camp the enemy had formed at Germantown, when a victory, like that of Trenton, might not be improbable.

Two great roads lead out of Philadelphia to the northward: one skirting the east bank of the Schuylkill for several miles, called Ridge Road; the other keeping half way between that river and the Delaware. The latter road, about three miles from the city, branches into two, of which the eastern part is called the Old York Road, and the other the Germantown Road. On this one the borough of that name is situated. It is a long straggling town, beginning about five miles from Philadelphia, and extending along both sides of the road for nearly two miles. At the centre of the village is the market-house, where the School-House Lane comes into the main street, from the west, at a right angle. On the opposite side is Church Lane, merely a continuance of the former. By these means a communication is kept up between the Ridge Road on the west and the Old York Road on the east. On the main street, about a mile and a half south of the market-place, is a settlement called Nicetown.

The main body of the British was encamped in Germantown, Cornwallis only occupying the city with the light-horse and grenadiers. The troops lay in force behind School-House Lane, extending on the left to the Schuylkill, while parties were pushed to the right as far as the Old York Road. The 40th regiment lay a mile north of the market-place, in a camp of log huts just back of Mr. Chew's mansion, a large and imposing stone house a few rods east of the main road. On the opposite side of the highway the 33d was encamped. A picket was posted at Mount Airy, a mile in advance of Chew's. From Mount Airy the road continues rising on a gentle elevation almost two miles further, to Chestnut Hill, when it plunges into a wide and beautiful valley; and then runs east and north to Skippack, where the Americans lay.

The attack was well planned. The divisions of Sullivan and Wayne, flanked by Conway's brigade, were to march down the main road through Chestnut Hill, and assail the left wing of the enemy. This detachment was under the command of Sullivan. The divisions of Stephens and Greene, led by the latter, were to take a circuit by the Limekiln Road, and, entering the town at the market-place, assail the British right wing. Armstrong, with the Pennsylvania militia, was to move along the Ridge Road, until he could turn the enemy's left wing and fall upon his rear. The militia of Jersey and Maryland, under Smallwood and Forman, were to proceed along the Old York Road, and turning the right of the enemy, also to attack his rear. The brigades of Nash and Maxwell were to act as a reserve. The heaviest body of our army was thus to be precipitated against the right of the foe, with the hope of pushing him into the Schuylkill or forcing him to surrender.

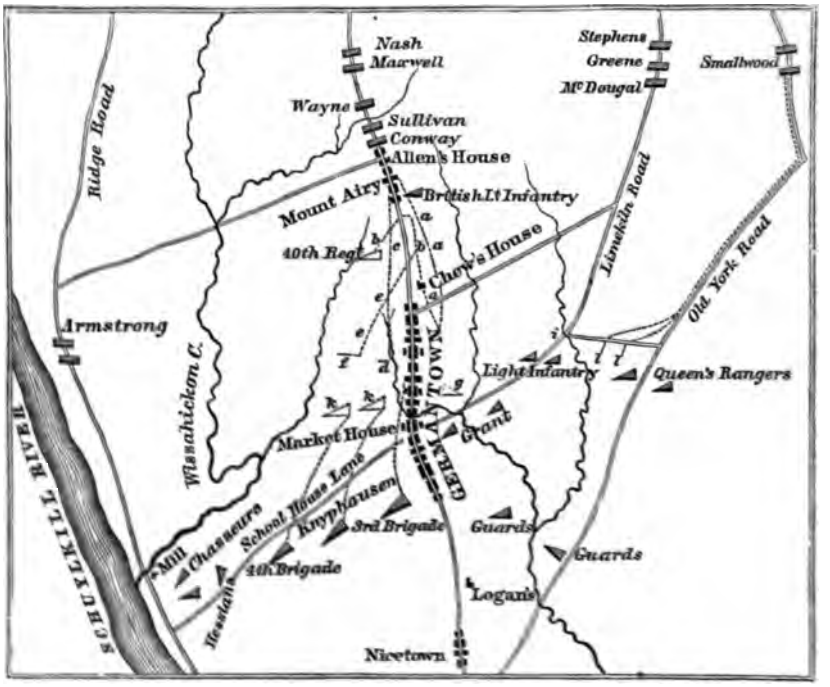
The American army began its march at seven o'clock on the evening of the 3d of October; and before sunrise the next morning reached Mount Airy. A thick fog shrouded the face of the country, conceal-

ing objects at the distance of a few paces. A regiment from Conway's brigade and one from the second Maryland brigade moved in the advance: then came Sullivan's division, and after it Wayne's. The picket at Allen's house, at Mount Airy, was immediately attacked, but stood its ground until a body of light infantry, lying a short distance behind, could arm and come to its support.* Conway now formed his brigade, but the enemy did not give way until Sullivan arrived. The American troops were marshaled in the lane leading from Allen's to the Ridge Road. Rushing on, they drove the foe before, until they reached an orchard where the 40th regiment had hastily taken a position: here a sharp conflict occurred; but the British were again forced to give ground, and retired for some distance until they reached Chew's, into which five companies threw themselves with Colonel Musgrave, and began to barricade the doors and windows, while the remainder, with the 33d, continued the retreat.

I. Before this occurred, however, and as soon as the British began to retire, Sullivan sent word to General Washington, who remained with the reserves, that the enemy's left wing had given way;* and desired him to order Wayne to advance on their right. Wayne accordingly pushed rapidly forward, keeping in the fields to the left of the road, while Sullivan remained on the right, inclining in his march toward the Wissahickon. Such part of Conway's brigade as had been in the advance at Mount Airy was now moved to the rear and right to support the flank of Sullivan's division; while, as nothing had yet been heard from Armstrong, a regiment from Wayne's division and another from Sullivan's were detached to prevent the enemy from turning the right. As Sullivan approached Chew's house he inclined again toward the road, but passed without halting, although fired on from the windows. This part of the battle has been very generally misunderstood, from the erroneous impression that Sullivan's division was checked at Chew's; but Colonel Pickering, who was present

* Sullivan's letter to the President of New Hampshire, October 25th, 1777.

* Sullivan appears to have thought, at this stage, that he had defeated the whole left wing of the enemy. The darkness of the morning favored the illusion. And this belief among the men may have had a share in causing the subsequent panic, when they found the fresh brigades of Gray and Agnew drawn up to meet them in School House Lane.



a a. Route of Wayne, after the success at Mount Airy.
b. Route of the British 40th, under Col. Musgrave, from Chew's house.
c c. Route of Sullivan to his most advanced position, at (d.)
e e. Route of Nash to his most advanced position, at (f.)
g Stephens' most advanced position
i Scene of Matthews' surrender
h h. Points to which the British advanced
k k. Points to which Smallwood advanced.

at this point, establishes the fact that Sullivan pushed on without a minute's delay.* His men were in high spirits, and continued driving the enemy before them, advancing with much rapidity notwithstanding the broken character of the ground and the numerous fences they were forced to remove. But with the usual recklessness of half drilled troops, they kept up an incessant firing, though the thick fog prevented them from seeing the enemy distinctly. This waste of ammunition attracted the notice of Washington, who sent word to Sullivan to be more careful of his cartridges.

By this time the enemy, recovering from his first alarm, had prepared to meet the assault.† Generals Gray and Agnew drew up their men in School Lane,‡ and crossing it advanced to the encounter. At the same time, as we shall hereafter see, a warm engagement was raging on the enemy's right;§ while, from the American rear, a brisk firing was heard at Chew's. For awhile Sullivan maintained his ground, but finally, to use his own words, his men "finding themselves unsupported by any other troops, their cartridges all expended, the force of the enemy on the right collecting to the left to oppose them—being alarmed by the firing at Chew's, so far in our rear, and by the cry of a light-horseman on the right that the enemy had got round us—and, at the same time, discovering some troops flying on our right, (our men,) retired with as much precipitation as they had before advanced, against every effort of their officers to rally them."

But, meantime, the memorable conflict around Chew's house had occurred. The delay this occasioned to Maxwell's brigade and to Wayne's division was generally regarded as the cause of the defeat, until the appearance of Gen. Wilkinson's "Memoirs of My Own Times," in which the popular notion was attacked: with what justice we shall hereafter see.

II. Sullivan passed Chew's without loss. Maxwell, who followed next, had not yet reached the house, when Washington despatched Col. Pickering to order Sullivan to husband his ammunition. The aid, galloping ahead, met Sullivan between three and four hundred yards below Chew's, and in returning was fired on from the windows. He escaped, however, unhurt, and when he reached Washington found a consultation going on, in the presence of his excellency, between General Knox and several officers of lower rank, whether it was best to advance regardless of the garrison in Chew's or pause to carry the mansion. Colonels Hamilton and Reed had already urged an advance; and Col. Pickering now added his opinion, remarking that it would be sufficient to leave a single regiment to observe the house. But Knox insisted that it was against all military rule to leave so strong a post in the rear; and the commander-in-chief, who always placed great reliance in this officer's opinion, followed the advice. A parley was beaten, and a flag sent forward to demand the surrender of the house; but the bearer was fired on, as had been predicted by the younger officers. The whole division of Maxwell was now ordered up, and the artillery, which had been obliquely battering the house, was planted in front. But every attempt to dislodge the enemy proved abortive. The artillery was too light* for the thick stone walls, and a party detached to batter down the door had already been repulsed with loss. Nor were the attempts made to fire the building crowned with more success.† The thick fog was of great service to the British, for it enabled them to fire from the roof unseen; and it is probable that most of the execution was done from this quarter.‡ An incessant discharge of musketry was also kept up from the cellar windows, and from the casements of the second story.

III. While the battle had thus been going on in this quarter, Wayne, keeping in the fields some distance to the east of Chew's, had been advancing steadily against the foe, his line of march being parallel to, but at some distance from Sullivan's. He had proceeded somewhat less than half a mile when the heavy firing from the rear attracted his attention.§ Unluckily there had been no communication kept up between the heads of columns, and ignorant of Sullivan's success, Wayne feared that this general had been defeated and was now hard pressed in the direction of the firing. He instantly retraced his steps, diverging toward the road, but still keeping on the east of Chew's. On his arrival at the house, he brought up his artillery and attacked it; but met with no more success than Maxwell. Woodford's brigade, which properly belonged to Stephens' division, having in its advance become entangled with Wayne's, and separated from our left wing, took part in this assault.‖ Chew's mansion appears thus to have been the great point in the battle.

IV. During these transactions on the part of the reserves and a portion of the right wing, the divisions of Greene and Stephens had been advancing against the enemy; and, by this time, had fallen into some confusion from the darkness of the morning, the inequalities of the ground, and the absence of communications between the heads of columns. Woodford's brigade, as we have just seen, became separated from the rest of Stephens' command. The others pushed forward nearly to the market-place,¶ driving back the enemy in such disorder that his officers galloped to the rear and many of his men began to cry for quarter, running toward the Americans. This movement was unhappily mistaken by a portion of

* Pickering's Letter. *N. American Review*, vol. xxiii., page 425.

† An hour, at least, had elapsed since the attack on the picket at Allen's house.

‡ J. F. Watson and Major Howard.—*Ann. Reg.*

§ Major Howard's Letter to Col. Pickering, Baltimore, January 29th, 1827. Major Howard was in the battle, on the left of Sullivan's division.

* The guns were only six-pounders.

† Two bodies of those who attempted to fire the house were found, after the action, on the spots where they fell. One by the board fence joining the house to the kitchen out-house; the other, with a bundle of straw, at the N.W. window. *J. F. Watson.*

‡ J. F. Watson. We believe this gentleman was the first to notice publicly the fact that the British fired from the roof.

§ Wayne's Letter to Gates. See also Sullivan's Letter.

‖ Marshall, who was in this brigade.

¶ Stephens' exculpatory letter to Washington, October 7th, 1777.

our troops for a charge; a panic, like that which had already infected Sullivan's division, seized them, the contagion spread, and the whole detachment, in that quarter, took to flight, their officers in vain crying out that they ran from victory.

Greene, who led the other division of the right wing, penetrated also a considerable distance on the northeastern part of the town; but he appears to have retreated immediately after Stephens fell back. It was high time. The enemy, having triumphed on his left, had brought up a portion of his victorious troops, under General Gray, to the assistance of his right, while his reserves were rapidly concentrating. There was no longer any hope of success; to have lingered on the ground would have invited ruin. Colonel Mathews fell a victim to his daring in these circumstances. He had been among the boldest in this irregular attack, where, on account of the fog, each regiment fought, as it were, by itself and in ignorance of its fellows; and now, either unacquainted with the general retreat or hazarding victory to the last, he was suddenly surrounded and captured with nearly his whole force. One hundred and fifty prisoners whom he had made were re-taken. It is a tradition in Germantown that Mathews might have escaped in the fog but for the cheers of his men when the prisoners fell into their hands. The shouts guided the enemy to the Virginians, and thus these brave troops, the last to resist, became the victims of an overwhelming force.

IV. The Americans were now everywhere in full retreat. Sullivan had first fallen back, and was followed, as we have seen, by Stephens and Greene. Armstrong had approached the Hessians on the right, but found them in superior force, and was recalled before he could get into action, by the retreat of Sullivan. Smallwood's militia, though they reached Branchtown, on the Old York Road, acted discreditably, and made no stand. Stephens, whose division had been least in action, was deputed to cover the retreat, which, in general, was conducted with order.* The British, however, pursued the Americans as far as the Blue Bell, on the Skippack road, a distance of eight miles from the market-place of Germantown. Cornwallis, with a squadron of light horsemen, arrived from Philadelphia at the close of the action, and took an active part in the pursuit. His grenadiers, advancing at a quick trot, had already reached Nicetown when the battle ended.†

Such was this memorable conflict, perhaps the most complicated of the war. Its details are but imperfectly understood; for, owing to the thick fog, the broken character of the ground, and the distance at which the attacking columns operated from each other, no two persons of those who partook in it agree in every thing. But in no battle are the witnesses the best authorities, except for such events as transpire immediately under their own eyes. We have, therefore, followed the different writers only so far as they speak from personal observation. In some cases we have had to reconcile contradictions, in others to fill up a hiatus from local anecdotes.

The battle of Germantown has been, at various times, the subject of much controversy; and two very different views have been taken of it by military men. Several unwarrantable assertions have been made respecting it, by British and American authors. It is necessary, to a perfct understanding of the battle, that we should examine these.

1. Howe's official account conceals the fact that he was surprised. In corroboration of the English general, Judge Johnson narrates a story in his life of Greene, that Pulaski, then commanding the American horse, having, on the advance, retired to a farm-house to seek repose, was discovered asleep by a party of the enemy, who returned to their camp and gave the alarm. But this tale is clearly a mistake. It is not probable that Pulaski, who had then just joined the Americans, would commit so unsoldierlike an act during the advance, or that Washington, if the count had been guilty, would have continued him in such high favor as he then and afterward enjoyed. But the surprise of Howe does not rest on such negative testimony. His own officers declined to answer the question, put by a committee of the House of Commons, "whether or not the general had been surprised?"* Moreover, J. F. Watson, Esq., to whose indefatigable researches among the old inhabitants of Germantown we have been indebted for more than one curious fact, informs us that Christopher Sowers, who was in the main street of Germantown during the early part of the battle, saw Howe ride up the road attended by several officers from Logan's house, where he had slept, and that, stopping some distance before he reached the market-place, he said quite loud, "My God! what shall we do? We are certainly surrounded." He then rode on. This anecdote is too characteristic to be untrue.

2. It is the popular notion that Sullivan was stopped at Chew's, and that this consequent delay lost the battle. But we have seen that the division immediately under the command of Sullivan was not checked here. The error has arisen from the inaccuracy of former writers, who have confounded Sullivan's division with the American right, of which the general's personal command comprised little more than a half; the other half, led by Wayne, parted company with Sullivan before they reached Chew's, and did not, as we have seen, again rejoin him. Sullivan was not, therefore, defeated by any delay on his part at Chew's. He pushed on as fast as the nature of the ground and the obstinacy of the enemy would permit. But when he approached the centre of the village, instead of finding a tumultuous army of disordered troops, he saw the fresh battalions of Gray and Agnew drawn up to receive him. At least an hour had elapsed since

* Stephens was cashiered for intoxication and misconduct during the retreat. One of the few times at which Washington used an oath, was when he heard of this general's demeanor. Watson says, an officer in Stephens' division told him they did not obey their general's commands in consequence of his condition.

† Some frightened boys, running toward Philadelphia for safety, met these grenadiers at Nicetown.—*J. F. Watson.*

* The incompetency of Howe was a subject of general remark among his officers. See Stedman. See, also, Smith's Lectures on Modern History, article "American War."

the first assault at Allen's house, and thus ample time had been afforded the enemy to prepare for defence, which he appears to have done with coolness and alacrity.*

Three battalions of the third brigade, under Major General Gray, and the whole of the fourth, under Brigadier General Agnew, had been drawn up in School Lane, immediately ahead of their encampment; one portion of these troops was now advanced against Sullivan's front, while the remainder, diverging to the right, appeared on his flank, and led him to suppose that the enemy's other wing was collecting against him.† The result is known. A retreat speedily ensued. The flight has been attributed, by more than one writer, to an unaccountable panic. But the causes of the alarm appear to be simple and few. There is every reason to suppose that the men in this division, as well as their general, appear hitherto to have labored under the delusion that the two regiments they had been beating and pursuing were the British left wing; and now, when they suddenly beheld the glitter of the enemy's bayonets ahead, and were simultaneously halted,‡ they naturally fell from a state of high excitement and a belief in victory into that apprehensive condition when the slightest alarm, even with the most veteran troops, is sufficient to cause general terror. To increase the danger, they were fatigued, short of ammunition, and ignorant of the fate of their companions. They knew themselves to be in the heart of the enemy's camp, with many chances that they were already environed. To pause, in so critical a moment, was almost sure defeat. The slightest cause was sufficient to kindle the flame. At this instant the parley beat at Chew's was heard, and instantly magnified into the signal of retreat. Suddenly a light horseman cried out they were surrounded, and simultaneously the British were seen on the left flank. No further confirmation was wanting. The men instantly took to flight, nor could all the efforts of their officers restrain them.

3. But General Wilkinson, in his "Memoirs of My Own Times," asserts that the delay at Chew's had nothing to do with the loss of the battle, and even regards Washington's pause there as a providential interference. He bases this opinion on the fact that only the front line of the enemy was engaged, and says that, if the second line had been brought up, with the grenadiers from Philadelphia, a force, ten thousand strong, would have been concentrated around the market-place, in which event, if Washington had pushed on with Nash and Maxwell's brigades, he would have been committed, with his centre and left wing only, to an action with the whole British army. But this aspect of the case throws out of view the whole of Sullivan's division. Indeed, Gen. Wilkinson is rather obscure upon this point; but he appears to think that Sullivan would have been defeated in any event. Now we have inquired into the causes of that general's defeat, and though no delay *on his own part* at Chew's contributed to it, it is more than probable that he would have maintained his ground but for circumstances, *none of which would have occurred* if Wayne had aided him on the left, and Washington followed with the reserves. There would then have been no delay in the arrival of ammunition, no consequent halt before School Lane, no movement of the enemy on the exposed left flank. The panic would not have occurred. The whole weight of our right wing and reserves would have been precipitated on the front line of the foe, their centre pierced, and their wings separated. In a short time Greene would have come up, and a decisive victory resulted.

4. But we have no reason to suppose the British would have been totally overthrown, as some sanguine spirits had conjectured, before the camp broke up at Skippack. The enemy, as proved by the fortieth regiment, gave ground, sullenly disputing every inch. And whatever view we may take of the probable result if there had been no halt at Chew's, we must deny to the militia, destined to turn the wings of the enemy, any permanent effect; for Smallwood's men behaved so cowardly as afterward to be jeered by the inhabitants;* while the numerical force of the Hessians opposed to Armstrong† precluded any rational hope of success in that quarter. In these circumstances—no matter what the event at the market-place—it would have been impossible to drive the enemy into the Schuylkill, or surround him as with a net. A portion of his left wing, and probably some battalions of his right might have been captured; but there is good cause to believe the rest would have effceted a retreat. The second line was only half a mile in the rear; the grenadiers were already at Nicetown; with reserves so strong on the part of the enemy, it would have been imposible to have changed his defeat into a rout. Any ill-advised effort to that purpose might have brought on a catastrophe similar to that which befell the victorious Austrians at Marengo.

5. The causes of the defeat are, therefore, such as are succinctly stated in the last edition of Marshall. They were the waste of ammunition on the part of Sullivan's men, the pause of Maxwell and Wayne at Chew's, the fatigue of the troops, the fog, the broken character of the ground, and the distance from each other at which the heads of columns necessarily attacked. This opinion was the one entertained by intelligent officers in the camp at the time, and was in general favor until the appearance of Wilkinson's memoirs. We have shown the fallacious grounds on which that general's assertion rests.

6. But the battle, though lost by the Americans, was of material benefit to their cause. It accustomed our troops to face the disciplined and well-appointed armies of the enemy; gave them confidence in themselves and in their officers, and paved the way for future victories. It taught the English general that he was in the presence of a watchful and wary foe, whom neither late defeat nor the loss of the capital could intimidate. And, lastly, it circumscribed the operations of the British, and forced them to retire for safety into Philadelphia.

* General Howe's orders of the following day.
† Annual Register.
‡ J. E. Howard to Col. Pickering, January 29th, 1827. Major Howard alludes particularly to this halt.

* J. F. Watson. † Armstrong to Gates.

There are numerous interesting traditions connected with the battle, most of which have been collected by Mr. Watson in his Annals. He computes the number of the enemy encamped at first in Germantown, at twenty thousand, but this is an exaggeration, as shown by the army returns. Most of the fighting occurred in the ploughed fields, on the northeastern side of the town. Mathews, with his brave Virginians, was captured in that quarter, at what is now P. Kelley's Hill. There is a rising ground near the market-place, which was the most advanced position of the English until the action closed. Old inhabitants describe the battle as a scene of apparently inextricable confusion. After the first fire there appeared to be no order; the ranks were not kept, and the aid-de-camps galloped furiously up and down, the men stepping aside that they might pass. Boys ascended to the roofs of houses, or, with the recklessness of childhood, accompanied the forces on the flank. There is a tradition, in one family, that the grandmother, then a girl, clambered into a tree to see the conflict, and that, when the pursuing enemy approached after the defeat, she cried, "Huzza for General Washington!" Generally, however, the inhabitants closed their houses, and sought shelter for the women and children in cellars. One man, on the Limekiln Road, was killed accidentally while peeping out beneath his cellar-door at the battle. The conflict began at sunrise, and terminated before eleven o'clock. The retreat went off in silence; witnesses compare it to a great outbreak suddenly hushed.

Howe advanced no farther than the market-place; Washington did not go beyond Chew's House. Gen. Agnew, while leading on his troops, was killed by a shot fired from behind the wall of the Menonist graveyard; he was borne down the street to a house now occupied by Mr. Wistar, in the front parlor of which he died. He lies in the lower grave-yard, and a headstone has been placed for him by a patriotic citizen. General Nash fell on the American side; the citizens of Germantown and Norristown have just erected a monument to him, at the place of his interment, in Montgomery county. The American loss was 200 killed, 600 wounded, and 400 prisoners. They lost fifty-four commissioned officers. The British had but one commissioned officer captured; their killed were 100, their wounded 400.

They still show blood on the floor of Chew's House, and the front door battered and full of shot. One person only was killed inside the house, but thirty dead bodies were picked up outside after the battle was over. Howe had his quarters at Logan's house,* and also at the large mansion opposite the market-place, subsequently the residence of Gen. Washington, and now in possession of Samuel B. Morris, Esq. Here William IV, then a lad, was domiciliated with Howe, his relative. Opposite to the seat of Pierce Butler, Esq., on the Old York Road, a barricade was erected at the time of the battle. A board fence is still standing in Germantown much perforated with balls. The graves of the slain are pointed out everywhere.

The plan of the battle, accompanying this sketch, was corrected from that in Sparks' Washington.

* This house was built in 1727, and was an imposing structure in those days. After the battle of Germantown, it was saved from fire by a happy thought of the housekeeper. The soldiers despatched to burn it had gone to the barn for the necessary straw, when an English officer rode up and inquired for a couple of deserters. "Oh! they have just run into the barn to hide themselves," said the housekeeper. The officer followed, and, notwithstanding the representations of the men, took them away. Afterward the house was left unmolested.

THE WANING MOON.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I've watched too late; the morn is near.
One look at God's broad, silent sky!
Oh, hopes and wishes vainly dear,
How in your very strength ye die!

Even while your glow is on the cheek,
And scarce the high pursuit begun,
The heart grows faint, the hand grows weak,
The task of life is left undone.

See, where, upon the horizon's brim,
Lies the still cloud in gloomy bars,
The waning moon, all pale and dim,
Goes up amid the eternal stars.

Late, in a flood of tender light,
She floated through the ethereal blue,
A softer sun, that shone all night
Upon the gathering beads of dew.

And still thou wanest, pallid moon!
The encroaching shadow grows apace;
Heaven's everlasting watchers, soon,
Shall see thee blotted from thy place.

Oh Night's dethroned and crownless queen!
Well may thy sad, expiring ray
Be shed on those whose eyes have seen
Hope's glorious visions fade away.

Shine then for forms that once were bright,
For sages in the mind's eclipse,
For those whose words were spells of might,
But falter now on stammering lips.

In thy decaying beam there lies
Full many a grave, on hill and plain,
Of those who closed their dying eyes
In grief that they had lived in vain.

Another night, and thou among
The spheres of heaven shalt cease to shine,
All rayless in the glittering throng
Whose lustre late was quenched in thine.

Yet soon a new and tender light
From out thy darkened orb shall beam,
And broaden till it shine all night
On glistening dew and glimmering stream.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

OR A LOVER'S REMINISCENCES.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

You say each soul, in realms above,
Will seek with faith divine
The twin-soul it was formed to love;
Ah! then—will yours seek mine?

THEY called her a sad coquette; but they were mistaken. A proud, pure and earnest spirit like that of Mary Maclane could never stoop to the trifling arts by which too many of her sex secure the conquest of an hour. I cannot tell whether Mary was pretty or not. In her presence there was no time to think of beauty. I am not sure that I could tell even the color of her hair or her eyes; though I think the latter were of a deep violet hue, veiled by remarkably long and jet-like lashes. I have a faint impression that her mouth resembled a dewy crimson rose-bud more than any thing else; and I believe her form was perfect. I suppose it must have been, from the piquant reply a witty poet made to her one day, after begging her to give away the dress she wore, because it did not become her—

"To whom shall I give it?" she asked.

"Oh! to the Venus de Medicis, of course! It would fit no one else."

As I said before, in her presence there was something besides beauty, and more than beauty to think of. Grace, gayety and sweetness, with the indescribable but exquisite charm of naïveté, in manner, look and speech, combined to render her irresistible. The envious or ill-judging of her own sex declared her eccentric, and therefore affected. She *was* eccentric, if to act herself—a self so different from the commonplace, stereotyped people around her—was to be so. Frank, truthful, trusting and nobly independent, she retained the beautiful simplicity of childhood, with the dignity and spirit of a woman, true to herself and her divine destiny. Affected! it was all the rest of the fashionable world who were affected, not she. It was they who belied their own natures, who assumed a manner, who moulded their dress, their attitudes, their tones, even their smiles, to the one model of the day. She trusted her own soul and uttered it in mien and look and word. She revered too deeply the divinity within, to hide, to smother or deny it. She was as natural, and simple, and incapable of art or affectation, as the birds and the flowers which she loved, and which loved her in return.

And they called her a coquette! because affectionate, and confiding, pining for sympathy and tenderness, she looked for good in all around her—and finding it, for who would not have been good for *her* and to her. She imagined the perfection of her ideal in each new suitor for her love, and in turn in each was disappointed.

"I will not," said Mary, in a letter to a friend, "cannot compromise my sympathies. I cannot sacrifice my integrity of heart to the opinion of the world, which pronounces me a coquette because I have been deceived. Though I die single, I will be true to the divine sentiment of love within me, which will be ratified, if not in this, surely in a future life. I will keep my soul virgin till it meets the twin-soul which is its destiny. It is not *I* that these men love. They have no knowledge of *me*. They have taken a fancy to my looks, my tones, my manners perhaps; but they are strangers to my *heart*. Were there one among them destined for that heart, believe me, Clarice, in the words of a dear friend—

"'It would spring like a falchion bright, glowing and true,
To the hand that its worth and its temper best knew.'

"When some affectionate and judicious visiter kindly tells me that I am called a flirt, I think of the lines I read to you once; perhaps you do not remember them.

"'They tell me I was false to thee;
But they are false who say it;
The vow I made was pure and free,
And time shall ne'er betray it.

"'I laid my heart on virtue's shrine,
I loved truth, honor, kindness;
I love them still, I thought them thine,
Too soon I wept my blindness.

"''Tis *thou* wert false, to them and me,
My worship still I cherish,
My love, still true, has turned from thee,
To find them or to perish.'"

. . . . . .

I felt interested in Mary Maclane before I saw her. It was her voice that first magnetized my heart. She had arrived the day before at the hotel where I was staying. It was said she had just dismissed a wealthy suitor, who had received encouragement sufficient to warrant his expectations in proposing. I had heard much of the Kentucky belle, and while dressing for dinner was resolving that I would avoid an introduction; for I had an unaffected dread of a coquette. The tones of a guitar from the next room broke in upon my reverie, and the next moment a sweet, pure voice commenced the following song—

I loved an ideal,
I sought it in thee,
I found it unreal,
As stars in the sea;

And shall I, disdaining
An instinct divine,
By falsehood profaning
That pure hope of mine?

Shall I stoop from my vision,
So lofty, so true,
From the light, all Elysian,
That round me it threw?

Oh! guilt, unforgiven,
If false I could be,
To myself and to Heaven,
While constant to thee!

Ah, no! though all lonely,
On earth be my lot,
I'll brave it, if only
That trust fail me not;

The trust that, in keeping
All pure from control,
The love that lies sleeping,
And dreams in my soul,

It may wake in some better
And holier sphere,
Unbound by the fetter
Fate hung on it here!

The deep feeling that thrilled through the voice, the high and pure sentiment of the song, affected me strongly, and when, in the evening, an interesting and distinguished-looking girl, a stranger, whose name I had not learned, was led to the piano, I was not surprised to hear the same clear tones which had so enchanted me before.

I begged an introduction to the lady, and almost started back in dismay when it took place. It was Mary Maclane herself.

The instant our eyes met, hers seemed to fill visibly with light, and then the long lashes drooped suddenly over a cheek that had grown strangely pale with that momentary emotion. An evident effort restored her, however, immediately to her wonted graceful self-possession, but I could not so easily recover mine. I felt at once that the good or evil genius of my life was before me, embodied in that slight girl.

Was I in love?—at first sight! I, who had always avoided a flirt as I would a beautiful serpent—to whom the *rattle* of the former seeemed almost as fatal to moral safety, as that of the latter to physical.

Weeks flew by, and we became intimate friends. Mary knew that I loved her, although no word had betrayed it, and I was sure that she returned my love. She was surrounded by distinguished and wealthy admirers, who had not my reasons for silence on the subject; but, though courteous to all, her soul remained loyal to mine. Mine was the sudden and beautiful blush, and mine the endearing smile; her sweet voice faltered only for me, and ever took a deeper and fuller tone when replying to my own, for then her heart was in it. But I was too proud to marry a rich woman, and too poor for a poor one, and so, as Mary was an heiress, I cherished my love in silence. Fatal mistake! Had I possessed but half her generous and noble independence, I should have thrown pride, that petty pride to the winds. I should have been ashamed to name it in the same breath with my love, even to myself; for was it not a profanation of *her* to give a thought to her paltry wealth?

Now and then I could detect a tearful wonder in her suddenly uplifted eyes because I did not corroborate by words the affection which almost every look and act involuntarily betrayed, and so, to relieve in part my own feelings and to soothe hers, which I feared were wounded, I sent her, on Valentine's day, some verses; the handwriting was disguised, but I said "if she loves me as she should, she will feel that they are mine"—and so she did. I was present when the servant handed them to her. A soft blush burned in her delicate cheek as she read; her eyes filled with tears, and, averting her face from my gaze, she hastily wrote something beneath them with a pencil.

Instantly I feared that I had gone too far, and asking to see the lines, I coolly read them aloud, ridiculing both the language and the sentiment, as I went on, with a criticism so calm and so severe, that poor Mary seemed utterly at a loss what to think. From that moment, however, she assumed toward me a dignified and distant demeanor, avoiding me as much as possible, and, though I think suffering intensely, preserving an outward serenity which I would have given worlds to imitate. The verses were as follows:

To Mary.

Rare bird of the West! where the pride of the prairie
Can boast of no blossom to rival your blush,
Oh! fold for one moment your wing wild and airy,
And, while I sing to you, your sweet warble hush.

Fair bird of the West! where the sky bent above you,
So fondly it lent half its light to your eye, [you,
Where the wild-flower you tripped over looked up to love
And the happy wave paused o'er your picture to sigh.

You dreamed not, while sporting in freedom and pleasure,
Of cages and nets that would fetter your wing,
But oh! let me warn you—too rare is the treasure—
The fowler, the hunter have both heard you sing!

They are up, on the track—oh! be prudent and wary—
They have nets, they have cages, of iron and gold;
Look well to your pinion, sweet bird of the prairie,
And shame, with that blue eye, the false and the bold.

There is one who would cherish, and love the least ringlet
That floats o'er your young cheek, or kisses your neck,
Who would guard every wave of your exquisite winglet,
And toil for earth's treasures your beauty to deck;

But he has no claim to your lightest smile, Mary,
He can but sing truly, though may be too bold;
Look well to your pinion, wild bird of the prairie,
Beware of their cages of iron and gold!

Beneath them Mary had traced, in a trembling, delicate hand, the following verse:

Je ne chante que pour toi!

I fold my wings; I heed not now
The idler's gaze, the flatterer's tone;
I turn from every lighter vow,
I sing for thee alone!

Soon after this Mr. Maclane's affairs became deeply involved, and unable to meet his engagements, to avoid

public disgrace he urged to his daughter the necessity of marrying one of her wealthy suitors, who had offered on that condition to assist him. Mary had but an hour to decide, and her reply was the following letter to her father:

"I have had a severe struggle, but I feel that in complying with your wishes I can wrong only myself; for a man, who can be willing to accept a reluctant hand without a heart, and who can make such the condition of his aid to a friend in the hour of need, is not worthy of a thought. He can have no heart to wrong. Were he a better, a nobler being, I should refuse him; for I should feel that I could have no right to injure and betray a pure soul by linking it for life to a mere *name*, even to save your honor, my father.

"As it is, I accept this man; but, in so doing, I shall explain to him, as frankly as to you, my feelings with regard to him. It will make no difference to him; for he cares, not for my heart, not for my love, or my respect, but for my capability of ministering to his pride, of ornamenting his establishment. He will show off whatever of beauty, wit, or grace, I may possess, as he would his fine pictures, or his spirited horse. I accept him, then, but upon one condition; I choose to be wedded—no! not wedded, I will not so profane the word—I choose to be bound to him by a magistrate, not by a clergyman; no man of God, for me, shall thus belie his holy calling, his sacred office, and the divine institution of marriage. Where love hallows the tie, let religion sanction it also; but in this affair of barter and exchange, the civil law will be all sufficient surely."

Mary was right; it did make no difference to him—to the soulless fool who bought her. So they were wedded, and by a magistrate too. In this she persisted, in spite of her father's remonstrance, "for the poor, craven bridegroom said never a word."

The world inveighed against the heartless coquette, as it persisted in calling her, and declared that I had been shamefully treated; that I had at first been led on by the freest encouragement, and then deserted for a wealthier man.

And Mary smiled serenely at the slander, and years since I sent Mary the first Valentine I ever wrote. I now send her the last. It is a song, which I once heard, and which impressed me deeply at the time.

"Oh! call it by some better name,
For Friendship is too cold,
And love is now an earthly flame,
Whose shrine must be of gold;
And Passion, like the sun at noon,
That burns o'er all he sees,
Awhile as warm, will set as soon,
Oh! call it none of these!

"Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of clay,
Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,
Yet human still as they;
And if thy lip, for love like this,
No mortal word can frame,
Go ask of angels what it is,
And call it by that name!"

THE WIFE'S JEALOUSY.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

Whene'er I hear him breathe her name
I turn away and sigh,
Yet wherefore should I think of this—
It is a dream gone by;
Her smile no longer can enchant,
Her power now is o'er,
Yet half life's promise would I give
To hear that name no more.

He ne'er shall know my jealous thoughts,
Forbid it, love and pride,
I check the burning tears that fall,
And try my grief to hide;
I even question of the past,
His dearest memories share,
And yet my heart is pained to hear
She was so very fair.

The feeling now is half effaced,
And oft his lip is gay,
Yet sometimes from my happy smile
He coldly turns away,
As if my careless words recalled
Some thought still fraught with pain,
And when again he seeks my side
I strive to smile in vain.

'T is true he told me she was false,
With less of grief than pride,
But whispered that her heart was his,
Although his rival's bride;
He said that love as deep as theirs
Must last through weary years;
He knew not that these words awoke
The source of bitter tears.

I watch his every word and tone
With restless anxious eyes,
I grieve whene'er his brow is sad
And tremble when he sighs,
For then I think his thoughts have flown
To scenes when she was near,
And words of gentle kindness fall
Unheeded on mine ear.

I know these dreams are worse than weak
That bind me in their spell,
Yet though I struggle and condemn,
Their force I cannot quell;
Oh! let us other seek like me
To read a dear one's breast;
No, let the years unshared by thee
In endless silence rest.

THE WIDOWER.

OR THE FIRST AND SECOND WIFE.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE."

CHAPTER I.

Bright be the place of thy soul!
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.—*Byron.*

"My poor Zimmerman, who will now understand thee?" was the dying exclamation of a wife whose love and devotion have been rendered immortal by the genius of her husband.

Not less passionate and disinterested were the last sighs of one whose name and perhaps even memory have now passed from the very circle of her immediate acquaintance.

Mrs. Hughes had married, at an early age, one to whom she was devoted with all the ardor of a first and enthusiastic attachment; an attachment which had withstood opposition, and combatted difficulties, for Mr. Hughes was young and poor, having nothing but his profession and talents to begin with. That profession and those talents were appealed to and relied on, however, by the youthful pair with all the confidence of certainty, and, although they were very far from carrying the same conviction to their maturer and more prudent friends, yet, as is usual in such cases, youth, hope and enthusiasm triumphed over doubts, caution and reflection.

The daily toil for daily bread bringing in its train of cares, anxieties, and perplexities, is a bitterer task than the young and sanguine are aware of; and soon was the brow of the youthful husband darkened and his temper soured by the many trials of a life of poverty and labor. His wife, however, was of a nobler spirit and purer heart. The love that had prompted her to the sacrifice she had made, sustained her, not only without repining but with cheerfulness and sweetness under the hardships of her lot. Her first thoughts, her only sighs were for her husband's trials, and to lighten his cares, secure his comforts, and enliven his home, was the ruling motive of her life. The daily and almost hourly sacrifices she made for that end, can scarce be understood but by a wife, and which we fear were not always fully appreciated by her husband. The talents to which both the husband and wife had appealed with such confidence in their more youthful days, were, for once, not overrated, and the exertions that poverty had compelled Mr. Hughes to make during the first twelve or fifteen years of their marriage had brought him forward and made him marked among the rising young men of the day.

Twenty years had now elapsed since their marriage. Their days of trial and poverty were over. Mr. Hughes was distinguished at the bar, and fees were beginning to pour in in abundance. His mind, no longer harassed by the wants of to-morrow, was regaining its early cheerfulness, and his temper, not tried by the petty details of poverty, was losing its irritability and impatience. Whether his character would also soften in its tone of selfishness and exaction, was not left for his wife to ascertan. Her constitution, never strong, had been enfeebled by cares and suffering, the birth and loss of several children. And now, at a moment when her husband's prosperity seemed to promise her that happiness she had sustained life to this time in the hope of attaining, she was snatched from him after a short illness, leaving an only child, a girl about ten years of age.

The anguish of the unhappy widower, in the first weeks of his bereavement, would seem to indicate that the dying wife had not overrated her influence and usefulness in repining chiefly at her call from earth on his account.

Thus, at the age of forty-five, distinguished and prosperous, was Mr. Hughes left as he deemed himself desolate and alone.

The first bitterness of his grief passed with the lapse of some weeks, and was succeeded by a sense of sadness and loneliness harder even to bear than the violence of more acute suffering. He returned after the business of the day to that desolate mansion, where the welcome of no wife awaited him, and the long and weary evenings passed unrefreshed by conversation, uncheered by the sight of a familiar face. His child, too young to be left to the care of servants, had been withdrawn to the abode of its maternal grandmother, and thus two months had passed when one evening, the oppressive stillness of his house being more than he could bear, he took his hat and walked over to a neighbor's, whose cheerful lights he had watched many a night with a mixture of sadness and something that approached almost to envy. The entrance of the mourning widower, however, seemed to dampen the mirth and silence the hum of the animated group assembled in Mr. Russell's parlor. Every face instantly lengthened, the smiles vanished, the children were hushed, and the assumed sympathetic sadness with which he was received was any thing but what he had come to seek. Conversation was now carried on in an under tone by the groups scattered about the room, from whence many a glance of surprise and almost inquiry was directed to him, and he could not but feel himself a restraint upon the

hilarity of the young, and an embarrassment to the elderly. After a short and somewhat awkward visit he rose to leave. The relief of his absence was evident, even to himself, in the animation with which the rooms again echoed, and which he distinctly heard ere he closed the hall door. A feeling of impatience, amounting almost to anger, crossed him as he quitted the house. He stopped for a moment and gazed at his own darkened abode, which, even in that light, looked *widowed* and forlorn. Where to turn his footsteps he knew not. Places of public amusement were forbid him alike by decorum as by feeling. He, therefore, paced the streets an hour before he could gather courage to return home.

"What did Hughes want, my dear?" asked Mrs. Russell.

"Nothing. It seems he only came to pay a visit," replied her husband.

"How odd," exclaimed one of the circle. "How unfeeling! Why, his wife has not been dead a fortnight."

"A fortnight! my child," said Mrs. Russell, "you forget. Mrs. Hughes died the first of November, and this is January."

"Well, well," returned the young lady, who, being *very* young, expected a degree of affliction under bereavements, from widowers particularly, that experience perhaps may modify. "Well, well, it 's too soon for him to be out visiting. He ought to be ashamed. I hope he wont come again, for one do'nt know what to do or say on such occasions. It seems almost an insult to laugh and talk just as usual, and yet you can't tell him you are sorry his wife's dead, and it 's very awkward, so I hope he will stay away in future." And thus was Mr. Hughes and his visit disposed of.

He certainly left the house with no wish of returning; but the same sense of loneliness urged him again in the course of ten days to sally out for society, and, the ice being broken by having once been to Mr. Russell's, he found it easier to call there again than go elsewhere. This time he was more fortunate. The younger members of the family were out with their father. Mrs. Russell and her sister, Miss Lee, were sitting alone. One held a book, while the other was sewing. The quiet home scene accorded with his feelings. Miss Lee was an intelligent gentlewoman, about thirty, whose good taste and tact taught her to receive Mr. Hughes in her usual natural manner; neither assuming a sorrow she did not feel, nor running in the opposite extreme of trying to amuse him. Mrs. Russell continued her sewing, and talked to him of his child, and thus the hours passed quietly and agreeably until he was surprised by the clock striking half past ten, when he took his leave, not, however, before Mrs. Russell had kindly said,

"Come in often and see us, Mr. Hughes. You will always find some of us at home of an evening."

"He is a sensible, agreeable man," remarked Miss Lee, as he quitted the house, "and might, I should think, under different circumstances, be even brilliant."

"He is considered very clever," returned her sister. "I know my husband thinks the world of him. Poor fellow! His loss must be severe, for his wife was a lovely woman."

Mr. Hughes now began to visit at Mrs. Russell's pretty regularly one or twice a week. The family was large and gay, composed of young people of all ages, who, with their friends that were ever going and coming, made a happy and animated scene. They had become accustomed to the sight of Mr. Hughes, and soon ceased to descant upon his "shocking want of feeling" in coming, as in fact they had almost forgotten by this time that he had ever had a wife, and, as he chiefly talked to "Aunt Lee," or "mother," his presence was beginning to be looked upon as quite a thing of course.

Six or seven months had now elapsed since he became a widower, when one evening at Mr. Russell's, as he crossed the room to join Miss Lee, he caught a quick look from her brother-in-law's eye, and saw a smile exchanged between himself and wife. He understood it at a glance, was startled and surprised, and felt, for the first time, that he was again a free, in fact a *young* man. The sensation was a new but not unpleasant one. His spirits rose, although they were somewhat fluttered, and he made his visit shorter than usual, leaving Miss Lee a little puzzled by the unusual excitement of his voice and manner.

That look between the husband and the wife returned again and again to his mind. It evidently had reference to the sister. True, she was full fifteen years younger than himself, and was but a child when he had married. But what then? She was intelligent and very pleasing, though no longer very young.

And then his mind glanced back to his wife, and his heart reproached him as it caught him in the act of thinking already of supplying her place. The idea was hastily dismissed for the time, but it returned ever and anon, not to be dwelt upon as a thing that should be, but as one that *might*. Unconsciously it lent an animation to his manner in addressing Miss Lee, and he could not but feel that her eye brightened and her countenance softened as she listened to him.

The summer was now coming on, and the Russells were about quitting the city for the warmer months, and Mr. Hughes, upon the eve of starting for the country to visit his child, who was with his mother-in-law, bade them a cordial farewell, hoping to see them again early in the fall.

CHAPTER II.

Through all his limbs a youthful vigor flies,
Gazing spectators scarce believe their eyes.
But Jason is the most surprised to find
A happy change in body and in mind.
In sense and constitution the same man
As when his *twentieth* active year began.
[*Medea and Jason, Mythological Fables.*]

Winter had now set in, and lights streamed from every window of one of New York's wealthiest mansions. Music proclaimed the dance, and Mr. Hughes was one among the gay assemblage that thronged the rooms.

"Why, Hughes, what success you widowers have with the women!" said a young man, gaily address-

ing him. "Here I have been trying for the last half hour to speak to that pretty Miss Hoffman, but she has been so engrossed by you that there has been no chance for me."

The other smiled, and the expression of gratified vanity that crossed his countenance as he said something about "woman's pity and quick sympathies," little accorded with the sentiment he uttered.

"Miss Hoffman is very handsome," he continued, "and not very young, I should imagine," he added, in a tone of equal satisfaction.

"She can't be more than three or four and twenty," replied the other, with some surprise.

"No, I suppose not, but she must be full that," rejoined Mr. Hughes, decidedly, and, as he said it, the words "a suitable age" crossed his mind.

"Suitable age!" Heaven help the man! He has made rapid progress in his estimation of himself and claims since he was embarrassed by the thought of Susan Lee's youth.

A change had, indeed, "come o'er the spirit of his dream," during the last three months of his existence. Once again in gay and fashionable life, he was received with an attention and playful flattery by the beautiful and young he had been a stranger to even in his more youthful days. As a middle-aged, married man, he had rarely frequented scenes of the kind, and then endured them rather as a penance than a pleasure, not to be soon incurred again.

The year following his widowhood had debarred him, as we have seen, from even the ordinary pleasures that general society may confer. What wonder, then, that it burst upon him now in all the brilliancy of its novelty and freshness of its flattery, with a charm that dazzled and delighted him.

A man of talents and distinction, with a first rate business and capital income, he was looked upon as one of the best matches in the city. Behold the secret that threw such a new pleasure over scenes that he had once found so dull. Beauties were flattered by his admiration, and belles vied with each other in endeavoring to win his attentions; but the most intoxicating drop in the whole cup of flattery was the sensation of *youth* it inspired. Talk of "the *first* freshness of spring!" It was nothing to the second, at least so he found it. The first he had taken, like the air of heaven, as a thing of course, but the second turned his brain. He was now free to choose, to "bless contending beauties," and he entered society with a zest and relish that rarely falls to the lot of forty-five. At first he had liked to talk of his "little girl," and enlist the interests of his fair listeners for his "motherless child," but gradually he ceased to talk of his daughter, and answered hastily when she was spoken of, and was seriously annoyed when questioned as to her age. He now no longer hesitated at the youth of any of the belles he most admired, and thought any age "suitable" that was not over twenty.

"Fanny," said Mrs. Hathaway to her beautiful young daughter, "why did you leave me last evening immediately after I introduced Mr. Hughes to you?"

"I was going to waltz with Frank Constant, mamma."

"I wish, my dear, you would not waltz so much with Frank Constant. Mr. Hughes was very much struck with your appearance, and asked so eagerly to be introduced to you that I was sorry you turned off so quickly. If you meet him this evening, do n't do it again."

"Why, mamma? What should I talk to that frisky old widower for? I wanted to waltz."

"Old! my dear, I don't know what you call old. To be sure he is no longer a boy, and does not waltz, but he *is* as youthful in his feelings as—"

"Yes," said the lovely beauty, interrupting her mother, "and it 's just that which makes him so absurd. He feels so young and he looks so old that the contrast is most amusing."

"He converses most agreeably," continued her mother.

"Does he?" she asked carelessly, and then continued with more animation; "how charmingly Frank Constant does waltz."

"How does he talk?" inquired her mother.

"Oh, he talks well enough," she answered hastily, as if that was "neither here nor there," "but he does keep step most beautifully," and she clasped her little hands with delight as she spoke. "How I do love dancing," she added.

"I wish, my dear," continued her mother, "that you would attend to what I say. Don't dance so much with Constant again, and don't let him talk to you while you are dancing with others."

"Why not, mamma? He is very pleasant."

"He is an idle young man," replied her mother. "has no property, and, beside, if you allow yourself to be engrossed by trifiers in this way, men of sense will not wish to approach you."

Fanny was on the point of saying that she did not desire they should, for, by "men of sense," she saw her mother meant Mr. Hughes, when Mrs. Hathaway continued to say,

"Mr. Hughes was quite attentive to Helen French last evening."

"Was he?" said her daughter, with more interest, for Helen French was her particular friend and rival.

"Yes; and she seemed very anxious to attract his admiration. When he asked who you were, she affected to mistake him and did not answer, and I saw she was quite annoyed when he turned to me and asked to be introduced to you."

"Was she?" cried Fanny, with great glee. "Then I wont dance once with Frank Constant to-night, and she shall not talk a bit to Mr. Hughes."

Enchanted at the thought of teasing Helen French, even at the expense of her own amusement for the evening, the young beauty anticipated the coming ball with even more than ordinary impatience.

Once, however, in the brilliant throng mingling with the dancers, Fanny had well nigh forgotten her resolution of the morning, when, chancing to glance across the room, she saw Helen French talking with great animation to Mr. Hughes. Mrs. Hathaway was standing near them. Fanny immediately crossed, and, coming up to her mother, said, with the prettiest and most child-like air of unconsciousness,

"Mamma, wont you hold my bouquet?" and as she spoke she bowed slightly and smiled very sweetly to Mr. Hughes, who sprang forward with empressement as he said,

"Permit me, Miss Hathaway," as he took the perfumed and glowing flowers from her hand, scarce more fresh and beautiful than she who held them, and continued by her side conversing with more than his usual animation, and putting forth all his powers to amuse the youthful belle.

He succeeded wonderfully, for she absolutely listened and almost forgot the dance, and quite refused Frank Constant who came to petition for a waltz.

"Who is that lady looking at us?" she said, suddenly interrupting him. "She is standing near the door, is rather pale, and has very dark, sad eyes."

Hughes, looking in the direction Fanny indicated, started and colored, as, muttering to himself "Good God! how old she looks," with evident embarrassement he crossed to speak to Susan Lee, whom he now met for the first time in many months, as she rarely frequented scenes of the kind, and he had not called at Mrs. Russell's since his return to town.

If he was shocked at meeting her, she was not less pained at seeing him. Not that, like him, she was struck by his appearance of age, although he certainly did look many years older, contrasted by the youthful beaux and belles by whom he was surrounded, than when she had seen him in the domestic circle, but she had not kept pace with him in retracing time, and did not expect to find him looking younger than she knew him to be. But she was pained to see him, as she thought, acting an undignified part, for that he had become what is contemptible in a woman and despicable in a man, a coquette, was too evident. She saw that it was his vanity to excite the vanity of others, and she sighed in sadness and disappointment, as she had looked up to him as well as liked him. His manner was hurried and embarrassed in inquiring after her sister, for his conscience told him that he had not returned their hospitality as he ought, when Fanny Hathaway, passing, said,

"Mr. Hughes, my bouquet, if you please," and he was at her side in a moment, not to quit it for the remainder of the evening.

CHAPTER III.

O, wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion.—*Burns.*

"'Pon my word, Hughes, you shame the young men in the way you carry all before you. There's Constant looking as if he would call you out before the evening's over, if you don't give him a chance with that pretty little girl yonder," said one of his friends as he turned from Fanny Hathaway, to whom he had been talking half the evening.

Hughes, flushed with an expression of gratified vanity as he said, following Fanny with his eyes,

"She is a pretty creature, so fresh and full of life. Not fully developed yet in mind and character, but lovelier to me for that. 'A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.'"

"That is a good-looking fellow, that Constant," resumed his friend, "and as he is evidently in earnest, which I presume you are not, I would not interfere if I were you, Hughes."

"And why should not I be in earnest too?" was the first quick feeling that flashed across Hughes, much nettled at his friend's quiet assumption of the improbability of the thing. It is true he had not given it a serious thought before, but as he asked himself "why not?" he almost answered "I will." The triumph too over the young and handsome Constant flattered him more than the most brilliant successes he had ever won in his profession. Those he had borne like a man, but this he felt very like a woman, and he renewed his attentions to Fanny with redoubled ardor.

"Did you notice Fanny Hathaway's flirtation with Mr. Hughes this evening, Emily," said Miss Russell to her sister.

"Notice it? to be sure I did," she replied, "and so must every one else in the room. You remember we used to think him rather old for Aunt Sue, and now he is after Fanny. How absurd!"

"The older the men are, the younger they seem to think their wives must be," replied the other sister. "The surplus of years on their side must be subtracted from the lady's."

"Yes," rejoined Emily, "and what 's worse, they actually succeed in getting what they want. One would think that like wine they improve with age."

"They are *worth* more, and that is the secret," continued Miss Russell. "And the beauty of it, too, is that they never seem to suspect that their establishments have any thing to do with the business. I do verily believe Mr. Hughes thinks Fanny is in love with him."

"Perhaps she is," said Miss Lee, who just then entered the room. "You know he is remarkably agreeable."

"Nonsense!" said her niece; "a girl do n't fall in love with her grandfather, let him talk as he will. By the way, I think when the Prayer Book forbade a man's marrying his grandmother, the same prohibition should have been extended to a grandfather. Forbidding the first was quite unnecessary. I wish I could say as much for our sex."

The weeks fled on and spring was at hand.

"Well, my love," said Mrs. Hathaway to her daughter, "and so you have really accepted Mr. Hughes? How happy you make me, my child, for I feel confident of your happiness with a man of his character and station, which I could not have done in giving you to a young man like Constant. And you are happy, satisfied yourself, my love?"

"Perfectly, mamma."

"You really like Mr. Hughes. Prefer him to Constant?"

"Certainly I do," replied Fanny decidedly.

"Oh, my darling, how happy I am," exclaimed the delighted mother. "With the same fortune and station you would choose Mr. Hughes?"

Now Mrs. Hathaway had, in the excitement of the moment, pushed matters too far, for Fanny exclaimed,

"With the same fortune and station! No indeed, mamma. How can you think so? Frank Constant is so handsome, and then he is young too," said she, looking very serious.

"How, Fanny?" said Mrs. Hathaway, much alarmed. "Do you like Constant? Let me understand you, my child."

"Yes, mamma, I like him—but I don't care about him," answered Fanny carelessly.

"You like him, but you don't care about him!" repeated Mrs. Hathaway, much embarrassed by her daughter's manner of expressing herself, for it must be owned that Fanny's definitions were not quite as clear as her thoughts were rapid. Mrs. Hathaway ascertained, however, to her satisfaction, upon farther examination into the subject, that Fanny was *in love* with neither. She would have preferred her younger admirer with equal advantages, but that was all. In fact, Fanny was a girl of a good deal of character and no imagination. Young as she was, she already knew that money was necessary to her happiness, and a good deal of it, too, she suspected. She saw Constant just as he was, gay, handsome and agreeable, but she did not think him worth the sacrifices she would be called upon to make if she married him, and therefore without a regret she chose his rival. When Mrs. Hathaway fully ascertained this fact, and heard her daughter talk with perfect calmness and decision on the subject, she felt satisfied that the result would be for her happiness. "He is very much in love with her," she argued to herself, "and will surround her with every luxury and indulgence. And Fanny will make an excellent housekeeper, and men of his age think a great deal of their comforts;" and she joyfully gave her consent when appealed to by Mr. Hughes.

As to his feelings, they need scarcely be dwelt on. Captivated by her beauty, enchanted with her youth, he was, in most expressive phrase, *ridiculously* happy.

"Ah, Constant," exclaimed one of his young friends, "so you have lost your belle. Fanny Hathaway is actually engaged to Mr. Hughes, eh!"

"So I hear," replied Constant. "It is all her mother's doings. That woman is made up of mercenary, ambitious—"

"Pshaw! Constant, don't abuse Mrs. Hathaway because Fanny chooses to marry Hughes."

"I don't care who she marries," replied Constant somewhat savagely, "but I hate to see such a sacrifice. It's disgusting," he continued with much excitement.

"Come, come, Constant, don't talk of sacrifices," continued his friend coolly. "If Mrs. Hathaway is worldly, depend upon it, Miss Hathaway is the mother's own child. Think you her mother could ever have forced her to marry a poor clergyman if he had not been to her taste? Never."

Constant was silenced.

Mr. Hughes was now impatient to be married. He wanted to travel during the summer; give himself one good holiday before he returned to busy life again, and he must have his beautiful little wife with him.

"Why delay?" he urged with Mrs. Hathaway. "No matter for preparations. We can make them after," he said smiling. "I must furnish my house, but I would prefer postponing it till the fall, when I can have Fanny's taste to assist me."

The little bride elect joined her mother and lover just in time to hear the last phrase, and she exclaimed with great *naïveté*.

"Oh, pray do. You men have no taste, and know nothing about such things, and I would much prefer choosing for myself."

Mr. Hughes, who was delighted with every new proof of her "youth and freshness," could not but smile at this, for he knew that had she been some years older she would have felt as all women do upon that most delicate of subjects to a bride without fortune—furniture. But Fanny was too young for such scruples, and though Mrs. Hathaway caught her breath somewhat quickly at her daughter's frankness, yet when she saw it succeed so well, was quite as well pleased that it had happened, for she had her own doubts as to Mr. Hughes' taste, and felt that she would rather the important business was left to Fanny.

There was now nothing to wait for but the bridal paraphernalia, as that was indispensable even to Fanny, and Mr. Hughes' impatience was obliged to wait the pleasure of half the milliners and mantuamakers in town. In the course of time, however, the last dress was sent home and all was ready. The happy day arrived, and, surrounded by a large party, the ceremony took place.

A prettier bride surely was never seen than the youthful Mrs. Hughes, as she received her friends a few days after, attired in her bridal dress of snowy white, with its graceful veil of delicate lace confined to her small head by a wreath of exquisite white roses.

She might have passed for a vision of Youth, Innocence and Love, had it not been for the bridegroom who stood at her side.

CHAPTER IV.

But och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward tho' I cannu see,
I guess an' fear.—*Burns.*

The summer months had fled, and Mr. and Mrs. Hughes had been settled some weeks in town, when he said to her one afternoon,

"Fanny, I have business in Washington next week. I must start on Monday. Will you go with me, love?"

"Next week?" she answered. "Oh no, you know the new furniture will be home next week, and I would much rather stay and see it all arranged."

Mr. Hughes looked a little disappointed at her preferring the furniture to his society, but as she continued gaily,

"I will have it all in order before you return, and every thing will look so bright and beautiful you wont know the house."

Reassured by this, thinking it was to adorn and enliven *his* home that she preferred remaining, he answered,

"Every place must look bright where you are, my

beautiful love;" but he found Fanny was not to be flattered from her resolution, and he gave the matter up.

The fortnight of his absence was most busily and happily occupied by Mrs. Hughes, in directing changes and movements, which indeed made her husband doubt at first, on his return, whether it was his own house which he was entering, and which had been furnished about five years before Mrs. Hughes' death, and had been arranged by her solely and entirely with a view to his comfort. Being an indolent man, who hated the trouble of mounting stairs, his wife had converted the back parlor into his library; the small room which opened off being his study, sacred from all intrusion. As he now entered and glanced about, seeing nothing but mirrors and ottomans, he said in amazement,

"Why, Fanny, what have you done with my books?"

"Oh, they are all up stairs," she cried. I have had the back room in the second story arranged as the library. Is it not all beautiful?" she exclaimed, as she threw her arms around him in an ecstasy of delight, rather at her furniture than at seeing him again; and then as she drew him about, pointing out with great volubility and delight all she had done, it was not in the heart of man, not certainly of one in love, and who had been so long absent from home too, to find fault with a creature so young and beautiful. Besides, the thing was done, and it would be more trouble to get the books back than to let them stay, so he contented himself with saying, as he seated himself on the sofa and drew his little wife beside him,

"And so you have moved my books up stairs. The little room is my study, I suppose?"

"Oh no!" she answered, "that is my dressing-room. You can study, you know, in the library. I have fitted it up with rose-colored curtains"—and on she went with a history of its furniture, which she told with such childish glee that he could not but be amused in spite of himself.

"Fanny, dearest," said her husband after tea, as he took something from his pocket, "hand me the light."

"What is that?" she asked, as she approached him. "What have you there?"

"Only a cigar," he answered.

"A cigar!" she exclaimed. "Why, what are you going to do?"

"I am going to smoke," said he, smiling. "What else should I do with a cigar?"

"Smoke!" she exclaimed. "Smoke in my beautiful rooms! You'll ruin my curtains; (she spoke as if the furniture had been earned by the sweat of her brow and not his;) I can't permit such a thing. Why what a Goth you are to think of it!" she continued playfully, as she took his fingers in her little hand and drew the cigar away.

"Nay, nay, Fanny," said he seriously, "it will not hurt the curtains. Besides, there is no other place to smoke."

"Oh, you must not smoke at all," she replied.

"Not smoke!" he answered aghast, for smoking was one of his pet comforts, and then he continued more stoutly, "but I must, so hand me the light."

"No," she answered gayly, but with equal decision, "not here. But do you really want your cigar very much, 'very bad,' as the children say?"

"Yes, indeed I do," he answered half smiling, though much annoyed.

"Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll give you up the basement room, and you may smoke there until you can't see, if you like;" and, without waiting his answer, she rang and said, "John, take lights in the basement room," but seeing that her husband did not look as delighted with this concession as she expected, she added, "Oh, I'll go down with you," as if she supposed that were all that was necessary to make any arrangement charming. "Come," she said, putting her hand in his, "I don't mind smoke for a little while," and in a moment he found himself descending the stairs, and saying to himself, for the first time since he had known her, with a sigh, "Ah, she is *very* young."

Mounting to his books, and descending with his cigar! This, then, was the excellent housekeeping of which Mrs. Hathaway had talked so much, and from which he had promised himself so much comfort.

As time wore on, however, the lover became merged in the natural selfishness of the man and in the growing requirements of middle age, and Fanny found that her husband could stoutly insist upon his own wishes, and thwarted her little plans with the utmost coolness, in spite of all her pretty willfulness, which had triumphed so successfully in the earlier days of their marriage. Partly from carelessness, and partly from resolution, however, she did many things without consulting him that secured her a much larger portion of her own wishes than he would otherwise have allowed her. And in fact it soon came to this—where she could have her own way *in spite of him*, she had it, and where she could not she had to yield. It is true, in many things he indulged her to an extreme. But then it was the indulgence that is extended to a spoiled child. Sometimes to an excess, and sometimes as unreasonably withheld as at other times granted. In short, it was just according to his humor, and like a true spoiled child she considered herself most ill-treated whenever she had not all she wanted. Money was one of the sources of her vexations. Not but that her husband was liberal to a fault—that is, in permitting her to run up bills. But he never gave her money. Now every woman knows that fifty dollars gives more pleasure in the hand than a hundred in accounts. But he had some old fashioned notion about her not knowing its value, or that she would lose it, as if the best way to teach was not to intrust her with what she must necessarily expend.

And this was one of her many complaints to her mother, and even to some of her friends, for Fanny was very communicative, much more so than suited her husband's taste, and many a time he yielded at once when Fanny would begin to say to some guest, in a tone of expostulation—

"Now can you see what difference it can possibly make to Mr. Hughes if I go to Long Branch this summer instead of Rockaway? He can come to see me but once a week wherever I am."

To which he would hastily interpose with, "I am sure, Fanny, I have no objections to your doing as you please about it."

To which she was very apt to answer, "I am very glad you have changed your mind, for the other day you were so cross about it."

But, notwithstanding, the complaints were constant of "my husband *will*," and "my husband *wont*."

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Ten years thus passed, and time did not soften the obstinacy and selfishness of Mr. Hughes, who was really now adding the wants of increasing years to the indolence of natural temperament; nor did it supply Mrs. Hughes with the affection and consideration she had never felt for him in her younger days. Consequently all the causes of discontent which she had then felt were in full existence now, joined to which, the *woman* had awoke in her heart, and she yearned for that sympathy she could not hope to find in a man of her husband's years.

'T is true, she was proud of him. Proud of his talents and his station, but, as we have said before, she had no imagination which could make those talents throw a charm over more unpleasant qualities. Her sense of disappointment was incautiously, and perhaps unconsciously, expressed to a young friend one day, who was admiring some of her ornaments, and exclaimed with enthusiasm—

"Oh, Mrs. Hughes, I mean to marry just such a man as Mr. Hughes, whenever I can find him," to which she replied with earnest sadness in her eyes, and true mournfulness in her voice,

"No, no, Henrietta, never marry an old man. Don't be the fool I was."

Did every married woman who has made a similar sacrifice express herself with equal frankness, we believe there are none who would not be found uttering the same sentiment.

That her husband often repeats to himself, and always with a sigh, "She is very young," is no less true. But whether the reproach is uttered with the same bitterness with which she made hers, we think doubtful, as we are inclined to believe that her beauty is still some compensation for her youth.

But now that he is "getting into years" far past the "middle age," his comforts neglected, his wishes uncared for, could the spirits of the departed look down upon earth, what would be the feelings of that wife whose whole study during life had been to promote his happiness and pleasure, and whose place had been supplanted in little more than one short year.

Could that be, would there not then be heard a voice whispering in accents all mournful and low,

"My poor Zimmerman, who does now understand thee?"

MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

BY E. W. CLARK.

How sweet at morning's earliest hour
To watch the first faint, glimmering ray
Of light, that wakes the slumbering flower,
And ushers in the new-born day.
To list the lightsome matin song,
Poured gayly forth from warbling throats;
While echo blithely bounds along,
And catches up the falling notes.

And when the brilliant orb of day
Has reached his summer's noontide hour,
'T is sweet in some cool grot to stray,
Or rest within some vine-clad bower
Near where the deep blue waters roll;
Or by some leaping, laughing rill,
Whose gentle murmurs soothe the soul
And all its troubled passions still.

And sweet it is, when twilight throws
Her dusky curtain o'er the day,
When clouds are blushing like the rose,
As bathed in sunset's light they lay;—
To banish all of worldly love,
To steal from worldly cares away,
And soar on wings of faith above
To that bright world where all is day.

But sweeter, far more sweet to me,
Is the calm, quiet noon of night,
When silence sits on rock and tree,
And reigns o'er plain and mountain height.
When clouds the ethereal arch unveil,
And golden spangles stud the sky;
While dimly lighting hill and dale,
The silver moon looks down from high.

On such a night, the flowery glen
Where once there roamed a joyous pair,
With saddened steps I seek again;
No kindred spirit meets me there—
Ah yes—the midnight chime is pealing,
A voice breathes sweetly by my side;
A seraph's form is by me kneeling,—
It is my lost, my spirit bride.

Then give to me midsummer's night,
When skies are clear and winds are calm:
Than all the rosy hours of light
It has for me a greater charm,
For then the angelic throng above
Receive from God the blissful power
To visit scenes of earthly love,
And keep the midnight trysting hour.

ALEXANDER IN JERUSALEM.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

With flashing eye and warlike pomp came on
The Conqueror of Tyre. A mighty host,
Their spears bright gleaming, in his footsteps trod,
O'er green Judea's vales. Darkly his brow
Knit with its vengeful purpose to chastise
The haughty nation that refused its aid
In his extremity. The Grecian sword
Is sharp, and ready for its monarch's will.
—Oh, daughters of Jerusalem! lament
Your glory in the dust. How can ye bear
To see Jehovah's dedicated courts,
The holy and the beautiful, profaned
By Heathen hands. How will ye bear to bow
Your stately necks, and take the captive's lot,
To tend some Argive loom, or watch the eye
Of tyrant mistress, smothering in your hearts
Lost Zion's melodies.

It was a time
Of dread in Solyma. Unceasing cries
Of supplication, from the prostrate soul,
By hearth and altar rose.

Lo! from the gates
A train goes slowly forth. Levite and priest,
Clad in their temple-robes. No arms they bear,
But through the olive-groves their measured tread
Is timed to solemn sound of chant, and prayer
Unto the God of Abraham. At their head
Moves the high-priest, appareled gloriously,
The mitre and the radiant breast-plate on;
While with the glorious majesty of one
Who lays aside all thought of earthly trust,
He nobly leadeth on to martyrdom.
—And thus the august procession winds its way
O'er palm-crowned Sapha, from whose breezy height
They marked the advancing foe.

Like forest pines
The bristling Thracian lances, and the steeds
Of Thessaly, whose feet disdained the ground,
The Macedonian bucklers, prompt to form
In fearful phalanx, and the serried pikes
Of Syria and Phœnicia, allies fierce,
And full of hate to Judah, swept along
In terrible array.

They meet! They meet!
The embattled Greek, and Salem's white-robed sons.
Scarce wait the impatient host their leader's word.
—Why leaps he from his chariot? What strange spell
Is on his spirit, that the Jewish priest
He greets, profoundly reverent, and adores
The awful name that on his forehead flames.

—

Deep consternation filled the victor-ranks,
As thus, with graceful act, the monarch spake.
—"I had a vision! Hear me, chiefs of Greece!
Warriors of Asia, hear! In mine own land,
While yet I planned the unattempted war,
Deep sleep fell on me. By my side there stood,
Wrapped in the mantle of prophetic dreams,
A lofty form, of grave and godlike port,
Who bade me *go and conquer*.

Mid the siege
Of wave-washed Tyre, while worn with care we strove,
As strove our wearied sires 'neath Ilion's towers,
To make her girdling wall a belt of flame,
While from each fierce assault she seemed to rise
But more impregnable, how oft these words—
Go forth and conquer—echoed in my soul,
To drive away despair, and urge the toil,
Protracted, yet victorious.

Chiefs and friends!
Behold the man whom in my trance I saw,
At Macedonian Dia. By his robe,
His silver beard, his eye in league with Heaven,
His solemn brow, the music of his voice,
I know him. None beside of woman born
Could move me thus.

Yet not to him I bow,
But to that God, who to his sight unsealed
Fate's mystic scroll, and with more sure decree
Than Delphic oracle, upheld my course
To victory."

The son of Philip ceased,—
And kindling with his warmth, the shouting host
Gave praise and homage to the King of kings.
Then, in the holy temple, sacred rites
Were to Jehovah paid, while, side by side,
Gentile and Jew, as brethren, kneeling marked
The wreathing clouds of incense richly rise
From priestly censers, and the blood of beasts
O'erflow the altars.

With attentive ear
Rapt Alexander listened, as the priest
Read the prophetic page. His wondering soul,
More than the legends of Olympian Jove,
Revolved the visions* of the captive seer,
In Shushan's palace, or beside the banks
Of Ulai's murmuring tide. Before him rushed
Symbolical and dread, in pageant-train,
Lion, and ravening bear, and spotted pard,
Instinct with wings, and horned goat that scorned,
The earth he trod; and last, a mighty throne
Left at a stroke untenanted, and rent
By the four winds of heaven.

So, musing much,
On what these things should mean, and touched with awe,
The Macedonian hero went his way,—
Forgetting not, with grateful zeal, to loose
The Persian yoke from Judah's humbled neck.

* "After sacrifices had been offered to God, in the temple, the high-priest showed Alexander those passages in the prophecy of Daniel which are spoken of that monarch; and which denote him as plainly as if he had been named. We may easily figure to ourselves the joy and admiration with which he was filled, at hearing such clear, and advantageous promises. Before he left Jerusalem, he assembled the Jews, and bade them ask any favor whatsoever." *Rollin, 5th Volume.*

THE BANKRUPT'S DAUGHTERS.

A TALE OF NEW YORK.

BY MRS. C. H. BUTLER.

It was the morning of the new year 1837. The deep-toned clock of the City Hall had chimed eleven, and the musical notes of Mrs. Ellsworth's *unique pendule*, representing Time drawn by laughing hours over beds of roses, were yet vibrating sweetly upon the ear, as a gay assemblage thronged the vestibule of a splendid mansion in B—— street. Smilingly passed the crowd along the vaulted corridor. There were the young bloods of aristocracy—the dashing man of fashion—the bewhiskered, perfumed exquisite—the gay and polished foreigner—and not those alone—the merchant, modest young students and clerks were alike hastening to pay their devoirs to the fair ladies of the mansion. The doors of the luxurious drawing-rooms flew open as by magic, and their names being announced by the attendants in waiting, the visiters were ushered into the presence of Mrs. Ellsworth and her daughters, who with courteous grace received the cordial salutations of a new year's *matinée*.

Mrs. Ellsworth, although in reality past her fiftieth year, carried so much *of la jeunesse* in her sweet engaging countenance and manner, that even the greatest connoisseur of beauty would have deemed her ten years younger. She wore a robe of black velvet, closely fitting her majestic person, a turban of exquisite finish was folded over her raven hair, on which the finger of time had not yet lingered, or left one trace of his all-conquering presence on the lofty intellectual brow it shaded.

Dora, the eldest of the lovely family group surrounding Mrs. Ellsworth, was in her twentieth year. Although she inherited not the rare beauty of the mother, her countenance beamed with intelligence and goodness. Her figure was tall and commanding—her complexion a dark brunette, too dark perhaps for beauty—nor were her features less objectionable—but her eyes, those deep-set glorious orbs, were resplendent with the truth and purity of the soul within.

Marion, the bewitching Marion, was two years younger than her sister, and one of those bright and beautiful beings, embodying an angel's form and purity, whom to look upon is to love, and whose cheerful, animated spirit cast a halo on all around her. She was even taller than Dora, yet every motion was grace. She was very fair, with a bloom on her cheek resembling the half-blown bud of the almond blossom—her hair was of that peculiar shade of brown which catches a gleam of light from every sunbeam, and so luxuriant, that when unconfined by comb or bodkin, it fell around her like a mantle. Her eyes were dark hazel, in which one could read, as in a mirror, every passing emotion of her innocent heart.

Grouped around a small table, covered with the bounties of St. Nicholas, were three beautiful children on this day (*couleur de rose*) emancipated from the nursery. Dolls, whips, bon-bons, trumpets, horses, books, et cetera, were scattered in delightful confusion, each little appropriated mass a treasure more precious than the miser's gold. The good St. Nicholas, or *Santa Claus*, had failed in his vocation on Christmas, but had not neglected to repair the omission on New Year's eve. Indeed it is said, although still as brisk and merry as when in his more palmy days he careered over the steep roofs of the honest burghers of New Amsterdam, that he is now a little prone to forgetfulness, and sometimes whirls rapidly past the *chimneys* even of whole blocks of dwellings without halting or disburthening his children-delighting medley. But if so, (as in the present instance,) he never fails to more than compensate for the omission. Indeed it has been stated by those who have followed up the ancient usage of dancing the *old* year out and the *new* year in, and by those too whose veracity may be relied on, that the good saint has been seen in the very act of crowding his treasures into the stockings of his little friends, nay, sometimes the jovial old fellow is so delighted with the merriment going on around him, that leaving "Dancer and Prancer," to paw the icicled roof, he joins merrily in the sport, his *pigeon-wings* and *double shuffles* outdoing the agility even of one of his own dancing-jacks.

Of those who paid their respects to Mrs. Ellsworth and her lovely daughters, were two at whose approach the eye of Dora kindled with unsuppressed pleasure, and the eloquent blood mounted to her dark cheek, while a brighter glow mantled the sweet face of Marion. Heedless of the minute space of time allotted by fashion for a new year's visit, the young men still lingered on—and left at last, only to return again and again. And at evening when the shutters were closed, and the happy family grouped around the brilliant drawing-room, when the music sounded, and the little feet of the children tripped lightly over the rich carpet, the happiness of the two sisters was made perfect by the presence of their affianced lovers, Philip Hamilton, and Cyril Vandelyn.

"Will not our dear father join us this evening?" asked Marion of her mother, "or has he not yet completed that long list of visits I saw him noting down yesterday?"

"Your father is not very well," replied Mrs. Ellsworth! "he complains of a severe headache, and therefore will not leave his room this evening."

"Let me go to him," cried Dora, springing up,

"perhaps he would like me to bathe his temples, or—"

"No, I will go," interrupted Marion; "I will give him such a charming sketch of this delightful day as shall banish all headache from his pillow."

With a kiss, Mrs. Ellsworth assured them their kindness was unavailing, as it was their father's wish to remain perfectly quiet. Therefore the two sisters joined once more with Philip and Cyril in the merry games of the children, and the evening passed off in unalloyed happiness.

It was morning—a bright fire blazed from the grate, —the rich crimson curtains were partly drawn aside to admit the cheerful beams of the sun—beautiful rose-bushes, japonicas and geraniums were arranged about the room, and little Canary birds, concealed within the fragrant bosquet, poured forth their mellifluous notes. Such was the breakfast room of Mrs. Ellsworth. The two sisters were already there—Dora now and then glancing at the neatly spread breakfast-table, to see that all was arranged as her mother would wish—while Marion was striving to coax one of her refractory Canary pets to sing—now trilling her own sweet, bird-like voice, then feeding him with dainty bits of sugar, scarce whiter than her own fairy fingers.

At length Mrs. Ellsworth entered the room. She was very pale, and her cheeks bore traces of recent tears.

"My dear mother," cried both girls, springing to her side, "what is the matter?—is our dear father sick?"

"No, my daughters," she replied; "your father is well, and will join us in a few moments."

Mr. Ellsworth soon came in—he seemed greatly agitated, and as his children flew to meet his warm embrace, he hastily wiped a tear from his eye.

Dora and her sister looked from one to the other, and silently wondered what could have caused the cloud of grief which rested on the features of both dear parents.

The breakfast was removed nearly untouched, and then, drawing his children to his arms, and fondly kissing them, Mr. Ellsworth said,

"My dear children, I have that to communicate to you which greatly distresses me, the more on your account, my loves, and that of your poor mother, than on my own. Dora, Marion, your father is a ruined man!—a bankrupt! Yes, years of unremitting industry in the counting-house, the fortune left too by my father has all gone!—lost forever, through the treachery of one on whose probity I would have staked my life—and now, my children, we are beggars!" And the heart-stricken man here buried his face in his hands and wept.

Mrs. Ellsworth arose, and, placing her hand gently on the shoulder of her husband, said,

"Look up, William, we surely are not beggars—look at our dear children, are *they* not treasures, to our hearts more precious than the gold of Ophir?"

Mr. Ellsworth took the hand of his wife.

"Yes, my dearest Anna, they are indeed precious."

"Then why, father, do you weep for us?" cried Dora, throwing her arms around his neck;" we are young, and we can work for you and our dear mother."

"And for little Anna and the boys," interrupted Marion, her beautiful face smiling through her tears, like a sunbeam through an April cloud.

"Ah, my poor children," said Mr. Ellsworth, "*work!* your delicate hands are not fitted to the drudgery of life! It was my heart's ambition, my sweet girls, to see you adorning that high station claimed by your birth and wealth, courted and admired in those circles you were formed to grace! Alas, to what has my friendship for a villian reduced me!"

"It is for our *younger* children we have most cause for regret," said Mrs. Ellsworth; "as for these dear girls, as the wives of Philip Hamilton, and Cyril Vandelyn, *they* will continue to move in the same sphere they have ever done."

"Ah, my dear wife," replied Mr. Ellsworth, "the heart of man is mercenary. Philip and Cyril, it is true, appear possessed of high and noble feelings—to soar far above the more sordid views of the mass of mankind—and to love our daughters for their own dear sakes, yet to *marry* the *daughter* of a *man* worth his *hundreds of thousands*, and of *him* a *bankrupt*, are two very different things—the love plighted to the *first* may never be given to the *second!*"

"O, father, father, you wrong them both by such an unjust supposition!" cried Dora and Marion, their cheeks glowing in ardent vindication of their lovers.

"Yes, I am sure you do," interrupted Mrs. Ellsworth; "it is for ourselves to hesitate in bestowing *portionless* brides on those honorable young men."

At this moment there was a ring at the door, and Philip and Cyril entered in fine spirits. After the usual salutations, Philip added,

"The morning is so fine, we have called to invite the girls to a sleigh-ride. Shall it be Yonkers or Flatbush? Come, Dora, Marion, quick, get your things."

"Cloaks, hoods, tippets, muffs, moccasins!" interrupted Cyril, laughing, "for

> "What pleasure can compare
> To a sleighing with the fair,
> In the eve—morning!"

Then for the first time noticing the dejection apparent on the countenances of all, he hastily added,

"But, good heavens, what is the matter? my dear sir, Mrs. Ellsworth, Marion!"

"Dearst Dora," cried Philip, "what has happened?"

Poor Marion looked at her lover, and, perfectly overcome by her emotion, burst into tears and left the room.

"For God's sake, tell me what this means!" exclaimed Cyril.

"Yes, you shall know all," replied Mr. Ellsworth.

Dora extended her hand to Phillip, who raised it affectionately to his lips, and then followed her mother from the room.

Did the two sisters fear the result of the communication they knew their father was about to make? Oh, no! With all the ingenuousness of their own

pure natures, they doubted not for an instant the faith of their lovers.

Ah, youth—beautiful spring-time of the heart! when deception and suspicion are alike unknown, while yet the beautiful flower of trustfulness blooms side by side with budding hopes and fancy—ere yet the germs of envy or selfishness spring up to overshadow this bright little Eden of life's first imaginings—how lovely thou art in thy freshness and purity!

In silence, but not in doubt, did the mother and daughters await the termination of the conference. At length there was a light tap at the door—the heart of Dora throbbed tumultuously, while Marion, face, neck, and brow suffused with blushes, clasped the hand of her sister convulsively in her own.

Philip Hamilton entered alone, and folding Dora to his bosom, cried,

"A thousand times dearer to me than ever, my sweet Dora! Ah, madam," he continued, raising the hand of Mrs. Ellsworth to his lips, "never before was I so happy that I might claim of you the name of son, and you too, my dear *sister*," turning to the agitated Marion.

"*Where is Cyril?*" trembled on her lips; but she repressed the inquiry, for her heart answered, "he is striving to cheer my poor father."

At that moment the street door was violently closed, and as Marion looked from the window she saw Cyril spring into the sleigh, and drive rapidly from the door.

She trembled violently, and for the first time in her happy life, her heart felt the chilling sensation of distrust—it was but momentary.

"Dear Cyril, he has only gone on some business for my father—how kind!" and once more the eye of Marion sparkled, and her heart beat healthfully as she repelled the sickening doubt.

Alas, poor Marion! must thy bright flower of trustfulness so soon fade and wither!

Philip remained with the family during the day, striving to cheer the despairing husband and father—suggesting such plans as seemed most feasible for the present emergency—offering his own fortune to sustain if possible the credit of the house, and aiding Mrs. Ellsworth in drawing a bright picture of the future, whereon the heart-sick father might rest his eyes.

To Marion the hours wore wearily away, for Cyril came not. The day faded, and the bright moon shone down on the glittering roofs, and the countless multitude thronging the busy streets, the sleighs flew merrily, and cheerily sounded the bells on the clear, frosty air, but still he came not! At every step approaching the house, the heart of Marion throbbed with hope, and the little hand trembled as it sought to guide the needle amid the rich flowers, glowing under her tasteful skill, but her cheek paled as that step grew fainter and fainter, and a tear unbidden gemmed the bright wreath!

It was strange, but the name of Cyril Vandelyn was not mentioned that evening. Mr. Ellsworth had roused himself from the first dread blow—he spoke with calmness of his misfortunes, and even with cheerfulness of future projects. But when his eye fell on Marion, again his brow clouded, and, pressing her to his heart, his warm tears fell on her cheek. Mrs. Ellsworth was very pale—those few hours of mental suffering seemed to have wrought the work of years on her angelic countenance—yet was she neither sad nor gloomy, but met this reverse of fortune with the fortitude of a noble-minded woman—her sympathies all for her husband—her fears for her children—*herself* forgotten. As she viewed the pensive face of Marion bent over her embroidery, her heart foreboded evil to this sweet child; nor yet could she divine the cause of such emotion, for not even to herself would she admit the possibility that Cyril could desert that young, beautiful, and confiding being, merely because the *golden* chalice was dashed from his lips! And then she turned to the generous, noble-minded Philip, and to the calm, happy face of Dora, and the heart of the fond mother glowed with love and thankfulness.

Poor Marion! How sorrowfully passed that long sleepless night—the first thy young heart hath ever known! Yet such is the sanguine nature of youth, that as the darkness paled so vanished distrust, and the rays of the rising sun peeping through her window illumined the heart of Marion with hope and confidence.

In the course of the morning a stately carriage, drawn by richly caparisoned steeds, turned into B—— street, and drew up at the door of Mr. Ellsworth.

"*He has come!*" cried Marion, involuntarily springing to her feet, as she recognized the equipage of the Vandelyns, and then, as if fearful she had betrayed too much, and deeply blushing, she as quickly resumed her seat.

A footman in gorgeous livery descended, received a note from the white-gloved fingers of a gentleman within the carriage, which he placed in the hand of the attendant in waiting, then springing to his post, the high-mettled horses pawed for a moment the ice-crusted pavement, then, with arched necks and tossing heads, pranced proudly down the street with their luxurious burthen.

What pencil could portray that bright glow of love and joy which irradiated the speaking countenance of Marion—what diamond could match in brilliancy the lustre of those beautiful eyes, as she awaited with trembling hope the entrance of Cyril?

"A note for Miss Marion." And the billet, written on the finest of paper, and enclosed in an elegant envelope, was placed in her hand.

Marion glanced her eye over the first few lines—the paper dropped from her hand, and, with a low moan, she tottered to the sofa, and fell senseless into the arms of her mother.

Dora caught up the highly perfumed billet, and read,

"Miss Ellsworth—Accept my sympathy for that most distressing event which has occurred in your family, an event which is as a *poisoned dagger to my happiness!*" (He *might* have said *love.*) "You must be aware from the exalted rank you *have* held in *society*, that there is a certain degree of *propriety* due that high circle. One must sometimes yield the

fondest, the longest cherished wishes of their hearts, to that which, to a *prejudiced* mind, *may* appear *mercenary*. *Your father is a bankrupt!* Need I say how deeply I regret this cruel stroke of fortune, for I love you *passionately*, *devotedly!* yet for reasons above stated can no longer think of continuing an engagement, which the good sense of my sweet Marion must acknowledge as being so *unequal*. If I can at any time be of service to yourself or your respected family, command me. CYRIL VANDELYN."

"Contemptible puppy!" exclaimed Philip, as he finished reading this insolent note which Dora had placed in his hand, her cheeks glowing with indignation, and her eyes flashing through the tears which pity for her unhappy sister had called forth.

"My dear mother," said she, "instead of *repining* at our loss of fortune, we should *exult*, for it has saved Marion from a villain!"

"Yes, and *proved* to us a *true* friend," added Mrs. Ellsworth, affectionately extending her hand to Philip.

The failure of so extensive a firm as "Ellsworth & Co.," was of course soon bruited abroad. Rumor with her thousand tongues was busy, and the name of that high-minded honorable merchant, which the breath of slander had never dared assail, was now calumniated and reviled.

O, Mammon, what sceptre of magic power thou wieldest! waving it ever around the child of thy favor in such dazzling rays of light as mocks the eye that would strive to penetrate the glittering evolvements to discern if aught of guile, of perfidy, or fraud, darken the brow thou hast encircled with the magic badge of thy dominion. Well may thy hand-maid, Fortune, be deemed *blind*, as she trips along thy golden-misted paths, scattering the countless treasures of thy mines, with undiscerning prodigality!

But mighty as thou art, there *is* a power can hurl the sceptre from thy hand, scatter that dazzling halo thou hast formed, and bring forth, to the scanning eyes of an ill-natured world, the mortal on whom thou hast lavished thy bounties!

That power is Adversity! He lifts his iron front, and thy magic sway is ended. He rends with ruthless hand the bedazzling circle—tears off the gorgeous drapery enwrapping in such mazy folds the child of wealth, and leaves him to the bitter blasts of calumny and malice, to envy's long suppressed spleen, to the taunting rebuke of avarice, the peering eye of criticism, to "ghastly poverty," and the chill grasp of despair!

The veriest wretch that gleans the refuse from the street to satisfy the cravings of hunger, is more to be envied! for *he* hath never drank from the sparkling font of plenty, has never walked forth encircled with the lustrous halo of riches! In all his misery *he* still has the happiness of passing unheeded and unknown. He inspires no slander, no malice but from the beasts whose pittance he may have robbed, envy owes him no grudge, the eye of criticism falls not on him. Avarice avoids that sunken eye and pale haggard cheek; poverty *alone he claims*, but the cup *she* offers is mixed by the hand of contentment.

But *thou*, poor victim of adversity, what will become of thee!—thy brows no longer adorned with that magic circlet—the sceptre of wealth no longer waving around thee—the face of thy fellow man turns coldly from thee.

Hast thou virtue? Of what doth it avail thee!

Hast thou honesty? *Who* will trust thee, that thou mayest prove it!

Hast thou been kind and liberal in thy halcyon days of prosperity? Who now remembers it, or rewards thee!

But despair not, O man of sorrows!

Hast thou virtue—then cherish it.

Art thou honest—let not the trials of thy present lot tempt thee to swerve from the paths of truth and rectitude, although the *sceptre of wealth* may *again* dazzle thine eye in the distance!

If thou hast been kind to the poor and needy, then withdraw not now thine hand from thy brother in distress. Thy mite shall be returned to thee fourfold—thou wilt yet be rewarded—God will bless, with an all-bountiful hand, thy virtuous endeavors!

The victim of adversity, deprived of the magical influence of wealth, Mr. Ellsworth now found himself a mark for the shafts of calumny and distrust. This was the more painful to a man of such high moral rectitude, and bitter indeed was the lesson he received. He found, in many instances, that where he had most trusted, where he had most befriended, he now met with the *least* kindness or commiseration. *All craved equally their "pound of flesh,"* and having yielded up every dollar to satisfy the demands of these harpies, crying, like the horse-leech, "*give, give,*" Mr. Ellsworth, at the age of sixty, found himself cast penniless upon the wide world!

With that happy consciousness, however, of having acted as a man of honor, he encouraged neither gloom nor despondency, but roused every energy of his soul to meet with resignation this sudden reverse of fate. And now having been made to feel how shallow were the professions of the many who in his days of prosperity had fawned around him, courting his slightest word or favor, he rejoiced the more in those few (comparatively) whose sterling friendship was not exhausted, as the last chink of gold grew faint on the ear, for he had friends, and warm ones too, who were both able and willing to assist him.

In the mean time many were the vexations which Mrs. Ellsworth was fated to encounter. Such hosts of *dear friends* as thronged in upon her for the first few days—their demeanor as diverse as their dress. Some with the wo-drawn mouth, and upturned eye of mock sympathy, others with the cold unfeeling stare of unblushing effrontery, some with flippant officiousness, commenting upon the uncertainty of riches, and again others with prying curiosity striving to detect under the calm, lady-like deportment of Mrs. Ellsworth and her daughters, that mortification and abject humiliation which their own low minds adjudged them.

"Dear me!" says one, "how sorry I am! So they say you will be obliged to give up this beautiful house,—what a pity! dear me, do n't you feel horribly?"

"Of *course*," says another, "you will part with your cook—I hear she gets up such superb dinners—such exquisite *French* dishes, that I am dying to possess her!"

Quoth another, "Your coachman, is *so* careful, I really must engage him—and that cunning little footboy too, indeed I shall persuade Mr. Faddle to purchase the whole establishment."

"My *dear* Mrs. Ellsworth," cries a fourth, squeezing her hand and looking *so* affectionate, "those magnificent pier-glasses I *must* have, and those blue and silver curtains, and as *dear* Dora I *suppose* will not retain that superb harp, I must have it for Cleminta."

Such were a few of the heartless remarks which Mrs. Ellsworth heard daily repeated. But, their curiosity *unsatiated* where there was so little to feed on, these summer friends vanished one by one, leaving her in the quiet enjoyment of her family, and of the few sincere friends whom the breath of misfortune had not swept away, and to the arduous part she had now to sustain in a life which from her earliest infancy had been passed amid all the luxuries which wealth could bestow.

The splendid mansion in B—— street, with all its rich appointments and equipage, was now given up, and a neat two-story house in one of the most retired streets in the city received the family of the once affluent merchant.

How often do we find those persons whom we deem most liable to sink under misfortunes, suddenly rouse themselves to an energy and resolution of which we did not believe them capable—as the tender sapling lifts its green head uninjured from the same blast which uproots the lofty oak by its side!

Such was the case with Marion Ellsworth. Her friends bore her to her chamber from the swoon into which she had fallen on reading the note of her perfidious lover, and placed her on the couch—the window curtains were closely drawn, so as to exclude almost every ray of light, and for hours the heart-stricken girl lay silent and motionless where they had placed her, scarce heeding the caresses of her weeping sister, or the affectionate inquiries of her mother bending over her with such tender solicitude.

At length, rousing herself, as by some sudden resolve, she fixed her eyes upon Dora and demanded,

"That note, Dora—*his* note—where is it?"

"It is here, dear Marion."

"Give it me, sister; now raise the curtain that I may once more read the proof of his unworthiness."

Taking the note from the trembling hand of Dora, Marion, with a slight shudder, withdrew it from the rich envelope. As she read, the color once more returned to her pallid cheek, her eyes sparkled with indignation, and raising herself from the couch, and tearing the heartless billet as she spoke, said,

"*It is all over now*, my dear mother! I should be unworthy your affection if I bestowed another thought on the contemptible writer of that letter. Had the hand of death removed him from me, I could have mourned for him with tears of bitterness and despair, mourned for him with a love, God knows how sincere—had he been beguiled by a brighter eye, or more blooming cheek, I could have forgiven him, and prayed for his happiness. But when I find myself deserted because I now lack that gold which he ever affected to despise—that the misfortunes of my father are made the plea of sundering ties so holy, my love, once so true and tender, changes to contempt alone. O, were it not for the distress brought on those I love by the loss of fortune, I could bless the hand of that perfidious friend who has robbed us of our wealth, for it has rescued me from a misery worse than death, —the misery of finding myself, when too late, united to one who only gave a heartless hand, that he might grasp the portion of the rich man's daughter.

And from that time Marion seemed a changed being. Her constitution having ever been delicate, she was habituated to cling to her mother and more energetic sister, with all the trusting reliance of a child. But now, with an energy and determination which astonished her friends, she stepped forth to sustain and encourage her parents and Dora under the perplexing trials which had so suddenly fallen upon them. Her countenance, it is true, was no longer radiant with the brightness of unsullied happiness—nor were her sweet warbling notes longer heard echoing through the house—but there was no step so fleet in the many little vocations which now devolved upon the highly accomplished daughters of the bankrupt merchant—no hand so willing—no voice more cheerful than Marion's.

In the mean while Philip had exhausted all the eloquence of love, to induce Dora to yield consent to an immediate union—a demand in which he was sustained by her parents, who were unwilling to withdraw their child from that sphere, of which she was one of the brightest ornaments. But the warm-hearted girl could not be tempted by all the allurements of wealth and fashion.

"No, Philip," said she, "I cannot leave my parents, or my dear Marion. Think you I should find enjoyment amid the riches and elegancies to which you would lead me, when I knew that those I so fondly love were in obscurity and poverty? No, dear Philip, I should feel myself unworthy your love, did I consent to such abandonment. You are free, *if you will*," she added, smiling through her tears, "but never until the dawning of a brighter day to my beloved parents can I be your wife."

"Excellent girl," cried Philip, pressing her to his heart, "you make me ashamed of my own selfishness!"

No sooner were the family settled in their new abode than both Dora and Marion began to devise some manner by which their accomplishments might be rendered profitable, not only to aid their father in the daily incurring expenses of the family, but also to enable them to bestow upon the three younger children some of those advantages of education which they had themselves enjoyed.

Dora touched the harp and piano with perfect skill, both of which instruments the generosity of Philip had retained her; she, therefore, *malgré* the dissuasive arguments of her lover, commenced giving lessons in

music. Marion possessed exquisite taste in painting and in fine needle-work. She, too, soon had a small number of pupils, and in her leisure hours her nimble little fingers wrought such beautiful specimens of fancy-work, as found a ready sale at the Broadway Depository for such articles.

Their little ménage was neatness itself. Only one servant had Mrs. Ellsworth brought with her from B—— street, but she was faithful and industrious, while the two sisters vied with each other in relieving their mother from all care or trouble.

Through the influence of a friend, Mr. Ellsworth obtained an office in the custom house, which yielded some small profit, and in a very few months this affectionate family, hurled as it were from the very apex of opulence and grandeur, were not only contented but happy under their changed position in life.

Would that the wives and daughters of many a ruined merchant might be found filling the praiseworthy, self-sacrificing parts of Mrs. Ellsworth and her daughters—then, in lieu of the discord which too oft prevails, might the scene of domestic life resemble the harmony of musical instruments, and there might the toil-worn man of business find indeed a shelter and a solace from the rough storms of life.

One morning, as Marion was leaving some work at the depository, a party of young ladies entered with whom she had once been an associate, but who could not now have recognized her under the thick green veil which shaded her features. They appeared engaged in some interesting topic, and as they looked over the beautiful articles upon the counter, they chatted at intervals upon the engrossing subject.

"Well, it is most scandalous," cried one, "to think of his eloping with that French *danseuse!* I declare, I can hardly credit the report."

"It is no report, I assure you," rejoined another, "it is a fact. But, for my part, I am not at all surprised at it—you know, he meanly deserted that sweet Marion Ellsworth, on account of her father's failure, and they say Mademoiselle Ninon is quite rich. Of course, he knew his mother would never give her consent to such a *mésalliance*, therefore I think it perfectly in character that he should fly off with the bird to secure its golden plumage."

"It is too bad," said a third; "Cyril Vandelyn was such a divine fellow! with an air so *distingué* as if he scorned to breathe the same atmosphere inhaled by other people. I declare, if I was that Ellsworth girl, I could tear my father's eyes out for losing his money!"

"O, don't say so, Sylvia," interrupted the last speaker; "Miss Ellsworth can never be sufficiently thankful for having escaped an arch hypocrite."

Concluding their purchases, the party now left the store, little aware *who* had thus unavoidably overheard their conversation.

There was an unwonted pallor on the cheek of Marion, and a trembling of her fair hand as she completed the business which brought her there. She had regarded Cyril with too much sincerity of affection to hear this renewed proof of his perfidy unmoved. Although the love of Marion was past, her heart disenthralled from that sweet bondage which had linked her young trusting spirit to a future of hopes so bright-hued in their fleetness, there was still a latent feeling of interest in his fate, for which she will find her acquittal in the heart of every young and amiable girl, and she could not but sigh as she thought of the probable misery he had brought upon himself by the rash act he had committed.

The next morning the columns of a daily paper announced, with much *mysterious* palpability, the elopement of the distinguished C— V—, only son of a wealthy widow, with the bewitching little *figurante*, Mademoiselle N—; adding with much flippant wit, "The heart of this renowned fashionist must be only penetrable to the *golden-tipped* arrows of Cupid, as it is well known he was but lately affianced to the lovely and highly accomplished daughter of '*a fallen house*,' for what says Hudibras—

"'*Money* has a power above
The stars and fate to manage love,
Whose arrows learned poets hold,
That *never* miss, are *tipped with gold!*'"

[*Conclusion in our next.*

MY HEART'S QUEEN.

BY JOSEPH INGLES MATTHIAS.

THERE 's naught of the earth,
Or its winsome mirth,
That I love so wildly well—
As my own proud *one!*
Who boweth to none,
And her heart-dream none can tell.

In her peerless gait,
And with grace elate,
She glideth a very queen—
In the flush of youth,
And the zone of truth,
Right beautiful, I ween.

Like a star-beam bright,
In its quivering light,
Is the glance of her deep blue eye:
Her smile is as fleet
As when air-clouds meet
In the laughing summer sky.

'T is gleesome to hear
The wind-harp clear,
On the marge of a moonlit sea—
But, weary and lone,
The voice of my own
Is music, the sweetest, to *me*.

THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY.

Holy Gospel, according to St. John, chap. viii. verses 1—12.

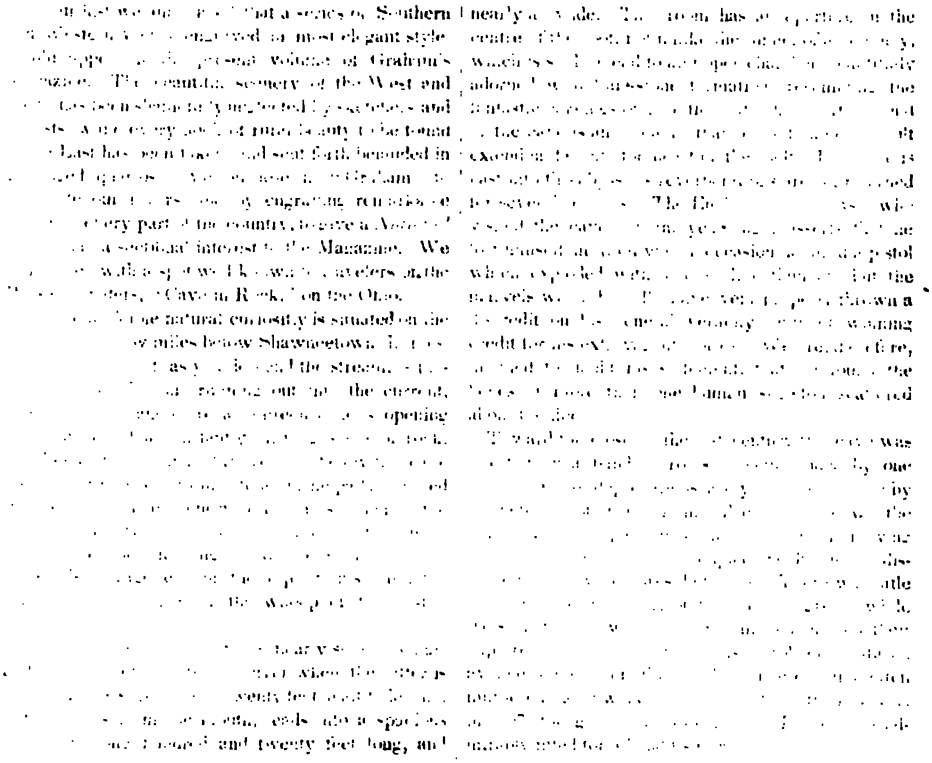
BY HENRY W. HERBERT.

Without the city walls, the son of man
Had watched all night upon the stony ridge,
Beyond the Brook of Kedron, which o'erlooks
The fatal town, and Moriah's Mount sublime,
Crowned by the temple of the living God,
And Siloa's stream oracular, and the vale
Named of Jehosaphat, where soon shall stand
The Abomination making desolate—
There with his Father, till the stars were pale,
In holiest commune on that lonely steep,
The Mount of Olives.
Now the sun arose,
And through the stillness of the early morn
Volumed and white up-soared the savory smoke
Of morning sacrifice, and pealed aloft
The silver trumpets their sonorous praise,
O'er Zion.
Then he ceased from prayer, and came
Again unto the temple, and went in,
And all the people gathered to his words,
Breathless and mute with awe, the while he sate
Teaching.
But while the sweet and solemn sound,
The words of Him who spake as never man
Spake, or shall speak, filled every listening soul
With wisdom that is life, a throng of Scribes
And Pharisees came hasting through the doors,
And, haling a fair woman toward his place,
Set her before him in the midst.
She was
Indeed most fair, and young, and innocent
To look upon. Alas! that such as she
So should have fallen!
Pale she stood, and mute,
Her large soft eyes, that wont to swim in light,
Burning with tearless torture; cheek and brow
Whiter than ashes, or the snow that dwells
On Sinai. Thus she stood, a little space,
Gazing around with a bewildered glare
That had no speculation in't—
Then sank
In her disordered robes, a shapeless heap,
At a tall pillar's base, her face concealed
In the coarse mufflings of her woollen gown,
And the redundance of her golden hair,
Part fairly braided, part in wavy flow
Disheveled, over her bare shoulders spread,
Purer than alabaster—nought beside
Exposed, save one round arm the bashful face
With slenderest fingers hiding, while the drops
Oozed through them slow and silent—she wept now,
When none beheld her!—and one rosy foot,
Unsandaled, peering from the ruffled hem
Of her white garb—all else a drifted mass
Of draperies heaving, like the ocean's swell.
To that unspoken agony within
Rending the bosom, unsuspect of man,
But seen of the All-seeing.
Up they spake—
"Master, this woman in the act was ta'en
Sinning. Now Moses taught us, in the law,
That whoso doeth thus, shall surely die
Stoned by the people—But what sayest thou?"
Thus said they, tempting him, that they might have
Of sin to accuse the sinless.
Jesus stooped,
Silent, and with his finger on the ground
Traced characters, as though he heard them not.
But when they asked again importunate,
He raised himself in perfect majesty,
Calm, and inscrutable, reading their souls
With that deep eye to which all hearts are known,
From which no secrets can be hidden.
Then,
"He that is here, among you, without sin,"
He said—"let him first cast a stone at her."
Then stooped he again, and on the ground
Wrote as before.
A mighty terror fell
On those which heard it, in their secret souls
Convicted. One by one, they slunk away,
The eldest first, as guiltiest, to the last;
Till none were left, but Jesus in the midst
Standing alone, and at the column's base
The woman groveling like a trampled worm,
They two were in the temple—but they two,
Of all the crowd that thronged it even now—
The sinful mortal, and her sinless God.
When Jesus had arisen, and beheld
That none were left of all, save she alone;
"Woman," he said unto her, "Woman, where
Be now those thine accusers? Hath no man
Condemned thee?"
And she answered—"No man, Lord."
"Neither do I"—Jesus replied to her—
"Condemn thee. Go, and sin no more."
And she
Arose, and went her way in sadness; and
The grace of Him, to whom the power is given
To pardon sins, sank down into her soul,
Like gentle dew upon the drooping herb
That under that good influence blooms again,
And sends its odors heavenward—
And perchance
There was great joy above, in those bright hosts
Who more rejoice o'er one, that was a slave
To sin and hath repented, than o'er ten,
So just, that they have nothing to repent.

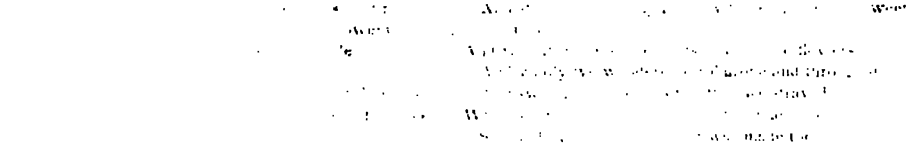


WESTERN VIEWS.

NO. I.—CAVE IN THE ROCK, ON THE OHIO.



HALLOW MY HOME.—A SONG.



Without thee its bowers seem lifeless and lonely.

And its bowers no more appeared lifeless or lonely.





WESTERN VIEWS.

NO. I.—CAVE IN THE ROCK, ON THE OHIO.

In our last we announced that a series of Southern and Western Views, engraved in most elegant style, would appear in the present volume of Graham's Magazine. The beautiful scenery of the West and South has been shamefully neglected by sketchers and tourists, while every nook of rural beauty to be found in the East has been taken, and sent forth belauded in gilt-edged quartos. We purpose in "Graham" to distribute our favors, and by engraving remarkable places in every part of the country, to give a *National* rather than a sectional interest to the Magazine. We commence with a spot well known to travelers on the Western waters, "Cave in Rock," on the Ohio.

This remarkable natural curiositiy is situated on the Ohio river, a few miles below Shawneetown, Illinois. The approach to it, as you descend the stream, is picturesque. Bold bluffs running out into the current, diversified here and there with green valleys opening between, afford a constantly varying scene of rock, meadow and woodland. Above and below the cave are high precipices of lime-stone, principally covered with cedars. The scenery still retains much of the wild aspect it wore before civilization had intruded on it, and when nothing broke the silence of the traveler's voyage except the dip of his oars, the scream of the eagle, or the whoop of the hostile savage.

The entrance to the cave is nearly semi-circular, and is on a level with the river when the latter is high. The passage is about twenty feet in altitude, and, a few yards from the mouth, leads into a spacious apartment, one hundred and twenty feet long, and nearly as wide. This room has an aperture in the centre of the roof, not unlike the funnel of a chimney, which is said to lead to an upper chamber, beautifully adorned with lime-stone formations resembling the fantastic carvings of a Gothic cathedral. At one end of the cave is an opening that leads to a deep vault extending far into the heart of the rock. If a stone is cast into this abyss, its reverberations are not returned for several seconds. The English traveler, Ash, who visited the cave several years ago, asserts that he lost himself in it, on which occasion he fired a pistol which exploded with a noise like thunder; but the marvels which he tells have very properly thrown a discredit on his general veracity, without winning credit for his extravagant stories. We are, therefore, inclined to doubt his statement, that he found the bones of more than one human skeleton scattered about the floor.

Toward the close of the last century this cave was infested by a band of robbers, commanded by one Mason, whose depredations are yet borne in mind by the veterans of that region. The voyage down the Ohio was then performed in arks, which, moving lazily with the current, occupied weeks in the distance that now requires but days. There was little to relieve the monotony of this dull progress; while the slow pace at which the arks moved ensured their capture by the canoes of Indians or robbers. Mason availed himself of this, and plundered and often murdered the unwary travelers. At length, however, in 1797, the gang was broken up. The cave is admirably fitted for a bandit's retreat.

O HALLOW MY HOME.—A SONG.

BY THE POOR SCHOLAR.

O, HALLOW my home with thy presence, sweet maid!
For thee have I twined the broad leaf into bowers,
For thee have I trained the catalpa to shade
A lone, lovely spot in a far forest glade,
Midst the falling of fruit, and the fragrance of flowers—
Then hallow that home, that was made for love only,
Without thee its bowers seem lifeless and lonely.

And she hallowed my home with her presence, sweet maid!
And we sat in the shade of its bowers and flowers,
And wildly we wandered thro' grove and thro' glade,
And sweetly she sang as together we strayed,
While swift as our thoughts flew the glad, golden hours;
She hallowed that home that was made for love only,
And its bowers no more appeared lifeless or lonely.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By Frances Anne Butler. Philadelphia, John Penington, 1 vol. 12mo.

There are few persons in our land who could appear as an authoress, with more certainty of a respectful and kindly consideration of her claims, than Mrs. Butler. The very mention of her name sends the mind back to those days when thousands of eyes and thousands of hearts bore witness to her histrionic triumphs—when envy, and cavil, and criticism, were all overborne and silenced in the general tribute of admiration to her genius. Those who preserve a vivid recollection of her Juliet, her Constance, her Julia, can easily transfer to the reading of these poems the tones and expression which thrilled, and lifted, and awed the heart, in those great delineations of passion and sentiment. Indeed her compositions seem to have caught the hue and tone of the characters she represented, and suggest her presence to the mind as we read. They are emphatically utterances of the soul. They are all expressive of hopes, memories, sorrows, experiences, regrets, wishes, idealizations of sentiment, which belong to one being. They are almost wholly individual; and all partake of the strength and elevation of feeling, the "high and hearted" sentiment, of the authoress. Jargon is sometimes allowable in criticism, especially when it is expressive, and therefore we make no apology for saying that in her poems, "subjectivity leads objectivity in chains." Her mind modifies the aspect of outward nature, and subordinates the appearances of things to the varying moods of her sensibility. She seems to see objects with different eyes from others, and to link them with different inward emotions. The faculty of observing things in "dry light," abstracted from her own individual feelings, she does not seem to possess, or, at least, not to possess when her heart is in that excited state from which poetry springs. There are no laws to the analogies of the fancy, except those unconsciously acknowledged in the general mind, by which an object is declared a false or correct symbol of a spiritual fact, according as it denies or confirms the healthy experience of thoughtful or impulsive natures. Poetry has been defined as expression. The poet fixes, condenses, and embodies what is fleeting and unrealized to the generality of minds. He gives form to abstractions, by discerning the abstract spirit which lies hid in forms. In the surprise occasioned by linking to some visible object an unuttered thought or emotion of our own minds—or by some subtlety of phrase or peculiar music of expression, giving, as it were, the very tone by which it can be *heard* by the heart—the great charm of poetry consists. The first is an appeal to the eye, the second to the ear; in both we discern that another soul is possessed of the same thought or feeling which is dimly perceived by our own, and has, superadded, the power of giving it adequate expression. But there are shades of thought and emotion—conditions and moods of mind—peculiar experiences—which are confined more to individual natures; and in their expression we have less interest. Their claim upon the attention arises principally from the knowledge and affection we have for the persons whose mental state they represent. They are not likely to be generally appreciated, because they deal with sentiments, or modifications of sentiment, not generally felt. We find in them objects associated with feelings which our own hearts do not echo, or which seem to us to have no natural analogy with them. We feel that though they may be true relatively to the nature or condition of the poet, they are not true universally. Where the power used in their expression is sufficiently great to create an artificial sympathy, the effect is not enduring. The subjective nature of so much of Mrs. Butler's poetry, is so far interesting as it suggests her to the mind. Read with her tones, informed with her spirit, considered as a record of the personal experience of one who has attracted so much just admiration in another department of art, and whose mind has a natural bias for the heroic and impassioned, it cannot but have attractions.

We think that the poetic feeling in these poems is greater than the poetic faculty, although the latter is by no means wanting. In many of them there is a rush and sweep of sensibility, not accompanied by corresponding quickness of fancy or force of imagination. Images are sometimes seized upon without a due regard to their originality or novelty, and sometimes without regard to their strict appropriateness, in the hurried movement of the author's feelings. There is some repetition, some wordiness, some commonplace in the volume. The gloom, which is almost uniformly spread over the whole, is often oppressive from its monotony. Her feelings shed a sable hue over outward things, and accommodate their appearances to her moods. Thus she speaks of the "*shuddering* leaves," a forcible and fanciful epithet, but not one which would be suggested by any imagination not "wrapped in thoughts of gloom." In the "Prayer of a Lonely Heart," one of the best pieces in the volume, the sorrow rises to agony, and the verse swells and rushes with the tumult of passionate feeling. In a "Sonnet" we are told of

> the sharp biting file
> Of action, fretting on the tightened chain
> Of rough existence.

In an "Impromptu" we have the following confession:

> Castalia, famed of yore, the spring divine,
> Apollo's smile upon its current wears:
> Moore and Anacreon found its waves were wine,
> To me it flows a sullen stream of tears.

In the "Lines on a Sleeping Child," a subject which, however much it may inspire fear and trembling hope, would not seem calculated to conjure up the dark and bitter fancies which Mrs. Butler has clustered round it, we have many stanzas like these:

> How oft, as day by day life's burthen lies
> Heavier and darker on thy fainting soul,
> Wilt thou toward Heaven turn thy weary eyes,
> And long in bitterness to reach the goal.
>
> —
>
> How oft shall doubt, despair and anguish clasp
> Their knotted arms around thine aching brow.
>
> —
>
> Oh, living soul! hail to thy narrow cage!
> Spirit of light, hail to thy gloomy cave!
> Welcome to longing youth, to loathing age,
> Welcome, immortal, welcome to the grave!

In another connection we have a sonnet on the "poisonous laurel leaf," according to Mrs. Butler, a "noisome weed" the "nightshade of the soul," "beneath whose boughs,"

> All fair and gentle buds hang withering.

In some lines to a star,

> that in the purple clouds
> Hang'st like a dew-drop in a violet bed;
> First gem of evening, glittering on the shrouds
> Mid whose dark folds the day lies pale and dead,

the "fearful thought" comes to her that it may be a world of sorrow and sin that she sees twinkling afar off in infinite space, perhaps a hell, whose inhabitants are doomed to

> Unchanging wo, and endless misery,
> And mourning that hath neither days nor hours;

and a poem, whose subject promised something more hopeful ends thus gloomily:

> Earth has one boon for all her children—death:
> Open thy arms, oh, mother! and receive me!
> Take off the bitter burthen from the slave,
> Give me my birthright! give—the grave, the grave!

In a "Song" which precedes these lines to a star, there is a striking thought, introduced, it would seem, in the very craft and ingenuity of misery, to darken the sky above as well as the earth beneath. The idea is, that when we, in the very last stage of despair, gaze at some bright orb that rolls in beauty and splendor over our heads, to extract a ray of consolation from its contemplation, the thought should intrude itself, that perhaps some poor heart,

> aching, or breaking, in that distant sphere,
> Gazes down on this dark world, and longs to depart
> From its own dismal home, to a happier one here.

"The Parting" is a piece of incarnate gloom.

> The earth was *drunk* with heaven's *tears*,
> And each *moaning* autumn breeze
> Shook the burthen of its *weeping*
> Off the overladen trees.

The song of the nightingale makes her exclaim, "how passing sad!" and some very beautiful lines to the melancholy of its note, close with

> I prithee, cease thy song! for from my heart
> Thou hast made memory's bitter waters start,
> And filled my weary eyes with the soul's rain.

Indeed we are almost as certain that most of Mrs. Butler's poems will close with some gloomy thought or fancy, as we are that every obituary notice and "Lines to a Dead Infant" will close with the word heaven. We gladly acknowledge that the imagination of the authoress thrives on such nutriment, and that many of her most powerful and beautiful passages are inspired by sadness; but still we could wish that her note was more varied. We feel provoked at times, at the intrepidity with which she confronts and overthrows what has the show of happiness, and places sorrow and pain on its ruins. Her melancholy seems somewhat like that which has been well described as the characteristic of one of the greatest of poets. "Neither love nor glory, neither the conflicts of the earth nor the hope of heaven could dispel it. It twined every consolation and every pleasure into its own nature. It resembled that noxious Sardinian soil of which the intense bitterness was said to be perceptible even in its honey." In the case of Mrs. Butler, however, we believe this to be a melancholy, resulting not so much from the actual contact of sorrow as from its ideal contemplation. There is no luxury finer than the luxury of wo, when it is assisted by an excursive fancy and a strong sensibility. It soon generates a talent for the miserable. It enables the mind to traverse all creation in search of images and illustrations to adorn the hearse and the tomb. It takes pleasure in shutting out consolation after consolation from the soul's view. A felicitous turn of expression, by which sadness may be elicited from pleasure, confers as much satisfaction to the mind in this state, as an epigram does to a wit. We are not in the habit of indulging in extravagant hopes of bliss, or in allowing our wishes to overleap possibility, but still we have often harbored a desire to possess the misery, with all its attendant ecstasies, of many subjective poets. We think, although it may enervate the soul, and distort the show of things, that it produces an inward delight to which few real enjoyments are comparable. The sense of pleasure we have in seeing a fine tragedy finely performed, and in sympathizing deeply with the sorrows of the characters, probably comes nearest to it in bliss. Even where sorrow is real, having its source in actual misfortune or calamity, the imagination harmonizes and softens, while it exaggerates it. Shelly tell us,

> most men
> Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

The power of fitly expressing sorrow is often its allevition. It is the sense of having unutterable wrongs which gives the sharpest pangs. When Shakspeare puts into Hamlet's mouth that magnificent apostrophe to the "brave o'erhanging firmament," he shows his wisdom in making the grandest expression of the beauty of the heavens come from one to whom they are seemingly nothing but a "foul and pestilent collection of vapors."

Although we think the prevailing sentiment of Mrs. Butler's poems to be too mournful and despairing for general sympathy, and that her fancy works too exclusively in the service of the rhetoric of sorrow, we are by no means blind to the merits of her volume. She has a deep feeling of the sublime, and a quick sense for the beautiful. The impassioned earnestness and unconventional daring with which she gives expression to grief, constitute a wide difference between her and the tribe of wailing bards, who snivel instead of weep, and have not energy enough for anguish. She has no daintiness and effeminacy in her muse. Her tone is uniformly high, loud and heroic. A few extracts, which we take at random from her poems, will show, we think, that her poetic feeling and power are beyond dispute.

> Oh! turn those eyes away from me!
> Though sweet, yet fearful are their rays;
> And though they beam so tenderly,
> I feel, I tremble 'neath their gaze.
> Oh, turn those eyes away! for though
> To meet their glance I may not dare,
> I know their light is on my brow,
> By the warm blood that mantles there.

In some beautiful lines "To the Spring," the spirit of hope is addressed, and suggests some good images. We wish that the success of the invocation in this case would prompt many other prayers to the same source of joy. The following fancy is fine:

> Thy breath is on the waters, and they leap
> From their bright winter-woven fetters free.

In a familiar epistle, written somewhat jauntily, there is the following—

> Hear'st thou the chiming ocean tide,
> As gently on the pebbly beach
> It lays its head, then ebbs away,
> Or round the rocks, with nearer reach,
> Throws up a cloud of silvery spray?

Perhaps there is nothing more mournfully beautiful and sweet in Mrs. Butler's volume, than this on "Woman's Love."

> A maiden meek, with solemn, steadfast eyes,
> Full of eternal constancy and faith,
> And smiling lips, through whose soft portal sighs
> Truth's holy voice, with ev'ry balmy breath,
> So journeys she along life's crowded way,
> Keeping her soul's sweet counsel from all sight;
> Nor pomp, nor vanity, lead her astray,
> Nor aught that men call dazzling, fair, or bright:

For pity, sometimes, doth she pause, and stay
Those whom she meeteth mourning, for her heart
Knows well in suffering how to bear its part.
Patiently lives she through each dreary day,
Looking with little hope unto the morrow;
And still she walketh hand in hand with sorrow.

A "Sonnet," on page 97, has a glow and intensity which make it "felt in the blood, and felt along the heart."

There's not a fibre in my trembling frame
That does not vibrate when thy step draws near,
There's not a pulse that throbs not when I hear
Thy voice, thy breathing, nay, thy very name.
When thou art with me, every sense seems dull,
And all I am, or know, or feel, is thee;
My soul grows faint, my veins run liquid flame,
And my bewildered spirit seems to swim
In eddying whirls of passion, dizzily.
When thou art gone, there creeps into my heart
A cold and bitter consciousness of pain:
The light, the warmth of life, with thee depart,
And I sit dreaming o'er and o'er again
Thy greeting clasp, thy parting look, and tone;
And suddenly I wake—and am alone.

There are many grand lines in the "Epistle from the Rhine," some of which we cannot forbear extracting. In this poem the verse has a quicker, gladder spring, and there is more variety and freshness of thought than in most of the other pieces in the volume.

Who shall recall the shadowy train
That, in the magic light, my brain
Conjured upon the glassy wave,
From castle, convent, crag and cave?
Down swept the Lord of Allemain,
Broad-browed, deep-chested Charlemagne,
And his fair child, who tottering bore
Her lover o'er the treacherous floor
Of new-fallen snow, that her small feet
Alone might print that tell-tale sheet,
Nor other trace show the stern guard,
The nightly path of Eginhard.
What waving plumes and banners past,
With trumpet clang and bugle blast,
And on the night-wind faintly borne,
Strains from that mighty hunting-horn,
Which through these woods, in other days,
Startled the echoes of the chase.
On trooped the vision; lord and dame,
On fiery steed and palfry tame,
Pilgrims, with palms and cockle shells,
And motley fools, with cap and bells,
Princes and Counties Palatine,
Who ruled and reveled on the Rhine,
Abbot and monk, with many a torch,
Came winding from each convent porch,
And holy maids from Nonnenwerth,
In the pale moonlight all came forth;
Thy love, Roland, among the rest,
Her meek hands folded on her breast,
Her sad eyes turned to heav'n, where thou
Once more shalt hear love's early vow;
That vow, which led thee home again
From Roncevalles' bloody plain,
That vow, that ne'er again was spoken
Till death the nun's drear oath had broken.

We take leave of Mrs. Butler's volume with a high respect for her powers, and a hope that this will not be her only contribution to the literature of her adopted country. No one can read her poems without feeling their strength and beauty. Few would desire to review her compositions, except in that spirit of friendly criticism, which is tolerant of defects and warm in the praise of beauties. We have spoken of what we deemed the blemishes of her volume, more on account of the effect we think they will have on its circulation, than of any desire to intrude our advice upon her attention. As it is, we do not think it can be carefully read, in the spirit with which it was conceived by herself, without admiration. Many might regret the oppressive and sorrowful individuality which is so perversely prominent in her poems, but no one can withhold his praise to the passion and imagination with which it is so often accompanied.

The Poems, Sacred, Passionate and Humorous, of Nathaniel Parker Willis. New York, Clark & Austin, 1 vol.

We are glad that Mr. Willis's poems have at last been collected in a form worthy of their station in our literature. The present volume is one of great mechanical beauty; and although the expenditure of paper does not realize Backbite's ideal, of a "rivulet of text flowing through a meadow of margin," the borders of the page are still sufficiently wide and white. The type is of a size to make it welcome to all eyes. The book has a luxurious appearance which harmonizes well with the rich fancy and sentiment spread all over its pages. We can cordially commend the volume to all who desire a handsome and complete edition of one of our first and most popular poets, and most delightful of prose writers.

The first quality which strikes the reader of Willis's poems, is their freedom and facility of expression. He is not a man of many words, and yet there is none of the hard, aphoristic show of condensation. He seems to write hurriedly—to take such expressions and images as fall readily in his way—to be careless of labored elegance, and yet he is preserved by some inexplicable good fortune from falling into meanness, confusion, or harshness of language. His words appear to drop or spring from his mind without effort or pain. His style varies easily with each change of thought and emotion, and is ever characterized by grace and freedom. At times he seems to be on the very verge of failure, but he recovers himself with a light ease and quickness of movement which disdains the very imagination of danger. This control over himself and his expression, even while he appears careless both of what he utters and its mode of utterance, lends a charm to his writings which it is difficult to analyze. There are few authors who are so perfectly gifted with the power of expression—with the ability to do complete justice to the thought and emotion they possess. Indeed the fineness of Willis's workmanship often blinds us to the commonness of the raw material. He exercises his inventive faculties as much in the adornment and expression of thought as in its creation. His fancy seems to select his words—to catch at those subtle terms which embody not merely his meaning, but the minute shades and tints of his meaning. What he himself says of Keats' "unreachable delicacy in the use of language," is true to a great extent of his own style. "He plucks his epithets from the profoundest hiding places of meaning and association. He wrote with a *nib inevitable*—its forked pursuit certain detection to the elusive, reluctant, indispensable *best word*. The sense of satisfaction aches while you read his poetry—so clear to the bottom of the capability of language drops his plummet-word."

It is hardly possible to turn over a page of Willis's verse or prose without lighting on illustrations of this verbal felicity. If an attempt were made to separate his ideas from his expression, and give them in any other language, we should instantly feel that the charm was gone. Style has been called by Wordsworth the *incarnation* of thought, in opposition to the common phrase, that it is the dress of thought. This is particularly true of Willis. In his diction we have the embodiment of his mind and character. Any other style, or collocation of words, used to express the same fancies, feelings and individual characteristics, would be found to be an impertinence. It would express quite another man. The subtle spirit animating the whole would evaporate.

If, in one word, we were asked to express the characteristic of Willis's mind, that word would most certainly be fancy. This seems to us the predominant faculty of his nature, and it is certainly most affluent and inexhaustible in analogies, in images, in odd verbal combinations, in

inimitable turns of expression. It works with equal facility and grace in the service both of sentiment and humor. It gives airiness, vivacity and picturesqueness to his style, and festoons with illustrations the commonest topic that his pen touches. It lends to his wit its peculiar flavor, and to his sentiment its most delicate and winning grace and sweetness. It can idealize trifles, lighter than air, and make them sparkle with superadded brilliancy. With the same ease it can cluster mournful images round sorrow and regret. It glows and glitters in the intensest passion, as if it had never furnished wit with a cunning phrase, or scattered its wealth over pertness and frippery. It appears at home on all themes. Grave, gay, serene, sacred, secular, loving, misanthropic, cosmopolitan—at one time with *vive la bagatelle* for its motto, at another *requiescat in pace*—following the bent of every mood of mind, and seemingly as pleased with the drawing-room as with nature—the minion of petulance, of whim, of mirth, of indignation, of heartlessness, of heartiness, of affection —fleering at us at one time from the pedestal of fashion, at another, leaning heart-broken over the tomb,—flying through space, and pitching itself back into time, to gather illustrations for the flimsiest or most solemn theme—always active, acute, excursive, tireless—it seems the most obedient, delightful, merry, sober, unscrupulous, unopinionated, tricksy Ariel of the mind ever placed in the head of a New England Prospero, to do whatever work it pleased him to impose. This pliancy of fancy, though it sometimes grates upon the sensibility, and suggests the idea of insincerity, constitutes the singular fascination of Mr. Willis's writings. Whatever charges have been brought against them, they have never been accused of dullness. As long as he has this sprite by him they never will. And, for our own part, we do not see cause for the frequent allegation of heartlessness. No man is always on stilts. A life of continued passion, or continued seriousness, would be a short life. The custom of poets, generally, is to show only one side and one condition of their minds. They rarely give us their whole inward nature, but only certain faculties of it, when those faculties are wrought into intense excitement. It is this fact which accounts in some degree for the discrepancy existing between the lives and the writings of authors. Far from thinking that the variety of moods observable in Willis, ranging as they do from deep feeling to the most careless cosmopolitanism, are proofs of insincerity, we deem them the best evidences of truth. We have little doubt that the best things he has written, serious or light, always proceeded from the feeling uppermost at the time. Had he written tragedies in his merriest moods, or kept to badinage in his most sorrowful, he would have been really guilty of the charge, no matter how consistent in gloom or glee his published compositions might have been. It would be an improvement, in strictness of definition, at least, to say, not that he is insincere, but that he is versatile; and his sincerity consists in making his writings an image of his mind. In his own words is the whole secret—"Oh, from the different stories of the mind—from the settled depths and from the effervescent surface—how different looks the world!—of what different stuff and worth the link that binds us to it!"

With this versatility of faculty and feeling and fearlessness in its expression, and this affluence and pliancy of fancy, we must of course expect in a volume of Willis's poems, not only variety, but sometimes contradiction, in thought and sentiment. To one who is not tolerant of clashing ideas and emotions in poets, however much experience may show their naturalness, it may seem strange that the author of "Absalom" should have written "Lady Jane," or that there should be but a few pages journey from "Dawn" to "Helen in a Huff." To us it appears but a change in position, or object, or tone of feeling. There are times when we are all philanthropists, and other periods when we are all misanthropes. Frivolity and meditation, sentiment and mockery, pride and abasement, principle and whim, enthusiasm and nonchalance, are registered in the experience of all minds. There are moments when our souls are thrilled and awed by the spirit of devotion; there are moments when they are torn and convulsed with passion; there are moments when they are caught and charmed with frippery and fashion. A man writing continually, and at the same time writing naturally, is pretty sure to give expression to all three of these states of mind. At one time he appears all devotion; at another all passion; at another all worldliness; and in this he is as consistent as human nature. His insincerity would be shown in a parrot-like repetition of the phraseology of one state of mind while he was really in its opposite.

Mr. Willis's sacred poems, most of them the productions of his youth, have probably been the most extensively circulated of his writings. Many of them have won the honor of an admittance into school-books. Every boy can repeat "The Leper" and "Hagar in the Wilderness." This wide popularity is not more owing to the subjects than to their mode of treatment. With some faults, and possibly some affectations, hardly discernible unless examined for the purpose of detecting them, their general tone is high, pure and holy. The flowing harmony of the blank verse, in which most of these poems are written, evinces how early he had mastered the mechanism of his art. The delicacy in the use of language, amounting at times to daintiness, which they display, show that his command of the niceties of expression was an early acquisition, or that he was "to the manner born." Of poems so well known it would be useless to speak much at length. "A Child's First Impression of a Star," "The Belfry Pigeon," "The Widow of Nain," are among the most popular. No one can read any of these youthful pieces without observing their naturalness. The very faults mingled with their excellences are signs of their truth, for they are illustrations of individual characteristics. The feeling in the poems gushes warm and full from the heart. There is no appearance of labor, in churning up emotions for the occasion. The atmosphere of beauty, which surrounds them all, is likewise a pure emanation from the soul. The lines "To My Mother from the Appenines," and the "Lines on Leaving Europe," among the most recent of his serious pieces, are beautiful tributes of affection.

The poems of passion in this collection are mostly the products of Mr. Willis's riper experience of life, and display to greater advantage the extent of his intellectual resources. They are of various degrees of merit and popularity. Of the long poems we like "Lord Ivon and His Daughter" best. The intensity of passion, the swift, sharp expression, the clear, apt imagery of the piece, are admirable both for their excellence and their appropriateness. The diction of this dramatic sketch would alone be sufficient to stamp Mr. Willis as an artistic poet. The felicity with which the movement of the verse obeys the varying impulses of feeling, and the skill evinced in pervading the fancy with the predominant passion, are of high merit. "Melanie" displays uncommon power of description, great sweetness and force of style, and a dominion over the softest as well as the intensest feelings of the heart. The verse lingers, trips, sweeps, or rushes along, as the sentiment of the moment dictates. "The Dying Alchemist," "Parrhasius," "The Scholar of Thebat Ben Khoral," "The Wife's Appeal," "To a Face Be-

loved," are forcible in conception, contain many lines of great beauty and power, and for their general execution deserve high praise. It would be easy to select at random passages from these which would make the fortune of common rhymers. In all we perceive that felicity and facility of expression, that delicate tact and "nib inevitable" in choosing the best phrase, that affluence and quickness of fancy, which we have already noticed. The verse also has a continuity and flow which makes it read often like exquisitely balanced and harmonious prose. The lines melt into each other with grace and ease, and the thought or emotion expressed is never split up into ten-syllable pieces, in order to satisfy that pedantry of sound, which demands that the termination of each line shall be distinctly apparent to every ear.

We cannot refrain extracting a few sentences in illustration of some of the qualities we have indicated. It is difficult to do justice to Mr. Willis by these solitary gems of thought and fancy, plucked carelessly from their casing, as in the original setting they depend so much for their effect upon their connection with the general flow and feeling of the poems in which they shine.

His only wealth a book of poetry,
With which he daily crept into the sun,
To cheat sharp pains with the bewildering dreams
Of beauty he had only read of there.

———She sat enthroned
Amid the court; and never twilight star
Sprang with such sweet surprise upon the eye
As she with her rare beauty on the gaze
Of the gay multitude.

———She broke my heart
As kindly as the fisher hooks the worm—
Pitying me the while.

Oh! they had made her even as themselves;
And her young heart was colder than the slab
Unsunn'd beneath Pentelicus.

I look upon a face as fair
As ever made a lip of heaven
Falter amid its music prayer.

King of the heart's deep mysteries!
Your words have wings like lightning wave!
This hour, o'er hills and distant seas,
They fly, like flower-seeds, on the breeze,
And sow the world with love!

———The air
Is like a breathing from a rarer world;

It has come over gardens, and the flowers
That kissed it are betrayed; for as it parts
With its invisible fingers my loose hair
I know it has been trifling with the rose,
And stooping to the violet. There is joy
For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves
Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing,
As if to breathe were music, and the grass
Sends up its modest odor with the dew,
Like the small tribute of humility.

———The gem
That sparkles in your hair imprisons light
Drunk in the flaming Orient; and gold
Waits on the bidding of those girlish lips
In measure that Aladdin never knew.

Every reader of Mr. Willis is aware that passages like these are almost the common products of his muse.

There are some poems, in this collection, illustrative of the peculiar vein of wit and humor which sparkle in Mr. Willis's prose. They are of different degrees of merit, but all bear the mark of his versatile though individual mind. His wit is a faculty tolerant of the errors and weaknesses it delights to expose. It plays round its victim, pats him, fleers at him, laughs at him, pricks him, and yet views him with a feeling of kindliness. Willis is too good-humored for severe satire, unless provoked by slander directed against himself. He is most felicitous when he touches the foibles and affectations of social life, and applauds, with sly irony, its selfishness and shallow feeling. He gives the impression that he is a man living in the world, and getting a living by the world, and therefore willing to take it as it goes, although he is careful to inform us that he is not deceived by its "gilded seeming," or its unreal mockeries. The insight into the common springs of human action, which his writings display, is quite remarkable in a poet with so warm a feeling for the ideal. Those who are contented with the brilliant frivolity of some portions of his compositions, and desire to see no more in them than floats airily on the surface—"pleased with their rattles, and tickled with their straws,"—can hardly appreciate the satire which so often underlies their whimsicalities, and the bitter good sense which is hid in their light and grotesque fopperies.

The poem of "Lady Jane," written in the metre of "Don Juan," and aiming at a jaunty blending of sentiment and cynicism, is the best of Mr. Willis's semi-humorous poems. We wish that he had completed the design with which he evidently commenced. It is now little more than a brilliant fragment, and is closed by the reader with a feeling of dissatisfaction. It contains much wit, fancy, eloquence and knowledge of the world, but little completeness. We admire, however, its general animation, and the briak, dare-devil metrical intrepidity of its movement. It has some personalities, and some feeblenesses, which we could wish out of it, but portions of it are in Willis's finest style. The following stanzas, on Mrs. Norton's singing, would save it, if it contained nothing else of value:

She had a low, sweet brow, with fringed lakes
Of an unfathom'd darkness couch'd below;
And parted on that brow in jetty flakes,
The raven hair swept back with wavy flow,
Rounding a head of such a shape as makes
The old Greek marble with the goddess glow.
Her nostril's breaching arch might threaten storm—
But love lay in her lips, all hushed and warm.

And small teeth, glittering white, and cheek whose red
Seem'd Passion, there asleep, in rosy nest:
And neck set on as if to bear a head—
May be a lily, may be Juno's crest—
So lightly sprang it from its snow-white bed!
So proudly rode above the swelling breast!
And motion, effortless as stars awaking
And melting out, at eve, and morning's breaking.

And song—for in those kindling lips there lay
Music to wing all utterance outward breaking,
As if upon the ivory teeth did play
Angels, who caught the words at their awaking,
And sped them with sweet melodies away—
The hearts of those who listen'd with them taking.
Of proof to this last fact there's little lack;
And Jules, poor lad! ne'er got *his* truant back!

In reading Willis's productions, we are struck with the intellectual courage they evince. In his expression of himself, he is careless of what "Mrs. Grundy will say," or what Miss Betty will say. In literature he ever displays the quiet self-possession of one who has "the freedom of the city." He manages, without bluster or bravado, to write out his feelings and his whims, and carelessly to leave the result to fortune. He is troubled with no fear—not even the fear of his own reputation. He has paid the usual penalties of fame—received numerous malignant hints to be more cautious and hypocritical in the expression of his mind, but all to no purpose. Through all the mutations of his popularity, through detraction, sarcasm and hatred, he has preserved an openness, a freedom from cant, a good-humored carelessness of misrepresentation, quite uncommon in the irritable tribe to which he belongs.

And in this he has done wisely. He possesses, more perhaps than any American author, the sympathies of his readers. He mingles with them, instead of lifting himself above them. By being willing to make them his confidants, he gains their confidence. The very faults which criticism would decry, only knit him closer to the public. Here, they say, we have a man who is playing no game to win our respect by speaking to us from a transient elevation, and, though we don't approve of all he says, we like the sincerity of his utterance. The fine essays that appear weekly in the New Mirror, in which his fancy often creates a world of amusement out of nothing, are examples of this genial quality. We trust that he will make a selection from these, and publish them in a separate volume. Such a book would contain some of the most pleasing essays in the language. Indeed a collection of his best prose writings would be almost as certain of as large a circulation as the present edition of his poems, if issued in a style of similar elegance.

A New Spirit of the Age. Edited by R. H. Horne. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.*

This book is to be praised for the difficulties it has mastered, as well as for its merit as a literary production. It contains critical, biographical, and, in some cases, personal notices of the eminent English men and English women of the present day, all of whom have their own set of admirers, their own codes of criticism, their own cliques of friends, and their own whims, bigotries, and vanities. The obstacles in the way of a successful treatment of such a design, by one who lives among the authors of whom he treats, and participates in many of their prejudices, is obvious at the first glance. In England, the animosities of party, the jealousy of cliques, personal hostility, social bickerings, wounded pride, offended vanity, all affect the opinions which writers express for each other, and which critics express for writers. The authors noticed in Mr. Horne's book are still living, most of them subject to public and private prejudices, and each of them possessing some traits of character which require fairness and acumen in the critic to be rightly analyzed and estimated. It is useless in such a book to expect strictly impartial criticism. Mr. Horne is a spiritualist, and must necessarily look at literature, to a great extent, from his own point of view. He must, at times, sink the judge in the advocate. But, estimating the work with reference to the difficulties of the undertaking, it would be unjust to deny its great merit. There may be exceptions taken to separate criticisms, some of the authors may be thought to be placed too high and others too low in the sliding scale of fame, but the general character of the whole work is tolerant, catholic, and acute.

The critism on Dickens, though it has at times a patronizing air, and in one or two instances suggests the "Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of the Parish," is the best account of his genius we have ever seen. The source of his popularity, and the high mental and moral qualities exercised in his writings, are accurately distinguished. The notice of Bulwer has some faults, springing, as we should think, from personal prejudice. A high station is awarded him as a novelist, but too low an estimate is taken on his dramas. "Zanoni" is praised very warmly as "a truly original work; a finished design; embodying a great principle, and pervaded by a leading idea." * * * "A certain peculiarity of style has laid it open to the charge of imitation, and many of the ideas and sentiments gathered from Plato, from Schiller, Richter, and Goethe, have induced superficial readers to deem it a compilation. Sir Lytton Bulwer has been heard to declare his opinion that it was quite fair to take any thing from an older author—if you could improve it." When Bulwer took the character of Madeline, in "Eugene Aram," from Scott's Minna Troil, did he improve it? The notices of Macaulay and Talfourd are principally valuable as biographies. We are told that the article on Milton, which obtained Macaulay so much reputation, hardly contains a single paragraph which his mature judgment approves. Thomas Ingolsby is treated with considerable sharpness, in a criticism of much truth and vigor of composition. The conclusion of this verbal flagellation is pithy and to the purpose. "The present age is bad enough without such assistance. Wherefore an iron hand is now laid upon the shoulder of Thomas Ingolsby, and a voice murmurs in his ear, 'Brother!—no more of this.'" Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Jameson are well contrasted and felicitously drawn. The yoking together of Wordsworth and Leigh Hunt, may not please the lovers of either. The latter we think is too much praised, or rather puffed. Carlyle, Henry Taylor, Sheridan Knowles, Macready, Landor, the Howitts, Hood, Hook, Mrs. Shelley, Ainsworth, are treated with various degrees of fairness and ability, and afford abundant materials for meditation.

The criticism on Tennyson is perhaps the most labored and subtle which the book contains. A very elevated rank is claimed for him. A theory of poetry is invented for his convenience, and some poets are sacrificed to his manes. We commend it to the sober attention of all who have been in the habit of laughing at Tennyson as a senseless mystic and professor of unreason; and particularly to our pleasant friend who "does" the damning for the Southern Literary Messenger. It is, altogether, the most sympathizing and most analytical review of Tennyson which has apeared, and, with some abatements for exaggeration, the most searching and correct. The writer evolves from the writings of the poet the laws by which he judges of them. Where a poet is a truly original man of genius, and possesses such a combination of qualities as necessarily leads him away from common modes of expression and common codes of criticism, this course is evidently more proper than to apply to him laws deduced from other works, illustrative of other points of character and conditions of feeling, and intended to serve quite another purpose. A critic who would judge of Tennyson's "Œnone" as he would judge of Macaulay's "Lays of Rome," would act about as wisely as if he condemned Wordsworth out of Pope and Shakspeare out of Sophocles.

Those who desire to know a great deal about living English authors, not easily learned from their writings, should obtain Mr. Horne's book. It not only contains much just and philosophic criticism, expressed with considerable force and felicity, but gives anecdotes and traits of character which are not elsewhere to be obtained.

Religion in America; or an Account of the Origin, Progress, Relation to the State, and Present Condition of the Evangelical Churches in the United States. With Notices of the Unevangelical Denominations, by Robert Baird, Author of L'unio de l'église avec l'etat dans la Novelle Angleterre. Harper & Brothers, New York.

This work has been before us for some time, and would have received an earlier notice, but that its grave and elaborate character required a careful perusal. It is a reprint from an English edition, which has received very great favor on the other side of the water. Indeed, it is evident that the work was written to answer the inquiries of European Christians and moral economists, and we are grateful to the author for the calm, convincing and determined manner in which he has vindicated the character

of American Christianity under the working of the voluntary principle, which is its peculiar glory. Dr. Baird is very well known to the learned and pious of this country as a getleman of high attainments, and great philanthropic zeal, who has devoted himself, for many years past, to enterprises of extensive good, on the continent of Europe, especially in connection with the Foreign Evangelical Society. The name of Dr. Baird is, therefore, itself a sufficient security for the value and correctness of the work, but when those of the Rev. Drs. De Witt, Hodge, Goodrich, Bacon, Anderson, Durbin, Schmucker, and Berg, and of Dr. Howe, (of the Institute for the Blind, at Boston,) the Rev. Mr. Weld, (Principal of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, at Hartford,) Dr. Woodward, (of the Asylum for the Insane, at Worcester.) who have kindly assisted the editor, by documents or the communication of facts, are added, our readers will readily perceive that it deserves a careful study.

The earlier chapters are filled with most curious and interesting historical researches into the religious character of the early colonists, the relation of the church with the civil power, and the state of religion generally during the colonial era. He then examines into the effects of the Revolution upon religion, and the proper bearing of the government in this country upon Christianity. This brings him to an elucidation and defence of the Voluntary Principle, with all its train of religious charities. He afterward enters into a very distinct description of the present condition in which the various religious denominations now are, their methods of discipline, the character of American preaching, the relations which the evangelical sects bear to each other, and, having taken brief notice of the unevangelical denominations, concludes with some very shrewd remarks upon the present state of theological opinion in America. The eighth and last book appears to us rather an appendix to the rest, and gives an account of the various efforts the American churches have made, and are making, in the cause of foreign Christian missions.

That American must be extremely well read who can examine the pages of this work without receiving much new and valuable information, and we can safely say that its historical and statistical statements are of such a character that no student of his country's institutions ought to be without them. Dr. Baird is what is termed evangelical in his religious views, very decidedly so, we would infer from many passages, yet the work appears to us as impartial as could be expected, and certainly the author has nowhere designed to mislead. We see that he acknowledges his obligations to the Hon. Mr. Wheaton, now at the court of Prussia, and to our fellow citizen, Mr. Walsh, now residing in Paris, for much valuable assistance. We heartily commend the book to our readers.

The Curiosities of Literature, and the Literary Character Illustrated, by I. D'Israeli; with the Curiosities of American Literature, by Rev. Rufus W. Griswold. New York and Philadelphia: Appletons.

This is a very large and beautifully printed octavo, embracing an amount of matter equal to the contents of about twenty fashionable London duodecimos. Of the character of D'Israeli's work but little need be said; its reputation is established, permanent, and everywhere familiar. It embraces more of the really curious and entertaining details of literary history and experience than any dozen other works ever written—the fruits of the most extensive reading, and the nicest judgment and taste, all marked by an air of authenticity which makes them as valuable as they are remarkable. D'Israeli is not an author to be read in course; the Curiosities of Literature, like the Essays of Montaigne, are to be taken up in odd hours, when business relaxes its claims, and no companion of another sort demands attention, in a dull evening, or a rainy day, and at such times it has among other "silent friends," who talk so well yet pause so readily, no rival. Mr. Griswold's addenda to the work add much to its interest and value. They relate principally to the ante-revolutionary period of our own history, when the Mathers, and Wigglesworths, and Wolcotts, made verses, and burned bewitching maidens, and performed other remarkable feats in religion, literature, or legislation. The chapter on "Elliott, the Apostle of the Indians," "The Minstrelsy of the Revolution," etc., will have to the majority the freshness of a newly discovered manuscript from Pompeii.

Our Book Table.—The multitude of books now issued from the press renders it impossible to give more than a passing notice to some. The plan we have adopted is, to review at length such as may be deemed important to the American reader, and particularly such as emanate from the pens of American writers; hence the space devoted to the poems of Mr. Willis and others in recent numbers.

Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. have sent us "Poems by W. M. Praed. Edited by R. W. Griswold. Published in one volume by Henry G. Langley, Astor House, New York." Also, "The Irish Girl and other Poems," and "The Brother and Sister, by Mrs. Ellis. Published by James Langley, New York." These works are of a good class, and we have no doubt will command a wide sale. We have seen it stated that over twenty thousand volumes of the works of Mrs. Ellis have been sold by the New York publisher. We are glad to learn this, as the healthful tone which pervades the writings of this lady renders the circulation of them desirable, particularly at a time when the country is flooded with trash of the worst sort.

Harper & Brothers have sent us "The Young Sailor, by Mrs. S. B. Dana," and "Neal's History of the Puritans," Part V. Also, "Bangs' Life of Arminius," with a portrait.

"*The Velvet Cushion*" is the title of a neat little volume published by J. K. Simon, Philadelphia.

"*Tales and Sketches*," translated from the Italian, French and German, by Nathaniel Green, a beautifully printed little volume, from Little & Brown, Boston.

Our Portrait Gallery, Battle-Grounds, etc.—In our next we shall give the likeness of James Fenimore Cooper, engraved in capital style by Dodson, with a full biographical sketch by one of his most intimate friends. Mr. Cooper certainly stands at the very head of the list of American novelists, and it is a matter of pride to us that "Graham" is the only three-dollar magazine for which he has written, and, in fact, the only magazine to which he contributes now.

In our next we shall also give the first of our Indian Sketches—"A Buffalo Hunt"—with an excellent accompanying paper, from the pen of Charles Fenno Hoffman. This style of illustration we have no doubt will be highly popular.

Our "Battle-Grounds, No. 3," will be given in September; a glorious picture of "Yorktown," from an original picture by Chapman, by Smillie.

Contributors.—The contributions of Henry W. Longfellow, W. C. Bryant, J. K. Paulding, James Fenimore Cooper, and of a host more of the *best* American writers, may now be found, almost all of them, in "Graham" *exclusively*.



GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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BRITISH REVIEWERS.

BY FRANCIS J. GRUND.

"*The Poets and Poetry of America, with a Historical Introduction, by Rufus W. Griswold. Voices of the Night, and Other Poems, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Poems, by William Cullen Bryant. Tecumseh; or the West Thirty Years Since, a poem by George H. Colton. Washington, a National Poem.*"

Under this head the London Foreign Quarterly Review contains a vulgar and abusive article, not so much on American literature as on American laws and institutions. The Foreign Quarterly has, for several years back, and ever since the fraudulent bankruptcy of Mr. Richter, to whom it is indebted for its existence, exhibited such manifest symptoms of decay, that it became necessary for its conductors to truckle to the worst feelings of the parlor readers of England to drag out a weak and sickly existence. When the Foreign Quarterly confined itself strictly to foreign literature, it was sufficiently poor to be laid aside; for, while the more educated classes of England always looked upon it as an exceedingly doubtful authority, it commanded neither the respect nor the attention of the *literati* on the continent. But now that it has opened its pages to that particular portion of partisan warfare which is spurned by the Quarterly and Blackwood's, as inadmissible in good company, it has justly fallen into contempt. While Blackwood's and the Quarterly speak the views of the party, and, in a measure, set the fashions of the day, the *Foreign* Quarterly is content with acting the part of a toady to its powerful colleagues. The criticism of the former assumes in the latter the more congenial form of low-bred abuse.

The conductors of the Foreign Quarterly are probably convinced that there must be as many different grades of literature as of society; and, with that peculiar modesty for which the English have always been distinguished, selected for themselves that which most suited their condition in life, and their standing in the world of letters. No one who has read the article of the Foreign Quarterly we here allude to, can doubt the fact that it was written by a person as little qualified to pronounce judgment on the national literature of a country, as he is capable of seizing the national characteristics of a people. He lacks for either a proper standard of comparison; for, in all his remarks about America and her literature, he does not even once, by accident, refer to aught but what is *English*; and, even where he obtrudes on the reader his wearisome English comparisons, his remarks are trivial as his style, and the whole current of his predominant ideas. The English critic of American poetry has just talent enough to be a *genre* painter; his perceptive faculties are sufficiently strong to seize on individual qualities; but his mind is not of that philosophical cast which is necessary to a proper appreciation of *national* characteristics, either in the manners and customs of a people, or in their literature. He never, for a single moment, carries his investigations below the mere surface of things; he gives the reader no insight into the causes of phenomena; he does not even classify these phenomena, in order to arrive at some general conclusion, but appears content with flinging a term of reproach at each, without being particularly nice in his selection; for, to judge from the elegance of his diction, he has never been in a habit of mixing with that class of English society which makes a certain degree of attention to form a necessary condition of its intercourse. Were the unsparing critic of American poets and poetry a dealer in calicoes, he could not be more zealous, nor more ill-bred in disparaging the manufactures of a rival establishment than he has shown himself in his paper, in the Foreign Quarterly, in reference to our literature. His whole essay, the very animus of his critique, partakes of this commercial spirit, and we shrewdly suspect that his castigation of American authors was "done to order," and paid for by the London publishers.

"American poetry," he says, "always reminds us" (him) "of the advertisement in the newspapers headed 'The Best Substitute for Silver'—if it be not the genuine thing, it 'looks just as handsome, and is miles out of sight cheaper.'"

Our critic does not appear to like this American notion of going into the manufacture of "cheap articles"—the secret of the unexampled prosperity of England; for, if we mistake not the man, he himself commenced his career with a successful "shilling" publication, or rather as "a penny-a-liner" for a London newspaper. He knows from experience the practical advantages derived from adapting himself and his works to the capacity of the largest number, and is, from that very reason, disposed to encourage a different kind of business in others.

"We are far from regarding it as a just ground of reproach to the Americans," says the same high-minded commercial agent of the London booksellers, "that their poetry is little better than a far-off echo of the father-land, but we think it *is* a reproach to them that they should be eternally thrusting their pretensions to the poetical character in the face of educated nations."

Apart from the exceeding vulgarity in which this thought is conceived, we would ask, what civilized people, or what *gentleman* has ever complained about the literary or poetical pretension of any nation being "thrust in his face?" Who cares what A and B think of their wares, except the man who keeps the opposition shop over the way, and takes care to advertise in the papers that "every box not marked with his signature is counterfeit."

It is usual in literary criticisms to refer to the eternal standard of the classics, or to the standard works of modern writers generally, without national distinction; but our critic's erudition does not seem to be equal to this task. He prefers, like other English shopmen, to exhibit a printed catalogue of his recent manufactures, "all shining and fashionable, and suitable to the taste of the quality," and then to challenge his rivals (as he conceives them) for a similar variety of production.

"Within the same period, (80 years,)" he exclaims, with the same triumphant exultation with which a quack at an Italian fair points to his own picture as that of the greatest living physician, "England has given birth to Burns, Bloomfield, Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Southey, Moore, Crabbe, Wilson, Campbell, Rogers, Scott, Montgomery, Barry Cornwall, Leigh Hunt, Joanna Baillie, Tennyson, Talfourd, Knowles, Ingolsby, and others who live in the world's memory, and who were oppressed by a difficulty from which America, as a nation with manners and inspirations of her own, was exempt—that of having been preceded by an illustrious set of poets who had already occupied so large a space as to render it a work of genius in itself to strike into 'fresh fields, and pastures new.'"

Here our impartial critic gives the death-blow to his own reasoning, if this figure of speech be admissible in reference to his vulgar remarks about the origin and progress of America. He labors very hard, throughout his whole insignificant paper, to prove that the manner in which this continent was settled, and the elements of its civilization, were such as must, naturally, have been hostile to the creation and cultivation of poetry; yet, in the same breath, this ill-bred literary English shopkeeper enters "manners and inspirations of our own" to our debit, in order to increase the commercial balance in favor of the Bloomfields, the Wilsons, the Ingolsbys, &c! As if the whole modern literature of Europe were not engrafted on the ancients—as if Sophocles had not lived before Shakspeare, and Dante before Milton; and as if, in fine, the American poets were not equally "preceded by an illustrious race of poets," and, in addition to this, "oppressed," at home and abroad, with such idle and senseless comparisons as our critic would institute in his paper in the Foreign Quarterly! Or as if poetry were the mere reflection of the external nature that surrounds a people, and the manners and customs which characterize it as a nation—and as if these could do aught but give tone and color to those sentiments which, in all countries and at all times, have been the sources of true poetry! As if love and death, pain and pleasure, in all shapes and metamorphoses, were not the eternal themes of the poets, and as if the American bard, inspired by the same muse, and expressing his feelings in the same language as the English, could strike into "fresh fields, and pastures new," with the same facilty that a calico printer—the beau ideal and standard of comparison of our critic—can hit on a new pattern for a lady's dress that shall become the fashion of the day.

Scarcely has our critic finished his self-laudation, in which our "manners and peculiar inspirations as a nation" are adduced as proofs of our want of poetic capacity, before he attempts to convince his readers that we lack the very element—the raw material—out of which, according to his notion, poetry can alone be manufactured.

"One grand element is wanted," he observes, almost with an air of pity, "for the nurture of the poetical character in America—she has no traditions. She started at once into life, rude, rugged, savage, self-confident. She has nothing to fall back upon in her history—no age of gold—no fabulous antiquity—no fairy-land. If she had carved a national poetry out of her peculiar circumstances, she would have solved a philosophical doubt which can never again be tested by an experiment so vast and perfect in its kind. By a National Poetry we mean a poetry moulded and modified by the national mind, reflecting the character and life of the people, and reposing upon the universal faith. This does not seem to be a thing to be grown in a season, like maize or carrots, or to be knocked up on a sudden, like a log-house."

Now all these things, if true, would, indeed, furnish the best apology for our literature being as yet inferior to that of England, France, or Germany—countries that have had a more or less national existence for more than fifteen centuries, and in whom there are thousands upon thousands who have not only the disposition, but also the leisure to cultivate letters. Yet, with our limited means, and our short existence, and,

what is more, with our young and active population being yet engaged in subduing nature, we have already, according to the critic's own admission, produced *some* poets worthy of the name, and who have become standard writers even in England. This would seem to demonstrate the proposition that the portion of the Anglo-Saxon race which is denominated Anglo-American, possesses, at least, that intensity of feeling and that talent for reproduction which are necessary for creating and cherishing a *taste* for literature in general, and for poetry in particular; but our critic, who writes and reasons "to order," draws from it quite a different conclusion. With him, what we have done is no proof of what we may do again, or how much more may be accomplished under more favorable circumstances. He asserts that we are too young to be poets, but does not reflect that this is a fault which necessarily corrects itself from day to day; and that the day may come when the golden age of Anglo-American literature may correct the decline and degeneracy of the English. Italy had a classical literature when the chief delight of the English nobility consisted in bull-baiting, and Milan and Venice furnished the best manufactures in silk and cotton, when the old Saxon and Anglo-Saxon chivalry consisted principally of swine herds. England imported her laws and institutions, her trial by jury, and, at last, her very language from the Continent of Europe; and yet England possessed a classic literature when the Saxon language on the Continent was yet too barbarous to admit of literary culture. The classic literature of Germany, in fine, does not yet date back a full century, though the Germans generally lacked neither civilization nor leisure to attempt what our critic would call "national poetry."

The fact is, poetry differs from calico printing—the only standard of comparison to which our English critic seems to be willing to refer—in this respect, that it descends from Heaven, a direct emanation from the Divinity, and a special gift or revelation to man, instead of being made to order to satisfy the demands of a particular market.

England, till now, has not produced more than one really great dramatic writer, and who scarcely dreamt that his works would go down to posterity; but the poet Shakspeare is as little the *product* of the peculiar civilization of England in the seventeenth century as Peter the Great was the offspring of the peculiar barbarism of Russia at the same period. The *vices* of these men belong to their age, their *virtues* are essentially their own. William Shakspeare, or "William the Great"—as the German poet Heine calls him—has been as great a reformer of the taste and manners of his countrymen, as Peter Alexiowich has been the political regenerator of the Moscovites. England and Russia, respectively, owe them a lasting debt of gratitude—for, without them, both might still be barbarous—but it would require a larger amount of reasoning than our critic in the Foreign Quarterly seems to be possessed of, to prove the reciprocity of the obligation on the part of those truly great men, in reference to their respective countrymen.

The sneer, therefore, that "the (our) lack of poetical machinery (our critic still thinks of the manufacture of calico,) is felt so forcibly that the poets (of America) are obliged to borrow foreign agencies, and work at second hand," means nothing, though it proves the extremely trivial tradesman-like view the writer in the Foreign Quarterly takes of history, literature, and the arts. Shakspeare himself "borrowed foreign agencies" whenever it suited his purpose. He drew liberally on the classics, and searched the chronicles of the west and south of Europe for delineation of character; though Goethe, the most competent critic of modern times, assures us that his Greeks and Romans are, after all, but Englishmen. He went to Italy to depict the master passion, (the climate of England being probably too cold and damp for it,) and to the Baltic to delineate Hamlet, the most finished character of all his plays. But is he, on that account, less of a British poet? Does not every nation draw the greater part of its civilization, and of its art and science, necessarily from those which preceded it? Did not the Romans inherit the civilization and arts of the Greeks; and are not the modern *Christian* nations of Europe, to this very hour, indebted to heathen mythology for some of the most striking figures of their poets; and does our English shopkeeper critic call this less "working at second hand," than when the American poet's fancy travels across the Atlantic in search of a metaphor that has been familiar to his progenitors?

But it would be honoring the writer in the Foreign Quarterly too much were we seriously to enter on a refutation of his commonplace, or reply in earnest to his trivial remarks on American literature and the arts. What he thinks, says, or writes, in regard to our poets, is a matter of entire indifference to us; but his paper is, in other respects, deserving of some notice. It shows what points in our character, and, in consequence, in our literature, are particularly objectionable to our brethren across the water; enabling us, thereby, to form a pretty correct opinion as to the motives which may prompt the severity of our transatlantic censors.

The great offence of our poets, according to the notion of our critic, and which it is not probable the English will soon forgive, is self-laudation. They eternally "hymn the praises of

> 'The smartest nation
> In all creation;'

and ring, forever, the changes on 'liberty and military glory.'" This gives us the first insight into the cause of their want of popularity across the water. Our mere attempt at rhyming, painting, sculpturing, composing, &c., might be pardoned, if it were not for our egregious egotism, which makes us think that we are really

> "The smartest nation
> In all creation."

This, then, is the place where the shoe pinches, and a place, too, which is most likely to be discovered by an Englishman; for if there be a nation on earth given eternally to instituting comparisons between itself and others, that nation assuredly is the English. But there is yet another reason for this morbid sensibility on the part of English writers, which is this:

They know, from their own history, that a nation is pretty nearly equal to what it thinks it can accomplish; and that the old vulgar belief that "an Englishman is equal to five Frenchmen," has, in reality, made him equal to two. They do not, on this account, relish our eternal boast that we are

"The smartest nation
In all creation,"

unless we add to it, "but one;" because every such idea may virtually increase our strength, and make us forgetful of the respect we owe our seniors.

Were we a people exclusively devoted to the fine arts, were we like the Italians, or even the Germans, the English would, no doubt, treat us with great liberality. They would with pleasure listen to an American opera, cherish the modest American poet, and encourage the unassuming American painter; but threatening to rival them in the manufacture of calicos, being, *par excellence*, a people of common sense, of industry, commerce and enterprise, and last, though not least, being puffed up with the notion that we are

"The smartest nation
In all creation,"

we cannot find favor with those who, in these very respects, claim to be superior to all others.

The English are not an imaginative people. They appreciate, as a nation, only those arts which contribute to the comforts of life. Even their *taste* for the arts is cultivated, like their grapes and other fruits of more congenial climes, in glass-houses. Their school of historical painters, we opine, is yet to be established; their architects may be properly appreciated from the fact that there is not a single public or private building in London, that is not more or less a caricature of all modern and ancient rules of taste. Their houses, mostly, like our own, are comfortable within, but destitute of design or harmony without; and every Continental musician knows that the most refined and aristocratic English audience is not likely to be disturbed by the performance on an instrument which is entirely out of tune. The only art in which the English excel is poetry; because that appeals to the feelings through the medium of the *understanding*—the only medium through which an Englishman can be brought to comprehend any thing. And yet that same nation continually finds fault with *our* want of imagination, and *our* exclusive "devotion to business;" forgetting that *our* artists, humble though their pretensions may be, succeed by *popularity*, and theirs, almost exclusively, by *patronage*. There must be something national in our poets or they would not exist. In England there is enough accumulated wealth to maintain a legion of artists, and yet their number, in proportion to the population, is smaller than that of any other country—except, perhaps, our own.

The English, as our readers may be aware, do not resemble the Greeks, and certainly not the Athenians: they occupy a place between Rome and Carthage, and are, therefore, the last people in the world that ought to reproach us with the want of taste. Our principal crime, in this respect, consists in being descended from them, and requiring, consequently, some time to outgrow our hereditary deformity. Even the defects of our fashionable society, the fertile theme of British tourists and penny-a-liners, are a sort of scrofula (or king's evil) entailed on us by our progenitors, which it will require a healthy climate and vigorous exercise to overcome. If any one have a desire to see these very defects ridiculed in the most pleasant and inoffensive manner, let him make the tour of the Continent, and he will see them in full relief, on every stage from Stockholm to Naples, in the well-known character of "*an Englishman.*"

We poor Americans are only known in France as "*des Anglais renforcés*," which, translated into our language, means nothing else than "reinforced Englishmen," a sort of fifth proof of John Bull. It is natural that the individuality of the English, and their consciousness of power, should be heightened in a country in which every man, by the very charter of the land, is made a peer and a constitutional adviser of the government; but it seems somewhat strange that the English should hold these improvements on their character in such little favor.

In Italy the English are divided into two classes: "*gli Inglesi domi*," and "*gli Inglesi salvatici*," (tame and wild Englishmen,) for which they seem to have revenged themselves by dividing *us*, their innocent offspring, into the European-fashioned people on the Atlantic seacoast, and the half-horse and half-aligator race of the Mississippi Valley. Every nation that is a few days older than her neighbors is fond of classifying civilization by age; not reflecting on this circumstance, that the oldest, in the natural course of events, is necessarily nearest its decline.

The picture our critic draws of our rude manliness, may be terrifying and disgusting to the sickly hyper-civilization of a London dandy; but an American, we feel assured, is any thing but displeased to be called, "a real nine-foot breast of a fellow, steel-twisted and made of horse-shoe nails, the rest of him being made of cast-iron and steel springs." There is nothing so contemptible as a democracy put on its good behavior, just on the point of being introduced into a fashionable drawing-room. The democracy of France was respected just as long as it had teeth to bite as well as a tongue to speak: when Napoleon had the large diamond put on the hilt of his sword, to show the British Ambassador that France was not yet bankrupt or destitute of ornament, his real *moral* power was already on the decline.

The portion of our national poetry which seems to give the greatest offence to our critic across the water, is that which may be denominated "patriotic;" to wit, "Hail Columbia" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." He does not condescend to mention "Yankee Doodle," because that, he well knows, was originally an *English* composition, and adopted by the Americans only in derision of their invaders after the battle of Bunker Hill.

"Hail Columbia," he says, "opens like a cannonade," but he does not compare it to the English

"God save Great George our king,"

which, in its second verse, is scarcely more peaceably inclined, and threatens, beside, destruction to all the world; though the epithet "great" is here evidently

used only as a metaphor. The "Great English George," we conceive, is a pretty good off-set against "the heaven-born band of Columbia," without entering further on the poetical merits of either. "The reason of the unexampled popularity of Hail Columbia," says our London critic, "is because it flatters the heroic qualities of the people." If this be really so, it accounts, at the same time, for the aversion to it evinced by the writer in the Foreign Quarterly. There are few middle-aged men whose good nature will allow them to look with complacency on a lusty, half-grown boy: they cannot divest themselves of the idea that he grows up to be a man, when they will will be on the other side of fifty.

"The Star-Spangled Banner," he continues, "is constructed on the same principle, and blows the 'heaven-born' bubble with equal enthusiasm; closing with the vivacity of a cock that knows when to crow on the summit of its odoriferous hill." Here the critic's ill-nature and the nastiness (we beg our readers' pardon for using a term for which we cannot, at this moment, find a proper substitute) of his associations are apparent. He would like to imitate, in his style, the characteristic, though at times well-applied, grossness of the Rev. Sydney Smith; but mistakes vulgarity for strength. His essays may, after this, circulate in good English society, but we, young people, on this side of the Atlantic, do not feel disposed to introduce persons into our parlors, who are so exceedingly familiar with appliances that are more properly placed in the immediate neighborhood of stables.

In conclusion, our peculiarly high-scented English critic admits that, after all, we *do* number about half a dozen real poets, capable of laying the foundation of a national literature; but of these, one or two have, unfortunately, been so long in Europe as scarcely to be recognized as Americans. This is on a par with his usual sagacity, and a new proof of the shopkeeper-view he takes of poetry. He doubtless believes that the talent for poetry may be *acquired* like the art of printing calicoes, and that our Yankee versifiers are obliged to go to England to learn the trade.

But we have already devoted too much space to a subject deserving so little attention. The time is passed when superannuated English literary dandies could give a small portion of our people the least uneasiness; and we are certainly not, at this day, to be put out of humor by the little knot of literary tradespeople that surrounds the Foreign Quarterly. However young we may appear in the eyes of our elder brethren, we are quite old and strong enough to apply to ourselves the old French adage, "*on peut dire tout à une grande nation*," (one can say every thing to a great nation;) and can only assure our English critics that we shall henceforth look upon every new attempt to disparage our laws and institutions as an additional proof of our growing importance, and an involuntary tribute paid to that energy, perseverance and enterprise which, in less than a century, have raised us from mere colonies to a position among the family of nations, both flattering to our pride and exciting the jealousy of our rivals.

ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SIMON DACH.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The following poem, from the Low German of Simon Dach, though apparently written in a tone of great tenderness, is, in fact, a satire upon the lady of his love, who proved untrue to him. In after-life, he could not forgive himself for having taken this poetical revenge. The song seemed to haunt him even on his death-bed, and, after a violent spasm of pain, he exclaimed, "Ah! that was for the song of 'Anke von Tharaw.'"

Annie of Tharaw, my true love of old,
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good!
Thou, O my soul, my flesh and my blood!

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall,

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me, to wander alone
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known;

Through forests I 'll follow, and where the sea flows,
Through ice, and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
The threads of our two loves are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife;
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love,
Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen;
I am king of the household, and thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell;
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

THE BANKRUPT'S DAUGHTERS.

A TALE OF NEW YORK.

BY MRS. C. H. BUTLER.

(*Concluded from page 39.*)

In an elegantly furnished apartment in one of the principal hotels of Philadelphia, sat a lady and gentleman. The lady was so very small—so child-like in form and feature—that no one could have thought her more than fifteen, although in reality she was several years older. Her form was of the most perfect symmetry, her dainty little foot encased in white satin, and the most fairy-like hand playing with a richly gemmed *porte-bouquet*, clasping a fragrant cluster of tea-roses and heliotrope. Her face was pretty, her eyes and teeth superb, with features whose naturally arch expression seemed to denote them formed more for mirth and pleasure than for the shade of unusual dissatisfaction which now rested upon them.

A *scéne* had evidently occurred, followed as it would seem by a long and moody silence. The little lady sat beating a *pas-seul* with her fairy foot upon the velvet footstool, and the gentleman, with a heavy frown darkening his handsome features, continued to tap his boot impatiently with the point of his riding-whip. At length, rising abruptly, he approached the lady and said, in a half coaxing, half angry tone,

"Come, come, Ninon, this is all nonsense, you must let me have the money!"

"Non, monsieur," replied the lady, firmly.

"But I tell you I must have it—I cannot do without it—there is the five hundred I lost last night to that ever lucky German (confound him!) besides several other debts of honor; come, Ninon, give me the money."

"I tell you *non, non*," again replied the little lady; "*nous avons* been married one, two, tree, four week, and *déja* already you spend *beau coup* of *de l'argent* much money. *Pourquoi* you take all *de l'argent* of your wife when you one so *riche* man?"

"*Pourquoi! pourquoi!* indeed," interrupted Cyril, with a gesture of impatience.

"You do tell me you *chere* wife no more *danser*, then *pourquoi* you from her take all de little money? *Non, non*, I will no give you any more—it is all *pour ma pauvre mère*."

"Ah, *ma chere Ninon—ma petite fée*," cried Cyril, now assuming the fondest tone and manner;" you know how I love you, you know these '*two, tree, four week*' have been the happiest of your Cyril's life! At present, *ma mignonne*, my affairs are rather embarrassed, for my mother has the control of my immense fortune, but it will soon be in my own hands, and then, *chere* Ninon, you shall have the retinue and splendor of a princess, and your *pauvre mère*, too. We will bring her over from France, or shall we go there, Ninon!

"*O, mon Dieu, que je suis heureuse!*" interrupted Ninon, clasping her hands.

"In fact," continued Cyril, "I have determined to return immediately to New York, and as *my wife*, *malgré* the hauteur of my aristocratic mother, you shall be received and courted by the very *élite* of society;" then in a careless tone he added, "*mais vous avez raison, ma fée*, to keep your money."

"*Ah, mon cher mari*," interrupted Ninon, every feature glowing with delight; "ah, you no *moquer* me! Will you *en verité* indeed take me everywhere with you *comme* you own *chere femme*—you will not have shame of *pauvre* Ninon?"

"Ashamed of *you*, my angel!" exclaimed Cyril; "but come kiss me—I must leave you for a little while—I must see the German, and make his mind easy about the paltry five hundred."

"O, I so *heureuse*—so very, very happy," said Ninon, then throwing her arms around the neck of her husband and looking fondly up in his face, she added, "ah, pardon me, *mon ami*, dat I was so very *méchante* to refuse de little money—wait *un petite moment, mon cher mari*," and away tripped the happy Ninon, warbling the air of a little waltz.

"Famously managed, by Jove!" cried a gentleman, advancing on tip-toe through the folding-doors, which had evidently been ajar. "Capital, faith! And so you have won the gold by promising her she shall figure in the *haut-ton* of New York! *ha! ha! ha!* Good! And the little fool really thinks she is your *wife!*"

"Time enough to undeceive her, Stanpitz, when the money is all gone. You heard, she began to grow a little suspicious—faith, I *have* used her purse pretty freely, but the bait I threw out took famously, you heard!"

"Yes, yes, but upon my *honor* it is a scoundrelly business after all. For my own part, if I had supposed her as innocent and unsuspecting, I would have thrown up my office of *priest* at your nuptials—the poor thing loves you, too!"

"Tir-ril-le-ril-lil-re-ra," *pirouetted* Cyril. "Your conscience grows wonderfully tender, Stanpitz! Since you find her so charming, perhaps you would like to make her *Mrs. Stanpitz!* I am at your service—but hark! She is coming—to cover—to cover. And Stanpitz quickly retreated through the folding-doors, just as Ninon sprang laughing into the room, and, holding out a heavy purse through which gleamed the sheen of gold, cried,

"*Voila, mon ami*—here is five, six hundred dollar in dis little *bourse, et voila encore* one, two, tree hundred in de bills. *C'est tout*—it is all de money of Ninon—*c'est à toi, mon ami.*"

"*Petite ange*," exclaimed Cyril, "but, my dear Ninon, I cannot take it—it is all the money you have. No, no, keep it—think you I would be so selfish as to deprive my dear little wife *de tout son argent, mignon!*"

A suppressed laugh was here heard from the other room.

"*Quel bruit* noise dat!" said Ninon, listening, "it is noting—but you must take de purse and de bills. *Ah, oui, ton chere Ninon te prie to take* de money!"

"But is it *all, all*, Ninon?" asked Cyril.

"*Oui, c'est tout* all—but den I have *beau coup* much *diamans* and de *bijouterie* very, very *riche.*"

"Well, well, my charming girl, I will take the money, since you so much desire it, and pay the German. Adieu, *mon ange*, I will bring you some *bonbonniers* from Parkinson's," and, with a hurried embrace, Cyril parted from the victim of his artifice, and joined Stanpitz in the hall. With a nod and smile of intelligence, the two were soon on their way to a famous gambling house, there to spend the earnings of the poor *danseuse.*

Midnight sounded, but Cyril returned not, and the faint dawning of day already appeared, and still Ninon sat patient and sad awaiting the return of her husband.

Poor child, how slowly passed the hours!

"Ah, he will be here soon," she thought, as her repeater told the hour of twelve, and, restored to all her wonted cheerfulness by the happy idea, she began warbling a song of her own dear France, now and then stopping to listen for the well-known step, or tripping to the window, and, shading her face with her little white hands, peer out into the darkness, as if she could detect the loved form of her husband approaching.

One o'clock! "He *must* come soon," and again her heart grew light. Seating herself on a low *tabouret*, she took the rich flowers from her *porte-bouquet*, and began twining them into a wreath, warbling as she did so in a low sweet voice. The wreath finished, like a child, she flew to the mirror and arranged it amid the bright tresses of her ebon hair, smiling as she thought how Cyril would laugh at her novel *toilette.* Like a sylph, she then with noiseless step flew round and round the apartment, in all the graceful movements of one of her own pretty dances.

Two o'clock. Three o'clock sounded! And now poor Ninon grew weary and sad. Once more she seated herself, and taking a miniature of Cyril from her bosom, looked long and mournfully upon the face of her betrayer, gemming with her tears the inanimate semblance, not more void of feeling than the crafty original. At length, overcome by fatigue and sadness, her head drooped on the couch, and, while still listening with eager intenseness, her eyes unconsciously closed. With the wreath still fresh and fragrant around her temples, the tears yet on her now pale cheek, and the miniature clasped tightly to her breast, poor Ninon slept.

Just as the rays of the rising sun gleamed on the roofs and spires of this beautiful city, the door of Ninon's chamber softly opened, and, flushed with wine, and evidently harassed in mind, Cyril Vandelyn entered. As his eye fell on Ninon, whose attitude plainly denoted her affectionate vigils, *something* like *pity* for a moment relaxed his stern features. He was about to awaken her, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him. First gently approaching Ninon to see that she really slept, he advanced to the dressing-bureau, and, opening a drawer, drew forth the jewel-casket of the poor young girl; pressing the secret spring, the cover flew open, and the dazzling brilliancy of a diamond necklace, and other rich gems, met his eye. With eager trembling hands, he proceeded to search the case, and found indeed, as the unsuspecting Ninon had assured him, great wealth of diamonds, and other valuable jewels. Glancing again at Ninon to see that she still slept, he placed the casket in his bosom, and, closing the drawer, once more approached the sleeper—stooping and imprinting a kiss upon her brow, he said,

"Awake, *chere* Ninon—awake, dearest—why are you sitting here, poor child?"

"*Ah, méchant,*" cried Ninon, awaking and throwing her little arms around his neck, "where you been so very, very long *tems, mon ami?*"

With great apparent fondness, Cyril assured her he had been unavoidably detained upon some very urgent business, growing out of the affair with the German—and then, entreating her to go to rest, he threw himself upon the couch and slept! Ninon, too, soon closed her eyes again; but now a smile, not *tears*, trembled on her half closed lips.

Cyril did not sleep long—rising softly from the couch, and assuring himself that he held the rich casket safe, he noiselessly opened the door, and left the apartment.

It was near noon ere Ninon awoke from the refreshing sleep into which she had fallen. Surprised to find how long she had slept, and that Cyril had left her again, she hastily arose. Her toilet was soon completed—putting back her beautiful hair, and simply arraying herself in a neat morning dress, she awaited her husband's return. But the day wore off, and poor Ninon, in an agony of doubt and fear lest some accident had detained him, grew every hour more and more miserable. At length a servant announced,

"A gentleman to speak with madam."

Springing from her seat, she stood almost breathless awaiting the entrance of the person—for she felt sure he came to announce heavy tidings.

Heavy tidings indeed to thee, poor Ninon!

The door opened, and the German, Stanpitz, entered. Without waiting for him to address her, Ninon exclaimed,

"Oh, *où est mon mari*—mine husband? *Est il malade*—sick is my husband?"

"Compose yourself, madame," replied Stanpitz, with an air of great sympathy; "Mr. Vandelyn is well, but it grieves me to say that—"

"*Oh, mon Dieu! qu'est-ce que c'est!*" interrupted

Ninon, clasping her hands, and trembling in every limb.

"Madame, I regret to inform you that Mr. Vandelyn has left the city."

"Gone!—*parti, mon mari?*"

"Yes, he has *gone!*—and, madame, the truth must be told you," continued Stanpitz, "and, although my heart bleeds to be the bearer of such intelligence, my duty and my conscience bid me speak. You have been the victim of villany—your confidence and love betrayed! How shall I say it? Alas! madame, to obtain your *gold*, Vandelyn took the advantage of your youth, of your guileless affection, and betrayed you into a *false marriage!* It was no priest performed the nuptial ceremony—*you are not his wife!* and now, having accomplished his wicked designs, he has abandoned you forever!"

As Stanpitz proceeded, the countenance and bearing of Ninon changed. Standing proudly erect, with her little head thrown back, her eyes flashing, and cheeks glowing with indignation, she stamped her foot in anger, and exclaimed,

"*C'est faux*—false—what you say! You dare no *repeter encore* again that *mon mari* is one villain! *Quitter* dis *apartement* dis minute, instant—you are one very bad man—*allez vite!*"

"No, Mademoiselle Ninon," replied Stanpitz, "I cannot leave you under such a mistake—what I tell you is true, upon my honor!"

"*Honor—fi donc!*" interrupted the excited girl.

"Yes, doubt as you will, it is true. Vandelyn has gambled your money, *stolen your jewels*, and has now left you forever!" rejoined the German.

"It is false—false!" again said Ninon.

"It *is not false*, mademoiselle. Search for your jewels—you will not find them—and if you still doubt, look here." So saying, Stanpitz threw off his cloak, and, with great dexterity concealing his own light hair under a gray *perruque*, he stood before Ninon in the clerical garments of a venerable priest! In a solemn and altered voice he then said,

"*Wilt thou take this man to be*," &c.

Ninon gazed wildly upon him for a moment, then, with one long shriek, fell senseless upon the floor.

"O, confound it," muttered Stanpitz, wrapping his cloak around him, and hastily removing the *perruque*, "who would think these actresses had so much feeling? What am I to do?—a pretty scrape I am in!"

Pulling the bell violently, and telling the servant that Madame Vandelyn had received some distressing intelligence, the cold-hearted accomplice of Cyril now left the house.

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Another New Year had in turn succeeded the day in which the family of Mr. Ellsworth were first introduced to the reader—but mark the contrast! No sumptuous equipage comes whirling to the door—no throng of the gay and fashionable surround the entrance. Of all that sycophantic crowd, how few now remember them in their obscurity! But how little power have such *ephemera* to disturb the equanimity of minds so far above them as those whom they now avoid.

Had they by *mesmeric* art (no other could have drawn them) looked into that comparatively humble apartment, they would have seen as happy and cheerfull a group, faces as bright and as beautiful, as those in whose light they had basked at the dawning of only the last new year.

With the exception of the harp and piano of Dora, there was not an article of luxury in that little parlor. The furniture was chosen for neatness and for use—yet such an air of comfort, and even elegance, was thrown over all by the presiding genius of taste, that even an eye accustomed only to the refined luxuries of the wealthy-great would have been arrested by the pervading charm which breathed around.

With persevering industry the two sisters continued the task they had voluntarily assumed, and had now a large number of pupils. By this means they were enabled to place their little brothers at a seminary in the environs of the city, while their young sister was receiving at home the best of guidance and instruction from their mother and themselves.

Thus time sped on with this happy family—happier perhaps than if the hand of adversity had not robbed them of their wealth—for it had elicited their deep self-sacrificing love one for the other—drawn forth their strength of mind, and brought to light those hidden resources each possessed for comfort and enjoyment, independent of the world's smile or frown.

One bright morning in June, Mrs. Howard, a young friend of the girls, came running in.

"My dear Mrs. Ellsworth," said she, "I have come to carry off Marion for a few days. My husband and doctor have put their wise heads together, pronounced me a delicate creature, and prescribed coutry air, new milk, sipping dew, and snuffing roses. I must have Marion with me—she looks pale, or at least I choose to fancy she does, but I promise you I will restore her to you with a cheek as red as Dora's is this moment, hiding behind the curtain, merely because she sees that *intolerable* Hamilton coming up the steps."

Mrs. Ellsworth readily yielded her assent, and Marion, delighted with this pleasing arrangement, found herself a few hours before sunset passing through the lovely scenery of the Hudson.

"Now guess," said Mrs. Howard, as she and Marion seated themselves upon the deck, that they might better view the lofty palisades which they were rapidly nearing; "guess where I am going to take you?—you cant?—well—not to one of those splendid seats, I assure you, which adorn the banks of this noble river, nor to those fairy cottages sprinkling the interstices of the glorious highlands, neither to one of those pretty villages, like the one your eyes are straining after yonder. To none of those shall I conduct you—but listen. In one of the most retired nooks on the banks of the Catskill river, stands an old-fashioned farm-house, and therein dwells a clever old man, and his equally clever wife, by the name of Watkins. He was a tenant of my father's when I was yet a little girl, and Margaret, now Mrs. Watkins, a servant of my mother's. Well, these two simple creatures fell in love with each other, were married,

and, as a reward for their long faithful services, my father presented them with this farm on the Catskill. I could think of no situation so well calculated to restore my health, where I might enjoy perfect quiet, with all the delights of rural life combined, as there—and so there, Marion, lies our destined port. Watkins will meet us at the landing, and to-morrow morning you shall breakfast upon the new milk, fresh eggs, and golden butter of Dame Margaret."

The day was just dawning as the boat touched the landing at Catskill. The party were ready dressed, and in a few moments seated in a light wagon, conducted by Farmer Watkins, were wending their way through the hills. Up rose the sun, gilding the misty summits of the mountains, and breaking the light vapor enrobing hill and valley, away it floated, leaving the earth sparkling with dew-gems, and the bright dancing leaves, as if in sport, shook their light drops over the gay plumage of the little songsters chirping through the branches. All nature wore a face of gladness, and, to Mrs. Howard and Marion, so long accustomed to the confinement of the city, the charm was as novel as it was delightful. After descending a steep hill, commanding a lovely view of the adjacent country, they turned into a narrow road which wound along the hill-side, and in a few moments Watkins drew up at the door of a stone cottage, built in the Dutch style, with its high gambrel roof, and little stoop in front. It stood at some distance from the road, and the footpath leading from the gate to the door was bordered with lilacs, snow-balls, and the low red rose, now all in full blossom. At a little distance from the farm-house stood the large substantial barn. The cattle were lowing in the yard—a goodly number of cows, each with her tinkling bell, were just being turned forth to browse in the adjoining woods—the sheep were frolicking in a meadow on the hill-side, while a noisy family of geese, ducks, and fowls, were disputing their breakfast around the kitchen door, a shrill note of triumph now and then uplifted from chanticleer proclaiming the victory he has won for his own especial brood.

Mrs. Howard and Marion were welcomed with cordial hospitality by the good dame, and a stout-built blushing Dutch damsel. The days flew off delightfully. Marion was never tired of her rambles around the farm, or in sketching the lovely landscape which met her eye at every point of view.

She followed the dame to her milking, assisted in the churning, mixed the dainty curds for the little Dutch cheeses, fed the chickens, and at evening when the old farmer took his pipe and sat smoking in the stoop, with the dame knitting by his side, she would warble her own little songs, or, if it suited more the taste of her hearers, (having caught the air from the nasal notes of the Dutch damsel,) she would pour forth in tones so plaintive the sorrows of "Barbary Allen," and "Beautiful Nancy," as brought the tears into their eyes.

And now fancy Marion setting off with Dolly in search of strawberries. A little sun-bonnet shades her laughing face, and a smooth checkered apron of Dame Watkins, which the good woman insists upon tying around her little waist to protect her light gingham from the fruit, almost conceals her slender figure. After rambling some time through the meadows, springing over fences and ditches, they at last arrived at a field whose surface was thickly netted with the wild strawberry vine. Eagerly now they both began filling their baskets, Marion listening patiently as she did so to the long doleful stories of *spooks* and witches with which her companion usually favored her. They had been thus engaged for some hours, and Dolly had already asserted her opinion that the sun was "*e'en a'most down*," when suddenly the silver laugh of Mrs. Howard rang on the ear of Marion—with a merry laugh in answer, she raised her head and found her friend already at her elbow, leaning on the arm of a gentleman. Deeply blushing, Marion now sprang hastily to her feet.

"O, never blush, Marion," said Mrs. Howard, still laughing, "this is *only* my cousin, Rensellear Howard, and this young lady," she continued, turning to her companion, "with cheeks as red as her strawberry-tipped fingers, is Miss Marion Ellsworth."

Both parties bowed laughingly at this novel introduction.

"Rensellear has just popped in upon us," continued Mrs. Howard, "in a fit of wonderful kindness, to see if I am about to die—poor fellow! he has been so anxious, I dare say, since he heard of my illness, for thinking *black* would so well become his pale—"

"Oh, cousin, cousin, how you rattle on!" interrupted the gentleman; "I trust Miss Ellsworth, at least, will give me credit for the solicitude I have felt for you, which, I am happy to find, has no warrant in your bright eye and healthy countenance."

"You must know, Marion, this young gentleman, having been one of my old beaux, cannot yet get over the habit of saying pretty things to me. So now carry the basket, Rensellear, and for your supper you shall have a share of these fairy-picked strawberries, in a bowl of Dame Margaret's delicious cream."

Thus saying, the lively little party proceeded on their return to the farm-house, where the evening passed delightfully away.

It was the intention of Rensellear Howard to have left the farm-house the next morning, as he had merely come up from New York (where he had arrived a few days previous from the Continent,) to see his invalid cousin. By her request he consented to remain another day; but another and yet another passed, and finally a week flew by, and young Howard said no more about leaving.

And what was the consequence?

Why, that he fell over head and ears in love with Marion.

And Marion?

To her ear, never had the birds warbled so sweetly,—the roses, how fragrant and beautiful! and how pleasant the soft summer wind, as it came in playful shadows over the forest boughs, or across the verdant meadow, gently bathing her cheek with the sweets of the wild flowers gathered by its breath! Could it be Love thus sporting with Zephyr over forest and meadow, bathing his wings with the dew of roses,

and infusing his own alluring notes in the gentle melody of the birds!

At length there came letters which compelled young Howard to delay no longer. To his cousin he revealed his love for Marion; but from Marion he parted with merely a gentle pressure of the hand, and a look to which it is more than probable the same mischievous little god imparted a magnetic influence.

Although the sun shone as brightly, and bird and flower were still as beautiful as when the eye of Howard fell on them, yet to Marion it seemed their charm was lost; and so observable was this *ennui* of her imagination that even the good dame observed, that somehow "Miss Marion wa'nt half so *chipperlike* as before Mr. Howard went away."

In about a week, the ladies themselves returned to the city.

For the first few days, in the pleasurable excitement of her return, Mrs. Ellsworth and Dora noted no change in Marion, but as that excitement wore away they could not but observe she was less uniformly cheerful, and often seemed deeply lost in thought. But when one morning Mrs. Howard came tripping in, accompanied by Rensellear, the vivid blush and agitation of Marion proved at once an easy solution to the mystery of her late demeanor.

From this time young Howard became a constant visitor, and, as may be supposed, it was not long ere, with the perfect approbation of her parents, Marion consented to be his. Must she be deemed fickle? Will not the utter worthlessness of Cyril Vandelyn free her from such imputation? Had he been *less* base, *less* reckless of truth and honor—had aught but his own sordid hand crushed her young heart's first devotion, she might still have loved on. But when once aroused and convinced of the unworthiness of the object on whom those affections were placed, with praiseworthy resolution her heart rose triumphant from such reproachful bondage.

The wheel of Fortune seemed now once more to revolve in favor of Mr. Ellsworth. By the death of a distant relative, of whom he was the nearest kin, the bankrupt and his family were once more placed in affluence, yet neither Mr. Ellsworth nor his wife felt any desire to mingle again with the falsities of the gay world. A beautiful residence on the banks of the East river was purchased, and thither Mr. Ellsworth determined to remove, and pass the remainder of his days free from the turmoil of the city, in the tranquil enjoyment of literature, and the charms of nature. It was also settled that early in the ensuing spring, the faith and constancy of Philip Hamilton should be rewarded by the hand of Dora; and Marion had also promised that at the same time when her sister should become Mrs. Hamilton, she would complete the happiness of her lover, by changing the name of Ellsworth for the more *dignified title* of Mrs. Rensellear Howard.

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As Dora and Marion were one morning looking over the gay and fanciful assortment *d'une marchande des modes*, the extreme beauty and delicacy of a small wreath of flowers attracted their notice.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Dora; "look, Marion, see how exquisite is the finish of each tiny bud and leaf!"

"It is indeed beautiful, miss," said the milliner, "and the poor young creature who made it was beautiful, too."

"Is it possible this wreath was made here?" said Marion.

"Yes, miss; it was made by a young French woman who used to bring us many wreaths and bouquets all finished with equal beauty as this one, but she looked miserably, poor thing, and it is now six weeks or more since she has been here."

"But where does she live?—what is her name?" demanded Marion.

"Indeed, miss, I cannot tell you. She was always very sad, and spoke but little. I always paid her for her flowers whenever she brought them in, but I know nothing more of her; the last time she was here she seemed so feeble that she could hardly support herself."

"And yet you did not inquire her residence!" said Marion, in a reproachful tone.

"The poor creature looked so sick and so sad," said one of the young girls of the establishment, "that I asked her for her address, thinking I would go and see her very soon, but, dear me, we have been so hurried, I declare I had forgotten all about her."

After searching among old shop-bills, fragments of gauze and ribbon, the thoughtless young lady at length succeeded in finding the card of the poor French *fleuriste*.

Dora noted it on her tablets, determined to find her if possible, and to render her that assistance which, from the account she had just heard, it was evident she stood in need. Accordingly the same afternoon the two sisters found themselves in one of those narrow cross streets leading from the Bowery, where, after a long search for the number indicated, they at length came to a miserable wooden building of two stories, from every window of which streamed articles of clothing drying in the wind, denoting it to be occupied by many families. After knocking some time, (for bell there was none,) a poor meagre-looking Irishwoman opened the door, and, upon beholding her uncommon visiters, exclaimed, in a tone of surprise,

"Please God, and what do the likes of ye be after looking for here, I 'll wonder?"

"My good woman," said Dora, "we merely wished to ask if there is a young French woman lodges here, Madame Florine."

"And bless your innocent face, and why not?" replied the woman, "but, poor craiter! it 's come too late you are, I 'm thinking."

"Then she is very sick?" inquired Marion.

"Sick is she? and faith it 's not sick she is at all, at all, she 's in the *dead thraw*, she is, the craiter!—but if it is to see her ye 'd be liking, it 's me will show ye up thim stairs."

Half terrified to find themselves in such a miserable place, which seemed thronged with human beings, peering at them from every door and corner, the trembling sisters, clinging closely to each other, followed the woman up the creaking stairs. Throwing

open the door of a small chamber, a sight calculated to appal the stoutest heart burst on their view. In one corner of the room, on a low bedstead, scarcely covered by a few miserable clothes thrown around her, was extended the form of the poor French woman. On a table by the side of the bed lay the dead body of an infant, on which the eyes of the dying mother were turned; every thing about the room denoted the most abject poverty and wretchedness.

As the door opened, a low moan testified the unhappy woman still breathed. Softly approaching the bed, Dora took her pale emaciated hand, and, in a gentle voice, inquired how she felt. But the sufferer made no answer, and appeared to be totally unconscious of their presence.

"Has she no physician?" inquired Dora of the Irish woman.

"Is it the doctor you mane?" answered the woman, "and where wud the money be after coming from to pay them? Ah, it 's ye rich folks that can die wid the doctors at yer elbows, and the praist to the fore, God bless em! but for the likes of *us*, och! sorrow a bit of a doctor—barring the praist—"

"Run quick, my good woman," interrupted Marion, "for a doctor, and we will pay you liberally."

Thus encouraged the woman quickly descended the stairs, leaving Dora and Marion alone in the chamber of the dead and dying.

Silent and tearful they stood by the bed-side of the poor foreigner. The pale, emaciated face on which they looked, although shaded by the hand of death, bore evident traces of having once been lovely—the little attenuated hands lay motionless on the covering of the bed, while her long black hair, damp with the dews of death, had escaped from the little muslin cap, and fell around her as a pall.

For a time there was no sound in that desolate chamber, save the sobs of the sisters, and now and then a heavy sigh from the sufferer. At length, with a moan as if in pain, the poor woman suddenly turned her head, and her eyes fell on the face of Marion. A ray of joy for an instant illuminated her countenance, and in a faint voice she exclaimed,

"*Ah, c'est une ange!*" Then, clasping her hands together, the lips of the dying woman moved as if in prayer—one sigh, and the spirit was released!

At this moment the Irish woman returned, followed by a physician.

"She is dead!" cried Dora.

Hastily approaching the bed, the physician, after feeling the lifeless hands, raised the covering from the chest to see if life was indeed fully extinct, and as he did so his eye fell on a miniature richly set with brilliants which rested on the bosom.

"What is this?" he exclaimed; "why here is wealth, and from all appearances this poor girl must have suffered from want!"

"Is it the picter?" said the woman, "ah, yer honor, niver would she give that up—och, it 's hungry she was, and cauld, but that picter was all her comfort, rest her soul! and when the little babby was born as lies there, it 's often and often I 've seen her look in its little innocent face, and smile when she see the hair and the eyes of the poor babby was all the same as the picter."

"Dora, look!" faltered Marion, as her eye rested on the miniature.

It was that of Cyril Vandelyn—the *same* that had been painted and set for *her!* and there then on that wretched pallet, forlorn and broken hearted, the victim of his perfidy had just yielded up her last breath! *Pauvre Ninon!*

—

At the same hour, in one of the most fashionable gambling houses of Paris, were seated Cyril Vandelyn and the German Stanpitz.

After thus basely deserting the innocent victim of his villany, Cyril had embarked immediately for Europe, where he determined to remain until the stigma attached to his disgraceful conduct should be forgotten. He first, however, addressed a most penitential letter to his mother, in which he told her he had been duped into a marriage with a person whom he could neither respect nor love—that, allured by her fascinating manners and the *éclat* of being the favored lover when so many were sighing at the feet of the fair *danseuse*, in an evil hour he had consented to marry her, and found his error only when too late. He then went on to say, that now, feeling no other sentiments but hate and scorn, he had determined to leave her forever—he should remain on the Continent for two or three years, and requested his mother would send him funds to meet his expenses.

This false and wicked letter Mrs. Vandelyn received, and, placing full reliance on the truth of her son's statement, only rejoiced that he had broken from such disgraceful bondage. She gladly assented to his remaining abroad, and remitted him the most liberal sums of money. In the pursuit, therefore, of every pleasure, and of every vice which Paris affords for the libertine, the days of Cyril Vandelyn were passed, while, in a foreign land, far from kindred or friends, the poor young Ninon was struggling on in poverty and despair.

But at the same hour when, in that abode of misery and wretchedness, this victim of misfortune breathed her last sigh, *retribution* came! A quarrel took place at the gambling-house, between Cyril and Stanpitz—high words ensued, swords were drawn, and Cyril fell, mortally wounded, by the hand of the German.

JOB'S COMFORTER.

At his last gasp poor Ralph was lying,
With fear and pain devoutly sighing;
"Courage," quoth Tom, "you 'll soon recover,
If not, 't is nothing when once over." GNOMAN.

WASHINGTON AND NAPOLEON.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRE-SIDE," ETC.

THE superiority of virtue, over mere genius, was probably never exemplified on a scale of greater magnificence, or more completely demonstrated, than in the lives and fortunes of these two illustrious persons. As a man of genius Napoleon was without doubt superior to Washington, but his virtues bore no comparison to those of the other. In the activity and comprehensiveness of his mind; in that clearness of perception which enabled him to foresee and overcome the obstacles which impeded his course, and achieve an unparalleled succession of triumphs, few men either of ancient or modern times equaled him. In these respects, Washington was not his peer perhaps; and yet, when we consider the relative positions of the two, I am inclined to believe he was not much his inferior. He certainly excelled him in wisdom, though he may have been his inferior in genius.

The mind of Washington was equal to the full and entire comprehension of the sphere in which he acted; and his sagacity in pointing out the probable events of the future, as well as guarding against either present or remote contingencies, is everywhere strikingly displayed, not only in his acts but opinions. His letters to Congress, during the progress of the Revolution, are principally occupied with pointing out approaching danger, or recommending the best means for avoiding it; and it cannot be doubted, that had his advice and exhortations been properly attended to, the struggle for liberty would have been far less protracted and sanguinary. But he was not, like Napoleon, an absolute monarch or leader, the master of his people. He was the servant of his countrymen, and could advise, but not direct nor control their actions or opinions, except by the force of his reasoning and the weight of his character. These constituted almost the only authority he exercised, except in his military capacity; and thus situated, his means were never in any degree correspondent with the greatness of his designs, or the difficulties which beset him at every moment of his military career. We are not, therefore, to judge of his talents by the victories he gained, but by the defeats which he avoided; and his crowning merit as a warrior is, that of having performed great things with weak instruments and comparatively insignificant means.

Napoleon, on the contrary, in the more early stages of his career, was the absolute leader of an infuriated multitude; a nation of thirty millions of people, acting under the influence of an enthusiasm of which the world furnishes few examples, as to its extent or its consequences. This alone had previously, under leaders of far inferior capacity, achieved a succession of victories over the veteran troops of Europe. Napoleon placed himself at the head of an irresistible impulse, which was sufficient in itself to carry him to the summit of glory. As emperor, he reaped the benefits of this national enthusiasm, which had resulted in the formation of a warlike nation and armies inured to victory, as well as rendered all but invincible by an ardor almost equal to enthusiasm, a confidence the result of a long series of successes amounting to prodigies. With such instruments, aided by the possession of absolute power over a rich and mighty people, it was comparatively easy to conquer nations, governed by enfeebled monarchs reigning over subjects rendered unwarlike by having for centuries relied on standing armies for protection, and disaffected or indifferent toward a government of which they experienced little but the oppressions. But had he been placed in the situation of Washington, equally circumscribed in his means and his authority, there is every reason to believe that for want of the virtues of that pure and illustrious man, rather than from any inferiority of genius, he would have failed in accomplishing the great object of freeing his own country, or subjecting others.

Napoleon was inferior to Washington in patriotism. He was not born in France; it was not his native land, endeared to him by the ties and associations of childhood. He loved glory better than France, and sacrificed his adopted country on the altar of insatiable ambition. Without doubt, the position he occupied often entailed on him the necessity of warring in self-defence, even when he seemed the aggressor. It was indispensable that he should be Cæsar or nothing; to overturn the thrones of others, or cease to reign himself. In this point of view, they may be called defensive wars, partaking in the sentiment of patriotism, because the glory and safety of France were identified with his own. But these motives, however they might have mingled incidentally with other more powerful incitements, cannot justify his conduct toward Spain, or his invasion of Russia. His throne was too well established at these times to fear either one or the other, and an impartial posterity, while it pardons many of his apparent aggressions, will, in all probability, denounce these as the offspring not of patriotism but of a boundless ambition, incapable of being satiated by the acquisition of glory or power.

If we turn toward Washington, we shall see at a glance that ambition, if it at all influenced his acceptance of the command of armies which scarcely had an existence at the time, was only a latent motive, that, of itself alone, could not have stimulated him to assume a station which presented in perspective a very remote and doubtful triumph on one hand, an ignominious death on the other. He was undoubtedly fully aware of the obstacles, difficulties and discouragements which presented themselves on every hand; of the power of the invader and the weakness of his opposers. That he accepted this arduous and discouraging command with doubt and hesitation is

apparent from the letter he wrote to Mrs. Washington, announcing that event, as well as the testimony of his nearest connections, whom he either consulted, or who witnessed his struggles. The love of his country, and a sense of her wrongs, were, without doubt, the great, if not the sole motives which induced him to take on his shoulders a burthen perhaps as great as ever man bore, and to persevere in bearing it in the midst of disappointment and defeat, joined to unmerited censure and national ingratitude That the desire of gain did not in the least influence his decision is apparent, from his stipulating that he should receive nothing for his services but the remuneration of his actual expenditures; and that the love of power was equally absent from his mind, is demonstrated by its resignation the moment his country was free.

The ambition of Washington was a virtue, that of Napoleon a vice. The limits of the one was the freedom and independence of his country; that of the other the subjugation of a world. One struggled for the rights of his countrymen; the other aimed at prostrating the rights of nations. One freed, the other enslaved his country. Finally, Washington drove the enemy from his native soil, while Napoleon eventually drew his enemies into the heart of France, to subjugate her capital, levy contributions, and reinstate on the throne the very family whose misgovernment had involved her in so many calamities.

In dignity of mind; in patience under privation; in fortitude under calamity and disappointment; in forbearance under provocation; in self-possession under misfortune, and moderation in success, Washington was far above Napoleon, who knew how to command others but not himself. The finest feature in the composition of Washington, and that which gives him a superiority over all other characters in history, was that equal and harmonious combination of qualities which distinguished both his head and his heart. They formed a consummate whole; a perfect edifice, every part of which corresponded with the other, and the apparent greatness of which is diminished in the contemplation of its symmetry. Instead of having our admiration attracted to any one particular point, or our wonder excited by some monstrous disproportion, the mind dwells with a delightful complacency on the perfect whole, as the eye rests on the calm beauties of a summer sunset, when nature combines all her harmonies in one, and exhibits at a single view her greatness and her beauty. There was no master-passion in his mind, swallowing up or overshadowing all the rest; and in his virtues there was nothing excessive. We see no camel's hump in the formation of his mind; no disproportioned projection producing wonder without exciting admiration. Like the star of the mariner, he was always the same; always shining bright and clear without dazzling the eye; always pointing one way, "true as the needle to the pole."

Nor do I believe that, on a closer examination, his military genius will suffer much in comparing it with that of Napoleon. To combine and direct small means to the successful attainment of great ends, is, in my opinion, evidence of greater skill, than is exhibited in the conduct of vast enteprises, with means fully adequate to the object. The direction of a small, ill-provided, undisciplined, and discontented army, dispirited by past disasters, and anticipating others to come, is certainly not less difficult than leading a well constituted force, provided with every thing necessary, and flushed with victory, to new conquests. In one case, patience, fortitude, forbearance, perseverance, an insight into human motives and passions, and a consummate skill in their management, is indispensable; in the other, the machine may be said to govern itself, and perform its evolutions by the innate force of its own principles of action, All critics in the art of war unite in placing the difficulties of conducting a defensive war far above those of an offensive one, and giving the preference, not to the general who gains the victory, which is often a mere affair of accident, but to him who maintains a successful defence against a superior force, and preserves his army in the midst of disaster and defeat. I know not among all the great actions of Napoleon one displaying greater intrepidity, enterprise and skill, than was exhibited by Washington at the successive battles of Trenton and Princeton; and if we are to estimate their importance by their consequences, the most celebrated conflicts of ancient and modern times, where hundreds of thousands were engaged, and tens of thousands fell, become insignificant in the comparison. History records that these bloody and tremendous contests produced for the most part no permanent results. The possession of a town, or, at most, the temporary occupation of a portion of the country, was all that was acquired in exchange for the sacrifice of hecatombs; and even when victory led to the conquest of states, experience has generally shown, that the final result was a restoration of the spoil to its ancient proprietors, or another change of masters in the person of some new conqueror. But these victories of Washington, though gained by small numbers, over numbers not much greater, were followed by consequences at this moment far more momentous, than all those of Napoleon combined. They laid a foundation for the successful termination of a struggle which gave liberty to a new world, and whose principles are now at work to achieve a similar triumph in the old. The victories of Napoleon have all ended in merely transferring France from the dynasty of Bourbon to that of Orleans.

Still, the unsullied glory of Washington must ever rest more on his virtues than on his genius; and it is for this reason he has now become, and will remain, so long as the records or traditions of past times are preserved, one of the bright, if not the brightest light of future ages; the safest and noblest example for imitation; the model of a patriot; the incarnation of the spirit of a republican hero. In his life and actions, both in public and private, we see the triumph of virtue, and what wonders she can accomplish. It is there most clearly demonstrated, that it is not alone to the qualities of the head that men are indebted for the brightest honors, the most imperishable fame, but that those of the heart have a still higher claim to the admiration of mankind. In his person, virtue may be

said to have resumed her lawful supremacy, and the example cannot but have the most salutary effects, by giving to public admiration a proper direction, and to public gratitude the noblest object of devotion. In most other heroes the splendor of their achievements throws all their defects and vices into the shade; but had not Washington been finally successful, he would have stood where he stands now, with only this difference, that instead of being the deliverer, he would have been equally venerated as the great martyr of his country.

The fate of these two great men of modern times has been as different as was the constitution of their minds. One was crushed under the vast fabric of ambition he had reared on the necks of millions, and cemented with their blood; the other rose to the highest pinnacle of glory, by limiting his ambition to giving liberty to his country. He did not, like Napoleon, after quelling foreign enemies, turn his sword on her bosom, and become a still more deadly foe by enslaving her himself. The moment of his greatest triumph was when, instead of fomenting the discontents of an army which, under his auspices, had freed the country, and making it the instrument of riveting her chains, he sternly rebuked the incendiaries who had incited it almost to mutiny, and, by the authority of his name and his virtues, at once crushed the meditated treason. The second great triumph was when, having finished the war and secured the liberties he had so long toiled to attain, he surrendered his sword to the President of Congress, at Annapolis. The third and last was, when, after eight years of labor as chief magistrate, in maturing the infant government, establishing its foreign and internal policy, and, in a great measure, perfecting its practical operation, he finally, while still in possession of all his faculties, and of the love and veneration of his country, retired from public life, and at one and the same moment gave to his successors an example of sublime moderation, to his fellow-citizens one of the noblest lessons of political wisdom that ever emanated from the pen of mortal man. What a contrast to the fate of Napoleon, who was unquestionably among the greatest of men, and who wanted nothing to make him perhaps the greatest the world ever saw, but the virtues of Washington.

Without doubt the different spheres of action in which these two illustrious men respectively moved, may have had a material influence on their character and conduct. Both undoubtedly frequently acted under the pressure of impelling circumstances, or strong necessity. I do not, therefore, join in echoing the indiscriminate censures heaped on the head of Napoleon by that bitter, unscrupulous, and unrelenting spirit which is characteristic of the British press. During the latter years of his life he was contending with England for the empire of the Old World, as is now sufficiently demonstrated in the preponderance assumed by that power since his downfall, and in such a struggle there is no other alternative than the submission or annihilation of one or other of the parties. What therefore appears to us the frenzy of unchastened ambition, may have been nothing more than self-defence, which is sometimes, nay often, compelled to assume an offensive attitude of prevention. It is not always that the invader is the aggressor; and it is at all times perfectly justifiable to anticipate a blow we see coming, by striking the adversary beforehand. Nor do I wish to elevate Washington at the expense of another. He cannot shine brighter by the force of contrast or through any invidious comparisons. He is among the greatest of men, because he possessed the greatest virtues, and was blessed by Providence with a vast and comprehensive sphere for their exercise. With him the Temple of Fame is the Temple of Virtue.

The grand structure sought to be reared by Napoleon has fallen and buried that mighty mortal under its ruins. He attempted to push the world aside from its course, and succeeded for a time. But the bow seems to have been bent the wrong way, and finally broke, or recoiled on himself. His actions were splendid almost beyond comparison, and his genius equally grand. But I apprehend there was some great fundamental error in the course of his career, and cannot help suspecting it was in not giving liberty to France. It would seem that nothing can permanently flourish which is founded in a radical principle of wrong. Kingdoms may be conquered, nations trodden under foot, and for a brief period it may seem that force is triumphant over right, but there is a worm in the chaplet of glory acquired by such means which will soon cause it to wither and die. There is a natural, irresistible tendency in every thing deranged by violence to come in its right place again, either by a speedy reaction, or by going round in a circle, and ending where it began. It would seem that truth alone is everlasting, and that nothing can permanently endure which is founded in wrong or hostile to virtue.

The career of Napoleon ended in hopeless exile, on a barren rock in the lone and melancholy ocean; that of Washington closed in more than meridian splendor, amid the blessings of his country and the increasing admiration of the world. One left behind him little else than the wrecks of his career; the other founded a vast confederation, every day increasing in space, in numbers and prosperity, and which will continue to do so, only just in proportion as it adheres to his maxims and imitates his example. Napoleon was a bright but scorching luminary, scourging the earth with consuming fires; Washington a genial sun, mild yet radiant; enlightening without dazzling; warming without consuming. Both exhibit great moral lessons to the contemplation of mankind; one as a solemn warning, the other as a glorious example.

They were emphatically the two great men of the age, and naturally come into comparison with each other, not only on that score, but because, singular as it may seem, they both greatly contributed to the liberties of mankind; one directly, by building up a magnificent edifice of Freedom in the New World; the other incidentally, by prostrating the ancient fabrics of despotism in the Old, and demonstrating the utter weakness of kings, when unsupported by the confidence and affections of the people.

THE FLOWER AND GEM.

OR THE CHOICE OF GRACE GORDON.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I AM not sure, dear reader, that you would have called Grace Gordon beautiful. *I* used to take it for granted she was, because I never could keep my eyes or my heart from her when she was present. Grace was a brunette. Do you like brunettes? I hope you do; if you don't you wont "take an interest," as my little sister used to say, when she had newly arranged her baby-house; she would tottle to the head of the stairs and call out, in her little shrill, bird-like voice, "Father—mother—Fanny!—come and take an interest!" I wish my call to *you* would be answered as promptly as hers always was.

At any rate, if Grace was not a beauty, she was a darling; a wild, sweet, sunny, frolicsome creature, with great, shy, antelope eyes, that would n't look up when they were wanted, and a mouth whose smile was bewildering. I loved Grace for a thousand reasons, but chiefly because she was once the cause of my being, in my own private opinion, a heroine. From a child I had always had an ardent desire to be a heroine, in some way, I hardly cared what. I was a pet, and was seldom crossed, and therefore to *be* crossed was my chief ambition. At three years of age, I used either to try to be naughty or pretend to be, for the express purpose of *enduring* the punishment. Then I was a martyr, and I gloried in it.

But let us return to Grace. I will tell you a secret, sweet reader; but you must promise not to betray me; for worlds I would not confide it to any one but you. May I trust to your honor? Well, then, I had a lover once! That is, I imagined him a lover; it was a poetical license on my part; for, to tell the truth, I do n't suppose he cared "an individual straw," to quote from a quaint friend at my elbow, about *me*. He was a tall, dark, mysterious-looking, Lara-like man, whom I adored, or fancied I did, for no earthly reason, that I can remember, except that he was poor, —that his name was Percy, and that he had a Byron mouth, a stern, deep voice, which used to thrill me with fear and delight. Well, I was only fifteen years old and he was thirty, and, I suppose, he looked upon me as a mere child, for he used to pet me, and bring me sugar-plums, and call me his "little humming bird." I was proud of his attentions, and fancied I had an exclusive right to them. Alas! I was dolefully deceived.

He did not say he loved me;
  Yet, oh! he used to bring,
To deck my braided tresses,
  The fairest flowers of spring!

He did not say he loved me;
  But, in his earnest eyes,
I thought I saw the secret,
  A thousand times, arise.

He did not say he loved me;
  He did not breathe a vow;
I needed no confession;
  I read it on his brow.

I met it in his glances;
  I heard it in his tone;
I asked not if he loved me;
  I *felt* he was mine own!

He did not say he loved me;
  Yet, oh! he used to sing,
Such songs as thrill the spirit,
  While feeling tunes the string!

But false his dark eye's smiling,
  And false my dream, as brief;
Alas! for man's beguiling!
  For woman's fond belief!

He did not say he loved me;
  Why did he ever bring,
To braid amid my tresses,
  The token-flowers of spring?

Why did he look so fondly?
  Why did he speak so low?
Oh! if he did not love me,
  He should have told me so!

Grace Gordon came to our village on a visit, from her home, in the far West; a party was made for her the night after her arrival, and every one was charmed with the young stranger. Beautiful, witty, affectionate and gay, she was the very being to bewitch my grave and dignified cavalier; and the moment I saw her I felt a presentiment of evil. He was introduced, and oh! how my childish heart ached as I watched his noble head bending over her chair, and heard the low tones which I knew were thrilling her soul. Yes! I knew it by the sudden lifting and dropping of those lovely, yet unfathomable eyes, by the alternate dimple and blush deepening on her cheek, and I went home with a soul full, as I fancied, of anguish, pride, passion, and grandly beautiful resolve. Percy was poor and so was I. Miss Gordon was comparatively rich, and had many influential friends, who might be of service to him in his career. It would be a capital match; every one had said so at the party; and I would do all in *my* power to bring it about. He came as usual the next day. In his manner toward me there was more "empressement" than before, and, from the way in which he spoke of Grace, I found that my imagination had gone too far—

that she had not made so deep an impression as I thought; but I had made up my mind to be a heroine, and I was not to be cheated out of my position in that way. I had determined to be great, and great I was. I assumed a gayety and indifference I did not feel; I called his attention to a thousand little graces in my rival which he had not thought of before; I told him anecdotes of her wit and generosity which charmed him; lastly I took him to see her, and afterward avoided him as much as possible. To complete the romance, I thought myself in duty bound to compose some heart-rending verses on the occasion, which, if I rightly recollect, ran thus:

I cannot forget him!
I 've locked up my soul;
But not till his image
Deep, deep in it stole.

I cannot forget him!
The Future can cast
No flower before me,
So sweet as the Past.

I turn to my books;
But his voice, rich and rare,
Is blent with the genius
That speaks to me there.

I tune my wild lyre,
But I think of the praise,
Too precious, too dear,
Which he lent to my lays!

I cannot forget him!
I try to be gay,
To quell the wild sorrow
That rises alway;

But wilder and darker
It swells, as I try;
If *Heaven* could forget him,
So never can I!

I cannot forget him!
I loved him too well!
His smile was endearment,
His whisper a spell.

I fly from his presence;
Alas! it is vain;
I see him—I hear him—
He 's with me again!

He haunts me forever;
I worship him yet;
Oh! idle endeavor!
I cannot forget!

Grace and I became very intimate, and the affair went charmingly on, until a rich and fashionable admirer of hers, by the name of Walters, followed her to the village. Then I perceived an indecision, a shade of coquetry, in her manner which alarmed me. Percy was too proud to bear with caprice, and I trembled lest his rival should carry off the prize.

One evening I called for her on my way to a party. She was standing, half dressed, at the glass, and turning toward me as I entered, she said, half in sport and half in earnest, "Fanny, which shall I wear?" In one hand she held out a half-blown moss-rose, in the other, a magnificent wreath of leaves, formed entirely of emeralds and gold.

"Oh! the moss-rose, dear Grace, by all means," I replied.

"You little know, Fanny, how much depends upon my choice!—but I will hesitate no longer," and, laying down the jewels, she twined the flower in a rich, dark braid that fell upon her neck. I had unconsciously sealed my own fate—the rose had been sent by Percy, the emerald wreath by his rival, and the former was accompanied by the following lines,

TO GRACE.

If o'er your cheek the blush that plays,
When he who loves you dares to praise,
Be sent by 'wakened Feeling there,
Nor bloom to win the worldling's gaze,
Oh! deign my simple gift to take,
And braid it in your lustrous hair!
For mine, dear Grace, and Love's sweet sake,
Beside the blush, the rose-bud wear!

If, in your voice, the cadence low
That, soft replying, falters so,
Be taught, by Truth and Love, to thrill,
If from your *heart* its accents flow,
Then deign my token-flower to take,
And wear it with a gracious will!
Oh! flower of flowers! for Love's sweet sake,
Be tender and be truthful still!

But if the tone, the blush, be part
Of changeful woman's wily art,
If that soft smile, so fond yet shy,
Speak not the language of the heart,
If that dark lash droop not to hide
The tell-tale. Love, within thine eye,
Then give to air the blossom's pride,
As I, the hope, thou doom'st to die!

Grace wore the rose; and oh! how enchantingly she blushed, as she caught Percy's dark and eloquent eyes bent fondly upon her, on entering the room, at Mrs. Hall's. He was by her side in a moment, and one glance at the pair, as he led her to a seat, showed me my doom was sealed. Never before or since were my spirits so buoyant, so strangely wild and light, as on that eventful evening, and never before or since has my smile been assumed to hide a heart so dark and sad.

I was bridemaid at the wedding; but it was so long ago that I had forgotten I was ever in love with Percy Howard, until last night, at a gay party given by his wife, she pointed out to me the emerald wreath, worn in the fair hair of Mrs. Walters, the bride for whom the party was made—a pretty, but insipid-looking girl—and whispered, as she did so, "I would not give my withered rose—I have it now, dear Fanny—for all the gems she wears!"

"Grace, dear Grace," I exclaimed, clapping my hands with delight, "it is just the thing! May I put you in a story? I must write one for Graham to-morrow, and I want material sadly."

"And I am your 'dernier resort?' Well, Fanny, victimize me if you will; but do n't tell for the world that I gave you leave to do it!" Dear reader, keep her secret.



SOUTHERN VIEWS.

NEW ELEMENTS FOR A NEW COLLEGE

[illegible]

IN IN PLEA[illegible]

[illegible]

Could lure the insect-swarms from orange trees,
That I might hive with me such thoughts, and please
And they will all prove sad enough to sting. E. B. B.



SOUTHERN VIEWS.

NO. II.—GEORGIA FEMALE COLLEGE.

We present in this number a most charming picture from the burin of Smillie, representing one of the most popular Southern institutions. We feel assured that the plan adopted in "Graham," of giving noted scenes of the West and South, in the present volume, must enhance the value of the work to its numerous readers, all over the Union.

Georgia Female College is located in the centre of the State of Georgia. It was founded in 1838, and has been in successful operation since that time. The object of its founders was to furnish to females an opportunity for as thorough and as extensive an education as was afforded to the other sex by our colleges. This the institution now offers. Every department included in a college course, together with the various departments of an ornamental education, is filled by competent teachers. The plan and course of instruction is the same as those of our best colleges, with the exception of the ancient languages, a knowledge of which is not necessary to graduation. The College is well supplied with apparatus for the illustration of every department of science.

At the time the College went into operation, it was certainly in advance of public opinion on the subject of female education; but the opinion is gaining ground, both in our own country and in Europe, that as thorough a disciplinary education should be afforded to the one sex as to the other. This is plainly indicated by the establishment of Queen's College for Females, in Glasgow; by a large institution recently established in Liverpool, and another, supplementary to female boarding schools, at Hackney, one of the firmest advocates of the latter being the accomplished Mrs. Mary Howitt. In all of these, sound learning in its various departments, including even the higher branches of pure mathematics, is the fundamental object. But these are not the only indications that a most radical change is now working in the public mind on this vitally important subject. Numerous volumes within the last few months have appeared in England aiming directly or indirectly to this important point, and some of the most distinguished literary journals are lending their aid to help on the much desired change. The editor of the London Atheneum in a recent number of his journal asks, "How is it that for ages the training of woman has been deemed of less importance than that of man?" No answer can, in reason, be given to the question, but that it has resulted from prejudice and from ignorance of the true objects of education.

The following extract from a little work recently published in Edinburg, "A Plea for Women," by Mrs. Hugo Reid, places the object of education in its true light, and the basis of equality of mental discipline of the two sexes.

"The incalculable greatness of the evil influence which ignorance in its women must bring to bear on any community, and the evident tendency of a race of truly enlightened women to produce, in their turn, a more enlightened race of men, are certainly very good public reasons for the discontinuance of this system toward women. But far from being the only reasons, as is often assumed, neither of these is the best or truest argument for doing away with a system so partial and injurious. The intrinsic value of a human soul, and its infinite capability of improvement, are the true reasons for the culture of any human being, woman no less than man. The grand plea for woman sharing with man all the advantages of education is, that every rational being is worthy of cultivation, for his or her own individual sake. The first object in the education of every mind ought to be its own development. Doubtless the improvement of the influence exerted upon others will be a necessary consequence, but it ought never to be spoken of as the first inducement to it. It is too much the custom, even of the most liberal in these matters, to urge the education and enlightenment of woman rather as a means improving *man*, than as, in itself, an end of intrinsic excellence, which certainly seems to us the first and greatest consideration."

We rejoice at these signs of the times, and we shall still more heartily rejoice when the notion that mental development by severe study is unnecessary for woman is exploded, and when justice shall be done her by our legislators in founding institutions for her mental culture as well as for our sons. D.

PAIN IN PLEASURE.

A THOUGHT lay like a flower upon mine heart,
And drew around it other thoughts, like bees
For multitude and thirst and sweetnesses,—
Whereat rejoicing, I desired the art
Of the Greek whistler, who to wharf and mart
Could lure the insect-swarms from orange trees,
That I might hive with me such thoughts, and please
My soul so always. Foolish counterpart
Of a weak man's vain wishes.—While I spoke,
The thought I called "a flower" grew nettle-rough—
The thoughts called "bees" stung me to festering!
Oh, entertain (my heart cried as it woke)
Your best and gladdest thoughts but long enough,
And they will all prove sad enough to sting. E. B. B.

THE INDIAN LOVERS.

A LEGEND OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

BY H. H. VAN BENSCHOTEN.

THROUGH yonder vale a river flows
  In varying beauty tow'rd the sea:
Now calm, as if it sought repose,
  Now dashing on as wildly free
As the storm-spirit when he flings
A tempest from his airy wings.

And see! a little verdant isle,—
  So softly bright, so dreamy fair
You deem it transient as a smile
  And look to see it fading there,—
Divides the silver stream in twain,
Next moment to unite again.

On that fair isle in days of yore
  A solitary wigwam stood:
A chieftain's home: with one rude door
  Opening upon the flood;—
Another—opposite—looked o'er
  The island's flower-enameled breast.
Unshaded all, from shore to shore,
Save by one giant elm that bore
  Aloft his stately crest.

And stalwart warriors, old and young,
There the wild notes of battle sung
  And danced to the mad sound;—
And there oft blazed the council fire,
And there, when WAR had quenched his ire.
  The calumet went round.
And there, beneath the outspread arms
Of that old elm, the soft alarms,
The o'erfond hopes, the jealous fears,
Of love were breathed in lovers' ears.

Full often launched a youthful brave
His light canoe upon the wave,
And, skimming o'er the silver tide,
Moored it upon the island-side:
And oft, when sober eve had flung
Her dusky mantle o'er the isle,
The soul of that bold warrior hung
Entranced upon a maiden's smile.
And who that saw that maiden, who
  That marked her form's unrivaled grace.
And the bright, rich blood glowing through
  The soft brown of her childlike face;
And who, that saw her raven hair
  In glossy waivlets wildly flowing
O'er neck and rounded shoulders fair,
  And bosom with wild rapture glowing;—
And who, that saw the kindling light
  Of her dark eye, gazing into it,
And dreamed of some dark lake at night,
  With some bright planet trembling through it.
Would pause to ask what was the spell
Flung round that warrior youth so well,
That nerved his arm with double power
Against his foes in battle's hour,
That winged his footsteps in the chase,
  That sped his light bark o'er the water,
Toward that fairy trysting place,
  To meet the island chieftain's daughter?
And who, that marked his noble form,
  His open brow and eagle eye,
The air that breathed around him, warm
  With nature's easy majesty,
Would marvel that the maiden gave
Her wild, warm heart to the young brave!

O! pure as the glad waves that kiss
  The isle with gentle murmurings,
Or the soft breeze whose highest bliss
  Seems lingering there to balm its wings;
Aye, pure as the unsullied light
  The soul receives from Heaven above,
Or Heaven itself:—and scarce less bright
  Was that young maiden's dream of love.

. . . . . .

But hark! from yonder wood-crowned hill
Sounds the wild war-whoop long and shrill!
A hurried word, a brief embrace,
And the young warrior clears the space
To where lies moored his light canoe,
And, waving there a last adieu,
Shoots like an arrow o'er the stream,
And echoes back the martial scream!
From rock and bush, from crag and tree,
  A thousand painted warriors spring!
And O! it stirs the heart to see
  That young brave's goodly following.

But sad is the heart of the young Indian maid,
  For her lover has gone to the war:
And a deep voice hath whispered her spirit, and said,
  "Thou shalt see thy bold warrior no more."

How oft in the midst of the soul's highest joy
  A cloud of dread portent appears,
And the bliss of the morning, that knew no alloy,
  Is turned before evening to tears.

Two moons have wasted, and the war,
  That hurried our young brave away
From his fair island love, is o'er:
  His spirit chafes at each delay
That keeps him from the maiden's side,
For now, with all a victor's pride,
He comes to claim her for his bride.
The trophies that must win the prize,
The red scalps of his enemies,
Which the old island chief requires
Of him who to his girl aspires,
Grim witnesses of valiant blows
  In brave unflinching battle dealt
Upon the bodies of his foes,
  Hang in full number at his belt.

What wonder if his thoughts outrun
His footsteps, rapid though they be,
And ere the race is well begun
Have reached the goal, and revel free,
With Hope and Fancy picturing,
In hues bright as a seraph's wing,
A scene of beauty and of bliss
That mocks all earthly loveliness?
What wonder if no thought of rest
Finds lodgment in his manly breast?
Though night in gloom the way enfolds,
Still onward his sure course he holds;
And though the stars appear by turns,
And hide behind the clouds away,
One light within his bosom burns
That will not, cannot let him stray.

But lo! on yonder height appear
The first light footsteps of the morn;
And now th' impatient brave draws near
That smiling vale, his journey's bourne:—
Before him rises, stern and wild,
The last high ridge of mountains, piled,
A frowning and forbidding screen,
His progress and his hopes between:
O! ever thus, at every stage
Of life's uncertain pilgrimage,
Some envious mountain intervenes
To shut out hope's long cherished scenes:
Thus at each step our day-dreams here,
In Fancy's bright vale ranging free,
Fade, one by one, and disappear
Behind some stern reality!

And now the gallant youth has gained
The summit of that mountain height,
And, rapidly as light, o'erscanned
The valley as it looms in sight:
But lo! what horror hath assailed,
And blasted, as it were, his eyes?
He who in battle never quailed
Nor winked before his enemies!
Why stands he fixed and rooted now
Upon the frowning mountain's brow,
Amid those pines that, thunder-riven,
Still point their shattered trunks to heaven?
Alas! alas! the lightning wing
Of sudden, dark, relentless wo
Has scathed his soul, just hovering
Upon the verge of bliss below!
Before him, where the smiling vale
With its bright stream and sunny isle,—
Caressed by each soft summer gale—
Looked heavenward ever, with a smile,
Now rolls in majesty and might—
From mountain-side to mountain-side,
Hiding each loved scene from his sight—
One sweeping, rushing, foaming tide!

A glance hath told that eager youth
The sad, the paralyzing truth,
That from the island, sire nor daughter
Hath 'scaped to tell the fearful tale
Of the mad havoc of the water
In its first rush upon the vale;—
For yonder, in the tangled top
Of the drowned willow, just in view—
Their only means, their only hope—
Lies, half-submerged, their bark canoe!

THE NAMELESS BARD.

BY J. B TAYLOR.

They keep his memory yet—
That gentle-souled, that meek-eyed, dreaming boy!
They speak of him, as if there were a joy
Even in their sad regret,
To breathe his name who gladdened once their eyes—
Like a meek angel in a mortal's guise!

Still speak they of the child
Who from the merriest sport would steal away,
Where his young brothers gathered at their play,
To seek some dim-wood wild;
Where through the boughs the blue sky's summer smile
Shone on his heart, in quiet joy the while.

All creatures shared his love;
His pure heart flowed in kindness out to all
Freely as do the warm, glad sunbeams fall.
It seemed as if the dove,
Morning in secret, ceased when he was near,
And rang the woodland robin's note more clear.

But childhood passed away;
Cares that he could not brave came o'er his track—
Awhile he struggled on the world's grim rack,
Keeping his heart at bay;
But vainly shrinking spirits war with pride—
The world looked coldly on him—and he died!

His was no coward heart
That feared to meet misfortune; he could bear,
If men but loved him, any weight of care,
But could not dwell apart,
Checking his proud desires, since none might know
From what far height the poet's feelings flow.

And so he early died;
A spirit walking the dull earth alone—
Its bright and heavenly nature never known!
The glory and the pride
Of a pure soul forever lost to earth,
Crushed by man's avarice in its hour of birth.

There are proud names in song;
Lays caught from Heaven have pealed from earthly lyres,
And bards have taught the world their glorious fires
To higher spheres belong;
Men own their power when Time has tried their strain,
Yet doom the Nameless Bard to wo and pain!

They see the light afar,
Blind to the jewel glowing at their feet,
Till death has claimed a life at best too fleet;
While, like a new-born star,
Another soul, released from earthly wrong,
Has joined the glorious Brotherhood of Song!

THE AGE OF PERICLES.

BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

(*Concluded from page* 14.)

LET us now turn to the more pleasing view of her arts and letters.

The time we choose for this, is that between the years 440 and 436 B. C. Pericles had then been for more than twenty years at the head of affairs, and during nearly the whole time exerting his great influence and taste in encouraging the liberal Arts and the embellishment of the city. For this purpose he freely used the treasure of the allies, which he transferred from Delos to Athens, asserting that as the Athenians had driven off the Persians, they had a right to the funds contributed for the war. The abundance and beauty of the Pentelican marble, quarried at but a small distance from the city, greatly facilitated his designs; without it, indeed, their execution would have been impracticable. Yet with all these advantages, we cannot choose but wonder that art, which was itself in infancy when Pericles was in his cradle, could in so short a time have attained an excellence which has since received the admiration of the world.

The Athenian people strongly seconded the efforts of Pericles to beautify their city, now doubly dear because once lost by invasion, and, as they fondly thought, doubly secured by the Persian defeat. The artist was encouraged to put forth his best skill for the gratification of their passionate wish, and in the lull of peace ambition sought that fame, which was no longer to be won upon the sea or the battle-field, in the graceful triumphs of art and letters. The Athenians crowned not only the victorious general or naval commander, but also the poet, the architect, the historian, the musician, painter and sculptor.

The *Acropolis* was most dear to Athenian pride. It was a precipitous rock distant several miles from the Piræus, rising to the height of a hundred and fifty feet, accessible only on the western side, and there by a sharp acclivity. The summit was nearly plane, about a thousand feet long, and in no part more than five hundred feet wide. Upon it and around it were clustered the richest and most numerous treasures of Athenian skill and magnificence, for it was sacred by a thousand associations, religious and patriotic. It was the first object that the home-bound mariner saw as he turned the Cape of Sunium, and there, like Ægeus the father of Theseus, were the Athenians wont to ascend and look for the expected fleet with omens of victory. From its western height they saw spread around and beneath them their proud city, with its mighty walls reaching the harbor, where lay awaiting a summons to conflict and victory their multitude of many-banked galleys. Thence they looked on Salamis, whose shores were once washed red with the blood of their enemies, and by turning their glance, they saw winding over the mountain the road to Marathon, and the more distant Platea. No wonder they adorned that height, and invoked the genii of painting, sculpture and architecture to enrich the decoration.

On the western cliff, at the entrance of the platform, stood the *Propylon*, or the Portico, the work of Mnesicles the architect. It was of the purest Pentelican marble, which in its ruins to this day sparkles like snow on which a golden sunbeam has fallen. Its fronts, eastern and western, were each sixty feet broad, with six fluted Doric columns, twenty-nine feet high, supporting a noble pediment adorned by most exquisite sculptures, and enriched by a profusion of golden and painted decorations. On the western side there are two projections or wings, with three columns each. The sacred processions passed through the columns of the Propylæa, there being on either side of the chariot-way a grand flight of steps. On either side stood a building. That on the right was the temple of Victory, whose statue was wingless, in memory of the fatal mistake of Theseus, who forgot to announce his victory by hoisting a white sail as he came round Sunium, and thus caused the suicide of his father; or as some say from the proud notion of the Athenians that victory would never leave their citadel. This building had four Ionic columns on its outer and three on its inner front, and its frieze presented sculptures of the battle of Marathon. That on the left was the Poecile, the walls of which were occupied with historical paintings by Polygnotus.

About three hundred feet from the Propylon was the matchless PARTHENON, or temple of the Virgin Minerva, the pride of Greece, the glory of architecture, and the admiration of all succeeding ages. It stood, or rather stands, for though in ruins, the classic pilgrim may still admire its beauty and lament its decay, upon an elevation sufficient to give its perfect proportions full display, without the artifice of a high basement, by which so many of our buildings are lifted up to view. But three steps sufficed to enter upon its platform. The whole building stood upon the ground about 227 feet in length, by 101 in breadth, and its height to the top of its pediment 66 feet. It had eight fluted Doric columns on each front, and seventeen on each side, six feet in diameter, and thirty-four in height. Within each front range was a second screen of columns, five feet and a half in diameter, forming a vestibule to the lofty door, to which there was an ascent of two steps. Each pediment contained a span eighty feet wide, which was filled with sculpture of colossal

groups, that on the western side representing the contest of Minerva and Neptune for the tutelary rule of Athens, and that on the other the birth of Minerva, full grown and full armed, from the head of Jupiter. There were nearly twenty figures in each. Each metope (the space between the triglyphs, or the grooved ornaments representing the extremities of the ancient rafters) of which there were ninety-two in number, a little more than four feet square, described by figures in *alto relievo* various scenes, battles of the Amazons, struggles of Centaurs and Lapithæ, or exploits of early Athenians; and on the uninterrupted frieze along the inner fronts was seen the crowd of a Panathenaic procession. These figures, most of them seen at the height of forty feet, are worthy of intense praise, whether considered as groups or single figures. The ancient critics were unbounded in their admiration of them, and the moderns are justified by the remains in the Elgin collection if they agree with the suffrage of antiquity. The interior of the Parthenon was divided into two compartments, the smaller of which was the Opisthodome, or treasure-house, of Athens, and the larger the peculiar shrine of the virgin goddess where stood her lofty statue. The proud grandeur of the whole, and the exquisite beauty of its detail, require the genius of an architect and the pen of a poet to describe them. It has ever been the study of the emulous architect, content to imitate, but never dreaming of excelling the work of far antiquity.

Such was the temple that crowned the Acropolis. It was the shrine of virgin Truth, and its Pentelican was white as snow new fallen to earth. It was the shrine of deified Wisdom, simple in harmonious purity and massive in majestic strength. It was the shrine of female excellence, and its Doric proportions were moulded with scarcely less than masculine vigor yet feminine grace. So plastic did the marble seem to have been beneath the chisel, that it was as though the goddess had descended from the sky with a spotless cloud about her, and when she reached the spot she would consecrate, it had gently sunk into the form her celestial taste had chosen, and with a touch of her Gorgon ægis she had turned it into stone. Yet not before the gigantic shapes of gods had started forth in crowded grandeur on its fronts, the multitude of worshipers in graceful confusion rushed along its architraves, the infuriate but beautiful Amazon struggled in fight with victorious Greeks, and the Centaurs combining in wonderful anatomy the trunk and limbs of the war-horse with the other parts of man, resisted in vain with trampling hoof and bloody spear the vengeful Lapithæ, rising in wrath from the dishonored banquet.

There were other buildings on the Acropolis, but as they were replaced by those of more modern date we need not speak of them. But near its southeastern base the splendid taste of Pericles displayed itself in the *Odëon*, or Concert House, and the Theatre of Bacchus, which he completed and adorned. The Odeon was built with the fantastic, though not ungraceful, design of imitating the tent of Xerxes, surmounted by a circular roof which was constructed with the spars of the Persian ships taken at Salamis. The Theatre, or Temple of Bacchus, was semicircular in form, and capable of containing thirty thousand spectators, being built against the side of the Acropolis, and with ranges of seats hewn out of the rock, around the concavity, rising above each other as they receded from the centre. Ancient authors however give us a much better idea of its interior than its external architecture.

Other buildings, built shortly before or after the time of Pericles, might claim our attention, but those we have briefly described will give some faint idea of the perfection and splendor to which Athenian architecture was brought by the energy and genius of that extraordinary man, aided by Phidias, Mnesicles, Ictinus and Callicrates. We wonder the more when we consider the short time which sufficed for the construction of these prodigies of magnificence and skill; the Parthenon having been completed in less than fifteen years, the Propylæa in still less, and all in twenty-five.

Sculpture rivaled architecture in rapidity of improvement, or rather they went hand in hand. Phidias, in his daring and colossal genius, left his predecessors by rapid strides far behind. His statue of Minerva, in the Parthenon, was, with its pedestal, forty feet high, yet, notwithstanding its size, so anxious was he to excel in the fineness of its execution, that he wrought it of ivory upon a frame of wood, but so curiously, that it seemed to be one entire piece, exquisitely polished. The robe of the goddess was of beaten gold, in value at least 550,000 dollars, and made in such a way that it might be removed at pleasure, as it was when Phidias, having been accused of purloining some of the precious metal allowed him for the purpose, weighed it before the assembly of the people. In her right hand stood a statue of Victory, six feet high, and her left supported a spear. Her helmet, her breast-plate and sandals and girdle were covered with emblematic figures, and the immense ægis at her side with the battles of the Amazons.

Yet wonderful as this statue was, another, from the hand of the same master, excelled it in grandeur, the Minerva Polias, cast in bronze, from the spoils of Marathon, the height of which was so great that the mariner on doubling Sunium (a distance of forty miles) saw the top of her helmet and spear, as she sat in the open translucent air on the Acropolis. Another Minerva, by Phidias also, in bronze, and on the Acropolis, sent as a present to Athens by the Lemnians, excelled both in beauty; while a statue of Jupiter Olympius, at Elis, of gold and ivory, is said by the voice of antiquity to have been the master work of all. These were only a few of his works, for Phidias excelled as much in rapidity of execution as in the originality, vastness and beauty of his conceptions. His skill being not only in marble, but in castings and ivory, shows a combination of talent, giving him undisputed eminence over every other sculptor, ancient or modern.

As might be inferred, when sculpture had reached such perfection, painting had made no small advances. It is true, that, being ignorant of oil as a vehicle, and also of many means of coloring, the ancient painter

enjoyed far fewer advantages than the modern, yet we have good reason to believe that the artists about the time of Pericles were eminently successful in their exhibition of the grand and the beautiful. It cannot have been, that those who had before them the sculptures of Phidias would have lavished such praises upon his brethren of the pencil, had they been ill-deserved. The taste, which was so highly cultivated by the one art, would not have been satisfied by poverty in the other. Indeed such compositions as we know were produced by them could not have been executed without much practical knowledge of perspective and coloring.

Panæus, the brother of Phidias, adorned the sculptor's works with his pencil, for, however repugnant to modern taste, they did sometimes paint the eyes and countenance, and, perhaps, the drapery, of statues, as they painted and gilded their architecture. Polygnotus (who might be called the Michael Angelo of that day in painting) described, on the walls of the Poecile, the forms of heroes with such grandeur of outline and expression, that his men were said to look like gods; and he lived afterward, by a vote of the Amphictyonic Council, as guest of all Greece. His style must have been very bold, simple and pure. Zeuxis and Parrhasius were both very young at the time of Pericles, but they soon became as famous for coloring and moral expression as Polynotus had been for vigor of outline.

Lucian describes a picture by Zeuxis, in which he represented a female Centaur and her young, while the father playfully holds up a lion's cub to frighten his offspring; and another of Jupiter in full assembly of the gods. No one can doubt that great ability in the execution of such conceptions must have been displayed to make them worthy of the praise bestowed upon them. So highly valued were the pictures of Zeuxis, that he became one of the richest men of his day, and refused to paint any longer for money. In the earlier part of his life he exhibited some of his pictures, at least his Helen, for a certain admission price, which, or the large sum he gained by it, excited the anger of his brother artists, and led them to bestow upon his picture a not very enviable name. It was, undoubtedly, the first instance of such an exhibition.

Parrhasius, whom Horace designates as "ille liquidis coloribus," was probably yet more finished in his coloring. He is said to have had the skill so rare, which Corregio possessed, of losing the contours of his forms, so as to give the idea of roundness without making the defining line too distinct. But with the grace of Corregio, and the coloring of Titian, he had (alas!) the licentious taste of the latter, and it is not much to his credit, that one of his pictures was the chief favorite of a Roman Cæsar most notorious for his vile tastes.

Of the music of the Greeks, at this period, we know but little. The whole subject is involved in great obscurity. Great attention was paid to it by all the Greeks from the most remote antiquity, and it was considered both as an elegant accomplishment, and, for its moral effects, an essential part of education. The people paid high honor to the best performers, and the magnificent Odeon, erected for musical entertainments, shows their fondness for such refined enjoyment. They recognized quarter tones in their scale, and seem to have had remarkable delicacy of ear. Their instruments, though they spent great pains in their construction, were poor, and would not allow of such harmonies as those with which our modern masters ravish and overpower our delighted sense. Their vocal performances were probably in a nicely modulated recitative; and indeed their plays must have resembled the modern opera, not only in the choruses and ballets, which were produced with great care and expense, but also in the speaking parts of the drama.

The drama of the Athenians is worthy of notice from the moralist as well as the scholar. Perhaps a few remarks may interest all our readers.

The origin of the drama is found in the worship of Bacchus; who, though vulgarly known to us as the God of Wine, was a deity of much higher pretensions, being thought to preside over production generally. The hymns or songs sung in his honor were of a very serious and dignified character, and being originally extemporaneous, the best improvisation on the occasion received *a goat* as the prize. Hence the word *Tragedy*, or song of the goat. Other songs in the merry-makings which followed among the vintagers, who often disguised themselves as Satyrs, would be characterized by rustic wit and personalities. Hence came the word *Comedy*, or song of the village, and also satire. Gradually, both tragedy and comedy obtained a more regulated character, and assumed the form in which they have reached us, by the genius of the great dramatic authors we have named and their followers.

The writer is far from agreeing with those who think the modern drama a good school of morals. If it be so, it has had very few good scholars. But, it ought to be remembered that at a time when there were neither schools nor teachers, nor journals, nor methods for multiplying books, such as we possess, for the people at large, the drama furnished, in the absence of better means, an opportunity, almost the only one, of impressing the multitude with lessons of virtue, familiar and public; and the tragic writers of the Greeks are eminently pure and elevated in their sentiments. There is not a line in them all which ought to brighten the bloom of a modest cheek. But all the wit of their comedies cannot reconcile us to their grossness and scurrility. The consequence was, that the magistrates, as guardians of public morals, greatly encouraged tragic representations, but were anxious to suppress the dangerous freedom of the farce, which, however, they found difficult to do. (It was suppressed for some years about the time of which we speak.) For the reasons given, the Temple of Bacchus became the theatre in which the dramatists exhibited their pieces, at great personal expense, to gain the applause of their countrymen. A small price was charged for admission, but Pericles caused the tickets to be paid for out of the public treasury.

The theatre was, as we have seen, capable of con-

taining at the least thirty thousand spectators. It was semi-circular in form, the straight line presenting the stage. The scenery, though seldom changed, was provided at great cost, and was very effective. They had nearly all the machinery of modern theatres, with pulleys to let down or hoist up their deities, and trap-doors for ghosts and furies to issue from. They made thunder by rattling bladders filled with stones upon sheets of metal, and lightning by flashing torches from the side scenes. There were never more (legitimately) than three principal performers on the stage at a time. Thespis introduced one, distinct from the chorus, Æschylus two, Sophocles a third. The actors had their stature artificially heightened by boots, called *cothurni*, and their stuffed dresses enlarged their size correspondingly. They also wore large masks and artificial curls; so that, altogether, their figures were colossal, to produce a proper effect upon the more distant spectators. These masks were artificially contrived to increase the sound of the voice; to which also the shape of the stage contributed, and there were beside hollow jars arranged in a graduated scale, which swelled the sound by reverberation. From the name *Hypocrita*, or interlocutor, given to the actors, has come our modern term intimating deception.

Beside the principal actors, it is well known that there was a *chorus*, (originally signifying persons dancing, or moving to music,) composed of men and boys, (females were not allowed to act in the drama,) who, in a chanted recitation and alternation of responses, kept up the thread of the plots for the audience. But this chorus never, or at least very rarely, appeared on the stage. They occupied a sort of pit between the stage and the audience, called the orchestra, about which they moved in a species of descriptive ballet, as they observed the performance of the actors, or turned to the audience as they filled up the pauses of the dialogue or trilogue with their modulated recitation.

These exhibitions were very popular at Athens, and occurred several times in the year, but always in daylight. Some writers have asserted that women were not allowed to attend these exhibitions, but that is a mistake. We know of several instances of their being in the theatre, particularly one, when Æschylus brought at least fifty furies rushing on the stage, whose appearance frightened many women and children into fits, in consequence of which the number of that chorus was reduced by law.

Let us suppose ourselves to have entered the theatre, during a representation, about the time of which we are treating, and we may discover many among the audience whose names are familiar to us by history.

There, intently watching the performance, is one of low stature, whose anxious countenance is indicative rather of genius than high birth. It is Euripides, whose play of Medea is now on the stage. Near him sits another, evidently intent upon the performance, with pleasure, whose handsome countenance has acquired dignity and serenity from years. It is his generous rival, Sophocles. On the other side is a friend of Euripides, to whose assistance, it is more than suspected, the play owes much of its success. His face a mere physiognomist might condemn, but whose head to the eye of a phrenologist shows great thought, benevolence and veneration. It is Socrates, as yet in the prime of life. That venerable man, whom the people regard with such respect, is Herodotus, and by his side sits Thucydides, with severe but youthful brow, emulous of his fame, but soon to exceed it as the master historian of the world. That noble personage, surrounded by troops of friends, and remarkable for his brow like Jove, and the length of his head, which also rises to a point, (so that old Cratinus says he carries the Odeon on it,) is Pericles himself. There seems a slight but very beautiful boy by his side, wrapped in a close mantle; it is the Milesian Aspasia, who has assumed such a disguise, because women of fashion are not presumed to attend the theatre. The young, handsome dandy behind, with the dashing robe and Apollo curls, is the young Alcibiades, very clever, very rich, and very much of a roué. He, not so young, but as much of an exquisite, who is whispering some caustic joke, with curled lips, into his ear, is Aristophanes, the most perfect master of the Greek language, the most unscrupulous satirist, and the best punster ever known. There, too, is a crowd of artists, honorably seated in reward of their genius; but you will look in vain among them for Phidias. He has been banished, with his teacher Anaxagorus, on a false charge of treason, and is now at Elis, revenging himself upon ungrateful Athens, by the execution of his Jupiter Olympius, the greatest work of antiquity.

The catalogue cannot be completed here. These were but a few of the Athenian names which gave glory to the Age of Pericles, and are yet written high on the pillars of fame.

The scenes of all this splendor have long since passed away. The beautiful sky and the clear atmosphere are still there. Time has dealt kindly with the artists' trophies, not daring even to dim the sparkling purity of the marble hallowed by the chisel of Mnesicles and Phidias. But the Goth and the Venetian and the Turk have been more cruel, and the Briton most cruel of all. English gold bought the sacrilegious privilege of wrenching from metopæ, frieze and pediment, what time and the barbarian had spared. The turbaned representative of Moslem oppression dropped a tear as the last image of all those beautiful creations was torn from the wall upon which, with its companions of superhuman beauty, it had seemed to live for more than two thousand years. "Τλως!" exclaimed the Disdar Aga of Athens, as he saw it fall, from the very spot where the Olympian may have stood to admire his finished monument of Athenian skill, magnificence and taste. The shattered forms of that immortal dream of genius, which Callicrates and Ictinus had translated into living Pentelican, are now ranged along the mean walls of a sombre gallery, in smoky, misty London, never again to reflect from their sparkling snow the sun of Greece, which had smiled upon them in cherishing love. The Parthenon, like Niobe in her stony and majestic wo, throws the shadow of her desolation over the dust of the glory

of Greece. Athens lies prostrate on the Attic shore, dishonored, broken, stained by the foot of the spoiler, and blackened by the torch, yet retaining in each insulted feature, each fractured limb, each fold of drapery, a dignity, serenity and grace, that win admiring wonder for her bygone loveliness, and tears for her decay.

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress;
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild, angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of that pallid cheek;—
And but for that sad, shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it would impart
The doom he dreads yet dwells upon.—
Some moments, aye, a treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed.
The first, last look by death revealed.
Such is the aspect of that show,
'T is Greece, but living Greece no more.
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair
We start, for SOUL is wanting there—
Hers is the loveliness of death,
That parts not with the parting breath,
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
The hue which haunts it to the tomb,
A halo circling round decay,
Expression's last receding ray,
The farewell beam of feeling past away,
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams but warms no more its cherished earth.
Clime of the unforgotten brave,
Whose land from shore to mountain-cave,
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave,
Shrine of the mighty, can it be
That this is all remains of thee?"

. . . . . .

Yet there is a light now falling softly and sweetly upon prostrate Athens—not the dying ray of mortal genius, but the breaking light of heaven-sent hope. There is a lamp burning within that mournful sepulchre, the Word of Life and Immortality, held forth by the hand of American piety, and fed by the zeal of American Christians. Under the shadow of the Acropolis humble missionaries of the cross, from this western land, tell the children of those who wandered through the groves of the academy, or lingered around the teacher of the porch, that the Just Man of Plato hath come; that Divine Virtue, in all the sympathies of human trial and duty, has passed triumphant by the ordeal he proposed, of contempt and slander, the scourge and the cross; that the Master whom Socrates promised to the young Alcibiades, as the guide in the path of prayer that leads to heaven, is now the Intercessor and Advocate of all earth's suppliants, and that "the Unknown God, whom their fathers ignorantly worshiped," is now made manifest by the faith of Jesus. The young Athenians, in a school where the lisping child is wiser than the best ancient that ever grew hoary in the love of wisdom, recite the words of Jesus in the sonorous accents of Demosthenes and Lysias, or chant their Christian hymns in the li measures of Alcœus and Pindar, amid the ruins once echoed to the boisterous Phallic and the ing Dithyramb.

How poor is the art and fame of those humble missionaries, as they mind in the image of the Son of G to adorn the inner shrine of Her by far reaching prayer fire fr their work! How feeble a seon and the Parthenon building of living stone quarry of ignorance foundation of apost self being the chi of God through t Parian shall crumb the shrine-capt hills s last destiny, but then sha Zion of God imperishable,

Beautiful Religion! which cross and the altar, feels the ou love for the souls of distant and clasps in the faith of brotherhood t faces we have never looked; which con of selfish and useless luxuries into riches for the poor in knowledge; which goes for martyr's heroism to win victories of mercy ov somed minds; which pursues its triumphal wa the heavenly gate, surrounded and followed, not by bloody trophies and chained captives, but by thankful penitents, widows smiling in their sackcloth, and orphans rosy with joy, and heathen blessing the name of Jesus! What have Arms, Arts, Letters, Philosophy like this? Would that this religion sanctified and ennobled us all!

Lovely wert thou, Athens, in thy classic grace. The very dust of thy marbles is precious in our eyes, for the feet of those have walked upon it who have been the friends of pleasant hours in the morning dream, or when the midnight lamp shed its light upon the yellow page their genius made vocal with thought and the melody of numbers. But thine was the beauty of a sepulchre, for the corruption was deep within thee. Fain would we turn the eyes of all who read this story of Athens, to gaze, in hope of an inheritance within it, upon that city of God, built for his people, beautiful as love, lasting as immortality, and holy as Himself.

THE YOUNG POETESS.

She dwells in her ideal dreams,
A spirit pure and high;
And Paradise is caught, in gleams,
From her uplifted eye!

She sees in every plant a sign
That points to things above:
Of earth, yet more than half divine,
'T were heaven to win her love!

J.

of Greece. Athens lies prostrate on the Attic shore, dishonored, broken, stained by the foot of the spoiler, and blackened by the torch, yet retaining in each insulted feature, each fractured limb, each fold of drapery, a dignity, serenity and grace, that win admiring wonder for her bygone loveliness, and tears for her decay.

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress;
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild, angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of that pallid cheek;—
And but for that sad, shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where 'cold obstruction's' apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it would impart
The doom he dreads yet dwells upon,—
Some moments, aye, a treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed.
Such is the aspect of that show,
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more.
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair
We start, for SOUL is wanting there—
Hers is the loveliness of death,
That parts not with the parting breath,
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
The hue which haunts it to the tomb,
A halo circling round decay,
Expression's last receding ray,
The farewell beam of feeling past away,
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams but warms no more its cherished earth.
Clime of the unforgotten brave,
Whose land from shore to mountain-cave,
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave,
Shrine of the mighty, can it be
That this is all remains of thee?"

. . . . . .

Yet there is a light now falling softly and sweetly upon prostrate Athens—not the dying ray of mortal genius, but the breaking light of heaven-sent hope. There is a lamp burning within that mournful sepulchre, the Word of Life and Immortality, held forth by the hand of American piety, and fed by the zeal of American Christians. Under the shadow of the Acropolis humble missionaries of the cross, from this western land, tell the children of those who wandered through the groves of the academy, or lingered around the teacher of the porch, that the Just Man of Plato hath come; that Divine Virtue, in all the sympathies of human trial and duty, has passed triumphant by the ordeal he proposed, of contempt and slander, the scourge and the cross; that the Master whom Socrates promised to the young Alcibiades, as the guide in the path of prayer that leads to heaven, is now the Intercessor and Advocate of all earth's suppliants, and that "the Unknown God, whom their fathers ignorantly worshiped," is now made manifest by the faith of Jesus. The young Athenians, in a school where the lisping child is wiser than the best ancient that ever grew hoary in the love of wisdom, recite the words of Jesus in the sonorous accents of Demosthenes and Lysias, or chant their Christian hymns in the liquid measures of Alcæus and Pindar, amid the ruins which once echoed to the boisterous Phallic and the thundering Dithyramb.

How poor is the art and fame of Phidias beside those humble missionaries, as they mould immortal mind in the image of the Son of God, refine its beauty to adorn the inner shrine of Heaven, and bring down by far reaching prayer fire from the skies to animate their work! How feeble are the glories of the Theseon and the Parthenon beside the temple they are building of living stones, hewn and polished from the quarry of ignorance and sin, and "built upon the foundation of apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone," "for an habitation of God through the spirit." The Pentelican and the Parian shall crumble amid the fires of the final change, the shrine-capt hills sink beneath the flood of Time's last destiny, but then shall that temple stand upon the Zion of God imperishable, and radiating eternal glory.

Beautiful Religion! which, kneeling before the cross and the altar, feels the outrushing inspiration of love for the souls of distant and unknown men, and clasps in the faith of brotherhood those upon whose faces we have never looked; which converts the price of selfish and useless luxuries into riches of wisdom for the poor in knowledge; which goes forth with a martyr's heroism to win victories of mercy over ransomed minds; which pursues its triumphal way to the heavenly gate, surrounded and followed, not by bloody trophies and chained captives, but by thankful penitents, widows smiling in their sackcloth, and orphans rosy with joy, and heathen blessing the name of Jesus! What have Arms, Arts, Letters, Philosophy like this? Would that this religion sanctified and ennobled us all!

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UNIV. OF MICH.

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GERTRUDE VON HALEN.

OR THE BOAT-RACE OF BROUVERSHAVEN.

BY HENRY W. HERBERT.

The sun had set, red and lowering, over the inundated meadows, that lay stretched for miles on miles around the beleaguered walls of Ziriczee—beleaguered by the fierce Spaniards of Mondragone thirsting for blood, and insatiate of plunder—nor was it the great natural sun only that had this evening sunk beneath the horizon, the grand light-giver and adorner of the world; but hope likewise, that sun of the moral and intellectual world, had set to the brave men of Zealand.

Every thing thus far had favored the besiegers, and the undaunted resolution of Mondragone, in marching his tremendous and irresistible legions through wide arms of the sea, and overcoming natural obstacles deemed hitherto impregnable, if it had not broken down the valor, had yet dispirited the souls of the stout Protestants of Schowen, and led them to consider resistance, although it were their duty, a point of honor only and religion, but wholly desperate and vain.

The wily leader of Philip's Spanish veterans, at that time the finest and most famous infantry in Europe, although as cruel and licentious as they were gallant and determined, knew far too much of strategy to risk his men in rash onslaughts against works defended by men rendered desperate by the sense of intolerable wrongs, and fighting for their hearths and homes, their own lives, and their women's honor. He left them to a foe more cruel and unsparing even than the sword of the Castilian Papist—to hunger, and, its companion ever in besieged and crowded cities, the pestilence that slays at noon-day alike, and in the silent night.

When the amphibious Zealanders broke down their dykes, and suffered the wild waters—which for years it had been their labor to exclude, and their pride to conquer—to pour in over their cultivated fields, drowning their valuable cattle, sweeping away their rich harvests, covering their choice lands with the barren ooze and bitter marl of those stagnant seas, destroying in one hour the fruit of centuries, the Spanish general had drawn off his men, and posted them in strong forts built everywhere along the margins of the artificial deluge, and mounted with the heaviest ordnance, determined that no food or succors should be thrown into the starving town, and confident that sooner or later it must surrender to his arms.

The efforts, on the other hand, of the Prince of Orange and the confederates had been from the beginning to introduce men and provisions, at it mattered not what risk of life, to the unhappy city.

For this purpose a small canal had been cut from the great arm of the sea, separating the island of Schowen from Duveland, which had been forded by Mondragone in his first advance, and the banks of this lesser cut had been so strongly fortified by the Zealanders that, while they retained possession of their works, they could introduce flat-bottomed vessels capable of traversing the inundation from the Grevelingen Channel, which was occupied by their admiral, Boissot, in considerable force; and so long the citizens of Ziriczee were well supplied and cheerfully determined in resistance.

After awhile, however, by his great skill in expedients, Mondragone contrived to lock up the mouth of the small canal, stationing his great ships where the water was deepest, and drawing a stacado from each side through the shallows, which he united finally with strong iron chains, and so rendered all access impracticable.

When this was finished it became necessary for the Protestants to discover some new means of giving assistance to their friends, and, with his wonted energy, the Prince of Orange had strained every nerve to do this by means of another cut, made from the same canal; but here too the Spaniards anticipated him, occupying the greater part of their forces, and planting heavy batteries on the edge of the cut, so that a few days before the commencement of my narrative they had beat off Count Hohenloe, a German nobleman of most unquestionable spirit and resolution, with great loss, and established permanent fortifications on the spot.

On the morning which gave birth to this red and stormy afternoon the hopes of the men of Ziriczee had been raised to the highest pitch of expectation—and it was time that they should be raised, for it was many days since the soldiers even and defenders of the place had tasted any thing but the flesh of dogs and horses, while the burghers and those that were useless in action had fared even more wretchedly, on rats and mice and the weeds that grew on the ramparts, and even on soup made from shoe-leather and sword-belts—the women only of the place and the sick had been supplied with an ounce or two of flour and a small modicum of wine daily, but even these miserable supplies had now failed; and of the filthiest and most sordid food there was not now enough left to supply the garrison for another day.

On this morning, however, their hopes had been raised by the arrival of two carrier-pigeons with letters from the Prince of Orange, announcing that at noon he should attack the Spanish force at the village of Dreischer with such a power as would, he hoped,

ensure success, and warning them to hold their gates in hand in readiness to receive the supplies at an early hour of the afternoon.

From daybreak they had been on the alert, and when, at about ten o'clock, they heard from the right direction heavy discharges, and then the sustained and regular roar of a constant cannonade, and that too seeming to approach nearer and nearer, their hearts became glad and jocund, and they felt certain that they were relieved already. At one o'clock a third pigeon was seen winging its way toward the city from the dense smoke-clouds which had mantled the horizon to the northeastward in the blackest gloom. Welcome as Noah's messenger, when it came back with the olive branch, this bird brought, like those which preceded it, good tidings. The prince had succeeded in his first attack, had thrown the Spaniards into confusion, and carried off the cannon from one of their batteries—there could be now no doubt of his success, for he was winning his way everywhere at the pike's point.

The walls of Ziriczee rang loud and long with wild and repeated cheering, the towers and steeples were dressed out triumphantly with flags and streamers, and in the churches the Te Deum was sung prematurely for the defeat of the Spaniards, and the aid vouchsafed to them from on high.

It was sung prematurely, for long, and loud, and evenly balanced continued throughout the greater part of the day the roar of the cannonading, and hopes rose and fell alternately; but toward night it was clear that the sounds of firing were advancing no longer toward the city, nor stationary even, but now receding rapidly toward the Grevelingen Channel, and down that seaward, as if the confederates were flying for Outdorp or Goeree. As it grew darker, the glare as of some great conflagration could be distinguished far off to the eastward, and within two hours a boat with a white flag approached the water-gate of Ziriczee, and proclamation was made, after a long pacific flourish from a Spanish trumpet, "that the confederates had been entirely defeated; the admiral, Boissot, with his flag-ship and all his crew cut off and killed, and the prince now in full retreat, and at this moment lying off Brouvershaven, to repair his shattered squadron previous to bearing off for the Texel." To this intelligence was added an offer, from Mondragone, of more favorable terms than had been as yet granted to any of the revolted cities, the lives and property of all the citizens being guaranteed to them on the general's honor. But with the offer was coupled a positive declaration that, in case of the town's holding out beyond twenty-four hours, the garrison should be put to the sword, the city plundered for a week, the burghers decimated, and the women given up to the mercy of the Spanish soldiery—and Naerden and Haerlem had taught men well to comprehend the meaning of those words, "Spanish mercy."

The governor of the place, Adrian von Halen, had hurried to the walls as soon as it was known that a communication from the besiegers was at hand, and when he heard the fatal news the tears streamed down his withered cheeks to his gray beard, and he beat his steel breastplate with his bare hands till the blood gushed from beneath his nails in the violence of his emotion, unmarked and unheeded. In a moment or two, however, he in some sort recovered his equanimity, although he well knew that longer defence was hopeless, and that but little confidence could be placed in the good faith of any Spanish treaty.

Directing then his trumpeter to reply with a note of parley, he asked permission to send out a boat's crew, unarmed, with a trusty person on board, to whom a safe conduct should be given together with a hostage, in order to ascertain the fact of the confederates' discomfiture and retreat.

"And, in case," he continued, "all that you tell us is confirmed by our own countrymen, we will submit ourselves at noon to-morrow, and open our gates to Count Mondragone, trusting to his good faith and honor, and to God's everlasting mercy, for our preservation according to the terms you have offered."

"And if we refuse this permission," shouted a harsh voice from the boat, "how will you help yourselves then, I pray you?"

"I will tell you," replied the old man; "we will cut off our left arms and feed upon them, and fight you with our right hands only, and when that food shall fail us, we will kill our women and children, and set our town on fire, and sally out and fall sword in hand, harming our enemies, at least, to the end, and die, if needs be we must die, killing!"

"Try it—try it, at once!" replied the voice. "Go home and sup on your left arm to-night, I trow it will be but gristly and uprofitable food; for we will grant no such permission. No! you must trust in this, likewise, to our Spanish honor—for the confederates are beaten, and Boissot slain too, that is certain. If I had thought of it, we could have satisfied your doubts right easily, by bringing his head with us and pitching it over your walls."

"That is the reason why we doubt you," replied Adrian; "we cannot very well believe that had you conquered, as you say you have, you would not have brought down some prisoners to crucify, or hang up by the heels, at our gates."

"We made no prisoners, not one!" replied the voice; "we killed them all—as we shall kill you if you do not yield, and that too to-morrow."

"Then, you will not grant—" began the governor, desirous of gaining his end by any means, but he was interrupted immediately by the same stern, rough voice—

"No! no! I tell you no! The terms offered now are too good for ye—heretic and rebellious boors!"

"Then, we will not surrender upon any terms—and look you to it, for it shall cost you many lives to overpower our despair."

And, without any farther words, he turned silently and sadly from the walls, and walked toward the market-place among a constantly increasing concourse of pale, emaciated wretches, wasted and worn with pestilence and famine till scarce a semblance of humanity or life was left on their wan and haggard features. Yet each one of those weak and staggering, nay, almost dying! creatures was girt about with

harness and war-weapons, was resolute to the last gasp for his country, his religion, and his privilege to worship God according to his faith and conscience.

At length, when he had reached the open space in front of the Maison de Ville, one of the crowd cried out to him, "Speak to us, Adrian—speak to us, noble Adrian von Halen—tell us what we shall now do."

The magistrate had already mounted two or three of the steps leading to the Gothic doorway of the town hall when this cry arose and was reiterated by two or three faint voices, and followed by a feebler cheer. Immediately the old man turned about, and addressed them in a high and resolute tone.

"Brethren," he said, "and fellow-sufferers, we are of a truth very hard bested, and, save in the Almighty, we have no hope left of any succor or salvation; and, before Heaven, where I trust we shall all soon be reassembled, I know not well how to counsel you. Haerlem and Naerden, my friends, teach us how Spaniards keep their faith with those who capitulate; and loth should I be to confide whom I love to their honor, or their mercy. Moreover, brothers, I believe not altogether the truth of this their proclamation. If it be true, why should they hesitate to let us learn its truth in our persons? If it be true, why should they offer us conditions so seeming fair and honorable that, for that very seeming, I but the more suspect their falsehood? My advice, therefore, is, at least, to hold out until to-morrow. I think they will not hurl themselves needlessly against the edge of our despair by assaulting us, and if they should, why we can yet make a pretty hash of them, few as we are and feeble; and it is better always to die like heroes on a well-defended breach, than to be slaughtered, slave-like, in our cellars or our garrets. Let us, I say, hold out until to-morrow, and then if we should learn that the prince is indeed driven back we can submit; or, if they then refuse us terms, we can set fire to our houses, die to a man in the last ditch, leave to our oppressed and groaning countrymen a proud example, and to our overwhelming foes a solitude which, if they will, they may call peace."*

"Well said, well said, Adrian von Halen," replied fifty voices from the multitude; "well hast thou said, and as thou sayest we will do."

"War to the last!" screamed one who had lost the power to shout. "Death rather than submission to the treacherous Spaniard!"

"But tell us, Adrian," exclaimed another, cooler and more thoughtful than the rest, "how shall we know if William of Nassau have indeed retreated?"

"That is what I go now to deliberate with the council," replied Adrian; "the only plan I see is to send a boat across the inundation, to make its way into the Grevelingen by Brouvershaven, seek out the fleet, and require some signal by which we may be certified, but I much fear me it will be hard to find a messenger, or men to row him over, could we find one."

"It were sure death," answered nearly a hundred persons in a breath; "they lie in force both at Bommene and Brouvershaven, and they have store of pinnaces and galleys."

"No! no!" cried many more. "No! no! we will not go—none of us! none of us!—did not they crucify Peter Schenck with his head downward, and sew Martin Vanderhagen up in the carcase of a dead horse, whom they caught carrying letters to Boissot? No! none of us will do that—death is nothing; but tortures like that are worse than twenty deaths."

"Then, Heaven have mercy upon us," he replied, "for earth has no hope." And, with the words, he entered the town house and ascended the stairs to the council chamber, where six or eight old men and four or five in the prime of manhood were assembled about a table, covered with scarlet cloth. That was a splendid chamber, adorned with arms, hangings, and fine pictures of the great Flemish masters, and carvings in wood-work, and elaborate gildings, and Venetian mirrors, and soft Turkey carpets; and, notwithstanding all of suffering and sorrow, famine and pestilence, that had so long brooded over that most unhappy town, that chamber had been preserved in all its splendor with a care which appeared to hold it sacred; and it was swept on this night and garnished as if for some high festival.

The men too, old and young, who were gathered there, perhaps for the last time, though thin, and wan, and ghastly, with not a hue of color in their sunken cheeks, not a gleam of life in their watery and unmeaning eyes, and scarce strength enough to totter to and fro on their attenuated limbs, were accurately and even richly dressed—the burgomasters in their accustomed suits of black velvet, with huge ruffs about their necks, and massive chains of gold—the rest in rich coats of plate-armor, with gorgets round their necks, and heavy swords buckled on their thighs, too heavy it would seem to be wielded by arms so feeble as those which hung listlessly by the sides, or were crossed with an air of patient resolution over the bold breasts of the wearers.

It was to these that Adrian von Halen entered with the sad tidings of which he was the bearer, nor did he look to them with any thing of confidence for the assistance which he needed. For how could he expect that any man would expose himself to the almost certain risk of death, protracted not through hours alone, but days and nights of excruciating and insufferable torture?

Still, he laid the matter before them fairly—he told them the whole import of the proclamation, and the terms offered—of the refusal of the besiegers to permit any inquiries concerning the truth of their tidings; of his own resolution, and that of the assembled population—rather to fire the town, and perish in the flames, with all that was dear to them on earth, than to surrender uninformed and blindly. He pointed out the only method of obtaining tidings, and asked if any there would volunteer to be the messenger, in case men could be found to row the boat. Dull looks and gloomy silence only replied to his question—and, when he asked each after each, a cold refusal followed.

Then rose the old man's courage, and he said, "My masters, I am an old man, and have not now

* Solitudinem faciunt, pacem vocant.—*Tacitus.*

many years left to live, even if it were peace. I have outlived all that I loved on earth these many years, except one being, my sweet and gentle Gertrude; had it not been for her I would have laid me down and died long, long ago, upon the grave where sleeps my sainted Rachel. But now the time has come when my death may well be of more use to my country than my life has been, though I have striven ever to advance it in peace and preserve it inviolate in war. I, therefore, will go now, right cheerfully and gladly, if so be, men can be found to man the boat to carry me. Say, gentlemen, and fair citizens, which of you will exchange the sword for the oar, and pull the old man seawnrd over the flats?—it is but a gallant boat-race, if ye would only think so."

Still there was no response, for, though there was not one man there who would not have exposed himself cheerfully to death on the breach, or in the daring sally, all shrank aghast from the idea of affronting the barbarity of the Spaniards, exercised as it had been on all who attempted to break out of the beleaguered town; and incurring the penalties denounced against all who should be taken within the lines of the besiegers—penalties which they well knew, from examples too manifestly certain to be doubted, would be unsparingly enforced, without regard to age, or sex, or station.

There was no answer from the magnates of the town—the council was silent, and heart-fallen. Then the old man advanced to the windows which overlooked the great square, and, opening one of them, stepped out upon the balcony, conspicuous in the glare of many torches which were held up by the multitudes below, and once more addressed them.

"Brothers," he said, "there is no need of many words. I will go forth myself, if any six of you will come forward manfully and volunteer to row me over. Moreover, out of my own private coffers, I will give a thousand guilders to each man that will so offer himself, and if he fall in the undertaking, the good town shall provide for his wife and little ones, and his name shall be ennobled forever."

The reply was a laugh!—yes! a laugh! a wild, hysterical and mocking laugh! The proffer of wealth, of money, valuless dross and rubbish in times such as those—of nobility, a mere name and empty title, and above all of the town's proctection, when there appeared no chance that the town would be in existence twenty-four hours afterward, seemed so fantastical and wild, that the starved, miserable, desperate wretches laughed—yes! laughed with a shrill, fearful merriment.

"Out on you, wretches! Do you laugh?" cried Adrian severely. "Do you laugh at honor, and manhood, and faith to the last? Laugh, then, when you see your wives and daughters writhing in agony in the despoiler's arms—laugh when you see your infants sprawling upon the points of Spanish pikes—laugh when your houses blaze and their rooftrees fall, —laugh in your own death-pangs!—laugh then, but be silent now—and, if ye be cowardly and vile, be at least reverent, and for shame hold your peace!"

The stern rebuke checked them for the moment, but after a little pause there was a cry, "He is mad! old Adrian is mad! Hunger and watching have made him mad. All is over!—let us go pray! To the churches! to the churches!"

And with the cry the multitude dispersed—thereafter, by the order of the burgomasters, proclamation was made, by torch-light and trumpet-sound, through the streets, offering five thousand guilders each to any six men who would undertake to row a boat with Adrian von Halen over the flats between Bommene and Brouvershaven, into the Grevelingen Channel, and put him on board some vessel of the Prince's fleet. But, as before, the reply was silence!

The council were still sitting, although it would have puzzled any one of them to say wherefore, for no proposal had been advanced since Adrian's was rejected; and the magistrates sat round the board silent and utterly cast down, for every hope had fled, and, though none dared do that which each knew that in virtue and in honor he ought to do, all were ashamed at their own want of courage; all self-convicted of dastardly, unpatriotic selfishness. And sullen fear, and impenitent remorse, and irresolution, and despair sat upon every brow but that of Adrian, and he walked to and fro the chamber, chafing, like to a caged hyena, at the fate that barred his will, and uttered now and then bitter, and violent, and sarcastic words against his companions, which met but the same reply as the former—the silence, not of scorn, but of dismay and mortal terror.

An hour had perhaps elapsed since the last flourish of the trumpets rang through the streets, and the last cry was heard of the heralds making proclamation, when the sounds of a great uproar in the market-place, shouts, and tumultuous cheering, and loud voices came suddenly up to the ears of the council, filling them with surprise and, as it were, a sort of consternation.

Before, however, they had much time for reflection, the doors of the chamber were thrown wide open by two ushers, the stairs were seen through the aperture, lined by a small party of the governor's halberdiers, and a cry followed of "Place! place for the Lady Gertrude! Place for the noble Lady von Halen!"

The next moment, a tall, fair, well-formed girl, very much emaciated, it is true, and wearing many marks of suffering on her pale face, yet with the traces still distinctly visible of the sublimest and most noble style of beauty, walked with a step singularly majestical and queen-like across the corridor, and paused upon the threshold, for it was contrary to an immutable and inviolate decree of the states that any woman should, under any circumstances or on any pretext, intrude her presence into the precincts of the sacred council-chamber.

She paused, for a moment, on the threshold, and addressed the magnates of the city in a clear, liquid and unfaltering voice, full of strong, rich harmony, but firmer, deeper, and more resonant than the ordinary tones of woman.

"Burghers," she said, "and noble men of Ziriczee, I would not be so overbold as thus to force myself

into your solemn conclave, but that the sound of your proclamation has reached my ears, and the cries, and groans, and sufferings of my fellow citizens pierced even to my heart. I have heard what my great and glorious father has offered to do in behalf of this calamitous and lamentable city, and how the city has failed to enable him to make good his offer. But I thank the great and all-merciful God, whose every deed is one of wisdom and mercy, that, through this very poverty and lack of spirit in the men of Ziriczee, he has worked out a deliverance for his people. Lo! burgomasters, and thou, father and governor, I, Gertrude von Halen, have succeeded better with our stout mariners than your wisdom and valor, or your most liberal terms of nobility, and name, and guerdon. I proffered myself to go forth as messenger to the good Prince of Orange, and lo! I have got not six, but sixty stout oarsmen to waft me over the inundation, were there means to employ them. Give me, then, my credentials, noble sirs, and let me begone, for the night wears on rapidly, and it will much concern us whether we reach Brouvershaven in the mirk morning, or after the sun shall have arisen."

"Thou, Gertrude!" exclaimed the old man, a tear starting to his eye; "thou, child of my sainted Rachel, never, never!"

And the unanimous voice of the council replied, "No! no! we will not have thee for our messenger—no! no! it is too perilous!"

"But if ye will hear reason," answered the dauntless girl, "I will show you at once why you *will* have me. To me it will be a gain so great and manifest, that, were it not for the good it shall work to the city, it were but selfish to propose it. If no one go forth to discover this thing which ye would learn, very clear is it that within three days, at the farthest, the city must needs yield at discretion—what then should I gain by remaining here—three days of agony, famine, and sorrow, and despair, and no hope or chance of safety—three days with a choice, at the end, of death or dishonor. Now, on the other hand, if I go forth as I propose, the chances are great in our favor that, steered by old Dirck Vander Bosch, and the oars manned by six sturdy Zealanders from the Seven Wolden, we escape safely to the fleet, where I shall be out of reach of any arm that Spain can thrust out to seize me—and this is the only thing that grieves me, that I should seem to fly, and shun bearing my part of the sufferings of my fellow citizens and friends—if we escape not, and be taken—" she paused and cast up her large serene blue eyes to heaven with an expression of seraphic resignation, mixed with the fortitude of a dying martyr, and ere she continued her father interrupted her.

"Well! Gertrude, if you be taken—"

"Still," in her turn she interrupted him, "there is the choice between death and dishonor."

"The Spaniards leave no choice!" answered the old man, with a fearful expression of horror and hatred on his marked features.

"They cannot but do so—they who are lords of their own souls, and fear not to die, never need fear dishonor. I have conversed with our good minister, and am informed thoroughly—and of this be sure, Adrian von Halen, that no dishonor or disgrace shall e'er befall the girl who bears thine unblemished name. For the rest, a Holland maiden's breast can meet a dagger's edge as boldly as a Roman matron's. But God, I feel and know, will bless my undertaking, and I shall yet succeed and save all of you—now speed me on my way; for the fast race-boat, which won the prize last year, lies manned and ready in the canal hard by the lust haus in our garden, and Vander Bosch is grumbling before this, I am sure, that we are not already under way."

Overpowered by her determination, and convinced in part by her reasoning, they offered no more opposition to her will, but made out instantly her missives to the prince, and rising one and all accompanied the noble and heroic girl to the place of embarkation.

The boat, a long light narrow skiff, very low in the water, lay by the little garden dock, in a cut from the canal which joins the water-gate of Ziriczee to the river falling into the Grevelingen Channel at Brouvershaven, and was fully manned by six powerful, wild-looking Zealanders, with their faces all seamed and scarred by the wounds which they had received in the terrible naval encounter by which the maritime states had for the time won the sovereignty of the sea, and displaying their indomitable resolution and utter hatred of the Spanish yoke by the badges which they had adopted and wore in their caps, crescents of silver with the motto in embroidery, "Turks rather than Papists." Old Vander Bosch, the pilot, the most famous in those waters, having made up his mind to incur the risk for the sake of his patron's daughter, was now all anxiety to be off, and cut all leave-taking and parting admonitions very short by his continued grumbling.

But he could not prevent old Adrian from clasping his good and noble child to his heart, and whispering in her ear, "Remember, Gertrude, should you succeed in reaching the prince's fleet in safety, and should you never see me any more, which would be nothing strange, it is my last wish that you should give your hand, as you have given your heart long ago, to young Fleureant von Alleyne. Bear thou my greeting to him. God speed you, girl, and bless you."

And the next moment she was wrapped in a huge boat-cloak of blue serge, with a rough fur cap covering her luxuriant golden hair, and reclining in the stern sheets of the skiff, while the crew plied their long oars powerfully but noiselessly in the muffled row-locks, making the light boat fly over the stagnant waters of the canal with a motion as elegant and steady as that of a swallow on the wing.

The water-gate was opened silently, and the boat shot out into the open country, all deluged now for leagues on leagues of distance with the foul stagnant waters which lay rotting, motionless, and tideless, over the devastated fields. The night was very dark and misty, and for an hour or more they pulled rapidly and uninterrupted, except by the hoarse clang of the mighty flocks of aquatic fowl which rose at times in myriads from some shoal place, or floating reed-bed, through the dull channel of the little river, half stream

and half canal, the muddy banks of which peered out at intervals above the surface of the flood, with here and there a stunted willow pining and fading from excess of the very moisture, which it so dearly loves in moderation.

At the end of the time I have mentioned, a hoarse, gurgling sound began to be heard as of a strong but sullen current, and the accelerated motion of the boat, which now floated rapidly on the waters, indicated that they were approaching something like a sluice, or waterfall.

"In with the bow oar, Oost," whispered the old pilot; "catch hold of yon clump of bullrushes, and then get out upon the bank and crawl as silently as may be along the water's edge to the sluice, and see there that all is clear, and then bring us back tidings as quickly as may be."

His orders were obeyed as soon as they were uttered, the boat was made fast to the shore, the tall Zealander stepped out upon the bank, and, throwing himself flat on his face in the mud and ooze, stole forward with a motion as guarded and as silent as that of a serpent winding upon its prey. Ten minutes had perhaps passed and Vander Bosch was beginning to grow impatient, when a little plash was heard close by the spot where they were lying, and the man, Oost, raised his head from the other side of the bank, but did not rise to his feet.

"Come, come," said the pilot, somewhat roughly, and rather too loud for caution, "we are losing time sadly—step aboard, man; is all clear?"

"Hush! hush, Dirck," answered Oost. "Be quiet, and pass me out the cross-bow and quarrels, they are under the bow thwart. The water is running over the sluices merrily enough to carry three times our burthen, but here have the cunning Dons posted a sentinel on the platform close beside it. There he is pacing up and down, with his long firelock and his match ready lighted, humming the war-song of the Cid. But give me the cross-bow, and I'll soon put a stop to his music."

Without a word, Dirck handed him the weapons, and he returned as silently as he had come, and for a few moments no sound reached their ears—but by and by there came a sudden harsh clang on the still night-air, followed by one deep groan, and a sullen plunge in the water.

The heart of Gertrude bounded fearfully, and then a death-like sickness came over her, and she felt that she must faint—but at the moment old Vander Bosch cried aloud, "Well done! well done! Oost has settled his hash! Give way, men, quick, give way."

And the long oars dipped into the water, and the spray flashed from them, and in an instant the boat was whirling like a bubble on the swift sullen waters that gurgled through the cut which had been made in the bank to admit the inundation to the meadows.

The momentary bustle dispelled the sense of sickness and suffocation, and the next moment the skiff shot past the little platform, now vacant of its hapless watcher, and shot through the narrow chasm in the bank, Oost stepping silently into his place, and resuming his seat without checking the way of the little vessel, just as it entered the shallower waters of the artificial lake.

"There is no time to lose, Dirck," he said; "they will be relieving that fellow before an hour, and ten to one they will fancy that he has deserted, and will be cracking off their muskets and alarming the garrisons."

"It can't be helped, Oost. It can't be helped, man," answered the old pilot, replenishing his pipe and striking a light, for he had not dared to smoke while in the canal for fear of detection. "We are in for it now, and all we have got to do is to pull our best, and keep a course for the Brouvershaven mouth, there is no other place where we can cross the bank and get out to sea—all will be safe if we can make it before daylight. So take a pull all round at the black bottle of Schiedam, and then pass it this way to me, and give way jollily."

All night they pulled steadily and the light boat made rapid way through the water, wherever it was deep enough to float her, but there were many banks and shoals, and the channels were so intricate and difficult to find, and they had to put back so many times, and to make so many circuitous deviations from their course, that the skies began to brighten, and the mist to clear away, long ere they reached the neighborhood of Brouvershaven.

At length, though it was still quite dark, except where in the east the sky was dappled with a few tiny gray streaks, it became perfectly clear, and they might see the waters stretching out on every side of them, dusky but bright as a shadowed mirror, with here and there black patches of seaweed, or bare spots of elevated mud, or vast flocks of aquatic birds breaking their gloomy sheen. Beyond this, on all sides, was visible the low range of sand hills which divided the inundation from the sea, looming up black against the transparent sky, with here and there a Spanish watch-fire sparkling cheerfully out of the shadows, and showing them the position of the out-posts of their foes. Directly ahead of them, at about eight miles' distance, were burning, perfectly distinct and visible, the lights of the fort at Brouvershaven, which had been stormed a few days before the investment of Ziriczee, and filled with a Spanish garrison.

"This is bad, Mistress Gertrude. I fear this is very bad—it will be broad day before we get off the batteries, and unless there comes in a sea-mist with this wind, which is blowing up a little fresh, I do not see how we shall clear them. They have boats, too! It looks very bad."

"But will there not be a mist? I thought there always was a mist in the morning."

"Not always, lady, not always, and I am afraid there will be none to-day. Look how hard and dry the day breaks yonder. If it is as clear below down to the water-line, as it is there above the hills, it is all over with us; but I cannot see, and until I can see I must say nothing. But keep a good heart nevertheless. Give way, my merry men, give way, this is the great deep, and there is water enough and more. Give way! give way!"

Thus they went on, closing gradually with the lights of Brouvershaven, and drawing toward the river again, into which it was necessary that they should pass before they could gain the open sea. It was now gray and glimmering daylight, not wanting above half an hour of daybreak.

"Hold water," exclaimed Vander Bosch; "now, Oost, look out ahead, man—where is the sluice?—is it beside the second or the third windmill?"

"The third—the third, to be sure," cried Oost, as the boat lost its way for an instant; "steer straight upon that—the channel is deep all the way, but very narrow," and with the words he was again bending to his oar, when the pilot again exclaimed,

"No! no! look out, I say, Oost; your eyes are keener than any of ours here; look out, I say, and tell me what those black things are—there, a mile off, right in our line!"

Oost now shipped his oar and looked out earnestly. "They are boats," he said; "by Heaven! they are boats, but I see no men in them at all—there are three lying together about a cable's length to the east of the channel, and one moored close to the western shore of it. But I can see no men; if there be any men they are all asleep on the thwarts, or in the bottom."

"What in the fiend's name is to be done now?" exclaimed Vander Bosch, evidently very much perplexed.

"Why, steer straight on the single boat—we will out knives, board her before they know we are alongside, and have them all overboard before they can give an alarm. We shall be within a short mile of the sluice then!"

"There is nothing else for it, I believe," said the pilot; "yet it is a great risk—steady now and together. See, see, there comes the sun, and now we open Brouvershaven mouth," he added, fixing a long eager glance on the horizon at the embouchure of the little river, which might now be seen falling into the sea on the horizon.

"Aye! aye! and God be praised there comes the mist—we shall do! we shall do yet, I trust—give way! cheerily now, give way. If the mist comes in before we clear the sluice we are but lost men!"

Speedily they shot on, and gallantly over the stagnant lake; and now they neared the boat, a large flat barge which lay close to the channel, with a Spanish flag furled round a staff in the stern, but no signs of any men on board. The other three boats, which lay moored to stakes at about three hundred yards' distance, were sharp fast-looking skiffs; but their crews too, if they had any on board, were buried in sleep.

They were now within twenty fathoms of the barge, when the pilot made a signal to the four bowmen who laid in their oars and drew their short heavy cutlasses, and the long two-edged knives which they used in the right hand.

"Into her at once," he whispered, "as I lay her alongside—there is not a moment to lose—kill all as quietly as may be."

"Good God! but this is very horrible!—must this thing be? Oh, spare them, if it be possible, my good Direk, spare them!"

"It is not possible, lady. Get you down into the bottom of the boat. Nay! it must be so. Cover her with the cloak, Jan Stein! Ha! I see a sail out seaward—two—four—eight! By the light of heaven! it must be the prince, and he is not a league beyond the forts—cheerily now! on board them!"

As he spoke the skiff shot alongside the barge, and in an instant the stout Zealanders sprang on board her, with their cutlasses flashing in the first sunbeams. A few fierce blows were made at the sleepers, the barge was crowded with men, and replied to only by groans of anguish. But anon the rest sprang to their arms, and for a minute or two there was a fierce and furious contest, but it was too unequal, and one by one the sleepers were stabbed and thrown overboard, and as yet no alarm had been given, when the last man, the very last, even as the death-blow reached him, discharged a petronel. On the instant, a loud shout followed from the other boats, and eighteen or twenty men sprang up on their thwarts, and, seeing what was in progress, uttered a long fierce war-cry, began to unmoor the boats very rapidly, and fired half a dozen muskets at the boat, although the distance was too great to allow of their doing any execution.

"In with you now, and give way for your lives!" cried the pilot; "here comes the mist—give way! or we shall never reach the sluice!"

At the same moment, a large sail-boat which lay a quarter of a mile above the sluice in the river, fired a gun and set all her sail to run down and intercept them; and a cannon replied from the fort, which was now a little short of two miles distant, showing that they were hemmed in with foes. Still the old helmsman was confident and undaunted, and Gertrude, now that the bloodshed was at an end, arose from the bottom of the boat, and sat by his side, pale indeed and agitated, but firm and silent, with her head resting on the hilt of a small double-edged dagger, her last desperate resource, which was concealed in the bosom of her robe.

The peril was now fearful, the little skiff of the fugitives lay about half way between the sluice and the boats of the pursuers, which gained on them terribly, rowed as they were by fresh men, exasperated by the slaughter of their comrades and burning for revenge and booty.

The mist too was driving in at a fearful rate before the sea-breeze, threatening to close over them before they should be able to shoot through the sluice into the open stream. The Spaniards too kept up a rapid and continuous fire, the bullets glancing and skipping over the waters round them on every side, though fortunately none took effect on any of the rowers, until the very instant when they whirled through the bubbling sluice-way, when one bullet pierced the brain of Oost that he fell overboard, without a word, a dead man, and another broke the left arm of the steersman, but he steered the boat quietly into the mid-current of the river, and cried out, "God be praised, lady—God be praised—we are safe!—look up, and look about you!"

And Gertrude did look up, as he desired her, but to

look about her, she saw at a glance was useless, for the mist had closed in so thick that no object was visible, even at ten yards' distance. Still in their rear sounded wild, and loud, and near, the shouts of the pursuers, and the quick dash of oars approaching every moment.

Still the boat held her way. "I can steer seaward by the current only, and the foam-wreaths on the water," said the old man, "which not one of these Spanish lubbers can, I'll warrant them. And if this mist holds half an hour, they cannot see us to launch a boat from Brouvershaven, and we shall be safe at sea. Only hold that stroke, men, and we shall leave them merrily."

For half an hour more they continued to row rapidly through the gloom, at times hearing the cries of their enemies close beside them, at times leaving them wide and far behind, owing to the precaution of their own oars being muffled. At last, a clear red glare was belched across the mist, and the howl of a heavy shot hurtled above their heads. Another! and another!

"We are passing the batteries," cried Vander Bosch; "but tush! they cannot hit us. I am glad even that they are firing, for it will tell the confederates, if those be they, that we are coming; and it will scatter the mist-wreaths too, and I have no use for them any longer."

He spoke truly, for in a little while the mist did begin to clear away, and before another half hour had passed the boat was rising and falling over long ridges of bright, foam-crested waves, having now gained the open sea, and the whole atmosphere was clear and sunny, and the mist melting on all sides so rapidly that they could distinguish clearly a dozen large square-rigged vessels clustered together in the offing, with the flag of the maritime provinces flying. But between the boat and these friends was a large pinnace laveering, and seemingly on the lookout, with no colors displayed. She was about half a mile ahead of them and directly in their course, while gaining on them very fast, though at about the same distance in their rear, were the armed row boats of their pursuers.

"Now," exclaimed Vander Bosch, "if that pinnace be a Spaniard, Mistress Gertrude, we are all but lost Hollanders! and you were better look to your dagger's point—but if she be one of ours, the Dons were better sheer off while they have yet the time!"

"Which do you think she is?—which do you think she is?" exclaimed the girl, now more alarmed than she had been during the whole of that perilous adventure.

"Not a Don, lady!" he replied; but almost as he spoke a puff of white smoke burst from one of her bow-ports, and a broad yellow ensign ran up to her mast-head.

"Thunder and lightning! and ten thousand devils!" shouted the steersman, altering his course on the instant, "we are all lost."

Then followed some twenty minutes of rapid, difficult manœuvering, in which the skiff's crew strained every nerve to escape, but in vain. The effect only being to protract the agony and to bring the pursuing boats close up to them, and themselves close under the guns of the pinnace.

At this moment, just as the Spaniards in the leading boat threw out the national flag and set up their war-cry of "St. Jago for Castile," in haughty triumph, the pinnace came to the wind suddenly so as to open her broadside upon them, while Gertrude's skiff passed athwart her bows. Down came the Spanish flag in an instant, and up soared the ensign of the confederates, and flash after flash, roar after roar, outspoke her ready cannon, while the waves were lashed into madness by the fierce storm of round and grape shot which swept their surface.

The smoke cleared off, and but one of the Spanish boats was visible, crippled and crawling off as well as she could—the others sunk with all on board them,—but the survivors attracted not the notice of the pinnace, for Gertrude's skiff had hooked on to her channels, and in an instant the heroic girl was on board and in the arms of the gallant Fleureant von Alleyne, her young and brave commander.

My tale is told—the object was accomplished—that night the prince's fleet stood in to the shore, and made the appointed signal, and Ziriczee was in consequence surrendered on fair terms, and for once the Spaniards kept to the terms which they granted honorably, and, save a forced contribution, no wrong was done to the citizens. It was not very long before in a safer place the noble Gertrude was clasped in the embrace of her father; nor much longer before she was the happy bride of Fleureant von Alleyne; and though the times in which they lived were perilous, and turbulent, and stormy, I never heard that any storm, or turbulence, or peril disturbed their wedded days, or that either of them regretted ever the termination of the Boat-Race of Brouvershaven.

SONG OF THE AVENGER.

BY THE POOR SCHOLAR.

COLD, cold as the marble beneath which she sleeps
Is the form of a sister once lovely and fair—
Heart-broken she died, and the wild one that weeps
Hath slain, for her sake, the vile heartless betrayer.
In the grove at the hour of twilight he sought her—
She loved, for the tongue of the villain had lied—
Poor girl! when she knew that to shame he had brought her,
Like a fair flower broken, she sorrowed and died.

I heard the sad tale in the land of the stranger,
And oh! how I cursed the cross wind, and cold wave
That baffled my barque, as I flew to avenge her!
I came but to slay—it was too late to save!
I found out the wronger—my arm was the stronger—
He fell—but the thorn is still festering here—
Though my heart's vengeful fire is burning no longer,
And the flame of my eye has been drowned with a tear.

BESSIE'S NEW BONNET.

BY MRS. M. N. M'DONALD.

THE stage-coach, which three times a week traversed the roads between New York and the village of B., stood at the hotel door in one of the great thoroughfares of our city, about to start for its usual journeying. The neighboring clocks were striking seven, and as the last note rang over the busy streets the coachman appeared beside his vehicle. He drew forth with an air of some importance his silver time-piece, put it to his ear for a moment, deliberately reset it, compared it with the gold repeater of an old gentleman at hand, and called aloud as he looked into the inn-yard—"Horses, boys, horses! time the Blue-Bird was off."

This summons was immediately responded to, the ostlers led out and arranged the harness of four grays, who were to travel the first stage of twelve miles; passengers came out from the breakfast-room of the hotel and gave directions about the stowing of their luggage, while the coachman smoothed his new beaver, and drawing on his gloves—for our Jehu of the Blue-Bird was a gentleman of ton among his brethren—stepped forward to announce that all was ready. The male passengers were already on the door-steps, impatient to be off, and, after a few moments' delay, came forth the females. First, an elderly Quakeress, in her neat unsoiled attire, then a young mother with an infant in her arms, who, being disturbed in its morning slumbers, gave strong indications of being rather a noisy traveler, and then followed a modest-looking country girl, attended by a spruce city youngster. She carried in her own hand a light wicker-basket, of no very large dimensions, while her companion bore to the edge of the side-walk that horror of all travelers, a bandbox.

"Pass that 'ere box up this way, young man," said the coachman, who had mounted to his seat and was arranging a variety of parcels on the top, "there 's no room for sich baggage *inside*."

"Will it go safely there, sir?" asked the young girl, looking up anxiously as the box was lifted with a swing and thrown down in the place prepared for it, "I 'm very particular about it."

"Could n't ride safer no where, ma'am," replied the coachman; "just slips in betwixt the old gentleman's valise and this 'ere carpet bag, as slick as can be."

The girl gazed a moment wistfully at her box, and then turned to take leave of her companion.

"Good-bye, Cousin Robert."

"Good-bye, Bessie, hope you 'll have a pleasant ride, love to all friends."

"I am much obliged to you for carrying my box, and I hope you 'll come to B. this summer."

"Thank you—should like it—can't tell—think of going to the Springs or Niagara. Now let me help you in," and in a few minutes every body was seated, and Bessie, ensconcing her trim little person in the smallest possible corner, nodded once more to Cousin Robert, and they drove off.

It was a lovely morning in the early part of June, the sun shone brightly on every object, the streets were thronged with people, and to the quiet folks in the stage-coach, who were most of them returning to the stillness of a country life, it seemed a scene of bewilderment. Every one was hastening along, as if every thing depended upon the speed of his own movements; carts, omnibuses and carriages passed in constant and rapid succession; sweeps were giving out their melodious notes, and radish-girls and match-boys awakening the echoes with their shrill and discordant cries.

As they rattled over the stones, the din of revolving wheels precluded the possibility of any thing like conversation, and each one made his own comments on the scenes around them, but as they advanced into the country, leaving the busy town behind them, the females began to use their tongues a little, and the men became talkative in due proportion. The mother of the baby, having lulled its wailing, entertained the Quakeress with a long account of measles, hooping-cough, etc., particularly dwelling on the baby's *last* sickness, and describing minutely the delicate operation of lancing its gums. Two old gentlemen on the front seat discussed meanwhile the relative merits of favorite candidates for office. A tall man, with an extremely long nose and brown wig, talked of the races with a fat fellow opposite him; two little boys, returning to school after a fortnight's vacation, were staring out at the window and munching biscuits and ginger bread; while our friend Bessie, quite alone, for no one addressed her, sat musing on a variety of pleasant things.

Bessie was a farmer's daughter, and "her face was her fortune," or very nearly so, and a pretty face it was, for blue eyes, white teeth, and rosy cheeks, with a gentle, good-humored expression diffused over them, are always pretty, and even Cousin Robert, with all his high notions of beauty and fashion, could not but admire his simple country relative, and thought there was many a showy Broadway belle who would give much for such a cheek of "nature's pure carnation," or an eye "so deeply, darkly, beautifully blue."

Bessie's wants, fortunately for herself, were few, but among them had been that of a new bonnet. She had worn her old one *three* summers, it had become far too small for her, and was moreover so faded that

all her ingenuity in turning and twisting—and Bessie, in common with most of her sex, possessed no little knack at such work—availed not to hide the blemishes. Time had touched the poor hat with his destroying finger, and, after much consultation, Mrs. Bond had decided that "Bessie *must* go to town and buy a new one." An extra number of eggs were accordinly sent to market, and Bessie made up her butter in the prettiest forms, to ensure a rapid sale, so that by the time she was ready to set out, the money had been collected, and put carefully by in a silken purse, very rarely in use, to purchase the wished for bonnet. What a long list of commissions, too, there was to be executed; what pairs of gloves, and papers of pins, and tapes and buttons to be bought, how many earrings and breast-pins to be mended, and how many said, "Bessie Bond is going to town, you had better send by her for what you want, it's such a good chance." Then there were grandmother's spectacles, they must by no means be forgotten, for she wanted them mended sadly, and mother's shawl to be taken to the dyer's, and the oceans of love to carry to every member of Cousin Bartlett's family, where Bessie was to stay, so that the poor girl seemed in danger of forgetting even the main object of her journey, in the multiplicity of affairs she was called on to attend to by her neighbors.

The day at last came round that bore the timid country girl to the home of her city relations, where she was most kindly welcomed. Cousin Bartlett, who was an experienced hand in shopping, immediately offered to chaperone her, and *she* knew all the cheapest stores, and where the greatest bargains were to be made, so that at the end of a week, by dint of great perseverance and untiring industry, every thing she had to buy was bought, and every trust fulfilled, and the new bonnet purchased, one of the prettiest straw cottages that ever shaded a blooming cheek, trimmed with a pure white ribbon, which every body said was becoming, and Bessie's looking-glass said so too, and she was now returning home again, quite happy that all was over, for Bessie loved the country, not merely because it was her home, but for the love of nature and of nature's works. There glowed in her pure and gentle heart, a love for all created things, and the brightest plumed bird or the meanest crawling worm called forth alike her kindly feelings. She saw and appreciated the charms of natural scenery, and gazed with delight upon the rising or the setting sun, and although she might have expressed her admiration in homely phrase, she felt with the most refined lover of Nature,

> "The charm of hill and vale and babbling brook,
> The golden sunshine, and the pleasant breeze
> Swaying the tree-tops."

But Bessie's heart was not with Nature now, she leaned back in the couch, and her eye caught the familiar objects as they seemed to fly past, but she heeded them not, she was recalling one by one the incidents of her visit—"It will please grandmother to hear of this," and "Father will be glad to know that," and "I must not forget Cousin Bartlett's message about the cap." Then came thoughts of home—who would be the first to meet her—if they would not all be glad to see her again—if they would admire her new bonnet, and if Harry Davis would not think she looked well in it, and with the name of Harry Davis came up a score of pleasant recollections that held her a willing captive—what he had said when they last met, and how he *happened* to be at his own gate just at the *very minute* the stage passed the morning she came away, and half unconsciously the little maiden's heart whispered, that if Harry Davis *should* ask her to be his wife, *perhaps*, if father and mother did not object, she *might* say "yes."

The stopping of the coach to take up a passenger from a farm-house broke in upon these reflections. The new comer was a fanciful looking lady, with an infinite quantity of luggage, and as the coachman threw parcel after parcel to the roof of the coach Bessie trembled for her new bonnet.

"I hope my box is quite safe, sir?" she said, as the man fastened the door and adjusted the curtains.

"All in prime order, ma'am," was the reply, and again they rattled on.

At the first watering-place the gentlemen left their seats, and the ladies brushed the dust off their dresses, and called for several glasses of water, and a plate of crackers. The baby opened its eyes and sat erect, astonished at the strange place in which it had awakened, while Bessie put her head out of the window, and looking up espied the edge of her new bandbox in its calico cover, and felt quite comfortable to know that it was so far free from harm. During the next stage, the fanciful lady became extremely talkative, and she and Bessie being seated *vis a vis*, she addressed most of her conversation to our little friend, so that time flew by unheeded, and the lady expressed great regret that they must part so soon, when, at the entrance of a green lane, the horses drew up, and two stout lads came out to welcome their sister, who joyfully prepared to alight.

"You must be right careful of this, young mister," said the coachman, as he handed the important box to the foremost of the boys, "for I guess it holds something wondrous fine, the young lady seemed so scared about it."

"Rather think it does," replied Tom, laughing, and slinging it on his arm, while his brother taking the basket from his sister's hand, the trio paid their rustic adieus to those they were leaving, and as the horses dashed onward were lost in the windings of the lane.

"All well at home, Tom?" was Bessie's first question.

"Just as you left us," was Tom's laconic reply.

"How is that dandy chap, Bob Bartlett?" inquired Sam, from the other side.

"Did you get all those things on your list, Bess?" asked Tom, "and is this your new hat?"

"Yes, that is my new hat, and I hope you will all like it; Cousin Bartlett said she had n't seen such a beauty this spring."

"Which, you or the hat?" said Sam.

"O the hat, to be sure," said his sister, half blushing.

"There can't be many furbelows about it," said

Tom, raising it a little as he spoke, "for it 's as light as a feather."

"O it is a straw one, you know; mother thought it would be prettiest; I fastened it carefully in the box, to keep it from shaking about, and this morning Cousin Bartlett tied it in that nice cover, and I 'm as glad as can be that I've got it safely home at last."

"Look, there is mother, and grandmother, and Annie on the porch," said Sam, as a turn in the lane brought them in view of a neat, substantial, low-built farm-house, and Bessie, quickening her pace, crossed with light foot the shining brook, bounded through the white gate, and in a moment was exchanging warm greetings with all.

Of course, every one asked fifty questions at once, and grandmother was impatient for her spectacles, which she said she had missed all the week, though the good old soul had not been able to use them for a month before; and father said if she had happened to bring a newspaper he should be glad to see it, and that was at the very bottom of the basket, as those things are sure to be which are first wanted, and as one article after another was taken out, that the paper might be forthcoming, they were seized on by ready hands, and the prices asked, and the quality examined, and little Annie was trying on a pair of new green gloves before her sister had been at home half an hour.

"So you got your new bonnet, I see," said the old lady, peering through her recovered glasses at the box which Tom had placed upon the table.

"Yes, I brought it quite safely, though it came upon the top of the coach," said Bessie smiling, "and it is all trimmed ready to wear at church on Sunday. I suppose you all want to see it, so if you will please take it out, mother, I can put up these things again."

Mrs. Bond eagerly accepted the office of exhibitor, and while grandmother, Annie and the boys gathered round her, proceeded to take off and fold up the covering, observing that it must be washed and sent home to Cousin Bartlett by the first chance. She then deliberately untied the tape which fastened the lid, and gently raised it, each leaning forward over the table to catch the first glimpse, when lo! the *box was empty!*

The exclamations of the astonished group called Bessie from her occupation of folding ribbons and picking up buttons, and, pale with dismay and disappointment, she sat down in the nearest chair. "And I took all that trouble with an *empty box*," was all she could say as the tears started into her eyes.

"Somebody has stolen it," cried Tom, "I'll ride after the coach and see about it."

"Yes, it must have been stolen, indeed," said poor Bessie, "but how, I cannot think. There was a strange-looking man, I remember, on the top with the driver."

"And he has got it, child, you may be sure," said her grandmother, "for thieves always take the top of the coach."

"And you are sure this is your box?" said Sam.

"Quite, quite sure of it, there is a blue rabbit on the lid."

"Exactly so," said Sam, taking it from the table.

Mrs. Bond involuntarily re-examined the box, observing "there is five dollars gone," and telling Tom he had better lose no time.

"Aye, saddle the horses, boys, and we 'll be off at once," said the farmer, "and here is Harry Davis coming up the lane, he 'll go too, I promise."

Harry dismounted and was met at the door by Tom, who, in few words, told the story of the stolen bonnet. The young man instantly offered to accompany, or rather to precede them, as his horse was already saddled. Tom had, however, been most expeditious, and in a few moments the two were seen galloping down the lane, and were followed soon after by the farmer and his son Sam.

The coach was overtaken at the next stopping-place, about three miles distant, but no tidings were to be gained of the missing treasure. All the passengers were there, and even the strange-looking man who had occupied a part of the driver's seat was calmly smoking his cigar with a face of undoubted honesty. The coachman declared loudly that he had never left his horses except for about fifteen minutes, when they dined, and, if stolen at all, it must have been stolen then. At any rate, all baggage with him was taken at the risk of the owners, and he should not consider himself accountable for any lost property. Nothing further could therefore be done at present; it was finally settled that Farmer Bond should ride to W. the next morning, to make inquiries, and they all returned slowly to the farm.

Poor Bessie's chagrin was scarcely to be concealed even before Harry Davis, who came in with Tom, and was persuaded to stay to supper, at which time every circumstance of the purchasing and packing of the luckless bonnet was recounted afresh, and Bessie was not sorry that Harry wished them an early good-night, as she longed to forget her sorrow and her weariness in quiet sleep.

The next morning a number of the neigboring dames came in to hear what news, and to see what finery Bessie had brought home with her, and all with one voice lamented and bewailed the lost hat. One thought the boys ought to be sent out to search the roads; another declared, if it were hers, she would have every one of the passengers in the coach arrested and examined before a magistrate, not excepting the old Quakeress herself; while a third pronounced it the most wonderful and mysterious affair she had ever heard of. The farmer, in the mean while, had gone over to W., where the coach stopped for dinner, but had returned without success, and Bessie once more set about brushing and trimming the discarded silk, with a secret assurance that she should never see again its beautiful and spotless successor.

Thus the day wore on, till the long shadows on the grass, as the sun sunk behind the hills, warned Mrs. Bond that the hour for supper drew near. The table was set out, the family assembled, the old farmer had just asked a blessing, and was bidding Bessie cheer up, for they would send an advertisement to the paper, and maybe something lucky would yet come

to pass, when who should come trudging up to the kitchen door, but Harry Davis, bearing in his hand a bandbox.

"O! the hat! you've found Bessie's hat, I know you have, for you smile," cried Annie, springing from her seat and running toward him.

"Why, Harry!" exclaimed both the boys in a breath.

"Why, Harry!" was echoed by the farmer and his wife, while Bessie hastened to take the box from him, saying joyfully, "Where on earth did you find it?"

Harry came in and took the chair that was handed to him by the old lady herself, and then proceeded to tell, that while they were all wondering about it at supper the previous evening, a sudden thought had struck him, which he immediately decided to act upon. That, as the nights were fine, he had set off instantly, changed his horse upon the road, and reached the city at daybreak, and repaired to Mrs. Bartlett's as soon as it was possible to gain admittance, where he told the story of the stolen hat without loss of time. That the good lady was much astonished, and how she went up stairs and found, to her still greater surprise, that she had in haste tied up the wrong box, and that the new bonnet was safe in the closet; how he had staid to breakfast, and then jogged home again, and was very glad if Miss Bessie was pleased with what he had done.

Every body was loud in their thanks, except the person who ought to have been the most obliged, but Harry seemed quite satisfied with the few words she offered him, accompanied as they were by a smile and a blush, which said more than words could have done.

The boys now demanded to see the mighty affair that had occasioned all this fuss; so the box was opened, and there, sure enough, was the prettiest straw hat in the world, with its white ribbon outside, and its neat pink flowers within. Then the farmer desired Bessie to put it on, for it was the face, he said, that set off the bonnet after all, and when she had placed it lightly over her smooth brown hair, and looked round with heightened color, Harry Davis was a lost man.

Supper was a merry meal that night at Farmer Bond's, and after it was over, Harry had a long message for Bessie from Cousin Bartlett, but as the kitchen was rather warm, the whole party adjourned to the porch, till at last the farmer went off to bed, for he had been hard at work all day, and Mrs. Bond walked away to look after her dairy, and Tom and Sam, two as 'cute boys as ever lived, began to think, from certain signs, that *they* were no longer wanted, and so Harry soon had a clear coast. And then came the important question, "Could she be happy with an honest man who loved her?" And Bessie, blushing ten times more than ever, thought she *might*, and so, to make a long story short, the little maiden really promised to become Mrs. Harry Davis, and to wear her new bonnet for the first time as his bride. The wedding and the merry-making came off in due time, and not a few of the wise ones declared they had always said it would be a match, and never doubted that Bessie Bond went to New York on purpose to buy her wedding finery.

SYMPATHY.

TWO SONNETS.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD," ETC.

I.

I would not be alone; within I find
All germs of human feeling, and their voice,
Though hushed, a lingering echo leaves behind,
As music birds the desert rock rejoice,
Waking a sad, low cadence, that when passed
Shall make the solitude more heavy weigh.
Thus let me be responsive to the last
To all that human hearts may rightly sway.
What though each day a new-born grief disclose!
The "cloud return" although the "rain" be o'er!
The cloud its fold of "silver lining" shows,
Which hope reveals more brightly evermore—
And thus doth every warm, impulsive thrill,
That comes to human hearts, more blessed make them still.

II.

I would not be alone; the monarch bird
Comes from his cloud-encompassed height again,
To listen where affection's voice is heard,
"And stirreth up his nest;" oh not in vain!
The wing that steadied upward in the noonday sun,
And spurned the tempest with a cold disdain,
From love alone, that high empyrean won;
Home-luring love, when that proud flight is done,
Gently as dove he foldeth up the wing,
And tames the fierceness of the burning eye,
Where the loved One hath heard the breezes ring
Around the swaying pine, and deemed him nigh.
Warm from the nest he takes his heavenward flight,
For love hath lent him wings to soar where all is bright.

DAVID HUNT.

A STORY OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

It was a wild clearing in the heart of a Western forest. A tall, athletic man was at work in one corner, and each lusty stroke of his axe, as it was swung into the heart of a giant chestnut, reverberated cheerily through the woods. The morning was bright, and the air rich with the commingled perfume of mosses, flowers and foliage gathered up from the wilderness. The early sunshine danced among the boughs over our woodman's head, and every blow of his axe brought a storm of dew down to the daisies and strawberry vines which he was treading to death beneath his heavy shoes.

Though the morning was deliciously cool and breezy, the workman stopped now and then to inhale a deep breath and wipe the perspiration from his forehead, and at each time he cast a glance of good-natured anxiety over the logs rolled together in heaps, and the forest of newly made stumps that stood glistening in the sunshine, yet full of sap and with tufts of green still clinging to their broken bark. But though his eye took in every object which lay between him and the log cabin that stood on the opposite verge of the clearing, it invariably lingered last and longest on the thong of newly cut leather which from the distance he could just see dangling through a gimblet-hole in the door from the wooden latch which secured it within.

Honest David Hunt. There was hunger and some little desire for rest in those frequent glances toward the slender cloud of smoke that went curling up from the stick-chimney of his dwelling. At last he planted his axe against the massive trunk which it had half cut away, and was rolling down his shirt sleeves, when the latch-string began to vibrate before his eye, and after a moment the cabin door opened and a young man came out with a rifle in his hand, and dressed in a green hunting shirt.

"Halloa!" exclaimed David Hunt, with a sort of half whistle as he buttoned his wristband; "arly and late that chap is always a hanging round my premises. I calculate it a'nt very difficult to guess why the gal was so long a getting breakfast."

David had scarcely buttoned his second wristband when a young girl appeared in the cabin door with a napkin in her hand which she flung up as a signal for breakfast.

"Oh, yes, she can call me now," said David, taking up his old straw hat from the grass, "but before I eat or drink I must know what brings that Ike Shaw into these diggins so often—when foxes begin to prowl round a hen-coop in the day time it looks dangerous."

"I say, Ike—Ike Shaw, halloa, this way a minute!" and as David Hunt uttered this shout he swung his hat in the air; an unnecessary signal, for his voice might have been heard far into the woods.

The young hunter turned and came across the clearing, and though he swung his rifle about with a dashing air, David could see that his face was crimson as he drew near, but a fine handsome face it was, David could not deny that, though he did exert himself to look ferocious, and got up a frown as he approached that seemed much out of place on that broad frank forehead.

"Well, Ike, what brings you in these parts so soon again?" inquired David Hunt, putting on his old straw hat and folding his arms over his broad chest, after a fashion which he had very much admired in Othello during the only visit he ever made to the theatre while on his journey "out West" from the New England States.

"Don't think of settling in these diggins, nor any thing, do you?"

"Well,' said Isaac Shaw, blushing still more deeply, "I don't know how it will be. A chap can't always make his home in the woods, you'll agree to that, I suppose?"

David nodded his head and replied,

"Just so, Ike."

"Well," continued Ike, gathering courage from his companion's assent, "I have a sort of notion to settle down before long, and clear up a farm for myself. Game is getting scarce, and I begin to feel rather lonesome camping out a nights so much."

"And how are you a going to pay for the land?" inquired David, folding his arms more tightly over his chest; "wild land is cheap out here, true enough; but yet government won't be satisfied with any thing less than cash on the nail."

"I know that," replied the young man with a brightening eye, "but I hav n't been so idle as some folks might think. I've got three hundred dollars out at interest with Judge Church, down on the Bend."

"Well, but you hav n't taken a notion to my property here, have you?" inquired David, with a shrewd smile. "You don't want me to sell out, nor nothing?"

"No," stammered the young hunter, crushing a tuft of wild pinks beneath the butt of his rifle to hide his embarrassment, "but I've been thinking—"

"Well, there is n't nothing very uncommon in that, is there?" said David, laughing as the young man hesitated and blushed like a girl.

"No, Mr. Hunt, no, I may as well out with it," cried Shaw, setting down his rifle hard and speaking with desperate rapidity; "I meant to speak with you about it in a day or two, but as we are on the subject supposing we finish it at once. There is Hannah, your daughter—we have been acquainted three years come fall, and if you a'nt willing to let her keep house for me, it don't make much odds whether I have a farm or take to the woods again. One thing is certain, I shan't be very contented any where."

"There, now you 've spoken up like a man," replied David, frankly extending his hand; "I *cannot* spare the gal, for since her poor mother died she 's all I have to depend on, but do n't look so down in the mouth about it. I'll tell you what we can do; take up your three hundred dollars and buy the lot that lies next again mine. There is my cabin already built, and a housekeeper in it. Hannah wont make a worse daughter for me because she is your wife," and David Hunt pointed to his dwelling with a smile on his face, yet a single tear brightened in his eye, for the love which he bore his daughter was the most holy feeling of his life.

"I never *was* so happy," exclaimed Shaw, grasping the rough hand of his father-in-law and giving it a vigorous shake. "And Hannah, dear girl, she thought you must miss her help, and would not consent to go away. I left her with tears in her eyes."

"Hannah is a good gal," replied David, drawing the back of his rough hand across his eyes; "I only hope she will make you as good a wife as her mother was to me, and she will. But now I think of it, Ike, there is that young fellow, Bill Wheeler, from the Bend. He 's been hanging round here a good deal lately, and seems determined to get my gal away from her old father. He 's a ferocious chap to deal with, that Bill Wheeler, I should n't wonder if he gives us some trouble yet."

"Let him attempt it," replied Shaw. "I know that Hannah loves me, she told me as much this morning; what can Bill Wheeler say against that, I should like to know?"

"Nothing, of course nothing," replied Hunt, "though Bill is a savage fellow when any thing goes again the grain with him; but see, Hannah is at the door, the breakfast will get cold, come in and we will talk it all over." Shaw took up his rifle, and the two went toward the house together.

Scarcely had David Hunt and his companion closed the cabin door after them, when a horseman came from a cart-path leading through the woods, and, dismounting near the chestnut, he looked cautiously around, saw the great gap cut in the trunk of the tree, and driving his horse back into the woods again, tied it to a sapling down in an abrupt hollow which concealed them from the clearing.

When the man appeared once more in the open space he took up David's axe, examined it closely while he dislodged the tiny chips that clung to its edge, and tried its sharpness with the ball of his thumb.

"The chips are moist and green yet, the helve is warm with the old man's handling. I may as well make myself scarce at once, for the old fellow will be hanging round home till night, I am certain of that from the way he has begun his day's work."

As William Wheeler muttered these discontented words to himself, he sat down the axe and moved away as if to seek the woods again, but as he turned his head and cast a surly look toward the cabin he gave a start, his heavy eyebrows worked and knit themselves over his flashing eyes, and with a half suppressed oath he looked around as if to ascertain some means of reaching the cabin which might not expose his person to the inmates.

"There were two. I saw them through the window. Who is he? Let me make him out—let me but fasten an eye on him and he is done for."

Once more he sent an oath through his grinding teeth, and plunged into the hollow where his horse was tied. The fine animal turned his head and greeted his coming with a low neigh, but his brutal master lifted his heavy boot and gave the poor creature a kick that made him wheel and run back with a violence that almost tore the sapling up by the roots.

"By Jove, you had better stop that," exclaimed the man, infuriated by the noise, and giving the bridle a savage jerk.

"Stand still, stand still, or I'll bleed you with a new-fashioned lancet," he exclaimed through his shut teeth, and drawing a bowie knife from beneath his hunting-shirt, he plunged his arm back to drive it into the heart of the rearing animal. But, as if comprehending his danger, the beast leaped back with a fierce impetuosity that broke the sapling sheer in twain, and plunged down the hollow just time enough to escape the fearful blow launched at his chest. So fierce had been his attempt upon the horse that Wheeler lost his balance and fell forward to the ground, ploughing the rich earth up with his knife for half a yard before he could recover himself. The furious man started up, gazed after the horse an instant, then shaking the soil from his knife he thrust it back to his bosom with a low savage laugh.

"You have saved me fifty dollars by that plunge, old fellow," he said, still gasping with passion. "I was a double fool to let you break loose, though. Mike, Mike, easy boy, easy. Come back, so-ho—so-so."

It was surprising that a voice so fearfully savage the moment before could have been modeled on the instant to the low, silky, and wheedling tones which this man adopted in persuading the horse back to his keeping again. It sounded through the woods like the mellow tone of a bird calling for his mate. But the horse plunged on till the call terminated in a low, sweet whistle. He had leaped across a rivulet which ran gurgling along the depths of the hollow, and his front hoofs were buried deep in the opposite ascent when that whistle came sighing through the bushes. He stopped suddenly, with his ears still laid back and his hoofs on high. A shiver ran through his limbs. His ears began to tremble as they arose to their natural position—his fore feet sunk slowly down, and, wheeling gently round, he recrossed the brook and

crept up the hill, like a hound called back from the chase.

"So, old fellow, you have come back, have you?" muttered Wheeler, tying the broken bridle and tightening the knot across his knee with both hands; "it's well for you that I have no other horse to carry me to the Bend—now see if you can stand quiet, will you."

This speech terminated with another oath, while Wheeler knotted the bridle to the splintered trunk of the sapling and moved away. He crept stealthily around the edge of the clearing, taking care to conceal his progress by the underbrush that grew thickly in that portion of the wood. At length he reached the little patch of vegetables which lay between the forest and the back windows of the cabin; here he paused a moment, peered anxiously through the thick foliage to the right and the left, then parting the branches with his hands he stole softly forth, and, darting across the garden, crouched down beneath one of the windows, where he lay for two or three minutes holding his breath and afraid to stir a limb, lest he should agitate the creeping plants that clung around the window, and thus give notice of his presence.

At length he arose cautiously, first to one knee, then to a stooping, and, at last, to an upright position, which brought his face to a level with the window. He lifted his hands and parting the net-work of convolvules and flowering beans that draped the sash, with a cat-like caution that scarcely shook a drop of dew from the host of purple-bells that clustered around him. Having thus made an opening which commanded the interior of the cabin, he remained motionless, except that now and then his fingers clutched themselves together, and once he unconsciously crushed a cluster of the scarlet bean-flowers which fell against his palm with a violence that shook the whole vine.

What a tranquil and happy scene it was that the bad man gazed upon! In the centre of the cabin stood a small table, covered with a coarse cloth of snow-white linen, a plate of savory ham—the ruddy color of each slice relieved by the pearly and golden circle of an egg, which formed a tempting mound upon it—stood in the centre, warm corn bread, a plate of potatoes, with their dark coats torn just enough to reveal a tempting and mealy richness at heart, a saucer of wild honey, and another of golden butter, composed the wholesome repast, of which David Hunt and his guest were partaking.

The farmer had filled his plate a second time. Hard labor and the morning air had given him a keen appetite, and his thirst seemed in proportion, for Hannah was holding forth, but without lifting her eyes to his face, his third cup of rye coffee, on which the heavy cream was mounting like a foam, when Wheeler looked in upon the peaceful group.

Shaw ate but little, and Hannah—the noble, warm-hearted Hannah Hunt—did nothing but blush every time she lifted her eyes from the bright tin coffee-pot, and deluge every cup she filled with a double quantity of cream, that little brown hand of hers was so very unsteady. It seemed so strange for her to sit there, with her father directly opposite, and Isaac Shaw lifting those bright, saucy eyes to her face every other minute, and then dropping them as if he knew perfectly well that he ought to be ashamed of himself there before her father. It was as much as Hannah could manage to sit still and wait on the table. It seemed a marvel that her dear old father could eat so heartily. Every thing seemed looking at her with peculiar meaning. The old house-dog there on the hearth, the cat, as she moved demurely across the room, the purple morning glories trembling around the windows, all seemed perfectly aware that every thing was settled between her and Isaac Shaw, but rather astonished that the old man should take it all so quietly, when they had every one of them heard him protest, a thousand times, that it would be the death of him if she were ever to think of getting married.

Hannah tried to act as if nothing particular had happened. She was frightened to death at the idea of meeting her father's eyes, and as for Ike Shaw, it really was too bad! what on earth did he keep looking at her from under those long eyelashes, she was perfectly certain in her own heart that she had never once looked at him since they sat down to breakfast, nothing in the world would tempt her to do any thing so forward! Dear, pretty Hannah Hunt! how did she know that the young man at her left, in the green hunting-shirt, was looking at her, if she never turned her eyes that way? The conical-shaped coffee-pot, with its steaming contents shut in by a lid marvelously like an overgrown extinguisher, was bright as hands could make it, but not quite brilliant enough to reflect the motions of her lover. Still Hannah Hunt was very positive that she had given Ike Shaw no sort of encouragement to look at her in that way, and, of course, she knew best, for the flowers that trembled and shook off their dew, and seemed laughing at her through the window, were not more modest or innocent than Hannah Hunt.

At length, when David Hunt had transferred the last morsel of ham from the plate to his lips, and drained his coffee cup for the third time, he drew back his chair and looked at Shaw.

"Well now, Ike, I am ready to talk over the business, as soon as you've a mind to—"

David Hunt was here interrupted in his speech, for Hannah recollected that moment that she had no spring water in the house, and the haste which she made to get her sun-bonnet and lift the pail to her arm quite disconcerted the whole party, but it was only for a moment. David settled back in his chair again, after giving a glance at her burning face as she lifted the wooden door-latch, and muttering to himself,

"Well, well, it's only human nature, I was young once myself," he addressed Shaw again.

And there was that vile man listening to every word which passed between the honest farmer and his son-in-law. He was crouching amid the vines as Hannah passed him, with the water pail on her arm, and the love light brightening her blue eyes and

sending its red to her cheeks. Her garments almost touched him as she turned a corner of the cabin, but he held his breath and shrunk close to the logs listening to the conversation within, even while his kindling eyes followed the young and happy creature as she passed with a light step into the woods. When she had entirely disappeared he turned his eyes inward again, bent his ear, like a hound, and pressed his face close to the matted foliage, that no word passing between the two men at the table might escape him. After some ten minutes he drew stealthily back, darted into a patch of early corn that came up almost to one end of the cabin, and winding noiselessly through it, cautious as a serpent, not to shake a single silken tuft that streamed from the half ripened ears, he entered the woods again.

"To-morrow! to-morrow! quick work, but I am ready—the job pleases me—it pleases me—so, so fool—stand still. What, afraid of the knife yet? It has better fare on hand—so—so!"

These words were uttered after Wheeler entered the hollow where his horse was tied. He had been fingering the haft of his knife while muttering to himself, and partly drew it from his bosom as he came up. The still restive animal started at the gleam of the blade, which gave rise to the half savage half soothing words which his master uttered as he unknotted the bridle. After looking cautiously over his shoulder, Wheeler mounted to his saddle, and, crossing the cart path, rode leisurely toward the spring where Hannah Hunt had gone a few minutes before.

A happy girl was Hannah Hunt as she passed through those thick woods down to the little spring which supplied the household with water! Every thing around her bore a thrice pleasant look. When she turned down the little footpath and came in sight of the fountain it was gushing up quick and bright, with a sweet impetuosity, like the sensations of her own pure heart. It seemed rejoicing with her, smiling on her. How sweetly it flashed up from its mossy basin, dimpling and laughing as the arrowy sunshine darted through the heavy masses of foliage overhead, and broke in a golden shower on the rivulet that danced down through the rich turf carpeting the earth all around. It fell athwart the roots of that gnarled old oak that twisted in and out among the rocks just above, like a knot of huge serpents charmed to sleep by the soft lullaby of the waters—and on the little hollow, choked up with brake leaves, where the pretty stream lost itself and plunged into the earth again.

Hannah came down the path smiling all unconsciously. She sat down beneath the shadow of the rock, with the water almost kissing her feet. A bird was overhead, and it began to sing till the leaves around its hiding-place shivered again, but Hannah did not listen to the bird; why should she? There was music enough in her own heart! She had trodden upon a tuft of wild blossoms and the air was perfumed with their dying breath, but she only knew that every thing was very lovely and tranquil around her. The very foliage and the glimpses of sky shining through, seemed rejoicing over her head like old friends, longing to come nearer and bless her. Her heart was brimming with joy; tears, the highest and most blissful drops that ever fell from the blossoms of a young heart, sparkled in those soft eyes; and there she sat, so quiet and motionless, bending a little forward like a wood lily on its stalk, and none but the Almighty, who loves the joy of an innocent heart, knew how pure and entire that joy was.

All at once a shadow fell on the spirit of that young girl. One of those strange, intuitive feelings, which seem like spirit-tones in the heart, came over her. There was no unusual noise in the forest, and yet she bent her ear to listen; still no sound, save the soft hum of summer insects, and such beautiful things as love the solitude, arose to startle her; but the feeling of dread was in her heart, she put back the mass of golden curls that had fallen over her shoulder and listened still more intently. It *was* a sound, the tramp of a horse mellowed and broken by the forest turf. Certain that it was the approach of an enemy, Hannah snatched her sun-bonnet from the ground, and, hastily filling her pail from the spring, turned breathlessly into the path. It was too late for escape! scarcely had she advanced half a dozen paces, when William Wheeler appeared in a curve of the path. She turned into the wood, though the undergrowth was so thickly tangled there that it seemed almost impossible to force a passage through. Wheeler sprung from his horse and left it standing across the path, as he came quickly toward the breathless and startled girl.

"What, Hannah, you are determined to fight shy yet?" exclaimed the vile man, pressing close to the struggling girl, and attempting to take the pail from her hand. "Come, come, give it up, it 's too heavy, you bend under it like a young sugar-cane in the wind. Let me carry it, I say."

He took the pail forcibly from her hand as he spoke, and dashed half the water to the ground.

"Never mind," he said with a disagreeable laugh, "we can go down to the spring and fill it again. I want to talk with you."

"What do you wish to say?" faltered the terrified girl. "I thought you would not come again. I must go home, my father is waiting."

"Thought I should not come again? A pretty fellow I should be to take you at the first word. No, no, Miss Hannah, I do not so easily give up an idea when it once gets into my head. Such girls as you are scarce here in the bush."

While he spoke, Wheeler swung the half empty pail on one arm, and forcing Hannah's hand through the other, dragged her toward the path.

"I do not wish to go down there—I *will* not unless you drag me from the spot by force," said Hannah, wringing her hand suddenly from the hold he had fixed upon it, and darting up the hill with the speed of a deer.

Wheeler sprung after her. A hound in full cry could not have leaped more fiercely forward; he grasped her arm, turned her round with a jerk, and when her pale face was close before his, he laughed,

not, as might have been expected, a coarse, ruffianly laugh, but low and sweet, with a tone that thrilled through the heart it reached.

"Come, girl, come! I do not want to frighten you. Go down to the spring—I have a great many things to talk over. How can you tremble so close by the man who loves you better than any thing on earth?"

And, with a reed-like bend of his fine form, William Wheeler threw his arm around Hannah's waist, and again attempted rather to persuade than force her toward the spring.

"I will not move a step. I cannot. Oh! Mr. Wheeler, pray let me go; you frighten me almost to death," cried the poor girl, trembling in every limb, while her ashy lips quivered with terror.

"How foolish you are, Hannah Hunt, to fear from one man—an old lover and true friend—that which pleases you in a fellow like one I could mention. Now I'll wager my horse there against a Canada pony that you did not shrink and tremble, and quiver all over with disgust, when Ike Shaw came to your house this morning," said Wheeler, girding her wrist more firmly with his arm, and speaking in a mellow and persuasive voice, a voice which sounded so like that of Isaac Shaw that Hannah raised her large eyes to his face in wonder and new dread, but they sunk to the earth again, shocked by the conflicting passions which had met their gaze in that handsome but evil face.

"Come, have done with all this childish nonsense," continued Wheeler, "I only want a fair hearing. You were too hasty the other day, when I came like an honest man and asked you to marry me, and I, like a fool, went off with my cause half argued. Stop, stop, there is no getting off now, I must be heard."

Still Hannah writhed in the clasp of his strong arm, and looked wildly over her shoulder in hopes of aid from the house.

"Say what you wish here, then," she said, almost wild with terror; "I will listen—take your arm away, and let me sit down on the log a little further from your horse—I will hear all that you have to say if you do this!"

"What, you would get a little nearer the house, and scream if I only lifted my eyes to that pretty white face of yours? No, no, Miss Hannah, I am not to be cheated in this way;" and, flinging his disengaged arm also around her person, Wheeler lifted her from the ground and moved rapidly toward his horse. The poor girl struggled, her head fell back on his shoulder, and her terror found voice in a single sharp cry.

"Hush!" said Wheeler, turning his face till she could feel the warm breath as it poured from his clenched teeth. "Hush, I say, or I shall be forced to quiet you with my handkerchief."

He moved toward his horse as he spoke, set her on the ground, still grasping her arm with one iron hand, as he sprung to his saddle and attempted to drag her up after him.

Another cry, sharp with terrible agony, broke from the lips of that poor girl. It was followed by a rushing sound in the path above, the crash of branches, the leap of a strong man, and the shout of a fierce voice in its rage—"Villain!—Villain!" and with this fierce cry David Hunt plunged like a lion down to the spot where his child was lying, prone, pale and senseless on the earth. He sprung over her body with his arms outstretched and his eyes on fire—for one instant his iron hand clutched the folds of Wheeler's hunting-shirt, but it was wrested from him by the violent leap taken that instant by the goaded horse, as he wheeled and darted up the path and out of sight it seemed with a single bound.

"Oh, if I had my rifle!" exclaimed David Hunt, in a hoarse whisper, as he lifted his daughter from the earth and laid her down again, for the stout man shook with rage, and that moment was weak as an infant—"If I but had my rifle!"

[*Conclusion in our next number.*

ON A LOCK OF MY MOTHER'S HAIR.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

Whose the eyes thou erst didst shade,
Down what bosom hast thou rolled,
O'er what cheek unchidden played,
Tress of mingled brown and gold?
Round what brow, say, didst thou twine?
Angel mother! it was thine!

Cold, the brow that wore this braid,
Pale, the cheek this bright lock prest,
Dim, the eyes it loved to shade,
Still, the ever gentle breast—
All that bosom's struggles past,
When it held this ringlet last.

In that happy home above,
Where all perfect joy hath birth,
Thou dispensest good and love,
Mother, as thou didst on earth.
And though distant seems that sphere,
Still I feel *thee* ever near.

Though my longing eye now views
Thy angelic mien no more,
Still thy spirit can infuse
Good in mine, unknown before.
Still the voice, from childhood dear,
Steals upon my raptured ear,

Chiding every wayward deed,
Fondly praising every just,
Whisp'ring soft, when strength I need,
"Loved one! place in God thy trust!"
Oh! 'tis more than joy to feel
Thou art watching o'er my weal!

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—NO. XIII.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

WILLIAM COOPER, the emigrant ancestor of James Fenimore Cooper, arrived in this country in 1679, and settled at Burlington, New Jersey. He immediately took an active part in public affairs, and his name appears in the list of members of the Colonial Legislature for 1681. In 1687, or subsequent to the establishment of Penn at Philadelphia, he obtained a grant of land opposite the new city, extending several miles along the margin of the Delaware and the tributary stream which has since borne the name of Cooper's Creek. The branch of the family to which our subject belongs removed more than a century since into Pennsylvania, in which state the father of the novelist was born. He married early, and while a young man established himself at a hamlet in Burlington county, New Jersey, which continues to be known by his name, and afterward in the city of Burlington. Having become possessed of extensive tracts of land on the border of Otsego Lake, in central New York, he began the settlement of his estate there in the autumn of 1785, and in the following spring erected the first house in Cooperstown. From this time until 1790 Judge Cooper resided alternately at Cooperstown and Burlington, keeping up an establishment at both places. James Fenimore Cooper was born at Burlington on the fifteenth of September, 1789, and in the succeeding year was carried to the new home of his family, of which he is now proprietor.

Judge Cooper being a member of the Congress, which then held its sessions in Philadelphia, his family remained much of the time at Burlington, where our author, when but six years of age, commenced under a private tutor of some eminence his classical education. In 1800 he became an inmate of the family of Rev. Thomas Ellison, Rector of St. Peter's, in Albany, who had fitted for the university three of his elder brothers, and on the death of that accomplished teacher was sent to New Haven, where he completed his preparatory studies. He entered Yale College at the beginning of the second term for 1802. Among his classmates were the Hon. John A. Collier, Judge Cushman and the late Mr. Justice Sutherland of New York, Judge Bissel of Connecticut, Colonel James Gadsden of Florida, and several others who afterward became eminent in various professions. The Hon. John C. Calhoun was at the time a resident graduate, and Judge Jay of Bedford, who had been his room-mate at Albany, entered the class below him. The late James A. Hillhouse originally entered the same class with Mr. Cooper; there was very little difference in their ages, both having been born in the same month, and both being much too young to be thrown into the arena of college life. Hillhouse was judiciously withdrawn for this reason until the succeeding year, leaving Cooper the youngest student in the college; he, however, maintained a respectable position, and in the ancient languages particularly had no superior in his class.

In 1805 he quitted the college, and, obtaining a midshipman's warrant, entered the navy. His frank, generous and daring nature made him a favorite, and admirably fitted him for the service, in which he would unquestionably have obtained the highest honors had he not finally made choice of the ease and quiet of the life of a private gentleman. After six years afloat—six years not unprofitably passed, since they gave him that knowledge of maritime affairs which enabled him subsequently, almost without an effort, to place himself at the head of all the writers who, in any period, have "laid their hand upon the ocean"—he resigned his office, and on the first day of January, 1811, was married to Miss De Lancey, a sister of the present Bishop of the Diocese of Western New York, and a descendant of one of the oldest and most influential families in America.

Before removing to Cooperstown he resided a short time in Westchester, near New York, and here he commenced his career as an author. His first book was Precaution. It was undertaken under circumstances purely accidental, and published under great disadvantages. Its success was moderate, though far from contemptible. It is a ludicrous evidence of the value of critical opinion in this country, that Precaution was thought to discover so much knowledge of *English* society, as to raise a question whether its alledged could be its real author! More reputation for this sort of knowledge accrued to Mr. Cooper from Precaution than from his subsequent real work on England. It was republished in London, and passed for an English novel.

The Spy followed. No one will dispute the success of The Spy. It was almost immediately republished in all parts of Europe. The novelty of an American book of this character probably contributed to give it circulation. It is worthy of remark that all our own leading periodicals looked coldly upon it; though the country did not. The North American Review—ever unwilling to do justice to Mr. Cooper—had a very ill natured notice of it, pro-

fessing to place The New England Tale far above it. Spite of such shallow criticism, however, the book was universally popular. It was decidedly the best historical romance then written by an American; not without faults, indeed, but with a fair plot, clearly and strongly drawn characters, and exhibiting great boldness and originality of conception. Harvey Birch is one of the finest characters in modern fiction.

The Pioneers came next. This book, it seems to me, has always had a reputation partly fictitious. It is the poorest of the Leather-Stocking tales, nor was its success either marked or spontaneous. Still, it was very well received, though it was thought to be a proof that the author was written out! With this book commenced the absurdity of saying Mr. Cooper introduced family traits and family history into his novels.

The Pilot succeeded. The success of The Pilot was at first a little doubtful in this country; but England gave it a reputation which it still maintains. It is due to Boston to say that its popularity in the United States was first manifested there. I say *due* to Boston, not from considerations of merit in the book, but because, for some reason, praise for Mr. Cooper, from New England, has been so rare. America has no original literature, it is said. Where can the model of The Pilot be found? I know of nothing which could have suggested it but the following fact, which was related to me last summer by Mr. Cooper. The Pirate had been published a short time before. Conversing with the late Charles Wilkes, of New York—a man of taste and judgment—our author heard extolled the universal knowledge of Scott, and the sea portions of The Pirate cited as a proof. He laughed at the idea, as most seamen would, and the discussion ended by his promising to write a sea-story which should be read by landsmen, while seamen could feel its truth. The Pilot was the fruit of that conversation. It is one of the most remarkable novels of the time, and everywhere obtained instant and high applause.

Lionel Lincoln followed. This was a second attempt to embody history in an American work of fiction. It failed, and perhaps justly; yet it contains one of the nicest delineations of character in Mr. Cooper's works. I know of no instance in which the distinction between a maniac and an idiot is so admirably drawn; the setting was bad, however, and the picture was not examined.

Next came The Last of the Mohicans. This book succeeded from the first, and all over Christendom. It has strong parts and weak parts, but it was purely original, and originality always occupies the ground. In this respect it is like The Pilot. Natty Bumpo is better here than in any of the series of which he is a character.

After the publication of The Last of the Mohicans Mr. Cooper went to Europe, where his reputation was already well established as one of the greatest writers of romantic fiction which our age, more prolific in men of genius than any other, had produced. The first of his works after he left his native country was The Prairie. Its success was great and immediate. By the French and English critics it was deemed the best of our author's stories of Indian life. It has one leading fault, however, that of introducing any character superior to the family of the squatter. Of this fault Mr. Cooper was himself aware before he finished the work; but as he wrote and printed simultaneously, it was not easy to correct it. In this book, notwithstanding, Natty Bumpo is quite up to his mark, and is surpassed only in The Pathfinder. The reputation of The Prairie, like that of The Pioneers, is in a large degree owing to the opinions of the reviews; it is always a fault in a book that appeals to human sympathies, that it fails with the multitude. In what relates to taste, the multitude is of no great authority; but in all that is connected with feeling, they are the highest; and for this simple reason, that as man becomes sophisticated he deviates from nature, the only true source of all our sympathies. Our feelings are doubtless improved by refinement, and vice versa; but their roots are struck in the human heart, and what fails to touch the heart, in these particulars, fails, while that which does touch it, succeeds. The perfection of this sort of writing is that which pleases equally the head and the heart.

The Red Rover followed The Prairie. Its success surpassed that of any its predecessors. It was written and printed in Paris, and all in a few months. Its merits and its reception prove the accuracy of those gentlemen who allege that "Mr. Cooper never wrote a successful book after he left the United States!" It is certainly a stronger work than The Pilot, though not without considerable faults.

The Wept of Wishton Wish was the next novel. The author I believe regards this and Lionel Lincoln as the poorest of his works. It met with no great success.

The Water Witch succeeded, but is inferior to any of the other nautical tales.

Then came The Bravo, the success of which was very great: probably equal to that of The Red Rover. It is one of the best, if not the very best of the works Mr. Cooper had then written. It gave aristocracy some hits, which aristocracy gave back again. The best notice which appeared of it was in the famous Paris gazette entitled *Figaro*, before Figaro was bought out by the French government. The change from the biting wit which characterized this periodical, to the grave sentiment of such an article, was really touching, and added an indescribable grace to the remarks.

The Heidenmaur followed. It is impossible for one to understand this book who has not some acquaintance with the scenes and habits described. It was not very successful.

The Headsman of Berne did much better. It is inferior to The Bravo, though not so clashing to aristocracy. It met with very respectable success. It was the last of Mr. Cooper's novels written in Europe.

I have spoken only of Mr. Cooper's literary labors while abroad. Before mentioning his return, which took place in 1834, I shall be pardoned a few

words relating more directly to his personal history. Of all Americans who ever visited Europe he contributed most to our country's good reputation. His high character made him everywhere welcome; there was no circle, however aristocratic or distinguished, in which, if he appeared in it, he was not a star of the first magnitude; and he had the somewhat singular merit of *never forgetting that he was an American*. Halleck, in his admirable poem of Red Jacket, written while our novelist was abroad, says well of him—

> COOPER, whose name is with his country's woven,
> First in her fields, her pioneer of mind,
> A wanderer now in other lands, has proven
> His love for the young land he left behind.

He was not only, on every fitting occasion, first to defend and first to applaud his country, but he was the first to whom appeals were ever made for information in regard to her by statesmen who felt an interest in our destiny. Following the revolution of the Three Days, in Paris, a fierce controversy took place between the absolutists, the republicans and the constitutionalists. Among the subjects introduced in the Chambers was the comparative cheapness of our system of government; the absolutists asserting that the people of the United States paid more direct and indirect taxes than the French. Lafayette appealed to Mr. Cooper, who entered the arena, and though, from his peculiar position, at a heavy pecuniary loss, and the danger of incurring yet greater misfortunes, by a masterly *exposé* he silenced at once the popular falsehoods. So in all places, circumstances, and times, Mr. Cooper was the "*American* in Europe," more jealous of his country's reputation than his own.

The first novel published after Mr. Cooper's return to the United States was Homeward Bound. It was pretty successful, and not the poorest of his books. There is far more truth in this and its sequel, Home as Found, than newspaper writers have been willing to admit. I may observe in passing, that the opinions expressed of New York society in Home as Found are identical with those in Notions of the Americans, a work almost as much abused for its praise of this country as was Home as Found for its censure. It is worthy of remark, that almost every one whose opinion is worth regarding, now admits that the pictures in the book are true. This is no doubt the cause of the feeling it excited, for a *nation* never gets in a passion at misrepresentation. It is a miserable country that cannot look down a falsehood, even from a native.

The next novel was The Pathfinder. It is the opinion of the better judges that this work deserves success more than any Mr. Cooper has written. I have heard Mr. Cooper say that in his judgment the claim lay between The Pathfinder and The Deerslayer. Leather Stocking appears to more advantage in The Pathfinder than in any other book, and in Deerslayer next. Had either of these works been written by an unknown author, probably the country would have hailed him as much superior to Mr. Cooper.

Mercedes of Castile came next. It may be set down as a failure. The necessity of following facts that had become familiar, and which had so lately possessed the novelty of fiction, was too much for any writer.

The Deerslayer was written after Mercedes and The Pathfinder, and was very successful. Hetty Hunter is perhaps the best female character Mr. Cooper has drawn, though her sister is generally preferred.

The Two Admirals followed The Deerslayer. This book stands at the head of the nautical tales. Its fault is, dealing with too important events to be thrown so deep into fiction; but this is a fault that may be pardoned in a romance. Mr. Cooper has written nothing in description, whether on sea or land, that equals either of the battle scenes of this work; especially that part of the first where the French ship is captured. The Two Admirals appeared at an unfortunate time, but it was nevertheless successful.

Wing and Wing followed, and it was well received. It proved, however, an unprofitable book to the author. The publishers adopted the "cheap system" in issuing it, and the result was a doubt on the part of Mr. Cooper whether he would allow any of his succeeding works to be published here at all, with the exception of a copy or two to secure his rights, and to prevent his writings from becoming the prey of pirates.

Wyandotte came next; it was published on the same plan, and I believe with the same results. The book was much read, however, and generally praised.

Ned Myers shared the same fate, though it is not a fiction.

The last of Mr. Cooper's works has been issued but a few weeks. I allude to Afloat and Ashore, which is soon to be followed by a sequel, like the first part, in two volumes.

I have thus far, with a single exception, spoken of Mr. Cooper's novels, which in merit place him among the first, and in number among the most prolific writers of the time. It used to be the custom of the North American Review to speak of his works as "translated into French," as if this were giving the highest existing evidence of their popularity, while there was not a language in Europe into which they did not all, after the publication of The Red Rover, appear almost as soon as they were printed in London. While the first critics of Germany, Italy and France debated the claims of Cooper and Scott to precedence, and Balzac and others unhesitatingly avowed the superiority of our countryman, the American press gave but rare and faint indications that his existence was remembered. One of the most original writers of his age, the founder of three distinct classes or schools of novels, in each of which he has been imitated by a host, and equaled by none—the modern romance of the sea, the American historical novel, and the novel of Indian life,—Mr. Cooper at home, and at home only, for venturing to express his opinions on our politics and social condition, is rated as a "writer of the most ordinary abilities," and his works studiously unnoticed, or their appearance made the occasion of personal abuse.

Beside his novels, and the Notions of the Americans already referred to, Mr. Cooper has published A Letter to My Countrymen, The Monikins and The American Democrat, neither of which have I read. Since his return he has likewise written Observations on Switzerland, France, England and Italy, which are the most independent and philosophical works published by an American about Europe, and The Naval History of the United States.

Mr. Cooper's Naval History is unquestionably one of the most valuable contributions that have been made to our historical literature. It is from original and authentic materials, full of facts unattainable by any other writer. Mr. Cooper had himself been in the navy; he was personally acquainted with most of our eminent commanders; and he made the best use of these great advantages. The annals of the first half century of our marine will probably never be re-written, unless by some compiler from this standard and complete authority. The work and—as is the custom in America if a book be unpopular—the author were rudely attacked in the journals. Every species of filth which ignorant malignity could invent was showered from editorial dormitories. The chief reason for this was that Mr. Cooper had ventured to award well-deserved praise to more than one of the gallant officers engaged in the battle of Lake Erie. He had deprived the brave Perry of no single leaf of the laurels that so well graced his brows, but he had given Elliott the meed to which he was entitled. Elliott was and is an unpopular man; Perry's name was, as it still is, dear to the people; "and it makes no difference," said one of Mr. Cooper's critics, "whether the history be false or true; the country has for certain years *acquiesced* in a particular judgment, with which they are well enough satisfied, and this judgment no man has a right to disturb!" By no means! if it be to challenge justice to an unpopular man. We have neither space nor time for a discussion of this battle; nor indeed is such discussion needed at this late day, since Mr. Cooper's Reply to Messrs. Burgess, Duer and Mackenzie has put to rest, perfectly and forever, every question connected with it, by establishing so completely the truth of each statement in the Naval History as to induce a general recantation from his enemies. This reply is a *demonstration*, and Messrs. Burgess, Duer, Mackenzie, and their aiders and abettors, have laid down their arms. Beside the Naval History Mr. Cooper has written the lives of the most distinguished American naval commanders, for this magazine, and we hope soon to see this series of biographies issued in a separate and more convenient edition. It is doubtful whether any contributions to our periodical literature have been more widely read, or possessed more intrinsic value.

The notice I have given of Mr. Cooper's works is brief, because the space allowed to me is limited; but I cannot resist the temptation, in conclusion, to say a few words in regard to American literature. Of the past—of Edwards, who since the time of Bacon has had no equal among metaphysicians, of Franklin, and the great masters in theology, in legislation, in art, which the country has furnished from time to time, I say nothing; of Channing, of Marsh, of Allston, of Ware, whose death-bells are yet ringing in our ears, I am silent; I point to the living, and claim for the United States a greater array of genius and talent for the number of Anglo-Saxon inhabitants they contain, than England herself possesses. I know the general and disgraceful ignorance among Americans of our own rapid advancement and present high condition; I know that in our most "respectable" coteries a sort of puerile twaddle obtains, which, even in England, except with a few whose trade it is to abuse this country on all occasions, would induce general derision. The position assumed is, that we have no genius, talent, taste; that as a nation we are practical and utilitarian; in fine, that we have no literature or art. In reply to this, I appeal to the names of Cooper, Irving, Paulding, Bird and Hawthorne, among our living novelists; of Bryant, Dana, Halleck and Longfellow, whom it would be preposterous to say are equaled by any four cotemporary poets of England; of Prescott and Bancroft, of whom Hallam, Allison and Mahon are the only rivals, and they far in the rear, among British historians; of Story, Kent, Webster, Calhoun, and many others, in law and the science of government; of Brownson and Emerson among our philosophical critics; of Beecher, Barnes, Cheever, Norton, Spring, McIlvaine, Hopkins, Wayland, Williams, Tappan, and a host beside, in theology; of Powers, who by the acclaim of Europe is the greatest sculptor now in the world; of Inman, Cole, Huntington, Durand, Leslie, Sully and others, constituting a list of painters surpassed, if equaled, by those of no country but Germany; certainly not equaled by the living painters of England.

Here, it is acknowledged, there are obstacles to the progress of literature and art. We want a copyright law, and we want rich and liberal men to patronize the painter and the sculptor. In America genius must be its own reward. But the number who, despite all obstacles and discouragements, have won great and enduring reputations may well induce exultation. Few have done so much for the American name as the subject of this article. The Frenchman, the German, the Italian, the inhabitant of the Peninsula, speaks of our republic as "the land of Cooper," just as he turns to Greece with recollections of Homer. A prophet is without reputation in his own country. Mr. Cooper is less read in the United States than Harrison Ainsworth; and there are twenty copies of the puerile verses of Kirke White sold among us where there is sold one copy of the sublime poetry of William Cullen Bryant.

The portrait published with this notice, though from a miniature by Blanchard, one of the best artists in his line in the Union, and engraved by Dodson, who is said to have no equal as an engraver of *heads*, it must be confessed does little justice to Mr. Cooper, though it is more like him than any of the many pictures of him hitherto engraved.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems by Christopher Pearse Cranch. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart, 1 vol. 12mo.

To a critic of the old school there is no labor so easy and so delightful as the handling of a transcendentalist, gyved in rhyme. Such a reviewer bears the same tender relation to the poet that the cat bears to the mouse. As long as the latter keeps his person snug in any hole, nook, cranny or corner of mystery, all that the critic can do is to sneer at his retiring disposition, or attempt to draw him into the light, by professing a curiosity to see his face. If this succeeds, then comes the old grimalkin game of playing and slaying. It is a game of craft against simplicity. Reviewer and bard are of a different race, have different interests, and look at objects with different eyes. There is no common ground on which they can meet. They are natural enemies. The nonsense of one is the wisdom of the other; the discord of one is the harmony of the other. They do not see, hear, touch, feel and taste—they do not associate, combine, reason and imagine with the same senses and the same mind. The opinion which one forms of the other is of no more value than a Hottentot's judgment on the last Paris fashion. Both are men of tastes, not men of taste, and they think and write according to their dispositions, peculiarities and prejudices. The critic generally has the advantage in verbal battles, for his enemy is open to every shaft of ridicule, and the public love laughter more than justice. No sooner, therefore, does a man step out, like Mr. Cranch, from the security of private meditation, into the pleasing but dangerous publicity given by fine paper and yellow covers, than there is generated in the literary atmosphere an ominous cloud, which bursts pitilessly upon him in a storm of sneers. Some gentle souls, of delicate organization, may welcome him with smooth flatteries, and hail his worst faults with frigid ecstasies; but their drizzle of adulation is often more intolerable than the thunder-gust of contempt. We have often regretted that the race of poetical transcendentalists, now somewhat in the vogue, should be doomed to suffer so much undiscerning scorn and indiscriminating panegyric, from two classes of readers equally prejudiced and unreasonable.

Mr. Cranch seems to have had a premonition of one phase of his fate, for he informs us, in some lines on the Poet, that

> He that would earn the poet's sacred name
> Must write for future as for present ages;
> Must learn to scorn the wreath of vulgar fame,
> And bear to see cold critics, o'er the pages
> His burning brain hath wrought, wreak wantonly
> Their dull and crabbed spite or trifling mockery."

Whether "future ages" will or will not appreciate Mr. Cranch's scorn of vulgar fame or of cold critics, we have too much modesty and too little foresight to determine; but as he is undoubtedly a man of amiable disposition and sweet temper, he ought to be safe from the spite, if not the trifling, of the present time. We propose to make a few observations on his poems, with as little admixture of carnal jesting, as, under the circumstances, can be expected.

The first blemish which strikes the reader of these poems is repletion. The author not only repeats others, but he repeats himself. The words, phrases and images, which have been originated by the disciples of the transcendental school, and which, together, constitute a kind of jargon now worn almost threadbare, reappear in Mr. Cranch without much modification. We see in every part of his volume the influence of the books he has read. The usual honors are paid to Prometheus and Memnon's Statue. Wonder-land, spirit-land, melody of the heart, heart-deeps, wing of thought, the chambers of the soul, mystery of life, Inward and Outward, dreamy light, spirit's ear, inner life, Outerworld, and similar expressions, which are now as trite as the fashionable diction of the last century, which Wordsworth warred against, are continually intruded. Flower and fruit are incessantly pressed into the service of metaphor. Time and Space are again voted negations of Eternity and Infinity. Pantheism ducks and dives, and dives and ducks again, in the stream of his verse. The vast region of the Indefinite, with its accustomed gloom and vacuity, meets us as an old acquaintance. Some fine verbal combinations are directly borrowed from Byron, Shelley, Keats and Tennyson. The three latter, with Carlyle, Emerson, Lowell, and a few others, are continually suggested to the mind of the reader of Mr. Cranch. This conscious or unconscious imitation, this echoing of other minds, must be considered a blemish by the poet's own sect—and by the rules of his own order we desire to judge him.

In those poems in this collection, of which invention can be predicated, we perceive little imagination. The author's fancy is often rich, and sometimes daring and frolicsome in throwing off images and analogies, which startle by their oddity; but we never perceive subtile thoughts and feelings, shaped and colored into visible and vivid pictures, or embodied in words and phrases which we feel to be their true language to the soul, as we find in Shelley and other bards of spiritualism. Indeed, Mr. Cranch seems to be swayed alternately by two feelings, timidity and daring; one prompting him to use the accredited expression of trandscendentalism, and the other hurrying him into strained, unnatural and unsuggestive images, which, "as the world goes," are as liable to provoke mirth as admiration. In both states of mind he rather speaks for the edification of his own soul than for the souls of others. His meditation and his rapture are not always expressed, in the true meaning of the term expression. His poems are rather signs of his own states of mind than expressions of those states to other minds. To those who understand the freemasonry of the sect, they may not be difficult of apprehension. But a volume of poems is to be circulated among different classes of persons, and to address a variety of minds; at least every poet trusts and hopes this will be the case; and, accordingly, there should be sufficient power in the poetry to call forth the feeling, or to create the state of mind to which it appeals. Great poets ever find sympathizing readers, because they possess the force of thought and imagination necessary to compel other minds to give them heed. Dull clergymen and bad poets are always murmuring at the lack of religious feeling and poetic appreciation; but we find no lack of either when there is any adequate cause in priest or poet for their development. Many, of course, will sneer and deride at originality, merely because it is new, and many form a low estimate of the value of what

transcends the senses, but the great body of reading persons are always willing to obey any impulses which a poet has the faculty to excite. If, after candidly surrendering their minds to him, he fails to impress or influence them, the fault is his, not theirs.

A few extracts will enable our readers to judge both of Mr. Cranch's faults and beauties. It will be seen that there is much gentleness and melody in his nature, and that most of what he writes has its origin in his "heart-deeps." The mystical sadness diffused through many of his poems is not without its charm. The delicacy of his mind, though it sometimes leads him into prettiness, is often displayed to fine effect in subtile fancies. We should estimate him as a man who had lived much with books and nature, who had "experienced" poetry, who felt his "heart leap up" when he beheld beauty and excellence, and who, with original tendencies to the tender and thoughtful, had not escaped being occasionally betrayed by them into daintiness and effeminate egotism. There is little muscle and bone in his verse. With all his seriousness of purpose, he often plays with his thoughts, and links them to fancies which are ingenious without being true or suggestive. There is not enough manliness in the tone and temper of his reflections. We are surprised that a study of the writings of such men as Carlyle and Emerson—and those authors Mr. Cranch has evidently studied—should not have taught him more force, and given him a keener perception of the ludicrous. We wish he had caught more of their spirit and less of their phrases. Carlyle growls, and Emerson jeers, at many things in life, but neither whine. The rough, sinewy energy of the first, and the piercing intellect of the other, preserve them from any thing which looks like cant or feebleness. They never are presented in the attitude of elegant souls, mourning dolorously over their lot, and wondering that all men are not as deliciously miserable as themselves.

In a little poem called the "Rainbow," Mr. Cranch pursues the metaphor of a flower through twelve stanzas. He addresses the rainbow as a flower of the skies,

> Springing and growing
> In thy garden of mist,
> Where the sun hath so often
> The thunder-cloud kissed.

And his notion of the sun's good-nature is conveyed in a curious fancy, which deserves note—

> The clouds are all weeping,
> But ere the sun sets,
> He flings them this flower
> To chase their regrets.

A little further down he calls it "heaven's sun-flower," thus letting us into the secret that the whole poem had its origin in a not very felicitous pun. In some lines to the Aurora Borealis, we have more of this metrical botany:

> Beautiful and rare Aurora,
> In the heavens thou art their Flora,
> Night-blooming Cereus of the sky,
> Rose of Amaranthine dye,
> Hyacinth of purple light,
> Or their Lily clad in white!

With a similar facility of crowding fancies one upon another, the same skiey appearance is also addressed as a

> Blush upon the cheek of night,
> Posthumous, unearthly light,
> Dream of the deep sunken sun,
> Beautiful sleep-walking one,
> Sister of the moonlight pale.
>
> —
>
> Seeker of the starry choir!
> Lovely opposition fire!
> Restless roamer of the sky.

In a little poem called "Endymion," the "queenly moon" is represented as

> Walking through her *starred saloon*.

This is degrading the heavens to the most earthly of earth's things, and would shock an atheist, if he were a man of imagination. To call the regions of immensity

> "Studded with stars unutterably bright,"

a starred *saloon*, is not defensible even on the plea that rhyme is inexorable in its demands on propriety.

"The Ocean," suggested by a passage in Wordsworth's great Ode, commences with a difficult question, which is answered in a singular way:

> Tell me, brother, what are we?
> *Spirits bathing in the sea*
> *Of Deity!*
> Half afloat and half on land,
> Wishing much to leave the strand—
> Standing, gazing with devotion,
> Yet afraid to trust the ocean—
> Such are we.

Mr. Cranch here speaks confidently for the human race, and his dogmatic "such are we," should be scanned with some care. Is not the last part of the extract a *souvenir* of one of Dr. Watts's hymns? We have a distinct recollection of timid mortals shrinking from passing the "narrow" sea of death, and who are said

> "To linger shivering on the brink,
> And fear to launch away."

Mr. Emerson has a fine little lyric on the humble bee. In "Field Notes," Mr. Cranch tries his fancy on the same subject, and with considerable success:

> These shall be our company.
> The soliloquizing bee
> Hath no need of such as we:
> We will let him wander free:
> He must labor hotly yet,
> Ere the summer sun shall set.
> Grumbling little merchant man,
> Deft Utilitarian,
> Dunning all the idle flowers,
> Short to him must be the hours,
> As he steereth swiftly over
> Fields of warm sweet-scented clover.
> Leave him to his own delight,
> Little insect Benthamite:
> Idler like ourselves alone
> Shall we woo to be our crone.

The following extract from the same poem is flowing and sweet, and has much meaning for the initiated. Those who are familiar with New England transcendentalism will recognize in it an old acquaintance:

> Him we will seek, and none but him
> Whose inward sense hath not grown dim;
> Whose soul is steeped in Nature's tinct,
> And to the Universal linked;
> Who loves the beauteous Infinite
> With deep and ever new delight,
> And carrieth where'er he goes
> The inborn sweetness of the rose,
> The perfume as of Paradise;
> The talisman above all price;
> The optic glass that wins from far
> The meaning of the utmost star;
> The key that opes the golden doors
> Where earth and heaven have piled their stores;
> The magic ring—the enchanter's wand,—
> The title-deed to Wonder-land;
> The wisdom that o'erlooketh sense,
> The clairvoyance of Innocence.

In a piece called the "Autumn Stars," Mr. Cranch's idea of the sublime is very well embodied, and the poem must be allowed to contain many forcible images and much poetic feeling. With the exception of "We are Spirits Clad in Veils," this is perhaps the best known of all his poems. As a favorable specimen, however, of his

powers, when he is in a daring mood, we give the following lines on "Niagara:"

I stood within a vision's spell;
I saw, I heard. The liquid thunder
Went pouring to its foaming hell,
And it fell,
Ever, ever fell
Into the invisible abyss that opened under.

I stood upon a speck of ground;
Before me fell a stormy ocean.
I was like a captive bound;
And around
A universe of sound
Troubled the heavens with ever-quivering motion.

Down, down forever—down, down forever,
Something falling, falling, falling,
Up, up forever—up, up forever,
Resting never,
Boiling up forever,
Steam clouds shot up with thunder-bursts appalling.

A tone that since the birth of man,
Was never for a moment broken,
A word that since the world began,
And waters ran
Hath spoken still to man,—
Of God and of Eternity hath spoken.

Foam-clouds there forever rise
With a restless roar o'erboiling—
Rainbows stooping from the skies
Charm the eyes,
Beautiful they rise,
Cheering the cataracts to their mighty toiling.

And in that vision, as it passed,
Was gathered terror, beauty, power:
And still when all has fled, too fast,
And I at last
Dream of the dreamy past,
My heart is full when lingering on that hour.

The reader of these poems cannot fail to do justice to the luxuriance of Mr. Cranch's fancy. We might easily select solitary lines of great beauty, and solitary lines of great oddity, in which this faculty is manifested. The feeling, throughout the volume, is generally pure, delicate and tender. We can conceive of a class of persons, having close moral and intellectual sympathy with the author, to whom the book would be a pleasant companion. But we fear that the lack of nerve, the absence of that power and knowledge which are conferred by the rough discipline of the world, the want of true depth and intensity amid all the show of "inwardness," will prevent the volume from winning sympathy from the generality of readers, or taking a high rank in what is called "transcendental" literature. We are so well pleased, however, with the gentleness and purity of nature which are written so legibly on its pages, that we sincerely hope that Mr. Cranch will deem this opinion one leaf of the "vulgar wreath of fame" he so much despises; and if it can afford him any satisfaction, we are perfectly willing to be called by him one of the class of "cold critics," whose "dull and crabbed spite and trifling mockery" he is too intelligent to notice.

Critical Essays on a Few Subjects Connected with the History and Present Condition of Speculative Philosophy. By Francis Bowen, A. M. Boston, H. B. Williams.

These essays originally appeared in the North American Review, and the Christian Examiner, and attracted much attention for their force of thought and clearness of expression. The subjects are Locke and the Transcendentalists, Kant, Cousin's Exposition of Kant, Cousin, Parey's Natural Theology, the Union of Theology and Metaphysics, Berkeley, Moral Science and Political Ethics. Mr. Bowen traverses the whole domain of abstraction and moral science, and a clear and acute head in the history and criticism of philosophical opinions. The papers on Kant, Cousin, and Berkeley, are especially valuable, both in the statement and examination of the systems of those metaphysicians, and can be particularly commended to the notice of such as wish to learn their leading ideas without the trouble of studying the original works. The essay on the philosophy of Cousin is by far the ablest and most critical which has appeared in the United States on the brilliant Frenchman. Mr. Bowen has detected many errors of fact in Cousin, and trips up several of his swiftest and most flashing generalizations. The keen, searching, merciless analysis applied to some of the French philosopher's most cherished principles, and the terseness of style in which it is conveyed, are admirable. After examining Cousin's theory of the Deity, which asserts that the three elements of pure reason, the idea of the finite, of the infinite, and their relation, are God himself, Mr. Bowen concludes with this forcible protest: "For ourselves, we want words to express our indignation against this impious Harlequinade of words—this mode of binding together three dry sticks of abstract ideas, and then baptizing the miserable fagot as God." The essays on the connection of theology with metaphysics, although they contain many principles from which we altogether dissent, are replete with knowledge, sound sturdy reasoning, and felicitous expression. At a period like the present, when every body is engaged in "putting his faith on a philosophical basis," dogmatizing on the holiest and most important themes, and asserting for every crotchet and thin morsel of nonsense that enter his head the authority of pure reason, these essays are likely to do good. Many persons seem to think that metaphysics come by nature, and bad metaphysics certainly do, if we may judge from the samples presented by the champions of the dogma; for truly they bear no evidence of an educated understanding, and are as natural as prejudice, egotism, and foolishness can make them.

Most of these essays contain valuable digests of philosophical systems, condensed to the smallest compass consistent with clearness, and expressed with great force and directness of style. The labor and intellect required in doing this well, can only be appreciated by those who have experienced the difficulty of the task. It requires clearness of perception, an intimate acquaintance with the subject, great caution in the selection of words, great economy in the use of words. In showing the connection of one philosophical system with another; the rise, progress and decline, and reappearance of metaphysical opinions; their modification in different countries and periods; their influence upon departments of knowledge with which they seem disconnected; in all which relates to their history and influence, Mr. Bowen is very able. His style is well adapted for his purpose—pointed, terse, familiar and vigorous. He does not follow the example of many quite popular writers on similar subjects, in taking very boldly of what he intends to prove, and escaping in a cloud of words when he comes to the thing which is to be proved. He gives an abstract of a system, then subjects it to severe examination, and leaves the reader to judge between the two.

Mr. Bowen is no transcendentalist, at least in the common meaning of the term. His opposition, indeed, to the mystical quackery which passes under that name, sometimes hurries him too far in an opposite direction to please our taste. But we can easily understand how this could arise, in the natural hatred of a manly understanding to the mingled mawkishness and absurdity of the opinions he is compelled at times to oppose. New England transcendentalism has been rich in absurdities, and there seems more of a cant than a philosophy, but it has also given us one true man of genius—R. W. Emerson.



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THE FATE OF THE HUMMING BIRD.

OR THE BUFFALO HUNT

BY CHARLES J. HOFFMAN.

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WITH bow or gun 't is the very deuce and all to shoot a running buffalo from the back of a horse that shies.

"Sheers—my good sir, write sheers."

"I'll do no such thing. Shear, which is the word you mean, is a sea-phrase. I am talking 'horse,' and the noble animal has a lingo of his own—why should n't he as well as a ship?" [*Vide* 'shy,' *neut. verb. Lex. Equ.*]

I repeat, 't is the deucedest hard thing in the world to make a good flying shot with any thing but a pistol from the back of a horse that *shies*.

The best prairie men that were ever in garrison at Fort Gibson know this well. For some of these dashing officers, forgetful wholly that their necks belonged to Uncle Sam, have periled them too often in the experiment. But that painful affair of young "Humming Bird," the famous Comanche rider, it is hoped, put an end forever to such fool-hardiness.

"The Humming Bird," if I mistake not, was one of the hostages taken by Col. Dodge when he swept the base of the mountains with the first dragoons, in the sickly summer of '34. I have often wondered that CATLIN, who went out with that party, did not take a portrait of this gallant and pretty fellow. He it was, unless I am again in error, who succeeded at last in capturing that celebrated white horse which so long led the wild troops of the southwestern prairies, and for which, if taken uninjured, such large rewards were offered along that frontier. The Humming Bird has always been thought to have captured him finally by some device of Indian cunning, and not by the ordinary use of the lasso. Poor fellow, he himself, though naturally an amiable youth, showed his temper ungovernable enough at the one or two attempts which were made to restrain his own wild nature. Why had he not the thought to leave this untamable kindred spirit of the prairies as free as he himself would be?

Yet, had it been so, I should have had no story to tell here, nor would Darley's admirable picture of a *disunited* horseman have ever graced the classic pages of "Graham."

"Hummie," said Captain B— to the Indian when he first brought in the noble steed to the garrison, "'t is a foolish talk, Hummie, to think of sending that mustang into the settlements for a purchaser. I will give you half that you ask for him and throw one of my double barrels into the bargain, if you will first kill a buffalo from his back without his throwing you."

The Indian smiled in derision at the idea of any horse unseating him; but at the same time his barbarian vanity was not proof against the implied doubt of his horsemanship. Captain B— only wished to ascertain the quality of the animal of which he wished to become the purchaser. But "The Humming Bird," with that selfism which is always pardonable in the untutored, construed the proposition only as referring to himself.

"Let the Long Knife," said he, "gallop this mustang but once past that buffalo hide that is drying yonder in the sun, and if *he* does not kiss his mother, I will try what I can do upon another skin with a running buffalo inside of it."

"Good, good," exclaimed a dozen voices, while Captain B—, laughing good-naturedly, prepared at once to take up the Indian's challenge.

"Hummie," said he, when his servant had brought out his saddle and bridle, "you handle horses so much better than a white man it will be no trouble for you to put these things upon that restive devil."

The Indian smiled grimly at the compliment, and, notwithstanding the furious plunging of the wild-horse,

succeeded, by the aid of a soldier who held his head the while, in fairly saddling him.

"Good thing to save horse—bad thing to save rider," he muttered, striking his hand on the saddle when all was ready.

B— then, who was a capital horseman, after first examining the adjustments with a quick and practiced eye, leaped lightly into the saddle. The Indian, who stood at the bits the while, instantly gave him his head; and nothing could be more beautiful than the cool pliancy with which B— forthwith initiated the virgin mouth of the unbroken horse into the gentle mysteries of curb and snaffle. His object, however, was not to break him, but merely to get the horse well in hand before attempting to put him to any work that might require the use of the spur. The Humming Bird looked on with the most earnest expression of gratified admiration at this kindly but firm handling of his noble steed. And now, after making a considerable sweep in the prairie, B—, in galloping back toward the group of lookers on, turned the foaming horse suddenly toward the scantling where hung the raw bison hide of which the Indian had already spoken. A slight hillock intervened between the on-coming horse and the low frame-work against which the skin was stretched. The animal seemed to smell it, however, and, snorting, tossed his head, but whether in fear or anger it mattered not with such a horseman as B—, for a stroke of the spur sent him forward with a furious leap on the instant, and the third bound brought him immediately upon the object of his aversion. A cloud of dust shut both horse and rider from view at that very moment, but when it had subsided on the next moment, there sat Captain B— as much a part of the horse as ever.

"I have no idea of breaking the fellow's horse for him," said he, riding up to the group, "but it's odd that so intelligent an Indian can't see the difference between the skill of a mere stable-boy in keeping his seat at a trial like this, and that of shooting game in one direction from the saddle when your horse is running another."

"How the deuce is that, B— ?" said a young officer.

"Why, man, if your horse on the full jump shies to the off-side while you are busy with your fire-arms on the near-side, do n't you see you must be *disunited* on the instant?"

"'Disunited?' Explain the word, if you please, for the benefit of country members?"

"That I'll do, my dear fellow, whenever you can tell how you perform that feat of yours of placing a julep within the rim of a hoop and swing it around your head, not only without shivering the glass, but without turning a leaf of the mint, or spilling of the ice or liquor."

"The julep keeps its place from centripetal attraction."

"Well, the horseman leaves his from centrifugal repulsion."

"Not at all—not necessarily, I mean—not inevitably. The julep is inanimate and quiescent, but the horseman is a living and pliable body, and can change his position and form a new relation with his horse on the instant, and if what you say really were true, we should be able to trace the principle constantly in the battle-pieces of the old painters."

"I've never been much East," said B—, modestly, "and, except the engraving of the Battle of Bunker Hill which hangs up in my quarters, I have never seen much of pictures of any kind, except those that sporting Yorker gives us in the Spirit of the Times; but I'd stop my subscription quick enough if, instead of his new portraits of horses, one wants to know about, he re-vamps things that lie against truth and nature from those old painters. Why, I saw one of those old paintings once in a traveling museum on the Mississippi, in which Indians were represented as having woolly heads, like negroes. How can you trust fellows to paint horses who'd lie about men in that way?"

"An old painting in a floating museum on the Mississippi?" cried the young and accomplished West-Pointer, in perfect dismay at the simplicity of his superior.

"Yes—an old painting—old enough too, I can tell you, for all the frame-gilding was as black as my hat, and the picture itself looked as if time had been staining it with tobacco juice ever since the first plant was raised in the James River Colony."

"A painting by an old master?" repeated the youth, not yet recovering himself.

"Faith, man, I did n't trouble myself to find out who it was by. It was old itself and it belonged to an old master, but it might have been painted by one of his grandfather's niggers for aught I know."

A sudden exclamation from The Humming Bird cut short this important episodical discussion. The officers looked afar, and, after gazing intently a few moments, a faint streak of amber-colored cloud was seen edging the farthest bourn of the prairie."

"A band of buffalo!" was the general joyful cry.

"Impossible! It cannot be. Saddle my horse instantly," said Captain B—. "It cannot be, boys, for unusually near to the post as they have ranged this season, this is too good luck for us. Yet that dust is too heavy for a trading caravan. What says The Humming Bird?"

The young chief had already torn off the civilized equipments from his white charger, upon whose back he now flung himself before replying, and cast his peering gaze far off into the prairie.

"Speak up, Indian," cried B—, with some impatience. "What sees The Humming Bird?"

"He sees Captain B—'s double-barrel gun in his own wigwam, and plenty of buffalo meat for the soldiers before sunset."

"Mount and follow, boy," shouted B—. "I want to keep as near this white stallion as he'll let me, to see how he does his work upon a first trial."

The Indian had already given his wild-horse the rein, and with rival fleetness the well-mounted captain came bounding upon the track of The Humming Bird. The latter turned but once on his crupper to speak, or rather to motion to the captain. The Indian, it seemed, had first selected a remarkably fine heifer from the bison herd; and B— thought afterward, when he now struck off after a tough old bull who

broke into view from a marshy spot of reeds in the prairie, that The Humming Bird wished to indicate to him that, while the meat of the heifer was best worth securing, a feeling of something like chivalry impelled him to make the proposed trial of his horse upon a leader of the herd.

The other white hunters had by this time begun to take a part in the chase. The band of buffaloes was broken up by their different charges, and rushed wildly in every direction. But still, amid all the confusion of the herd, The Humming Bird, though wheeling and turning incessantly, kept closely in the track of the formidable bull he had selected for his quarry. Thrice and again had he bent his bow and drawn the arrow to its head to pierce him, but each time, with true Indian economy in the use of that missive, he had withheld the shaft, in the hope of a more surely vital aim. Again he came back to the same reedy ground from which he had first stirred his proposed victim, and his gallant horse, though as yet by no means wearied, seemed to have his fire somewhat tamed by pressing through the marshy soil. And now the square chase-tool with which he has cloven the cane-brakes brings him side by side with the clumsy-galloping bison, who, with a final bound, has just escaped from its entanglements. But he too seems to gather fresh vigor from touching the firm soil, and even in that last leap to extricate himself he bends his head low as if now about to become in turn the assailant. That half-turning movement determined the shot of The Humming Bird. Never aim was better taken—never man more skillful twanged a bowstring—never limbs more supple pressed the flanks of rushing courser; and had but the horse still kept his direct and onward motion—had he but swerved from it only a moment sooner—a moment later—had an instant, a breath of time intervened ere he started so with terror—checked and swerved at a new and comparatively remote cause of alarm from the herd that he seemed for the first time to discover rushing toward him on the right—the young Humming Bird had never been hurled like a stone from a catapult upon the deadly horns of that bison. Yet his arrow must have done its work very thoroughly, if it be true that Captain B—, in telling this story of the unfortunate "disunited horseman," always says that he found both hunter and quarry mingling their gore and lying dead on the prairie together.

THE TWO SPIRITS.

BY ALICE HERVEY.

THERE roam upon the earth
Two spirits, side by side;
One is a maiden fair and bright,
With blooming cheeks and eyes of light
And step of conscious pride.

The joy her presence brings
To every thing that lives
Declares her name, beloved Health;
More precious far than fame or wealth
The boon her right hand gives.

Near her there glides a form,
With faltering steps and slow,
Her cheeks are pale, and dimmed her eyes,
And from her breast break heavy sighs
That tell of pain and wo.

And by the sunken cheek,
And by the bending frame,
And by the dread and fear which fell
At her approach, I knew her well,
Disease, her mournful name.

Still beamed from her blue eye
A mild and gentle ray,
Which said—"Though stern my mission be,
Yet tender love and charity
Attend me on my way."

Gently she took my hand
And said—"I'll be thy guide,
Follow upon my clouded way
And I will teach thy heart to-day
The lesson health denied."

We found a palace home
Whence love and peace had flown,
Where bitter words and bitter strife
Had long since parted husband, wife,
And discord reigned alone.

There, with a noiseless step,
My pale companion stole,
Her fevered hand she gently laid
Upon the husband's brow, and bade
Fiercely the life-blood roll.

A raging fever bowed
His strong and manly form,
The wife bent o'er his couch of pain,
While to her heart flowed back again
Love's tide, unchecked and warm.

Then faithful memory brought
From out the mournful past
Each vow of changeless love through life,
Each blighting word, each bitter strife,
Which chilled that love at last.

Then with a throbbing heart,
With many a deep-felt tear,
Were spoken words whose healing power
Could brighten e'en that gloomy hour,
When death seemed hov'ring near.

Sickness her work had done,
Her mission had fullfilled,
Then Health approached with balmy breath,
Banished the forms of Pain and Death,
The raging fever stilled.

Within the peaceful home
Love's flower bloomed out again;
And thus does Sickness often prove
A messenger of peace and love
When Health has smiled in vain.

MURAD THE WISE.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRE-SIDE," ETC.

WHEN the mighty Othman, one of the most illustrious of all the successors of Mahomet, swayed the sceptre of the Ottomites, there dwelt in the city of Broussa, the greatest in all Asia Minor, a person called Murad the Wise, who had established a great reputation by studying the Koran, devoting himself to the happiness of all true Mussulmans, and persecuting the Christian dogs without mercy.

Being rich and childless, he devoted a great portion of his wealth to relieving the necessities of the poor, always excepting the Jews, the Christians, and the followers of Ali, for he was an orthodox believer and never failed to inquire into a man's religious opinions before administering to his distresses. Nay, he carried his benevolence so far as to include irrational animals, and created two extensive hospitals, one for cats, another for dogs, which were lodged and fed by thousands in these asylums, to the great annoyance of the neighborhood, which was nightly disturbed by their howling and catterwauling. The consequence was, these animals increased to such a degree under the patronage of Murad, that they became a great nuisance in the city, the dogs barking, howling, and thieving during the day, and the cats mewing, screaming, and hissing by night in a most egregious and disreputable manner.

The city of Broussa is delightfully situated, at the foot of Mount Olympus, where, in the balmy days of Grecian mythology, Jupiter held his court, according to Homer, who was a native of Asia Minor, or of the neighboring Isle of Scios. But even gods have their day; the domes and minarets of the faithful have superseded the altars of Paganism, and Mahomet now reigns supreme where Jupiter once launched his thunderbolts. A thousand crystal springs gush forth from the sides of the mountain, forming the sources of little streams that murmur, and dash, and foam through its recesses, on their way to the city, where they diffuse through the streets a grateful, refreshing coolness, and supply the cleanly Mussulman with water for those frequent ablutions, which, while purifying his body, he imagines, render it more worthy to approach the altar of Allah—the principal spring issues from a deep, shady glen, about half way up the mountain, and supplies a stream sufficent to turn a mill, if such a luxury were known among the Turks, and which is conducted to the city through a channel lined with marble, whence it spreads itself in all directions through lesser conduits. Three hundred stately mosques, whose domes and minarets ascend from groves of mulberry trees, adorn the city and its environs, and it is by the side of these cooling streams and fountains that the indolent, luxurious Mussulman *every day* indulges in smoking his pipe, while he luxuriates in that delightful interregnum of the mind, between sleeping and waking, so dear to the Oriental epicure, so little known to the ever restless soul of the inhabitant of the West, where life is one never ceasing feverish struggle of body or mind from the cradle to the grave.

Murad the Wise was accustomed to spend a portion of his time, seated cross-legged, smoking his long pipe by the side of the deep spring up the mountain, buried in contemplation. At such times, his thoughts would frequently revert to the nature and condition of man, so full of inequalities and contradictions apparently irreconcilable with the wisdom, justice, and mercy of Providence. "Mashallah!" would he say to himself, "why is it that so small a portion of mankind are rolling in wealth, and enjoying all the sweets of luxury, dignities, honor and power, while the mighty mass of the human race may be said only to be preserved from starvation by perpetual labor and perpetual saving? Why is it that a few enjoy every thing without toil, and the many so little, though they work from morning till night? Why are the mind and body of the slave equally subjected to the will of his master, while the master can do as he lists, and go whither he pleases? And why, O! Allah! is it that while one is surfeited with all the delicacies that pamper the senses, thousands, yea, millions, are suffering for lack of the common necessaries of life? Surely, surely the blessings of Providence are unequally distributed. Methinks, were I to create a world, I would order things otherwise, and secure to my fellow creatures, with the exception of the Jews, the Christians, and the detestable followers of Ali, a more equal diffusion of happiness."

Saying, or rather thinking this, Murad the Wise fell into a state of profound abstraction, during which his mind was deeply occupied in the construction of a world in which the enjoyments of life should be equally distributed to all, and had almost completely adjusted its parts to his own satisfaction, when he was suddenly interrupted by the intrusion of an aged, yet majestic figure, with lustrous eyes, and a long white beard sweeping over his bosom, who came and sat down beside him. Murad felt at first somewhat indignant at this interruption, but, looking steadfastly in the face of the old man, he saw something there that at once repressed any expression of discontent. After a momentary silence, the stranger thus addressed him:

"Thou seemest engaged in deep contemplation. What art thou thinking of, Murad?"

"Murad!" exclaimed the other; "that is indeed my name, but how came it known to thee, whom I never saw before?"

"Is not Murad the Wise known to thousands, yea, tens of thousands whom he knows not himself?" answered the old man. "Is he not renowned for his beneficence? Is he not the benefactor of the poor, the assuager of misery, the redresser of wrongs, and the friend not only of the human race, but of the dumb beasts, who have none other but him? Who in all Broussa, nay, who in all Asia Minor is ignorant of the name of Murad the Wise? But may I again ask what thou art thinking of so deeply, that I may share in the contemplations of wisdom?"

The heart of Murad was, unknown to himself, deeply infected with vanity and pride, and he rather sought their gratification in his charities, than that of a pure benevolence. The praises of the venerable old man were delightful to his ear, and, puffed up with vain conceit, he straightway unfolded to him the subject of his thoughts, forgetful he was but a worm, impiously scanning the secret purposes of his Creator. As he proceeded with his plan of a new world, designed to remedy the inequalities of mankind, and produce a universal diffusion of happiness, an almost imperceptible smile, not of scorn but pity, flitted across the pale, seamed face of the stranger, who, at the conclusion of the detail, arose and disappeared, leaving Murad mortified and offended at his abrupt departure.

He had scarcely gone when a slave bearing a water-jar came and set it down, and began weeping and complaining in a doleful voice, accompanied by gestures of sorrow and despair. Murad approached him, and, in words of deep commiseration, asked the cause of his sorrows.

"Am I not a slave?" cried he, in tones of mingled grief and indignation. "Is not my body subjected to the absolute will of another, and my soul bound in chains? Am I not restricted in going and coming, in eating and drinking, in sleeping and waking, in doing and refraining, whatever may be my inclinations or my necessities? Alas! why did Allah give me a will of my own since it is never to be gratified?"

"To whom dost thou belong?" asked Murad.

"To the son of the Bashaw of Natolias."

"Be comforted. I will purchase thee of thy master, and thou shalt be free to go where thou wilt, and do according to thy pleasure."

The gratified slave fell at his feet and kissed them. Then he filled his jar with water, and tripped away rejoicing in the hope of soon being free. Murad remained on the spot, solacing himself with the contemplation of his own benevolence, and was more than ever pleased with his new world, in which he had entirely abolished slavery. He was soon, however, interrupted by the approach of a youth, who came staggering with faltering steps, his face pale and emaciated, his eyes dim and sunken, and his whole appearance indicating a premature old age, brought on by disease or dissipation. Seating himself at the side of the deep fountain, apparently unconscious of all observation, he groaned aloud, wrung his hands, tore his beard, gnashed his teeth, and at length, starting up in the frenzy of despair, was on the point of casting himself into the spring, when Murad seized him suddenly around the waist and arrested his purpose.

"In the name of the Prophet, forbear!" cried Murad. "Remember that none but cowards seek or avoid the angel of death. Tell me what has caused thy despair, and perhaps I may alleviate, if I cannot remove it entirely."

The youth, on being released, turned suddenly around, and, after staring Murad wildly in the face, answered, in tones of bitter agony and desperation—

"Hah! I know thee now. Thou art Murad the Wise, but my condition is past thy cure. I am the victim of my own stubborn will, or rather of destiny, for to restrain myself was beyond my power. Thou knowest the Bashaw of Natolias? I am his only son. As such, I have from my childhood been permitted to do as I would, without any one daring to thwart me, or dispute my pleasure. I have been a tyrant over others, and the slave of my own passions; I have indulged in excesses until pleasure has ceased to please; in the bloom of youth I have become old and decrepit; I am sated, surfeited with enjoyment, and, were it not so, have worn out and destroyed all capacity for receiving pleasure from the gratification of the senses. My days are days of suffering, my nights are nights of bodily torment, aggravated by remorse, and blackened by despair. Oh, Allah! why was I fated to have my own will in every thing, instead of being a slave to that of others? I might then have been happy." Saying this he broke furiously away, and, staggering down the declivity of the mountain, quickly disappeared.

"Unfortunate youth!" exclaimed Murad. "I can alleviate the miseries of yonder slave by setting him free, but I cannot restore the health of thy body, nor the repose of thy mind."

Presently after, there came toward the spring a figure, not dressed but disguised in rags. Here he drank a long, deep draught, after which he exclaimed, "Allah be praised! he giveth me plenty of water, though his creatures deny me bread."

"What aileth thee, my friend?" inquired Murad, in a gentle voice, as he approached him.

"Nothing," replied the poor skeleton, for such he seemed; "nothing but that I am starving and my family keeping me company. We have not tasted food for two days past, and I have summoned my remaining strength to come hither and bring them a draught of water, to lengthen their sufferings a little while longer. They are too weak to go forth and seek relief, and all I can do is to return and die with them."

"No," cried Murad, whose heart was touched with compassion. "No, thou shalt not die, thou, nor thy wife, nor thy children, until the angel of death shall smite both thee and them in the common course of nature. Take this purse, purchase food, and be comforted, for when this is gone I will give thee more."

The poor man snatched the purse from his hand, and, without staying to return thanks, departed with a speed which his almost fleshless body scarcely promised, for he was strengthened by joy that he could now administer comfort and relief to his starving

family. So speedy was his flight, that he nearly overturned a fat, portly figure that was slowly puffing up the mountain, stopping ever and anon to rest himself and mutter maledictions on his limbs, more especially his great toe, which was carefully shrouded in a velvet slipper.

"What a strange distribution of happiness!" exclaimed Murad, on the departure of the starving beggar. "In my world such a case can never occur."

By this time the fat, portly man had, with much ado, reached the fountain, where, having taken a cooling draught, at which he shuddered and made divers wry faces, he sat himself down, drew up his foot, and, placing it across his other knee, seemed to be soothing it with his hand, while he mingled groans and peevish exclamations together. The curiosity of Murad being awakened, he asked the stranger the cause of his complainings, and ere he could reply, presuming that, like the poor starving beggar, he was belike anhungered, began to comfort him with the promise of relief, which was all he could do at that time, seeing he had just given away his purse. "Thou shalt soon have wherewithal to eat and drink, my friend," said he, kindly.

"Do n't talk to me about eating and drinking," exclaimed the portly man, in a great passion. "I have had too much of both already. Know, most obdurate and inquisitive stranger, that my father was a great merchant, who made as many voyages as Sinbad, and accumulated money enough to purchase the Paschalic of Aleppo, where he made the people pay ten times as much as it cost him for the privilege of plundering. He left me all his riches, for he escaped the bowstring, as his destiny had doubtless decided, but I, being convinced that two such miracles could never happen in one family, imbibed a distaste for the pursuits of ambition, and determined to seek happiness by employing my wealth in the purchase of other gratifications. I became a glutton and an epicure, which according to time immemorial—such is the lame and imperfect manner in which the human organs are constructed—impaired my digestion, affected my spirits, and finally destroyed my health.

"Finding that eating disagreed with me, I resolved to seek enjoyment in drinking, and, having procured a dispensation from the mufti on the score of my health, I purchased a store of the rich wines of Shirez, Cyprus, and Candia, not forgetting those delicate juices on which the Christian dogs regale themselves in defiance of the law and the Prophet. I cannot comprehend how it was, but the wine, which at first ascended swiftly to my brains and produced a most happy and delightful exhilaration of spirit, ceased at length its genial influence, and, instead of ascending to the brain, seemed to descend into my limbs, until it finally settled in my great toe, where it produces such twinges as only the angels of darkness inflict on their victims. Besides, I am, as you see, swelled to an enormous size by dropsy, for it seems this pestiferous beverage turns to water at last. In short, I have a complication of disorders from which I shall never be free, and am the most wretched of men. I envy every beggar I meet, for there is no danger of his over eating himself, and would willingly exchange situations with that half-starved skeleton who almost ran over me as I was puffing my way hither, and trod on this infernal torment of mine, for which may he be doomed to eat when he is not hungry, drink when he is not dry, be ridden by the night-hag, and his shadow always continue to grow bigger. O, Mahomet! what a curse it is to have more money than we can enjoy, to eat and drink more than we want, and to labor under sufferings we are conscious of having brought on ourselves by our own excesses."

Here the portly man was arrested by a twinge which caused him first to cry out "Mashallah!" then to writhe, and lastly to swear most lustily. He called loudly for Achmet, and Hassan, and Selim, and Ali, who it seems were his slaves, and had followed at a distance in order to convey him home, he having walked up the mountain by the advice of his physician for exercise. They came in great haste, took him up in their arms, and bore him down the declivity of the mountain, while he cuffed their ears, pulled their beards, and knocked off their turbans, all which they bore with the greatest gravity and decorum.

He was succeeded by a stout, brawny fellow, in the dress of a porter, who came with two immense jars flung across his shoulders, such as are usually carried in Broussa by mules. Placing them on the ground with a gesture of impatience, he cried out, "What a miserable dog am I, to be condemned all day long to carry water for people who sit still, doing nothing but smoke their long pipes, drink Sherbet and coffee, eat sweetmeats and chew opium. O! that I was only in the place of Mustapha Tocat, who is as rich as a Jew, and passes all the livelong day sitting cross-legged, enjoying the pleasure of seeing me and other miserable wretches slaving ourselves to death for the benefit of others. But here he comes, I marvel what has brought him so far from home. I must fill my jars or he will reproach me for a lazy varlet, for it seems he can't bear to see any one idle but himself." With these words the discontented porter took up his jars, and left the fountain at the same moment Mustapha Tocat arrived.

He seemed about the age of fifty, and though apparently hale and vigorous, approached with an air of languor and debility, while his countenance wore an expression of feebleness and care. He sighed deeply as he took his seat near the fountain, which he contemplated as if absorbed in painful reflections. Murad, who might have been called an amateur of human suffering, seeing that he always felt such pleasure in relieving it that he might be said to rejoice at the sight of an object of compassion—Murad felt his curiosity as well as sympathy strongly excited by the new comer, who looked so well in health that he was sure his sufferings must be those of the mind. He has met with some severe misfortune, thought Murad; perhaps he has lost a beloved wife, or darling child, or chosen companion; or he has the weight of guilt upon his soul. I will inquire into the cause of his grief, and administer consolation.

"Stranger," said Murad, approaching him, "thou seemest depressed with sorrow. Can I administer relief? If thou hast lost the friend thou hast loved, the wife of thy bosom, or the child of thy affection, I beseech thee to pour thy griefs into my ear. I am called Murad the Wise, and it is the province of wisdom to suggest topics of consolation to the afflicted. If thou hast suffered losses in trade, or been plundered by the artifices of others, lo! I am rich and can relieve thee.

"Benevolent Murad," answered Mustapha Tocat, "I have neither lost friend, wife, child, nor fortune. I have six of the most obedient wives, sixteen of the most beautiful children in all Asia Minor, and my wealth is sufficient to load forty camels. Yet, alas! I am the most miserable of men. I know not what to do with myself, and time hangs like a millstone about my neck. My days are passed in eating, drinking, sleeping and smoking; and although it might be supposed that such an agreeable variety of occupation would make life pass very pleasantly, it is not so with me. My days seem as if they never would end, and my nights almost an eternity. I cannot sleep when I lay down on my couch at night, though scarcely able to keep awake by day. I turn from side to side, and if I lose myself for a few moments, am roused by some terrible dreams, or some strange feeling, or infirmity, which conjures up a legion of fantastic terrors. I am neither well nor sick; and for lack of something to occupy my mind, am always thinking of myself and exaggerating every little pain into a symptom of mortal disease. I have no appetite, yet eat enormously; I do nothing, yet am always tired; I am drowsy but cannot sleep; I am alive without seeming to live; and at this moment envy, from the bottom of my heart, that slave of a porter, who is obliged to labor all day, or starve. O, Allah! would I only knew what to do with myself!"

At this moment the muselhim proclaimed the hour from a neighboring minaret, and Mustapha Tocat, as if reminded by the sound, started up briskly, and proceeded toward the city, exclaiming, "Mahomet be praised! it will be time for dinner when I get home."

Murad the Wise remained in a deep and profound perplexity. These opposite examples, each leading to similar results, coming thus in quick succession, threw his mind into a chaos of confusion, from which he was at length extricated by a most happy thought. "I have it!" cried he; it is the opposite extremes of wealth and poverty that produce the great mass of human misery. Were I to create a world I would give competence to all, enormous wealth to none. All would then be contented and happy."

He was roused from the delightful consciousness of having at length solved the great difficulty, by the approach of a person who, like the others, seemed discontented and unhappy. On being, as usual, interrogated by Murad, it appeared that he was very wretched because he was not so rich as Mustapha Tocat, so that he might retire from the toils of business, and set himself down quietly in the enjoyment of ease and splendor.

"Hast thou not all the necessaries and comforts of life?" asked Murad.

"Yes—but I pine for something more—I want—"

"What?" said Murad, impatiently.

"I don't know precisely what—but I know very well I want something, and am resolved to procure it, if I slave all the rest of my life. I have no notion that Mustapha Tocat should have twenty slaves, while I have but two."

"Strange," quoth Murad, as the other departed. "How passing strange! I perceive that it is more difficult to do good than I thought. As to this last visiter, he has scattered my theory to the winds. Upon the whole, I doubt the possibility of making all the world happy, unless man were created altogether different from the present race of mortals. I shall in future cease to estimate happiness by external circumstances. I will abandon my world, and be content with that created by Allah."

"Thou hast decided justly, and mayest hereafter merit the name of Murad the Wise," exclaimed the majestic old man, with the long white beard, who once more stood beside him. "Know, O Murad, that the distributions of Allah are far more just and equal than appears to the blindness of his creatures; and that it is not the stations we occupy, but the virtues we exercise, which create the only real diversities of human happiness. To abuse the blessings of Providence is far worse than never having enjoyed them, and the very beggar in rags is often happier than the monarch on his throne. Know, also, that at least an equal degree of suffering is caused by the unrestrained exercise of the will, as by its being bound in the fetters of slavery; that the miseries occasioned by being stinted in the necessaries of life are not greater than those arising from the abuse of superfluity; and that it is far better for the happiness of the great mass of mankind that they should be tasked with labor, than, like the unfortunate Mustapha Tocat, oppressed with the heaviest of all burthens, idleness. Farewell, Murad! Construct no more worlds, and believe that Allah is both just and merciful."

The old man departed without waiting an answer, and Murad returned a wiser man than he came.

HOPE.

As fades the flower, by Beauty favored most,
Ere Time has scarce its tender growth matured:
As sinks the bark, by many a rude wave tossed,
In anxious sight of the expected shore:

Thus *Hope* decays, when Expectation high
Paints on the breast the image of success—
And hearts, once sanguine, only woes descry,
And pine away at last in wretchedness. A. C. M'C.

TO THE SEA BREEZE.

BY HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

FREE from the city's throng,
I stand at length upon the shore again,
To roam its sands along,
And feel thy breath, old pilgrim of the main!

I greet thee, Ocean Air!
Thy cordial freshness with rejoicing hail,
Thy sportive rapture share,
And bless thy pure and renovating gale.

Above the azure tide
Unwearied thou hast sped the waters o'er,
Thy gifts to scatter wide,
And cheer the languid dwellers of the shore.

Sweet odors of the sea
Thou hast borne hither from unfathomed caves,
And set the proud ship free
That listless rolled upon the sleeping waves.

Thou hast the billows crowned
With snowy wreaths to shiver in their play,
And gaily spread around
Garlands of foam and dazzling gems of spray.

Voices upon thy wings
From coral halls seem wafted to the land,
As if the ocean kings
Their mirth would echo from the lonely strand.

Thou shouldst play around the free!
The soul of tempests whispers in thy moan,
A spirit lives in thee
Born of the boundless waves where thou hast flown

How blest to feel thee now,
Like a brave lover breathing fondly by,
Dally with cheek and brow,
And stir the hair with thy melodious sigh!

Thou comest like a song,
A high resolve or truth that conquers fear,
Making life's pulses strong,
The soul exultant and the vision clear!

With sorrow I depart
From where thou dwellest, nursling of the sea,
But, cherished in my heart,
Shall linger yet a grateful sense of thee!

SCENE IN AN ALPINE VALLEY.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

SWIFTLY o'er the vale descending
Throng the black and threatening clouds,
See! the dreadful storm is pending,
Wildest gloom the hamlet shrouds.

Now the muttering tempest-demon
Fiercely flaps his wings of flame—
Hark! the sound—o'er lovely Leman
Like the last dread trump it came!

Echoed by the angry mountains
Rolls the voice with gathering might,
While in that swift flash the fountains
Gleam as if alive with light.

Thus to those beneath it flying
Seems the storm—but far above,
One from yonder heights is eyeing
All the scene with looks of love.

He—who sees the clouds *below* him—
Dreams a troop of angels play,
Braiding rainbows there to show him
Light in its most rich array.

When the changeful mist is riven,
Lo! the tempest's blazing ire
Seems a beauteous bird of Heaven
Floating up on plumes of fire.

While below are Doubt and Sadness
He but feels Devotion's glow,
And the thunder's far off madness
Comes to him in music low.

Thus do they whom pure Religion
Leads beyond our common lot
To the soul's exalted region,
Where the world's cares enter not,

Watch the Storms of Sin or Sorrow—
Faith and Hope illume the scene,
Looking for a lovely morrow
In the light of Love serene.

When, through cold Misfortune's shading,
Feebler hearts but evil wist,
They can see fair spirits braiding
Wreaths of joy amid the mist.

GETTING TO SEA.

BY HARRY DANFORTH, AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

We were blockaded at Newport. Our vessel was a sharp, Baltimore-built craft, heavily sparred, and carrying twenty guns. She had never been beaten by a square-rigged vessel on a wind. If once at sea, therefore, we should have little to fear. But for three weeks we had been lying idly at anchor, and, as winter was coming on, the crew began to be impatient. At last a norther blew the blockading squadron from the mouth of the harbor, and the skipper resolved to seize the occasion and attempt to get to sea.

The sun had declined toward the low shore of the opposite island, when, in obedience to a note from the captain, we met him at the wharf to repair on board. Our ship lay but a short distance off, and as we pulled toward her I contemplated her exquisite proportions for the twentieth time. Her long low hull sat so light upon the waters, it scarcely seemed to touch them. The tall, jaunty masts, crossed by the long black yards, rose to an immense distance overhead, raking far away aft and tapering aloft into whipstalks. The bowsprit showed itself high up in front, the stays bracing it taut to the foremast, and appearing to extend thence, in mazy lines of hamper, to every part of the ship. From the main-mast head the pennant drooped nearly to the water, now and then stirring lazily in the almost imperceptible currents of air. The hull was painted of a deep black: the only other color perceptible about the ship was the blood-red of the open ports.

A few quick strokes brought us on board. The decks were white with constant holystoning, and the brass ornaments about were burnished to their utmost polish. Immediately all hands were piped to muster. They were generally able-bodied seamen, fine, athletic fellows, who looked as if they could do good service in an emergency. Most of them were experienced sailors, who, being shut out from the merchant service by the war, had preferred our craft, on account of her reputation for speed, to any of the national vessels. They numbered, all told, one hundred and twenty souls.

The ensuing morning broke clear, without a particle of haze. The stars, however, had not yet faded from the firmament before the cold gray light of approaching day, when all hands were piped to make sail. We fired a gun, set the colors, and loosed the topsails. Then the shrill whistle of the boatswain again rang through the ship, and the cry, "all hands unmoor," floated over the water. The men started merrily to their work, and soon the cable was hove short. Then followed the quick order to brace the head-yards aback and the after-yards full; the windlass was manned again, a sheer was given to port, the anchor tripped, and the jib hoisted. Her head now fell rapidly off, and we began to hear the water bubbling under her stem.

"Fill away the head-yards—haul out the spanker," thundered the officer of the deck, and, his orders being obeyed, we were soon fairly under way, shooting out of the inner harbor with easy velocity, like a sea-bird taking wing.

By this time the sun was half way above the low hills to the eastward, and first the lofty spars, and then the decks were lighted up by his rays. A pleasurable excitement diffused itself in every heart, caused by the rapid motion of the vessel, and the beauty of the scene around. Behind us lay the town, the white steeples and some of the prouder mansions glistening in the sun, while a low murmur rising from its crowded buildings betokened that its inhabitants were beginning to be astir. From the fort broad on our starboard beam we heard them beating the reveille, and its martial tones came stirringly to our ears. Both the outer and inner harbor were dotted with sails, mostly those of fishing boats or vessels trading up the river. A cable's length or so from Fort Wolcott lay a taut rigged brig, with her ports up, and a few men seen lazily about her decks. She was a privateer that had slipped in a few days before, after a highly successful cruise. As we drew nearer to her, however, man after man showed his head above her bulwarks until her whole crew was visible, watching us as we came down. We were soon side by side.

"Give them three cheers, my lads," said the skipper, as we shot past.

Instantly the deafening huzzas arose, died off, and rose again; and when the round was complete, the crew of the privateer sprang into her rigging and answered us, while the officers on her quarter waved their caps for a parting salute. In a few minutes the brig was far astern.

We were now opposite Fort Wolcott, when we fired a salute and set all drawing sails. Newport light was soon left astern, and before two hours Block Island was visible from the deck. The broad ocean was now before us, and we took our departure from the land with exuberant spirits. The sky was without a cloud, the waves danced and sparkled in the sunbeams, the freshening breeze whistled pleasantly in the rigging, and the log told us that we were leaving the shore with a velocity that would soon place us beyond the reach of danger, especially if the fleet of the enemy remained a few hours longer out of sight.

"A sharp run this, Alcott," said one of my brother

lieutenants. "We shall have to thank our stars if we don't find any of the enemy in our track."

"I don't know," I replied; "our craft is a clipper, and can go into the very eye of the wind. What have we to fear?"

"Suppose we are caught under the lee of an enemy?"

"We must take our chance for it. But see—the look-out already discerns something."

While I was speaking my eye had been turned to the look-out at the mast-head, and from the steadiness with which he gazed down to leeward I suspected that he saw a sail in that quarter. I was not mistaken. Simultaneously with my remark he hailed.

"A sail—broad on the lee-beam!"

All eyes were turned toward the designated quarter, and, with the aid of our glasses, we made out the stranger to be a heavy ship, apparently under a crowd of canvas, standing for us. We kept on our course, however, and directly saw a second, and then a third sail under our lee, all crowding on every thing to come up with us. It was evident that they were the van of the English squadron, returning to their blockading station, and that they had made us out from the mast-head and given chase.

The sea was smooth, with a gentle breeze, so that we feared nothing so long as we kept the weather gauge. We were anxious to get as far on our present tack as possible; accordingly we continued our course until the nearest of the squadron was but two miles distant. She was a light frigate, who had drawn far ahead of her consorts. As she came dashing up toward us, careening slightly, her pyramid of canvas rising gracefully from her hull, and her peak blowing out from her main-topmast head, she presented a stirring picture. Even the skipper, who usually could see nothing to extol in an enemy, joined in the general praise.

"She is a handsome craft," he said, pausing at the end of his usual walk on the quarter-deck, and wheeling sharp on his heel, after a military fashion he had acquired on shore; "I did not think his Britannic Majesty had a frigate so beautiful! But hah!—the fellow is going to fire at us. He is close within range, too. It wont do," he continued, as if conversing with himself, "to go nigher, or one might get one's spars crippled."

His remarks were cut short by the shooting of a jet of flame from one of the forward ports of the frigate, followed by a puff of thick white smoke, which immediately floated backward against the hull, part of it passing over her deck in thin white wreaths to leeward, and part clinging to her dark sides and settling down on the water. We had time to notice these things fully before we heard the ball whistling overhead.

"By the Lord!" ejaculated the skipper, "he flings his shot farther than I thought he could. It was well aimed, too—eh, Andrews?" he said, addressing his first lieutenant. "This wont do—we have gone as far as we can on this tack; it is time to put about. Clear away the long thirty-four, however," he thundered, suddenly elevating his voice, "and give that chase a shot."

The gun of which he spoke was a heavy piece, mounted amidships, for the purpose of crippling vessels we might be in chase of and which were out of reach of our carronades. The command was obeyed with alacrity, for the crew had caught, on the instant, the spirit of the skipper.

"A little lower," said the old tar who was captain of this favorite piece; "a mite yet—there, that 's it, my hearties. This is a beautiful sea, lads, for a long range—no pitching and jerking, as if one's teeth were to be drawn out—but easy and calm as a fresh-water pond. Now we have all right—stand off."

With the words he applied the match, and instantly stooping down, with one hand on a shipmate's shoulder and his head stretched forward eagerly, he watched the course of the ball. In a few seconds we saw the splinters fly from the dark hull of the frigate.

"Hit her, by G—d, the first shot. I'd bore her through and through, damme if I would n't, if the skipper would only give me a chance. But I suppose now we 're off to windward."

The old tar's prediction, uttered so mournfully, was correct, for the skipper, however willing he might have been to indulge his crew in a harmless bravado, did not wish to endanger his craft by remaining longer within reach of the enemy's guns. Accordingly the smoke from our piece had scarcely blown away from the deck, when he issued orders for all sail to be made and the ship close-hauled. We were soon, therefore, eating into the wind's eye, with every thing set that would draw.

The enemy, however, did not seem disposed to allow us to escape so easily. The moment his shot was returned and he saw us going off dead on a wind, he threw out his lighter canvas, and, bracing himself sharp up, began a serious chase. But before the trial of speed had continued half an hour, he saw that we were more than a match for him, and, giving up all hope of overtaking us in a fair pursuit, began to fire on us, in the hope of crippling our spars. His first shot went through our mizzen topsail.

"Hah!" said the skipper, wheeling again suddenly on his heel, while his brow lowered into a frown as he gazed at the frigate; and then he muttered to himself in an undertone, "I have got the little Atlas into hot quarters," and again he looked angrily and uneasily at the frigate, from whose side, at that instant, another sheet of flame leaped forth.

We watched anxiously the approach of the shot; so anxiously that the few seconds occupied by it in traversing the distance between the frigate and ourselves appeared protracted into an age. Our situation was, in reality, one to awaken the most serious apprehensions. With the wish to run to sea as far as possible on our first tack, we had allowed the enemy to approach within a dangerous proximity, which the accuracy with which his guns were pointed rendered doubly critical. A single well-aimed shot might carry away some indispensable spar, and, before the damage could be repaired, the frigate might gain on us sufficiently to make our capture inevitable; for the lessening by a mile the dis-

tance that separated us would render all attempts to escape futile, as, in that case, with the present smooth sea, the foe could pick off our important spars as surely and easily as a practiced duellist could split his bullet on a knife, nine times out of ten.

We held our breath, therefore, during the passage of the ball, nor were we relieved when it struck the transom knee, scattering the splinters in every direction.

"They know more of gunnery on board of yonder frigate than in most vessels in his majesty's navy," whispered the third lieutenant to me. "We are in a pretty pickle. Depend on it, they have only been trying their range, and that we shall soon have a broadside rattling about us."

He had scarcely spoken when the frigate, which hitherto had been firing on us with her bow guns, yawed slightly, and simultaneously the whole of her side forward was sheeted with flame, while the cannon balls were visible ricocheting over the waves in their passage toward us. For an instant we experienced again the most intense anxiety. At last the iron shower burst upon us. One ball shattered the bulwarks but a few feet from where I stood, knocking the splinters twenty feet into the air. One of these splinters was driven, as I would drive a dagger, into the body of a seaman who happened to be near me. The poor man fell bleeding and ghastly to the deck, from whence he was carried below; and, before an hour, he was a corpse.

"The main-top-mast head is injured," reported the captain of the top.

This was a serious piece of news, and I noticed that a look of deep anxiety came over the captain's face, nor did it disappear until the damage had been examined and reported to be comparatively trifling, though in a stiff gale the spar would have certainly given way before it could have been strengthened. The repair of the injury was instantly begun; and a feeling of relief spread abroad when we came to examine the remainder of the damages and found them to be immaterial, since most of the shot had passed over us or fallen short.

We were now rapidly drawing out of reach of the enemy's fire. We had gained perceptibly on him before he resorted to his batteries, but since then his velocity had naturally been diminished while ours remained unabated, and the consequence was that he was now fast falling astern. He appeared sensible of this, and made another effort to arrest our progress with his guns. This time he yawed widely and discharged his whole broadside at us, but every shot fell short. We now merrily bade him farewell, thinking the peril past.

The day, meantime, had passed the meridian, and night was fast approaching. The sea still continued smooth, with gentle breezes. All our light sails being set, we were rapidly increasing the distance between us and the pursuing squadron, when suddenly, toward four bells in the afternoon watch, a sail was discovered to windward, which we soon made out to be a schooner with all her canvas abroad, evidently watching us. Our glasses were immediately put in requisition, and she was discovered to be heavily armed, with every appearance of belonging to the blockading squadron. A fast-sailing schooner, originally an American privateer, had lately been captured, and commissioned by the British admiral at Halifax to cruise off the Sound of Long Island. It was highly probable that she was the vessel in sight.

"If so," said the skipper, "she is a clipper on a wind. She will hug it close, and pepper at us with her long Tom, in order to cripple us, so that the squadron may come up and complete the capture. I wonder if any one on board knows her."

A weather-beaten topman presented himself when this inquiry was made on the forecastle. He had been chased in a pilot-boat about a month before by the schooner, and could easily recognize her. The old fellow was asked aft and a glass handed him.

He took it, after he had made his bow, and placing his tarpaulin carefully on the deck, proceeded, with a great deal of importance in his air, to adjust the slides, so as to get the exact range for his eye. This, with some delay, he succeeded in doing. Then he took a long look at the schooner, during which the skipper and his officers stood by, scarcely able to conceal their impatience. When he had apparently satisfied himself, he removed the glass from his eye, and with the same slow exactness closed the slides and handed it to the captain, still, however, without uttering a syllable.

"Well," said the skipper, now losing all patience, and speaking in his quick way, as he always did when excited, "what do you think? You have taken a look long enough to recognize her, if you ever saw her before."

"That 's what I was bound to do," answered the imperturbable tar, "seeing all depended on sartainty in this matter. Slow and sure is what they used to teach us at school in old Massachusetts, and I take it that what was a good rule then is a good rule now—"

"But the schooner," interrupted the skipper.

"The schooner 's a schooner, that 's sartain," replied the topman, turning a quid leisurely in his mouth, "and if she aint," he continued, perhaps noticing the angry frown beginning to lower on the captain's brow, "the same craft that chased us off Montauk, a matter of a month ago or so, then I know nothing of the rigging of a fore-and-aft."

The officers looked at each other with blank faces. A silence ensued. Then the skipper gave the order to beat to quarters. At the first tap of the drum the men were at their stations, restless with impatience to terminate the suspense of our present situation.

As we were close on a wind, and the schooner coming down free, it was not long before we could see her decks, which appeared crowded with men. The setting sun, as it wheeled its broad disc into the western ocean, dying the horizon with the gorgeous colors of the expiring dolphin, leveled its slant rays on her white sails, and brought her boldly out into relief. As the billows heaved and fell against the golden orb, their white spray flashed like molten silver; while the tops of the waves between it and us glistened gloriously along the wake of the sun-

beams. For some minutes we forgot every thing else in admiration of this scene. Gradually the luminary sank beneath the horizon; and one after another the brilliant tints in the western sky faded into others less splendid, the gold changing into crimson, the crimson into purple, and that finally subsiding into a pale, cold apple-green.

While, however, twilight was gradually stealing over the seaboard in this quarter, bringing with it the vague feeling of loneliness which always attends that hour on the ocean, the moon, long since risen and now almost at her meridian, was flooding the waters around with her silvery light. Insensibly her beams changed the character of the prospect to windward. The apple-green disappeared from the firmament, and night sensibly set in. The horizon grew vague and shadowy; thin, indistinct masses of what appeared to be mist hanging around the seaboard, which contrasted strikingly with the floods of effulgence poured down from the full moon, in our immediate vicinity. There was not a cloud in the sky. The stars were mostly hidden, though here and there one larger than the rest twinkled with a subdued light. And as the beams of the moon fell on the snowy sails of the schooner, surrounded by its shadows, it seemed like some aerial barque.

We were now within range of each other, when suddenly the schooner hauled her wind and stood away on the same tack with ourselves. Immediately afterward the foot of her foresail lifted and a cloud of smoke puffed upward. Almost before we could comprehend these manœuvres a shot went hissing and whizzing ahead of us, and, plumping into the sea a few fathoms off, threw up a column of spray.

"By the gods!" exclaimed the skipper, "just as I expected. But if the fellow thinks we carry only carronades, and believes that by keeping aloof from them he can cut our spars to pieces with his long Tom, and so ensure our capture when the squadron comes up, he is mistaken. We may get crippled, but we'll have a trial on him, at any rate. Forward there, Tackle, and see what yon bull-dog can say."

"Ay! ay! sir," answered the captain of our thirty-four; "we'll give a good account of him. Now, look out, my hearties."

As he spoke he sighted the gun, and immediately afterward we heard the report and saw the shot skimming away over the waters. It did not, however, hit the enemy, but passed quite a pistol-shot ahead. Tackle gave vent to an impatient oath, and took care to keep his eye from meeting that of the skipper, who stood on the quarter deck.

"Bowse her out, my lads," exclaimed the old water-dog, "and we'll try her again. Yellow Bess wont fail us a second time, or my name aint Thomas Tackle."

His favorite piece was soon loaded. He stooped down, squinted along it, and rose up with an impatient humph. After waiting a second, he ran his eye again along the gun, and from the length of time he occupied before he succeeded in pointing it to his satisfaction, we knew that his pride was aroused, and that the ball would tell home. While he was yet sighting the gun a shot from the long Tom of the schooner rang through the rigging overhead. But not a muscle of the old fellow's countenance moved. Quick as lightning he applied the match, and, as the smoke eddied off palely in the moonlight, we saw the ball from his piece knock off the white splinters from the after part of the schooner and then pass in on her deck, no doubt doing much damage.

"Huzza!—there she takes it," cried out Tackle; "the varmints have it now on full allowance, plenty of yankee balls and British splinters. We'll give 'em more before we have done with them. I'll pick off their spars directly as I used to knock over the ducks in the Egg Harbor thoroughfares. Bowse her out—bowse away merrily. We'll show 'em what we can do."

Several shots were now exchanged with considerable animation, the enemy returning our fire briskly from his long Tom. But the distance between us was so great as to render this kind of warfare of but little peril, for many of the shot fell short, and the few that hit the schooner had mostly spent their force. Tackle, however, soon proved to our satisfaction his superior gunnery, for scarcely a ball that carried far enough missed its aim. Had we been able to get nearer to the foe, we should have bored her through and through, but she hugged the wind miraculously, and soon gained enough on us to render it certain that she could beat us on our present tack, a thing not so surprising, however, when her fore-and-aft rig was considered. Having satisfied herself of her superiority in this point she allowed us again to approach, and began a rapid fire on us from her piece once more, in the hopes of disabling us. We replied, however, to her fire as rapidly, and with more certainty, making every effort to get nearer, and close. But this she evaded, dexterously keeping us just within range. By what miracle our spars escaped unhurt I know not, but after keeping up the contest for some time, we were still uninjured aloft, except by one or two trifling hurts. Several shot, however, had taken effect in our hull. On the other hand, we had cut away the main peak halyards of our adversary, and riddled her sails so thoroughly that she began perceptibly to lose her advantage in sailing. A successful shot from Tackle's piece, at length, cut her foresail loose and it came down by the run.

We now gained rapidly on her. Every exertion appeared to be making to repair the damage, but before the foresail could be replaced we had run up comparatively close on her quarter, and were doing terrible execution with our gun. She was not without spirit, however, on her part; and her long thirty-four was worked with such rapidity and precision as to make us heartily wish to get beyond its range. But our only chance of doing this safely remained in cracking on every thing and so working to windward.

"Hot work this, sir," said Tackle, as the skipper came forward and addressed him; "but it's a smooth sea and nearly as light as day. I've had a shot already at that long gun of theirs, and I'm no Egg Harbor man if I don't dismount it yet. There's

nothing else in our way when that's gone, except a broadside from their carronades when we pass them, and we can pepper them after that fashion quite as well as they can pepper us. That's it—now for cutting off the legs of that barking devil of theirs."

The shot hissed through the air, and, almost before we knew it had left the piece, reached its destination. There was a perceptible confusion on the deck of the schooner; their gun was dismounted, as the old tar had foretold.

"Huzza!" he exclaimed, unable to conceal his exultation, waving his smoke-grimed hand around his head; and the crew, now equally excited, took up the shout until the welkin quivered with the sounds.

Our gallant craft seemed to catch the enthusiasm and start forward like a high-mettled courser when he feels the spur. We were soon drawing across the schooner's bows, with every man at his quarters, and the matches lighted. Our piece, meanwhile, had kept doing execution. Most of the head-sail of the schooner had been shot away, so that she now lay unmanageable and at our mercy.

"Haul down your flag," thundered our commander, as we ranged up across her forefoot, "or I'll sink you."

There was no answer, unless a sullen though feeble shout of defiance might be called one, that floated across the silent waters.

"Then God have mercy on you!" said the skipper, and, leaping from the gun where he had stood, he gave the command to fire.

Instantaneously our sides were sheeted with flame; the ship reeled backward, quivering from keel to truck, and the iron tempest sped on its work of destruction. We heard the splintering of timbers, the cracking of spars, the shrieks of the wounded, and the fall of the foremast into the water. When the smoke eddied away partially, so as to give us a glimpse of the foe, we saw him lying a perfect wreck.

"We have surrendered!" cried a voice from the schooner.

A boat was instantly despatched on board. When we mounted the deck, there were scarcely half a dozen persons to be seen, for most of the crew had flinched from their guns and ran below before we delivered our raking fire. The shout of defiance we heard had proceeded from the officers and a few resolute veterans who stuck to them.

Our almost miraculous success suggested a plan to our skipper which he instantly proceeded to carry into effect. The speed of this schooner made her a dreaded foe; he, therefore, determined to disarm her men and remove them into the boats, after which he would set the prize on fire.

"That will be something to be talked of," he said, rubbing his hands in glee. "The English will never forget our having captured their crack schooner in sight of a squadron and set her on fire. By Jove! this has been a glorious night. We are getting to sea to some purpose."

This bold resolution was instantly carried into effect. The men were ordered up one by one through the hatchway, disarmed, and commanded to take their places in the boats. The wounded were then carefully removed; those who could bear it were placed with their companions, and the rest given in charge of our own surgeon.

"Now, my lads," said the skipper, "light up the bonfire, and let us, by its light, see where the British squadron lies."

The boats pulled sullenly away in the direction of the fleet, which they would have no difficulty in reaching, as the night was clear and the sea smooth. Meantime, the schooner was fired in several places, and, having satisfied ourselves that the crew could not return and extinguish it, we once more stood away to windward. Soon the flames began to break up the hatchways, rolling before them huge volumes of pitchy smoke that settled away to leeward, as if a gigantic black curtain had been dropped from the sky in that direction. Against this gloomy background the lurid conflagration shone in bold relief. The fire spread now with inconceivable rapidity. It licked up the masts, caught the shrouds, leaped into the fore-rigging, and shooting its thousand forky tongues in every direction, caught to the stays and other parts of the mazy hamper, until the schooner was a sheet of flame that blazed high above the mainmast and streamed far down to leeward, illuminating the horizon with the light of noon-day. The burning cinders floated off like showers of stars, and spattered on the waters continually. The crest of every wave in our immediate vicinity glowed like molten gold. At length the flames reached the magazine, for suddenly a jet of flame of intense brilliancy shot into the air, while the huge mainmast went up to the sky like an arrow from a bow. Instantly—quicker than the thunderbolt follows the flash—we heard a stunning roar that made our ship reel like a drunken man; then followed the splashing of timbers on the deep, the hissing of fiery spars as they sunk, silence and darkness. Awe-struck and speechless, we stood gazing, as if spell-bound, on the spot where the schooner had been. Nothing was to be seen there; but behind it still hung that ominous cloud. I drew a long breath. At that instant the moon, which had been concealed by the pall of smoke, broke through its upper edge and poured her pensive beams across the deep. It was like the opening of a magic curtain. By its light we saw the boats pulling rapidly away to leeward, where, on the farthest seaboard, the squadron was visible.

The night passed without further incident. We kept on our course, gradually losing sight of one after another of the enemy, until when morning dawned we found ourselves alone on the deep. Not a sail was in sight. I ascended to the mast-head to look out for land to the westward, but we had run it out of sight, and were now fairly at sea. The breeze was rapidly freshening, and the comb began to gather on the hitherto lazy and monotonous waves. There was every apearance of a rising storm, when we shaped our course for the African coast.

THOUGHTS BEFORE A DUEL.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

THERE are periods when we live not in the immediate nor the future, but when we find ourselves conversant with scenes and events of which we could have had no cognizance except in some separate state of existence anterior to our presence on this little orb, or in some spiritual exodus, when we wandered forth, dwelling in tents, partaking of crystal waters, and hearing voices of great power uttering new truths to the heart.

It was thus to-night that I dwelt no more in this new world, brave as it is. The true German hearts about me were no more the beings with whom my lot was cast; the Juniatta was the Rhine, and the old woods about my dwelling were the borders of the Hartz forest.

All things were familiar to me. The rude landway, the moss upon the ruin, and the ivy upon the dismantled tower. I was seated in the home of my fathers, and the lovely dames of the olden time moved in stately grace before me; I heard their breathings of womanly love, knew their sorrows, their bereavements, and their undying truth.

And the robust men of other times, with their noble and generous impulses, their manly devotion, and their chivalric constancy, grasped me with mailed hand, or swept by on heavy charger, full men and hardy, equal to any emergency, and ready to face peril in whatsoever shape it might come.

This worn and time-discolored scroll that I take from this black cabinet was penned by a descendant of such men as these. It is the best earthly thoughts of a high souled youth who fell in single combat with a man who had wronged him most deeply.

He was the friend, the companion of my father in his early days, and this record of "An Hour before the Duel," with other papers, was bequeathed to his keeping.

Bernard —— possessed every quality of mind and person capable of winning regard. Brave almost to recklessness, accomplished in all manly studies, skillful in those exercises that impart freedom and strength to the system, and most tender and refined in his devotion to the gentler sex.

In a moment of convivial excitement, words were uttered reflecting upon the fair fame of an only sister, and, though acknowledged to be false, the romantic honor of Bernard rejected all conciliation, and demanded the blood of the traducer.

From the first he knew it would be fatal to himself, and he calmly arranged those matters that appertain to earth, and then traced the records of his last hour with a firm hand, and a mind alive to the dread realities about him. Indeed, he would seem to have grasped the pen at this fearful hour in order to preserve the clearness and continuity of thought which one, so reflective and imaginative as he, might dread would desert him.

My father received his last breath, and carried his last tender farewell to the ill-fated Mary. And this solitary relic of a noble but misguided mind is all that remained of the accomplished and chivalric Bernard ——.

He perished ere those subtile essences, those perfect, distinct beings which go to make up one human soul, were conjoined in the person of the student. Yet he hath a strange sense of companionship, a feeling that he must have shared the agency and the peril. Why not, indeed? Doth not the great human heart pulsate in unison, and if one of its members be wrung with anguish, doth not a wild sadness, a terrible foreboding, a weight, we cannot tell whence or why, come upon us?

These are the moods of mystery, and it behoveth us to kneel and pray if so be the cup may pass from us, for verily sorrow broodeth everywhere, and the sighs must be echoed in our own bosoms. The mood of mystery may have had its origin in hearts years, long years ago, and the pang hath touched our own but even now; as light emitted, as astronomers tell us, from some distant star, speedeth onward, but ages elapse before the ray reaches our own globe, and the orb from which it started may have ceased to exist, and become a lost Pleiad of the heavens ere our eyes are greeted with its beam; or like a pebble cast into the waters, that may displace particles in the universal field of matter, the widening circles, mottling the shadows of some still inward lake, to give at length an impulse to the wave that beats upon the shores of the vast Pacific. If it be so in the material, surely it must be still more so in the spiritual world, where the great heavings of soul and mind in their perpetual progress are felt forever and forever.

It is the early twilight. A faint tinge of crimson as yet dimmeth not the radiance of Hesperus, the tranquil harbinger of morn. The meek blossom unfoldeth its leaf and thus gently displaceth the dew that had stolen to its covert; these old majestic woods are hushed in their solitudes, for the bird hath not as yet waked from its dream of love.

Softly deepeneth the crimson tinge—the blossom is perfect in its beauty, and now one universal gush of melody is vocal in the dim woods. And thus will it be to-morrow—thus will the earth brighten in its gladness, while I—I—. My God, where will be the creature thou hast created?

I will no more, for "that way madness lies," and, erring as I may be, I would not shake off this "mortal coil" in the bewilderment of half bereaved reason. I would not enter the dread portals of the everlasting, the eternal, the vast, infinite space; how these ideas

expand and swell into immensity at an hour like this, and how the littleness of human passions and human pursuits shrink me into nothingness! I would not enter the dread portal with a craven soul thrown from its balance, but with the concentrated manhood of him who hath been made little lower than the angels.

Craven soul—manhood—mockery, mockery all! And life is but one vast field of falsehood, and delusion. We bind ourselves by enactments, by conventionalisms, the violations of which constitute crime or debasement, while the broad principles of justice remain inviolate. A crime in the eyes of man, but none at the throne of the Eternal; dishonor here, and it may be virtue before "Him, who seeth not as man seeth." Who shall open the sealed book of truth and virtue, and dare convict his brother of crime? Who hath looked into the counsels of the Almighty, and dare say thou hast sinned? Alas! alas! I feel as impelled by an invincible fate. Step by step have I been brought to this, feeling the error yet powerless to resist.

Oh, false mockery of life! Yet one must stand with his foot at the verge of the grave, and one hand grasping, as I do now, the vast folds of the veil that divides the seen from the unseen ere he can realize this.

The clock strikes; every sound is told upon my heart. One—two—three. My God! how fearfully loud doth that small chronicler repeat the hour! It is as if all sounds were merged in that fearful toll, that shall no more come to my ears.

One hour more, and I shall be—what! O thou blessed and glorious light, how thrice blessed and glorious dost thou not appear to him who shall soon leave thee, and forever. And then, "brave o'erhanging firmament," that dost bend as in love over the poor erring child of earth, hast thou no voice but this of serene rebuke? Ye woods, and thou full-volumed river, ye will be the same, though he who delighted in ye shall know ye no more forever.

"List, list, O list. My hour is almost come."

Methinks a gibbering ghost is at my ear, and I hear his sepulchral tones uttering—

"Ay, but to die and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice."

Avaunt! I will no more. With what a terrible solemnity every word awakens an echo in the dim chambers of my soul. I feel as even now had commenced the fearful doom—

"To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howlings!—'t is too horrible!"

I shall go mad at this. No, my own strong will, that hath dared to seize upon the distaff of fate, shall even grasp the reins of reason, and compel her to my bidding. She *shall* not abandon her throne till the last pulse hath ceased its beating.

"The firmament passeth away as a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat. And the seals are loosed, and the book is opened." Life is but a point of existence—I behold all, all the records of the past. The faint, sweet revealments of childhood, the burning characters of youth, the stains of manoood, all, all are before me!

Oh, thou Searcher of hearts, who can hope for heaven, except through thy mercy? Let it suffice that thy weak and erring child, in his heart of hearts, did yet adore the good and the true.

My mother, thy gray locks rise even now to reproach me, and I feel it were a blessedness to kneel once more at thy feet and crave thy forgiveness. But thou wilt not curse me; if prayers and tears may change the fate of the doomed, thine, I know, will prevail.

Mary, my own sweet Mary, I have chased thy image from my sight lest it should plead, "angel-tongued." But I feel thy meek arms about me, and thy tear upon my cheek. There are thy trusting eyes, thy low tones of tenderness. I had not dreamed of this, my beloved. I had thought to die apart from thee, but already I am independent of the laws of matter, and our spirits commingle. Thou wilt not mourn, my own dearest, my well beloved. Thou wilt even bring to thine aid a spirit equal to that of thy lover. Wilt thou not, sweet? Surely, surely it is but a moment. And say, my own true Mary, thou wilt never, even in thy soul, say, "he loved a phantom better than me."

It is false, Mary. Nay, verily it is true. For I leave thee to a broken heart, rather than face the bronzed visage of the world. Honor, honor! thou art a mockery.

Last night, my beloved, as we sat in that dim, old chamber, with its long rows of antique tomes, and the portraits of mailed knight and gentle ladye looking from the folds of the dark tapestry, while the moonbeams rested upon the chiseled features of Dian and her nymphs, methought strange shadows were moving in dusky recess; that lord and lady, and beautiful maid of which these were the semblance, animated canvas and marble shared again human emotions—that men and women, whose thoughts peopled that old library, lingered amid these memorials of their existence, and claimed companionship with me, who was so soon to be a shadow like themselves.

My cheek grew pale to meet their strange eyes, and I strained thee to my breast, as if thy truth and innocence might shield me from the phantoms. Dear Mary, in part thou didst rightly interpret that tenderest embrace. Soul-felt, unutterable love stirred the bosom of thy lover, and thy dove-like eyes, and the meek pressure of thy arms were those of the saint-like, the sinless. Thou wert shrined in thy nun-like grace, and I was a spirit bridegroom.

Do you remember how long we sat, and neither spoke; and how the tears gathered in your eyes, and a mysterious sadness grew upon you? and then when I kissed away the drops, the words of endearment died upon your lips, and you leaned your head upon my shoulder, and wept like a sweet child.

Ay, my beloved, it was one of those marvelous presentiments that sometimes come to the good and

the true to herald approaching evil, and to soften its infliction. Take comfort from this. Had you known that he, whose arms held you to his bosom, whose eyes but faintly imaged the love he bore you, would in a few hours become a "kneaded clod," a cold tenement, to be approached with fear and trembling, how would you have shrunk from his side, and have recoiled from the glance of the doomed.

Even now, dearest, you will recall every word then uttered, and the slightest saying will appear to bear upon it the shadows of the eternal world. Years of sorrow will not efface them from thy memory. "The spirit will bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." And this will become the comforter.

My time is expired. Farewell, dearest and best.

THE SEAT OF THE SOUL.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

WHERE holds the soul its regal seat?
This question did I oft repeat,
Nor once received an answer meet

Some in undoubting tones proclaim,
It is a swift and subtile flame,
Running about through all the frame

And others place it in the breast,
A soft and warm and pleasant nest,
For all but an immortal guest.

But metaphysic aid is vain—
A fog which rises in the brain
And darkens what it would explain

But One did all my doubts displace:
She spoke, and, lo! I quick did trace
The soul all radiant in her face.

For up the dark heaven of her eyes,
With modest beam, which lit its skies,
Thought, like a spirit-star, did rise.

Then Passion's blinding glare was sent
Over the same dark firmament,
And "trailing glory" as it went.

Imagination met the sight,
Enthroned upon her temples white,
With bright eyes blazing with delight

And ever and anon it flings
Soft radiance from its golden wings,
And of a clime immortal sings.

While Fancy, culling fragrant flowers,
Within her fair cheeks rosy bowers,
Sits weaving garlands for the Hours

And from her eyelid's tiny tip
Swift-footed Mirth would gaily trip
To wed with Feeling on her lip.

Pity, whom blight nor pain could sear,
With trembling pace to Sorrow dear,
Slid down her face upon a tear.

And Sentiment, a spangled haze,
With shifting shapes and hues and rays,
O'er each harmonious feature plays.

Hope's glittering footprints, too, are there,
And the soft busy feet of Prayer,
Both hunting on the trail of Care.

And there was sweet Affection, too,
Nursed on the heart's unwithering dew,
With changeless face, forever true.

Keen Anger once, half hid by Grace,
Shot its sharp lightning o'er her face,
But sunk in Pity's mild embrace.

Earth's shadows dim with swiftness fled
As moral beauty o'er her head
Its consecrating radiance shed.

An unseen presence, ever near,
Her spirit's breath, her being's cheer,
Her soul's divinest atmosphere.

A Beauty, free from earthly ill,
Which Time's thick snow-flakes cannot chill,
From age to age unwithered still.

And when her voice, its chains unbound,
Music, with odors circled round,
Came sailing on the waves of sound.

Its light skiff skimmed that sparkling sea,
And ripples of sweet melody
Went singing to the shore in glee.

And as you listened to the chime
Unheeded sped the feet of Time,
And earth seemed in its sinless prime.

Last, as the ruler of her mien,
Virtue upon her brow is seen,
Her mind's defence, her spirit's queen.

And regally, in white array,
In ample state doth Virtue sway,
And Passion, Thought and Will obey.

All these bright shapes of woven air,
The varied soul, whose hues they wear,
Are tenants of a face as fair.

Where holds the soul its regal seat?
'T is where such radiant visions meet,
Dazzling with light the eye they greet.

X

THE CHEVALIER DE SATANISKI.

BY E. R. MOTTLEY, AUTHOR OF "MORTON'S HOPE."

CHAPTER I.

It was a wild night in November. The wind swept dismally through the narrow streets of Bergenheim, the rain rattled against the windows which chattered in the casements of the quaint, gable ended old houses, as if they felt the chill wind from the mountain, and the dragon-heads on the red-tiled roofs spouted the water from their brazen throats in constant cascades. The tide of population had long ebbed away, and in the whole length of the main street not a land-dragon, nor a drunken student, not a Philistine nor a poodle was to be seen. It was deep midnight. At last, a single figure rounded the corner of a narrow lane, and entered the principal street. He was wrapped in a cloak, and held an umbrella, with which—close braced as possible—he was striving to make his way directly in the teeth of the wind. As he emerged from the narrow street, where he had been in a manner protected from the violence of the gale, into the open square which forms the mouth of the main street, the wind rushed suddenly upon him with the fury of an uncaged wild-beast, while, at the same time that he was thus beset, he found himself engaged in single combat with one of the before mentioned dragons, which spouted not fire, —which would have been desirable in the state of the atmosphere—but cold rain-water upon his devoted head. Covering himself like a Spartan with his shield, that is to say, with his umbrella, he endeavored to protect himself against the assaults of one enemy in the rear, while he boldly faced his more boisterous adversary, the wind. The momentary diversion effected by the dragon, however, was fatal; for, just as he endeavored to advance a step round the angle of the street, the wind caught a corner of his umbrella, filled it, and, in less time than I can relate it to you, turned it inside out and dashed it to the ground. So there it lay, fluttering upon the side-walk like a great broken-winged bat, shaking its brown wings and tugging at the handle (still grasped by the owner's hand,) like a living creature in pain and struggling to be free. Our hero felt that in an instant the umbrella, almost the only piece of convertible property in his possession, would escape and be borne away upon the wings of the tempest. He felt the handle already snapping, and, with a wild cry, he flung himself upon it. Still, imitating the Spartan, he resolved to perish or to save his shield, and in the gallant but desperate attempt he found himself stretched at length in the gutter, while at the same moment the slender reed of a handle gave way, and the umbrella mounted like a balloon into the black atmosphere far above the tops of the houses. Just at that moment the warder upon the top of St. Nicholas tower blew his blast, and proclaimed the hour.

"The clock has stricken one,
One o'clock is the hour—"

But still our hero lay motionless in the gutter. Let me "define his position" exactly. He lay at the corner of the —— lane and the main street, which, as I stated, emptied itself at one end into a great irregular gulf, fancifully called a Square. The dragon, now perfectly triumphant, poured hogsheads upon him, while the wind, disdaining to insult a disarmed and prostrate adversary, whisked lightly over and covered him with dead leaves from the withered lindens which decorated the place.

While he was lying there, then, and completely off my hands, there could not be a better time to make you acquainted with the other dramatis personæ of this little story.

CHAPTER II.

The Count von Goblinheim had a great dinner party. The commandant and the rector, and even some of the distinguished courtiers from the capital graced the splendid board. The count lived at his family seat, half a dozen miles from the town, a place which had belonged to the family ever since the fall of the Western Empire, and which, besides a spacious and very elegant modern house, built by Count Ulric XX, at the end of the last century, comprised the most romantic ruined castle in all that part of Germany. The old baronial fortress was a gray shell with two round towers, sixteen feet thick, still standing, and the ringlets of ivy which clustered round the mouldering battlements were, &c., &c., &c. You all understand me. It was the most beautiful ruin you can imagine, and had two undisputed and most desirable ghosts belonging to it, of three or four centuries' standing. The count had a great many acres of arable land, besides a fine park full of timber and venison. In short, he was one of the few instances in that part of the country of a gentleman whose rent-roll was nearly as long as his pedigree.

The company were dining in the great hall, which was at the same time the family portrait gallery. It was I do not know how many feet high, but you had to go up a flight of stairs to open any of the windows in it, and it was long and wide in proportion. The roof was of polished oak, beautifully carved and fretted. The walls were hung upon two sides with tapestry, and upon the two others were the portraits

of the Gothic name at a regular order, from Baron Ulric the first A. D. 888, down to Baron Ulric XXV. A. D. 1688, and then from Count Ulric the first down to Count Ulric XXV. A. D. 18— The first twenty-five were all Barons down to the thirteenth century, and the next twenty-five were all Counts down to the present incumbent, who, it is expected, would be raised to the dignity of Prince and accumulate upon himself the title of Baron Ulric the fifteenth, Count Ulric the twenty-fifth, and Prince Ulric the first, the Gebeimerath-Grossmeister—after whom the family would be a regular for the next twenty-five generations.

"That is remarkably fine, Marchesemer," said the Count Ulric to a gentleman with a pumpkin head and a breast like the spacious firmament, all studded with stars. "It has been in my family ever since the days of Ulric XVI. surnamed the Green Bearded. It was he, by the way, who first heard the singular prophecy communicated to our family by the second goblin, for, you know, we have had two."

"Very respectable, Marchesemer, indeed," said the starry gentleman; "but what is the story and what is all this about two goblins? What upon earth can any respectable family want with more than one goblin at a time?"

"Look here, your excellency," (for the man with the star was a cabinet minister,) said Count Ulric, holding up his right forefinger upon which he wore a seal ring with armorial bearings about as large and as much embarrassed as a watch-case. "You perceive that the arms of our family are two goblins rampant with a vacant space between the two. Now, night, or not yet? It is a singular fact that at the beginning of the sixth century, Anno Domini, an apparition was seen, at the dead of night, upon the very spot where this house now stands, by the founder of our line, Ulrichus, a Gothic soldier who had fought in Italy."

"What sort of an apparition, count?" asked a gentleman sitting next to the cabinet minister, and who had hitherto appeared engaged in other conversation.

"A most singular apparition, sir, for the legend goes on to relate that it bore an exact resemblance to Ulrichus himself. He was sitting at midnight in front of his tent—for he had just returned from a successful Italian foray with considerable booty—his attendants were all asleep and he was about following their example, when suddenly a vast mirror seemed to rise before him, his camp-fire at the same time threw up a lighter blaze, and he distinctly saw himself in the mirror seated cross-legged with his spear resting upon his shoulder. He started up—the figure did the same—he approached close to the mirror—his double seemed to be close upon him. Half frightened, he lifted his spear and dealt a blow sufficient to dash all the mirrors in the world into a thousand pieces, when what was his astonishment to find that there was no mirror at all, and that his blow seemed to alight upon the steel corslet of a soldier, passing through it without resistance, and stretching himself upon the ground by the violence of his own blow. When he rose the apparition still stood motionless and unchanged before him, the exact counterpart of himself in face, form and attire. The intrepid Goth was appalled till he trembled like a girl.

"'Who art thou?' he cried, with a stammer.

"What the reply of the goblin was has been lost. The legend, however, goes on to say that the apparition was the forerunner of great advancement in rank and wealth to the Gothic soldier. The Lotus wreath was used to restrain the German wilderness, and we find some centuries later, the descendants of Ulrichus ranked among the most powerful and wealthy barons of the empire."

"Is that all?" asked the talkative gentleman sitting next to the minister, with a sneer just mantling and fresh between his mustaches.

"Not half," answered the count, apparently not relishing the interruption. "This was but the first goblin, and the legend concerning it is very dim and vague, the period to which it refers being enough to make it so; but the second goblin, with the vacant space, and the origin of the motto—Not yet—ah, that is a story indeed—but you don't care about hearing it, I perceive."

"Oh, certainly—on the contrary," said the cabinet minister.

"My dear count, how can you?" cried all the ladies in a breath.

"Well, well," said the count, pacified, particularly when he saw his talkative friend implore him to retain by a supplicatory gesture. "Well, well, then the legend of the second goblin is much more definite. My family is not so insignificant. I take it for granted some of you may have heard of Count Ulric the crusader?"

"Oh, all of us—all of us!" exclaimed all the listeners.

"Well, Count Ulric was the first of the line who was made a count, and by him as well as by Ulrichus the first who became a nobleman at all, an apparition was seen, and that too upon the eve of his advancement. He was sitting alone in the hall very late one night, and upon this very spot—for you know the old castle was so large that it extended over the whole site of the modern mansion, having its hall in exactly the same place as the one in which we are sitting—and had taken up a light to move up to the turret in which his private apartments were situated. Passing by a large mirror, placed opposite the hall windows, he happened to glance into it, at the same time holding his torch so as to throw as great a light as possible upon it. He was startled by perceiving that the reflection of his own person, which of course was visible in the mirror, seemed to move of its own accord. Strange to say, too, the reflected figure held no light as he did, but lifted up its right hand and beckoned to him in a solemn manner. The baron was a bold man, but, as you may suppose, a little startled by this independent action of his own image, and stood spell-bound while the figure still beckoned.

"'Who art thou?' cried my ancestor at last, plucking up a heart.

"'Thyself!' returned the figure, in a hollow voice.

"'I wont acknowledge you, by the holy cross! cried the baron.

"The figure began rapidly to disappear—the mirror seemed dim, as if something had breathed upon it.

"'Stay, stay,' shouted the baron, for the legend of Ulrichius and the consequence of his vision flashed across his mind. 'Stay, in the name of all the fiends and goblins in creation!'

"The figure grew bright again as rapidly as it had faded.

"'Who art thou?' cried the baron again, in a peremptory tone, for he thought the apparition was making game of him.

"'Thyself!' repeated the figure. 'Are you a coward?'

"'Sir!' cried the baron, fiercely, and laying hold of his sword, for he forgot he was talking to an apparition.

"'Poh! poh!' said the spectre, contemptuously. 'However, I am answered—and so are you.'

"'No, no,' cried the baron, ''tis no answer at all,—nor shall you leave this place all night, till I learn more from you than this—and if I stand before the glass all night, hang me if I see how my reflection can retire from it; so make the best of it, old Doublegoer!'

"'Ask me a third time,' said the goblin.

"'What an old formalist! Well, who are you, then?'

"To this question the figure replied in a solemn manner as follows:

> "'Thyself—yet half thyself alone—
> Add self to self—to double grown—
> Art doubly mighty, wealthy, great—
> Embrace—combine—command thy fate!'

"So saying, the figure opened his arms and beckoned to the baron to embrace him. For a moment he shuddered and a chill ran through him, as if a pailful of little fishes had been poured down his back; but he was a bold man, as I said before, and, after a moment's hesitation, he rushed into his Double's arms. The light fell upon the floor and was extinguished, every body in the castle felt a shock like that of an earthquake, and the next morning the baron was missing."

"And was that the last of him?" asked the satirical gentleman.

"Not at all; he came back in a week and stated that he had been at the emperor's court, that he had just been elevated to the dignity of count, had been advanced to a generalship in the army, and had received a manor twice as large as his own and contiguous to it—all as a reward for the valor he had displayed in the Holy Land."

"Potz-Sacrament!" said the cabinet minister; "and the vacant space on your shield, and the motto 'Noch nicht,' what do these mean?"

"Their meaning seems obvious," returned the count. "The legend, however, states explicitly that the vacant space is for a third goblin, and the motto, 'Noch nicht,' means that the destiny of the house of Goblinheim is not yet accomplished, nor will be until a third goblin has appeared as the herald of still greater dignity and power."

"And what became of the count—is he buried in your family tomb?" asked the diplomatist.

"No," said the count; "singular to relate, the first Ulrichius and Count Ulric the first are the only two of the line, the place and time of whose deaths are uncertain. Their deaths were in fact suppositious, for they both disappeared mysteriously, and nobody ever knew any thing about the matter."

"And are you sure they are really dead?" asked the diplomatist, in a very hollow voice. The count, surprised at the extraordinary question and at the tone of the voice, turned to look at his interrogator before he answered. As he did so, his jaw dropped, his eyes glared fixedly at the questioner, his face grew white as wax—and if his hair did not stand on end, it was because he wore a wig, which nobody ever knew before, and which they all discovered at that moment.

Every body at table stared also at the stranger, who seemed so inquisitive and whose odd question seemed to agitate the count so much—and that puts me in mind that I have not yet formally presented you to the rest of the company.

The Count and Countess von Goblinheim-Goblinheim presided at each end of the table; next to the count was the Princess of Schwartzwald, and opposite to her the Prince. Very near the countess sat her young daughter, the Fraülein Margaret, a lovely young creature of seventeen, with a face as full of heaven as that of the Madonna in the red petticoat, which you have all seen in the Tribune at Florence, and with just such fair hair smoothed across her forehead in two folds, like angel's wings, but with a roguish smile lurking in each corner of her mouth, in spite of her Madonna look. She was a sweet little creature, that Lady Margaret—as demure as the Albert Dürer over the mantle-piece in her mother's drawing-room was her character apparently, but as full of the real old Teutonic tone and substance and vigor and color. She is the heroine of this simple tale; but, as she was a girl and unmarried, she was, by an elegant fiction, common in Europe, supposed to be invisible. Nobody looked at her, nobody thought of her, people talked to each other across her face as coolly as if they really did not see her; and there she sat with her eyes upon her plate, appearing to drink in every word her father said, although she had heard it forty times before, and in reality thinking of matters very different.

On the right of Madame de Goblinheim sat a lady who was certainly visible. She had been in one unbroken perigee for half a century. No social astronomer remembered her first advent. No chronicle went back to the time when she had not been shining with a steady, planetary light upon the society of Bergenheim. She was a fixed star, if ever there was one. It was Madame the Criminal, Judicial and State Counselloress von Blenheim—that is to say, her husband filled the imposing office indicated by that title, the duties of which, by the way, were to have the said title engraved upon his card, and to see that

all his servants addressed him and his wife correctly with it every time they spoke to him, in recompense for which weighty service to the state he received a nominal salary of fifteen rix-dollars.

She was an admirably preserved old person—a living monument of industry and ingenuity. When she got up, she was a skeleton in yellow kid, and when she emerged from her dressing-room, she was, as I have stated, a reigning star. She was, then, all ringlets, and feathers, and flounces—had rather more than the natural quantity of very white teeth in her anxiety to be correct upon that point; her cheek, that wilderness of the morning, had been made to blossom like the rose, while the yellow neck of daybreak shone like alabaster in the evening—a triumph of stucco. And why not? Are we all to subside into mummies without a struggle? Nay, do not the very mummies hold out an example worthy of emulation? With an Egyptian lady before her eyes in a cage, (which she had whenever she went to the Royal Museum,) whom cosmetics had embalmed and preserved for more than three thousand years, and who wanted nothing but a living soul to appear with credit at any European conversazione, why should Madame von Blenheim, who had a living soul and was the mummy's junior by twenty-nine hundred and I wont be particular how many more years—why should Madame von Blenheim despair? The Egyptian pyramids are not a more durable monument to the power of human perseverance, and what other moral they have I know not, than an Egyptian mummy—and is not a fine lady a more inspiring monument because a living one? Can you conceive any thing more sublime than this constant and untiring struggle between art and nature—between undying youthful variety in the heart, and sternly advancing, inexcusable old age in the body? But I beg your pardon, let me introduce you to the male species of this singular Zoological variety. Opposite to her sits her husband, Mr. von Blenheim. He is made up with less ingenuity and upon a less daring scale, and looks consequently—as in duty bound—about ten years older than his wife, although in reality about five younger. What a master stroke of genius on the part of Madame! He wears a brown wig, coat, waistcoat and breeches—a diamond in his shirt-ruffle, several orders in his button-hole, and carries a cane in his right hand with much adroitness. The habits of the creature are simple and inoffensive. He takes his coffee every morning at twelve, and dines every day at seven; at home if necessary, but his habits are slightly migratory and gregarious, and he prefers to seek his food abroad.

Next to Mr. von Blenheim sits a great professor, next him a great painter and next him a great author. As each is a representative of a class and has little individuality about him, we will leave them out of the inventory. They were only invited to fill up the table and make jokes, and nobody ever knew what their names were.

The party was completed by the cabinet minister and the stranger whom we have called the diplomatist; the former being placed next the countess and the stranger near the count. We have described the cabinet minister already; he had powder on his head and a star on his breast, and took snuff every five minutes, particulaly when anybody asked him a question—just like all cabinet ministers. The stranger was rather a handsome man, with a dark complexion and something of a Jewish set of features. His eyes were black and glittering, and his raven hair hung down on both sides of his face in long heavy curls. It was a face every one would have observed, and yet you hardly knew whether to admire or to distrust it, there was something so unaccountably winning and yet repulsive in that basilisk eye and that snake-like smile. He was a stranger to the count, and had been invited in company with Mr. and Madame von Blenheim, with the latter of whom he is intimately acquainted. He was a Hungarian, and was introduced as the Chevalier de Sataniski.

"And are you sure they are really dead?" repeated the chevalier. The count continued to glare at him as if at the Gorgon's head, so stony was his gaze. Every body else stared rather at the count, for although there was something odd in the Hungarian's question, yet there seemed nothing adequate to produce the extraordinary look with which the count had answered it. To the rest of the company the chevalier seemed just the same, and appeared to be questioning and listening with the same nonchalant air which had distinguished his whole share in the conversation. What was there then in the look of the Hungarian to freeze the current of speech upon the very lip of the count, glue his tongue to the roof of his mouth, to fix his eyes as in a death stare, and to change him almost to marble as he sat there at the banquet? While the rest of the company saw only the stranger looking precisely as he had done ever since he first entered the room, the Count of Goblinheim, looking straight into the face of the Hungarian, saw—himself!

After glaring at him for a few seconds longer, like one entranced, the count dropped heavily from his chair and fainted. The cabinet minister took a pinch of snuff and offered his box to the Hungarian who took another. Both shrugged their shoulders in diplomatic style. The minister knew nothing at all about the matter, but it was his trade never to be astonished. The chevalier was better instructed, but he could keep a secret. The rest of the company started from the table in dismay. Madame de Goblinheim of course fainted at her end of the table, to keep up the harmony of the occasion; she was assisted by Madame von Blenheim. Mr. De Sataniski assisted to restore the count, while the Lady Margaret rang for the family physician. The rest of the company retired at once. The old castle clock struck one just as the count fairly recovered. Seeing his host likely to be restored, the Hungarian hastily threw his cloak around him and took his leave, overwhelmed by the thanks of the whole family.

[*To be continued.*

THE DREAM OF A LIFE.

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF A STUDENT OF MEDICINE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Soul watching soul within. *Bulwer.*

THEY tell me I am dying; I know it; I feel that life is fast fading away. They tell me I am dying of disappointed love; it is false! I spurn the weakness. I would not crush the impulses of a soul which God has breathed into me; I would not paralyze the energies of a body which was given to me as ministrant to the immortal spirit, at the bidding of an idle passion. No! it is false. They judge but by their own base conceptions; they know not that I have given to another that which myself has lost; they know not that in imparting light and life to an inert soul, I have been compelled to borrow from my own the Promethean fire. I am dying; but not vain and selfish desire has worn my life away. I am dying; but it is from exhaustion of the soul, not from a yearning fever of the heart. I will not be thus misunderstood; I will record my strange and painful experience—not as a warning to others, for my fate is too peculiar to be thus useful—but rather to redeem my memory from so degrading a charge.

From my boyhood I have been a theorist, and my soul wandered over the vague ocean of speculative philosophy, seeking rest, but finding none, until wearied with psychological researches, I determined to seek amid physiological demonstrations for the minute links which bind the material to the spiritual. My fortune placed me above the necessity of adopting a profession, but I became, from choice, a student of medicine, and it was during the year which I spent in Dublin, while in attendance on public lectures, that the circumstance occurred which has thus robbed me of myself.

It was my habit to pass much of my time in the hospital, where the effect of different diseases upon the various phases of human character, as well as upon the diverse physical constitutions, afforded me an interesting subject of speculation. I was one day passing through one of the sheltered walks in the garden, when I heard a sweet and plaintive voice singing what appeared to me to be snatches of old ballads. The sounds came from a shrubbery in the grounds appropriated to the lunatic patients, and separated from the rest of the garden by a high wall. Prompted by a feeling which I can now scarcely understand, I climbed to the top of the wall, and finding that the thick foliage prevented me from discerning the singer, I leaped over the enclosure and entered the shrubbery. I shall never forget the picture which then stamped itself upon my memory. Seated upon a rustic bench, with a single ray of sunshine piercing the deep shade, and resting like a halo upon her bright hair, was a young girl, so fair, so pale, so ethereal in the delicate proportions of her figure, that I almost feared the image was an illusion of fancy. Her large blue eyes were wandering restlessly around while she sung, and ere I had time to retreat I met their full glance. Instead of being alarmed at my intrusion, a sweet smile parted her soft lips, and raising her finger she beckoned me to approach. "You have waited long, beloved, but you have come at last;" she murmured in low and broken tones, as she drew me to a seat beside her; then clasping my hand in hers, she fixed her gaze on my face, with a look so full of solemn and earnest tenderness, that my very soul thrilled beneath it.

I soon found that the fair girl's reason was entirely obscured, and her insanity seemed to me to have assumed the almost hopeless form of imbecility. But her pure and beautiful instincts were as fresh and powerful as if intellect were still their guide. She was tender, gentle, and full of that confiding innocence which knows no evil, and suspects no guile. Childlike in her frankness, womanly in her sweet tenderness, and withal evincing by every look the intuitive modesty and delicacy which so characterise the pure-minded, she seemed the very personification of all that was lovely in her sex. The very wanderings of her imagination were

> "like sunshine on the rill,—
> Though turned aside 't was sunshine still."

The beauty, the tenderness, the helplessness of this young creature interested me exceedingly. My sympathies were aroused to a degree positively painful; and yet, as I listened to her incoherent but sweet words, uttered by the rosiest lips that ever Love had kissed, I felt that had her soul been awakened while her heart was thus gushing forth, earth could have held for me no higher bliss.

When we parted, which we did with a mutual promise of again meeting, I retired to my lodging in a state of excitement such as I had rarely known, and my first care was to learn something of her history. I found that she had been from childhood dull and inert of intellect; that it had been only with exceeding labor she had been taught the elements of knowledge; and that her mind seemed to become

more intense as she grew older until a severe fit of sickness, which left her ear and her eyesight different years, and completely destroyed her reason. Upon former inquiry I learned that she had been an affectionate and dependent creature always seeking the love in every one and so far as I could learn never finding it. Her family were rich, proud and exceedingly pure. The first symptom of reason was as they could exercise, and the child had grown stupid in proportion as these means had been exerted upon her. She had been for three years in this state of imbecility and they had given up all hope of her recovery.

The next day I again found her in the shrubbery, where she was allowed to pass much of her time, as the absence of all restraint and violence had been found decidedly beneficial. Her joy at seeing me was unbounded, and throwing herself on the turf at my feet, she rested her arms upon my knee, and resting her head upon them in an attitude of confidence, remained gazing with speechless tenderness up into my face. She said little, but I could perceive that she was filled with tumultuous emotion, and as I beheld the workings of her heart the idea flashed through my brain that her soul might yet be awakened. I remembered the story of her yearning tenderness in childhood, and of its unsatisfied thirst. I fancied I could see wherein she had been misunderstood, and I could not but think that where cold reason had failed, affection might be found more efficacious. She had passed the threshold of girlhood; the instincts of a womanly nature had asserted their rights; the fancies of her erratic mind had assumed a shape, and the anticipation of the coming of one who would rescue her from loneliness and thraldom had taken the place of her former vague dreams. This would account for her warm welcome of me, and a thrill of joy pervaded my whole being when the thought suggested itself that it might be my destiny to rescue a soul from darkness.

From that moment I determined to make the attempt, and without dreaming of selfish passion, without one spark of unholy love, I vowed to devote all the energies of my nature to the noble task of enlightening a clouded spirit. Carefully did I begin the work, and tenderly did I guard from dangerous excitement the heart which I sought to influence. She was a child, a sweet and lovely child to me, and I cherished her as if she had been my own sinless sister. Never did one tumultuous throb stir my heart when her head rested on my bosom. The awful responsibility I had incurred, the oppressive sense of duty, the dread of failure in my godlike enterprise, seemed to elevate me above all earthly feelings.

I cannot now note all the details of my success. I cannot trace all the delicate links of that chain which conducted my soul into hers, through the medium of her affections. I watched the liftings of the cloud from off her spirit, and I saw clear but brief glimpses of sunshine; again the shadow would settle with deeper gloom, and again gleams would break forth, giving sweet promise of a brighter day. Heavens! what joy it was to see those blue eyes light up with intelligence. I hear those soft lips utter c words, and I mark the elastic grace of a form but are stirred with the consciousness of imb

But the vicious interference of those wh not comprehend either Alice or myself chec this growing good. Our frequent meetings w restored, and we were of course separated. was taken home by her family, and I was de access to her presence. For a month, a l dreary month, I never saw her and by my in coming to her child. I learned how much had gone out from myself. At length I he Alice was more violent—that she was now a maniac, whose ungoverned frenzy could control by personal violence. I could n this. I went to her father. I explained to h to go and begged to be permitted to see h angel home. He was a cold, practical, re man, and would give me full credence for interested desire to benefit his daughter, he c had no faith in my anticipations of success. ever, he was willing to try the experiment. companied by him, I was admitted to see Ali was frightfully changed. Her eyes glared her hair, tangled and dishevelled from her h restlessness, hung in masses about her face. appearance was that of one whom loss of rea almost brutalized. I could have cursed th recklessness which had so thwarted me. A did not recognize me, but my voice see awaken the vibration of some chord whos was familiar. She became calmer, her crouch, she approached me, and, at length herself on a low stool at my feet with the qui a loving child. It was the first time she had calm since we were parted. Even the cold around her perceived the beneficial effect of presence, and from that moment I was allowed me my plan without molestation.

I now neglected all things else, and devoted exclusively to the noble task of revivifying a soul. I adopted no fixed and settled system enlightenment, but, carefully observing her m mind, governed them by adaptation. I wate current of her thoughts, and when I foun broken and confused, I sought to turn them in deeper channel, where they might flow smoothly. I cultivated her affectionateness of sition, while at the same time I checked all sentiment. The tie between us I knew must of adhesiveness, of attachment, not of l Beautiful was the slow development of her c intellect beneath the influence of her woma derness, and, oh! how exquisite was the enj which I found in thus looking into a perfect nature, as into the depths of a crystal lake.

It seemed to me that I had been set apart for beyond that accorded to my fellow-men, when thus permitted to fill with light the darkened ch of a human soul. A proud feeling of power, sciousness of my high duty was ever prese me, and life wore to me a nobler aspect whe found so noble a task to fulfill. Yet even the

begin to recognize the fearful price which I was destined to pay for all this happiness; even then I found my soul grow feebler in its energies. There were times when the weakness of childhood came over me, and I was as impatient of my absence from Alice as if her sweet words and looks were the aliment of my existence. Cold hearts might have deemed this passion,—they remember it now as a proof of my wild love; but how little they understood me! It was but the longing of my soul to regain that which it had imparted to another. It was the impatient seeking of the bereaved and despoiled spirit. I was no longer sufficient for myself; Alice was necessary to my being. Yet it was not love: no! it was something nobler far, something far less earthly.

How beautiful she was! how gloriously beautiful, with those angelic eyes, that sunbright hair, those soft, rosy lips, and that pure tint of fresh youth on her rounded cheek! how graceful was the sweet *abandon* of her attitudes! how touching the low tones of her musical voice! Think, ye who find pleasure in watching the growth of some frail flower, from its first germ to its perfect development in beauty and fragrance, think what must be the joy of watching the unfolding of a soul—of seeing it expand beneath your care—of feeling that you have been the means, under Heaven, of giving it new life!

A year had passed, and Alice was lingering on the very verge of that inner sanctuary where reason dwells. She had been awakened; intellect was rapidly dawning to perfect day, but there were still vague mists and broken shadows to be dispersed ere the sun could shine with unclouded splendor. Yet the future now was full of hope and promise; she had reached the threshold of reason through the portal of the affections. How she loved me! how sweet was the girlish tenderness she lavished upon me in the dim twilight of this her morning of the soul! how heart-thrilling were her innocent caresses! Oh that I could but lose the memory of that time! that I could have imbued her heart with the remembrances that have poisoned my existence!

It was just at this period—when there was nothing to fear for Alice, but every thing to hope—that I was summoned to London, by the illness of my father. I dared not disobey the call of such a solemn duty, and being assured, both by her medical attendant and by my own observation, that no danger to Alice could result from my temporary absence, I tore myself from her, and set out on my melancholy journey. I found my father extremely ill, but his tenacity of life protracted his struggle with the King of Terrors, until his sufferings had wrenched from him every thing but the breath which he gladly resigned. The terrible tension of my nerves during this prolonged anguish, together with my acute consciousness of an exhaustion of soul, which rendered me less able to bear distress, were too much for my bodily frame. I was stricken down to earth, as by a giant's hand, while standing beside my father's grave, and I remember nothing more until months afterward, when I found myself the occupant of a ward in the asylum for the insane. I had been mad—raving mad!

My reason returned as suddenly, however, as it had been impaired, and my recovery was very rapid. I need not say how eagerly I turned to the thought of Alice, nor how I rejoiced even then in being permitted to suffer for her sake. I knew that it was for her I had endured this loss of reason; I was sure that it was only by my total oblivion of self that she could be strongly imbued with the light that was in me, and the thought that she had been receiving all of which I had been deprived was a solace to my heart.

As soon as I regained my strength, I hurried to Dublin, and words cannot describe my emotion as I reached the abode of my own Alice. As I entered the drawing-room her father rose to receive me kindly and cordially, but my feelings overpowered me, and turning to Alice, who sat beside him engaged in needlework, I madly clasped her in my arms. Good God! she had forgotten me! Anger flashed in her eyes, and her cheek burned with offended delicacy as she tore herself from my embrace and fled to her father for protection. Would that I could forget the agony of that bitter moment! To my hurried explanation, and my earnest appeal she listened as to the ravings of a madman. She had lost all memory of our former union, and anger and terror were the only emotions I could now excite. Her father, fearful of the effect of such agitation upon both of us, drew me into another room, and informed me that Alice had been very ill soon after my departure, and that she had recovered from a severe attack of fever, perfectly sane and quiet. But she was like one awakened from a deep and dreamless sleep. The past had no remembrances, she was a creature only of the present, and in her calm, cold collectedness of manner, and her almost stern reason, no trace remained of her tender and erratic fancies. Horrible did all this seem to me; methought we had exchanged souls—the weakness of the girl had entered into me, the firm, unshrinking spirit which had once led me to the cold regions of speculative science was now her guide. Fearful was the thought that I had thus lost my own identity; doubly fearful the knowledge that my transfusion into another's soul never could be recognized. My birthright—my noble heritage of soul and mind had been given to another. I had dared to usurp the privileges of a higher order of beings, and I was punished.

Her father dreaded the effect of any attempt to revive in the mind of Alice a remembrance of the past. He felt grateful to me for her restoration, and would gladly have repaid me with her love, but he dared not risk the recall of her former tenderness. He entreated me to let it depart like a dream, and to suffer her to be guided by a woman's fantasy in her affections. I promised, and I tried to keep my word. Alice was induced to believe that my recent aberration of mind could account for my strange familiarity when we met, and as her father's friend she forgave me. But she evidently regarded me as a perfect stranger. My task was done—she was fully awakened to intellectual life, but she was no longer a portion of myself.

There had been sympathy between her darkened

spirit and the soul which was imparting to it life and light—there was joy between us, and hope, and a sense of double existence, which makes the essence of immortal love. Now all was changed: I had transfused into her nature my own high gifts; I had lost my own spirituality; I had become all earthly, else why did I yearn with such passionate longing for one touch of her red lips, one clasp of her soft hand? She possessed my nobler soul, and there remained to me but a faint spark of that ethereal fire which had once outshone the light of human passion.

It was weak and vain, yet was I fool enough to seek her love, and woo her as men woo the women they would wed. I sued to her with gentle words and loving looks and courtly flatteries. I crushed the wild emotions of my bosom, and bowed amid the crowd of her admirers. Why did she despise my homage? Why could she not feel for me the deep, up-looking reverence which ever mingles in a woman's love? Why did she look with half-contemptuous pity upon my passion? Was it because her sex ever scorn the weakness they can create, and know not how to be, at the same moment, the idol and the worshiper? No! it was because I was degraded beneath my fellow-men: I had lost all that could elevate me above them. He who would win and keep a woman's love may give her his heart of hearts, if he will, but never let him admit her to the sanctuary of his soul. What then could I hope when the gift of my inmost spirit had been the first offering that was laid upon the altar?

I sought to make Alice love me, but the hope was futile. Her intellectual had overmastered her womanly nature, and in winning the firm reason and decided will of man she had lost the gentle weaknesses of her sex. I asked her to be my wife; she refused my suit gently but firmly. Maddened by the excitement of the moment, I poured forth the full tide of long repressed emotion. I told her of our former communion; I described the gradual development of her dawning intellect; I depicted the slow outgoings of my spirit as it was transfused into hers; I prayed her, as I would pray high Heaven, to recall some memory of the past. It was all in vain; the past was gone forever. She looked on me as a madman, and shrank from me in terror. I never saw her again.

After this a torpor fell upon me which rendered me insensible to outward impressions. My mind became clouded like a mirror, over which the damp and mildew of long years have gathered; images were reflected there, but they were dim and indistinct in their outline. The present and the past were blended most confusedly and painfully. I had no power to control my thoughts. My soul was dying out with exhaustion.

They told me that Alice was married, but the tidings scarcely moved me, for I could no longer be roused to fierce emotion. Two years have passed since I looked my last on her sweet face: two years of anguish such as whitens the locks and withers the heart of youth. I am dying; I shall soon be numbered with the forgotten dead, for there is none to shed one tear above my grave. I am wasting away with inanition of the spirit. But I am not—no, by heavens! I am not dying of disappointed love.

. . . . . .

In the city of Athens, amid all the tumult and discomfort of a Greek hostelry, died the writer of this strange tale. The incidents he relates are true; he did awaken to intellectual life the imbecile mind of a beautiful girl, who in the course of her recovery entirely forgot him. He sought in vain to win her love, and, upon the tidings of her marriage with another, he fell into a decline, which resulted in his death in the summer of 181–, whether of an exhausted spirit or a broken heart let those judge who know the fearful strength of human affection. A more practical account than is here given, may be found in Emerson's "Letters from the Ægean."

HESPERUS.

BY T. B. READ.

Thou wan and trembling messenger,
Now at the gates of even',
Oh, thou dost seem to summon me
All silently to Heaven;

And, standing on the unseen shore
Of that eternal day,
Where Fancy in her pilgrimage
Exhausted faints away,

Thou hold'st me from the revelry
By some enchanted tie;

There 's mystery unreadable
In thy heart-searching eye.

Thou turn'st the sight into the soul—
I cannot choose but read,
Upon that truthful register,
Life's every thought and deed.

Yet well I love thee and thy train,
Now at the gates of even',
Who come to hang out beacon lights
To show the way to Heaven.

THE BEREAVED.

BY AMELIA.

THE moon within our casement beams,
  Our blue-eyed babe hath dropt to sleep,
And I have left it to its dreams,
  Amid the shadows deep,
To muse beside the silver tide
Whose waves are rippling at thy side.

It is a still and lovely spot
  Where they have laid thee down to rest,
The white rose and forget-me-not
  Bloom sweetly on thy breast,
And birds, and streams with liquid lull
Have made the stillness beautiful.

And softly through the forest-bars
  Light lovely shapes, on glossy plumes,
Float ever in, like winged stars,
  Amid the purpling glooms:
Their sweet songs, borne from tree to tree,
Thrill the light leaves with melody.

Alas! the very path I trace,
  In happier hours, thy footsteps made;
This spot was once thy resting-place;
  Within the silent shade,
Thy white hand trained the fragrant bough
That drops its blossoms o'er me now.

'T was here at eve we used to rove,
  'T was here I breathed my whispered vows,
And sealed them on thy lips, my love,
  Beneath the apple-boughs.
Our hearts had melted into one,
But Death undid what Love had done.

Alas! too deep a weight of thought
  Had filled thy heart in youth's sweet hour;
It seemed with love and bliss o'erfraught,
  As fleeting passion-flower
Unfolding 'neath a southern sky,
To blossom soon, and soon to die.

Yet in these calm and blooming bowers
  I seem to see thee still,
Thy breath seems floating o'er the flowers,
  Thy whisper on the hill;
The clear faint starlight, and the sea
Are whispering to my heart of thee.

No more thy smiles my heart rejoice—
  Yet still I start to meet thine eye,
And call upon the low sweet voice
  That gives me no reply—
And list within my silent door
For the light feet that come no more.

THE DEATH OF SAMSON.

Judges, chap. xvi. verses 23—31.

BY HENRY W. HERBERT.

THERE was a feast at Gaza, in the House
Of Dagon, and Philistia's hundred lords
Were gathered to the sacrifice, with men
From Ashkelon and Joppa, and the strength
Of Tyre sea-girded, and the merchant kings
Of Sidon, and the dwellers of the coast
Who steered their ships from Tarshish, far beyond
The Straits Herculean to that utmost isle,
Green-shored Ierne* in the western sea.
  There was a feast at Gaza—for they said,
"Our God, even Dagon, to our hands hath given
The fiercest of our foemen, captive now,
Subdued and powerless—Samson—who cut off
Thirty, our best, nigh Ashkelon, and took
Their garments for a spoil—who, yet again,
Hard by Rock Etam smote us hip and thigh,
A mighty slaughter, and yet, after that,
In Ramath-Lehi with an ass's jaw,
Heaps upon heaps, a thousand men of war
Slew shamefully—who bore our gates away,
Our gates, at midnight, that were framed so strong,
With brazen hinges and with bars of brass,
And heaved them, posts, and hinges, bars and all,
On his brawny shoulders broad, and went his way
Triumphant and elate, to that hill-top
High before Hebron.
  "Lo that strong one now!
Subdued before our God, out both his eyes,
In life-long darkness sunk, and shorn of strength!"
  Thus they insulting—but the Lord of Hosts
Looked down upon their triumph, and that day
Laughed their loud vaunts to scorn, that all might know
Him only God—Him only all great and wise,
Everlasting and supreme!
  The house was filled,
The House of Dagon, reeking with the steam
Of sacrifice, the fat of bulls and goats,
And Libyan frankincense, and myrrh, and gums

* Ierne, (Ireland,) which was probably first colonized from Phœnicia, who traded to the British Isles for tin.

Sabean, and libations of rich wine,
Poured out to carven shapes of brass and gold
Abominable—yea! from floor to roof,
The house was filled with thousands, and above
Sat other thousands on the terraced top,
Sublime and jocund, drunk with lust and wine,
Fiend worshipers!

Proud men were mustered there,
Heroes and princes, lords renowned in war,
With Tyrian draperies blushing to the day,
And sun-bright panoplies, and shields of gold,
And casques snow-crested!

And the dark-browed girls
Of the soft palm-land,* with their eyes of light,
And hyacinthine tresses wreathed with pearl
Wooing the wanton air. Too bright, alas!
Too bright and beauteous to be slaves of sin,
And ministers at thy voluptuous shrine,
Venus Mylitta; whose accursed rites,
Even in the porch of God and at the gate
Toward the north, entranced Ezekiel saw
Polluting Israel's house, with woman's wo
For Thammuz.

There they sat in ordered rows,
Enchanting to the eye, and to the soul
A snare, with melody and softest love
Outgushing from their low harmonious tones,
Outbeaming from their languid eyes—the flower
Of Syria's daughters!—oh! how heavenly fair,
Had they been pure as beauteous—had the glow
Which lightened forth from every perfect face
Been of the spirit and holy.

There they sat,
High flushed with wine, and amorous; and called
Unto their reveling lords, with equal heat
And haughtier pride upswollen—

"Lo! bring us forth
Samson, that he may make us sport, and show
That strength invincible now vanquished! Ho!
Bring us forth Samson!"

And they brought him forth,
Savage and sordid, from his house of wo,
Where in his eyeless gloom his task he plied,
Fettered with brass. His mighty limbs were bare;
And those huge shoulders, which upheld of yore
The city gates unbending, all disrobed
And swart with toil of dust mechanical,
Showed still the champion's might, but not the grace
Or garb that fits the champion. His strong hair,
For in his dungeon it had grown afresh,
Late shaven by false Delilah, fell down
In tangled elf-locks o'er his sightless brow
And neck Herculean; and the matted beard
Shadowed his chest—with curls as closely hung
As the young lion's mane, whom erst he tore
Nigh Timnath in the vineyards—black as night.
He stood and frowned upon them, huge, and grim,
And gaunt with toil and torture, but erect
And terrible in his mood—for rage divine,
And inspiration of the most high God
Was strong within him. And the wanton laugh
Of those lascivious damsels, and the scorn
Of their proud paramours, whose armed backs
He had seen many times, but never seen
Their faces in the fray, passed by his ears,
As the light breathings of the summer wind
Pass unregarded o'er the earth-fast bulk
Of Ararat.

He stood, and made them sport,
Between the central pillars of the house,
Whereon the whole house hung; and they were pleased.
And bade him, resting from his labors, lean
Against the columns; and straightway he took,
One with his left and with his right hand one,
The marble shafts, on which the roof was borne,
Magnificent; and called upon the Lord.
"Remember me," he said, "Oh Lord my God,
This once, I pray thee. Strengthen me, I pray,
Only this once; that I avenged may be
For my two eyes upon the Philistine."
He spoke in Hebrew; and again the laugh
Of his tormentors echoed through the hall
Mocking him. Samson nothing recked of that,
Nor heard it! but his teeth he set, and clinched
His hands around the shafts. "Now let me die,
With the Philistine!"—and he bowed himself
With all his might, and the strong columns brast,
Split from their bases to their capitals,
And reeled the walls, and the roof thundered down,
One ruin! and before the mortal yell,
Which heralded the crash, could pierce the ear,
'T was drowned in that interminable roar,
Which boomed for leagues aloof, o'er land and sea,
Shaking the cedars on the hoary top
Of Lebanon, and flapping the far sails
That studded Carmel's gulf.

It died away—
And scarce a groan was heard, or feeblest wail,
So fully was the champion's work performed,
So perfect his great vengeance.

So, the dead
Which at his death he slew, outnumbered all
Slain in his life!

Then came his brethren down,
And all his father's house, and took him up,
And laid him between Eshtaol and Zorah,
In old Manoah's tomb.

Peace to his soul;
He perished for his country, in his time
Fully accomplished; and the Lord his God,
Who had forsaken him awhile, gave back
His strength majestical, and crowned his days,
Making the latest act by which he fell
The greatest of his life.

Peace to his soul.

* Palm-land, such is the derivation of the name Phœnicia, from Φοῖνιξ, a palm-tree.

FAME.

And what is Fame? The wild huzza of crowds,
Purchased by blood on many a battle plain;
The poet's lay that comes, a poor reward,
To pay for nights of hunger, sickness, pain—
Napoleon's thorny crown, or Petrarch's wreath.
Alas! that man, misguided man, will sweat,
And coin his soul to buy such petty dross,
When by well-doing he may save mankind. B. F. T.

WHITE CLOUD.

OR THE FRONTIER VILLAGE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

CHAPTER I.

THE forests near the Delaware's upper waters were in a glow, kindled by a June sunset, in the year 1734. The rich beams, slanting between the myriad trunks, lay athwart a faint track that ran, here and there interrupted by bushes, along the summit of a ridge, with blazed trees upon either side. The lower edges of the branches seemed melting gold—bush and sprout were spotted, and the moss upon the serpent-like roots was mottled, like the breast of the robin—one spot was particularly lighted by the splendor radiating from the west. This was a little opening, or avenue, clothed with short green grass, spangled with the scented white clover, the track passing through the midst in light wheel-marks, except where it was interrupted by a rill which came sparkling through a clump of alders, and ran across in meek purling tones. It was a sylvan place. A red-bird had folded his gorgeous wings upon a bough—a doe, with her fawn by her side, was drinking at the rill—a partridge was wallowing like a quivering speckled ball in the soft mould beside a bush—a rabbit was alternately gliding and sitting, here nibbling a sprout, and there a grass-blade. A loud trampling and jolting, and the sound of human voices, suddenly broke upon the calm, still air, and the bird took wing, the doe sprang into the woods, followed by her fawn, the partridge whirred away with a startling burst, and the rabbit, peaking its long ears for a moment, disappeared with the rapidity of an arrow.

A man then appeared in a hunting-shirt, with a rifle in his hand and an axe upon his shoulder—a huge wagon, with a canvas top, and drawn by two gigantic horses, succeeded—then came a small herd of cows and oxen, followed by half-a-dozen men, each also with rifle and axe—then another wagon like the first—then a flock of sheep, driven by a human group similar to the preceding one—then two other great wagons, the procession being closed by eight or ten more men bearing the weapons and implements above mentioned. The sides of the canvas belonging to the first two wagons were looped up, disclosing their contents. These, in the front machine, were several females, and three children. The latter, and one of the former, composed a group immediately behind the driver. The female was of middle age, with a calm face and soft blue eyes. The children were two boys of twelve and ten years, and a girl of seven. The other inmates had the air of domestics, and all were reclining upon heaps of beds and bedding; the checkered and gay tints of the former and latter mingled with the brown and yellow hues of hay and straw. The other wagon held also women, children, and beds, with the addition of pans, pots and kettles, hung at every possible point, and other light furniture.

The tops of the remaining two were completely drawn, but from the protuberances the contents were of bulk, and consisted probably of those articles, both household and agricultural, that a pioneer most needs in the forest.

The foremost wagon was checked at the rill, to allow the horses to drink, which example was followed by the others, until they were ranged in a row upon the grassy and plant-fringed border.

"We cannot be far from our destination, John," said the man who had been in front to the driver of the first wagon.

"A mile or two off, to my thinking, Captain Jones," answered the other, respectfully; "we have had three long days' job on't since we left the Hudson."

"Ah, Susan, how well you stand the fatigue!" said the captain to the middle-aged woman before described; "and the children, too! Bobby looks as fresh as a May morning, Billy is smiling as though he was certain of a new hobby-horse, and I hear little Agnes prattling away there, in great style."

He was here interrupted by a shout from the two boys, Bobby saying,

"Papa, can't I jump down and get that large blue water-lily for Agnes?" while Billy, who was the youngest of the two, screamed at the top of his voice,

"Oh! papa, do look at that beautiful bird," pointing to the red-bird, which was again fluttering down like a winged spot of crimson, to a bough.

"Hush, children," said the mother. "So we are almost there, Robert?"

"I hope so, Susan, and believe so too, if my calculation is good for any thing, in these vast woods. But, hurrah, boys! start the teams, or we shant get there till morning."

A cracking of whips and a splashing of the streamlet's shallow waters around the broad wheels succeeded, and the whole train, (the men and animals having waded across) following the road, left the beautiful green avenue behind. The track was still hung on either side with the splendid blossoms of the laurel, the chestnut was light with its yellow plumage, and the soft atmosphere was perfectly delicious with the peculiar fragrance of the bass-wood.

The disappearing sun was sowing the western air with golden dust that sparkled through the leaves, when, surmounting a small rise in the road, the captain, who was still in front, found himself upon the brow of a steep declivity, with shifting and shooting gleams below, which he instantly discovered to be the winding track of a river, glittering through the branches of the trees.

"The Delaware, the Delaware!" broke in a joyous shout from his lips, and echoed along the ascending line.

The scene, although completely in the forest, was beautiful. Below was a long, narrow flat, with the river curving beyond, and the land ascending into mountains on the opposite side. The upper rim of the sun was still visible, and half a circle of rich haze glowed against the summit of the woods, where the mighty orb was descending. An eagle was wheeling above one of the lofty pines that towered up from the expanse of leaves, like the standard of a host.

Down passed the train, and, still pursuing the track, they soon found themselves upon the bank of the river. The spot where they halted was a lovely glade, carpeted with moss and grass, with bushes scattered over it, and here and there a hemlock rearing its fringed pyramid, and a beech its silver-spotted pillar.

"Here is the end of our journey, Susan—here is our future home," said the captain, in a cheerful, hearty voice, "and a beautiful spot it is, too. What a settlement we can make in this flat! eh, wife?"

Susan did not answer, but a most affectionate smile mantled her features at the joyous tones of her husband.

"Our axes will make great music amongst these trees, Tom," said one of the men to the other.

"You may well say that. But where's the Injins that old Hans Speigle, down there on the Hudson, talked so much about? Here we've been a traveling for two days through as thick woods as I ever wish to be in, and hav n't seen any yet. Our rifles, so far as they are consarned, have been very useless weapons."

"We must trust to luck, Tom, as regards these gentry," said the captain, who had overheard the colloquy; "all settlers are exposed to their attacks. But I do n't think we are in the slightest danger from them in this region. The Delawares have principally gone West, toward the Ohio, and the Five Nations keep around the Mohawk and the Great Lakes. But, hurrah for camping boys, the sun has gone to bed, and we might as well be soon following his example."

Although no very lively apprehensions were entertained of the Indians, still the customary precautions of pioneers were taken. The wagons were unloaded and wheeled to the four points of the compass—the spaces between were then filled with ploughs, boxes, and other heavy articles, together with the household furniture, the whole forming, when completed, a large and comfortable area within. The canvas tops were then taken off, and stretched from the uprights of one of the wagons to poles driven in the earth on the opposite side, so as to form a tent for the women and children, with the beds spread beneath. The animals were then secured in a corner of this sylvan encampment, while the rest of the area was occupied by the men of the party, (with the exception of the sentinels) each lying down with his loaded rifle upon his arm.

The darkness closed around, glittering on high with stars. The shrill crow of the tree-toad swelled throughout the woods, one voice taking up the strain as another ceased, till an unbroken monotonous sound was heard—the loud hoot of the owl echoed occasionally—the musquetoe danced around with its fine, silken twang, while the orchestra of the frogs, in the river-mud, opened for the night. All within the encampment was still, with the exception of a movement from some restless animal—the sentinels were watching keenly and in perfect silence at their posts, and the dark, boundless woods, save their nocturnal serenaders, and the river flowing on in its ceaseless rippling murmur, seemed wrapped in breathless and solemn repose. There were two, however, beside the sentinels, who had not yet entered the dominions of sleep. One was the captain, and the other his wife. The first, stretched upon a mossy mound, with his rifle in his grasp, allowed his mind to wander over other scenes and days. He thought of his native village, on the banks of the Connecticut, left forever—of his future home in this wild spot, purchased from the accumulated earnings of industrious years, and of the uncertainties, if not dangers, attendant upon a settlement in the forests. But Hope, sanguine Hope, soon caused the past to disappear, dancing, as she did, upon glittering wings, pointing to the future, and, with a warm glow at his heart, he began to resign himself to slumber.

Susan, too, was dwelling upon the past, and with more of mournfulness, consequent upon her woman's nature, than was consistent with the bold, restless spirit of her husband. The village also rose brightly to her view—she thought of the many happy years of wedded life she had there spent with the man of her choice, who, Heaven be thanked, was still with her—of her two bright boys, and the little orphan, Agnes, committed to her care by a dying sister. The dangers and solitude of the wilderness, in which her future life must be spent, glanced across her mind, but then a home, lighted by the presence of her husband and her children, glowed before her. The twilight of sleep commenced glimmering in the mind of the devoted wife and mother—mental images blended with each other, the different sounds of the forest became confused, until, on the threshold of dreams, the ringing metal-note of the cross-bill swallow seemed to her the tinkle of the village church-bell calling to the customary Sabbath-worship, and then her breath ebbed and flowed in the calmness of profound slumber.

Hours wore on. The man called Tom was one of the sentinels, and he had just ended a reverie when he heard a crackle in the forest as of a dry twig broken. Supposing it to be occasioned by the tread of some prowling animal, he was again resigning himself to thought, when his eye caught a shadowy form on the

edge of the blank obscurity frowning in the woods; the next instant, the other sentinels shouted as with one breath, "Who's there?" He had barely sprung upright, with the same sounds upon his lips and his eye still fixed upon the figure, when, from all sides of the forest, there pealed forth yells, so fierce and so terrific as to freeze the very blood in his veins. Glances of red light and sharp rifle cracks came simultaneously from the gloom of the woods, and then dark shapes bounded swiftly toward the encampment. He felt himself wounded, but he discharged his weapon, and clambered over a wagon into the area, one sentinel only doing the same on the opposite side. Here he found the party all roused, and hastening to different points for defence.

"Be steady, men, be steady," said the captain, in a deep, calm voice, "and look well before you fire; the savages, if you are true to yourselves, cannot enter," at the same time taking aim over a wheel and firing. Discharges from every part of the area echoed the sound of the captain's rifle, as dark heads were lifted, and fierce eyes gleamed above the outer sides of the encampment. The shots, however, caused the dread array to disappear, and then shrill warwhoops again rose from the forests.

"Crouch, men, crouch low, until you fire, and then be quick," again commanded the captain. "There is no fear but we will drive them off, the bloody wolves! One strong, brave man is equal to a dozen of them."

Shots, screams, whoops and groans followed in wild confusion from the area, and from without. At one moment the dark shapes of the Indians would be seen endeavoring to leap the barriers, and then rapid discharges, sweeping blows with rifles, and struggles hand to hand, would leave the summits clear. After a more than usually desperate conflict of this character, and while the heart of the captain was beating high with the hope of at last driving off the savage invaders, a shrill shriek from the tent caused his frame to thrill with sudden terror. Dashing within, by the light of the pine torch usually burning, he saw a female figure outstretched upon the bedded earth, with his wife, little Robert, and the maids shivering in consternation, while between two boxes underneath the wagon he caught a glimpse of a crouching and disappearing figure.

"My son, my son—husband—Billy—the savage—haste, haste!" shrieked his distracted wife, and instantly he darted through the opening between the boxes. The Indian, a tall plumaged warrior, had stopped for a moment with his screaming prize, and the captain caught a glimpse of his fleeting form at the edge of the woods. He found himself then grappled by a foe who brandished a tomahawk over his head, a crushing blow succeeded—the savage fell, and he was dragged through the opening by one of his men. For a few minutes longer the shots continued, a peculiar whoop then sounded, and deep silence succeeded, broken only by groans and exclamations of pain within the encampment.

"We have succeeded, I think, in driving the demons off," said the captain, in a voice which expressed great relief, mingled with touching sadness. "God grant that we have not suffered too deeply. The dawn, too, is approaching.

Ejaculations of pleasure rose from the area, blended with the sounds that told of suffering mortality, and the captain, after giving directions concerning the wounded, entered the tent. Frequent bursts of weeping were then heard from within, blended with groans of manly sorrow. Torches were lit, and the wounded cared for, and in the mean while a keen lookout was maintained. The glimmering air of coming day became clearer—the gray glimpses through the spokes of the wheels fell stronger upon the area—the wheels themselves, and the long upright tongues of the wagons, resumed their outlines—the dusky tent was seen in white relief—the bordering trees came out of the gloom—the depths of the woods crept into sight—low twitterings were heard in the branches, and then, as the whole sylvan scene brightened, a continuous harmony was warbled out, the tree-ascending notes of the robin, and the clear water-like tones of the brown thrasher, piercing above in the glorious morning hymn of the awakened wilderness.

Faint hues began now to tremble on the fleecy clouds overhead, and a rich light to glow between the branches toward the east. The captain again appeared from the tent, and looked around. Eight of his men were stretched upon the earth—five dead and three wounded. Two of the sentinels of the preceding night had also been dragged from without the barricades, lifeless and scalped. The wounded were still receiving the care of the survivors.

"We have been fearfully stricken, my boys," said he; "forgive me," turning to the wounded, "for not sooner being with you, but I too have deep sorrow. My little boy, my youngest born, has been taken from the arms of his mother," continued he, in accents of touching grief. "In the uproar and confusion of the conflict, a savage, attracted probably by the torch, stealthily removed the articles that we thought effectually blocked the entrance beneath the wagon, crept into the tent, struck dead the outer female, grasped my little boy and bore him away. May God, in his infinite mercy, grant that the knife has not ere this pierced his innocent heart. James," walking up to a youth whose grimed rifle and blood-sprinkled clothes told that he had rendered good service in the strife; "James, my good boy, prepare yourself, it was your sister that the savage struck," and then as the youth gave vent to a deep groan he added, "but be a man, James, be a man, and remember in your sorrow that there is a mother in yon tent mourning for her child."

He then motioned to two of the group that stood by listening, with deep concern impressed upon their features, and they disappeared in the tent. The next instant they brought out the female and laid her at the feet of her brother. The palor of death was upon her features, and horror! the reeking head showed that the scalp (that trophy of savage triumph) had also been torn away.

The beams of the ascending sun were now shooting in streaks of golden haze through the trunks and branches of the trees. The tent still veiled the

sorrows of the mother. A grave was dug beside the river, and, after a short prayer from the captain, the dead female was consigned to her native earth. A few words of hope and encouragement succeeded from his lips, and, before the sun had so mounted as to burnish the deep green cone of the hemlock above the grave with rich light from apex to base, the air was ringing merrily with the blows of twenty axes, and the cracking, rushing and thundering of the plunging trees, were making the echoes leap from the mossy ledges and myriad colonnades of the boundless forests.

CHAPTER II.

Ten years passed away—ten short, rapid years. A June sun was rising over a beautiful river-flat, and the breeze was rapidly folding the mist away in the deep blue sky, as loud cheerful voices rang out upon the perfumed air, and a group of hunters, dressed in deer skins and linsey woolseys, with belts and pouches, and long slim rifles upon their shoulders, quickly ascended a road passing over the acclivity before them. Climbing the summit, they turned, as with one accord, to view the scene beneath, and how beautiful it was. Not a basin filled with leaves—a deep depression merely of the wilderness with the river glittering between the branches which broke upon the sight of the emigrants ten years ago. The magic of the axe and the plough had touched it, and lo! the picture. The flat, with the exception of scattered trees, had been stripped of its forest mantle, and was smiling with fertility, the Delaware being curved like a silver serpent at its side. Here, was a field of rye, there, corn sprouting on its hills—here, deep meadows, there, smooth pasture fields, with spotting flocks and grouped herds—with grassy lanes and zig-zag fences, pointed hay-barracks and frequent barns. The hills, sloping around three sides of this lovely picturesque spot, were still dark with forests, although at intervals the axe had penetrated their recesses, and blocked out spaces which, after being stripped, had been suffered to grow up in fire-weeds and blackberry bushes. Upon each side of the road, which, after it reached the flat, bore some signs of labor, and not far from the river bank, was a small village, whose clustered smokes arose quietly and gracefully through the still air of the beautiful morning. The houses were about forty in number, generally framed, a small minority being log huts. Of the former, a few showed a dusky red, while the rest had been stained by the weather to a deep brown. The road could be seen in a yellow stripe through the village, with broad green margins on both sides. A tall octagon-shaped blockhouse stood upon a little knoll, rising from the margin of the street near the river bank, whilst around the village were palisades, also dark with exposure.

This lovely sight had been, time and again, enjoyed by those who now gazed upon it, but never had it looked more radiant, more exquisitely beautiful, steeped as it was in the softness, and glowing with the brightness of a cloudless summer morning.

"Well, Tom," said a youth with a fine expressive countenance to one of the company near him, "where can you find a more beautiful scene than this?"

"Nowhere, I take it, Mr. Robert," answered the other.

"See how lightly that smoke curls above father's house," exclaimed Robert, pointing to a neat white dwelling upon the corner of the blockhouse knoll.

"There was no smoke there when your daddy first looked upon it, nor any thing else but woods."

"Well, we can't stay here all day admiring prospects," said the youth in a cheerful voice; "come, let's ahead, or our luck with the game will be small."

"I most always have good luck when I go out, Mr. Robert, and you know when I draw sight it is n't for nothen."

"Why, you are getting more and more conceited in your old age, Tom," rejoined Robert, smiling. "Will you always believe that you can kill more game than any one else?"

"No, no, Mr. Robert, not quite that; but I knows what I knows, and I knows that I 've did, in the way of deer killing, what no one else has did in the settlement. You 've often heerd tell, I dare say, of the shot I made in the dead clearen, and I do n't know but I telled it once to you myself."

"Yes, old Tom, twenty times at least, so you can spare the relation now. By the way, Tom, what do you think of the opinion father expresses of the danger from the Indians, now that the war has commenced?"

"Your daddy has cause to be afeard of Injins, as I, you well know, kin testify to; and as for his opinion, I think it is a good one, as all the rest of his opinions is, 'specially one founded on sich good common sense. This 'ere war will bring 'em from the West like packs of hungry wolves. The Lord, in his marcy, keep 'em from that settlement we 've bin jest looken on. It would be awful to have 'em rampaging in sich a delightsome spot. Howsever, as this war between us and the Mounsheers has broken out in rael airnest, I advise all to keep a good lookout upon his own sculp in particklar, and the settlement's in ginral."

He had just given utterance to the last word, when one of the hunters bounded from the earth and fell flat upon his back, another plunged headforemost, another rolled upon the earth, while there came from the bushes and thickets that fringed their paths a crash of rifles, blended with the horrid sounds of the Indian war-whoop.

"To the village, men, to the village, we 're taken in amboosh!" shouted old Tom, darting forward toward the declivity, followed by the rest of the hunters.

"It 's a wonder we 're any of us alive," continued he hastily to Robert, as, reaching the declivity, all rushed down headlong. Whoop succeeded whoop from the savages leaping behind with brandished knife and tomahawk, not waiting to reload their rifles; one or two curves in the road, however, prevented them from gaining more than momentary glimpses of the hunters. But a fresh burst of yells, in which triumph was mingled, echoed in the ears of the pursued, as they reached the firm straight road of the flat,

showing the hopes the savages entertained of overtaking them; but the village was now close by, so close that the flowers of the laurels crouching at the base of the palisades in front could be discerned. Robert and old Tom were in the rear of their party, and the former cast a hasty glance over his shoulder. A tall, noble-looking young warrior was considerably in advance of the other savages, with a white plume upon his head, and a light frock swathed around his body. In his left hand he carried his rifle trailed, in his right an uplifted hatchet. As Robert looked, the young savage checked himself, threw his form back upon the left foot, whirled his hatchet once around, and cast it. A streak of light glanced by Robert's eye, a hurtling sound filled his ear, and, with a loud shriek, a hunter, forward of him, plunged headlong upon the road, with the tomahawk sunk deeply in his brain.

"Round to the small gate, men," shouted Tom, as they bounded past the body quivering in the last agonies, "that's always open. Quick, quick."

Even as he spoke, they all turned from the road where it entered the village through the large front gate of the palisades, which was always closed, into a lane. Making a third of a circuit, they came to the small gate spoken of by Tom. It was open, and in they bounded, with the exception of Robert, who was about following their example when he felt himself grasped by sinews of iron, and, turning, found he was in the power of the young warrior, who held him with one hand, and with the other uplifted a glittering knife.

It was for a moment only that this sight met his eye, for Tom had turned at the same instant, and now threw himself upon the savage. The short hunting knife was the only weapon the old woodman possessed, his rifle being useless in so close a struggle, and it clashed upon the knife of the warrior, who in the suddenness of the attack loosed his grasp of Robert. The latter saw at this moment the rest of the savages, who had been left behind by the speed of his late antagonist, turning the corner of the palisades. Notwithstanding, he leaped forward, with his knife in his grasp, to the aid of Tom, but before he could strike a blow, the weapon of the Indian was buried deep in the breast of the old hunter, who, with a sharp cry, fell to the earth. The next moment he found himself drawn within the gate as the whooping band was bounding upon him, but, ere this was effected, he saw the young warrior tear the scalp, streaming with blood, from the head of Tom, while from his tongue thrilled the peculiar cry indicative of possessing the trophy. The gate was then closed and barred by a dozen eager hands, and he was in the presence of his agitated father, and a score of the pale, terror-stricken villagers.

. . . . . .

"What an escape, what an escape for our dear boy, Susan," said a bronzed, weather-beaten man, walking backward and forward in a small parlor, simply furnished.

"God be praised for his mercies, Robert—our noble, noble boy!" answered a meek, subdued woman, of about forty years; "and Agnes, too," added she, after a short pause of weeping, "what a dreadful blow it would have been if her destined husband had been taken from her."

"Dreadful indeed, dear little Agnes," said her husband, then after a short pause he added, "but Tom, Susan, glorious, fearless old Tom, that he should have perished to save our child."

"He is beyond the reach of our thanks, husband. Let us hope the faithful old man is receiving his rewards in a better world. Has his body been removed?"

"It has. The gate was opened cautiously, no Indians seen, and the corpse borne through in the arms of Robert and myself. A number of the villagers collected, and we gave him to the earth at the inner base of the palisades, near where he fell, as it was considered hazardous to venture outside to the churchyard."

A short silence succeeded, when the captain again spoke.

"I am anxious, Susan, beyond measure about this attack. We have spent so many years here in safety that I had almost forgotten an Indian existed."

"Not so, oh, not so, my husband!" interrupted his wife quickly; "remember our dear, dear darling little Billy, our youngest, Robert, our lost."

"True, true," rejoined her husband, in a tone of deep sadness; "I meant not that I had forgotten him. But he must have perished that dreadful night. He must have, Susan, or all our efforts to obtain some tidings would not have been so fruitless."

"Oh my, husband!" said his wife, in accents of the most profound sorrow, "how could tidings ever reach us? Think of these frightful, endless forests, in which the settlements of civilized man are but specks. He might still be living and we never the wiser. Living, too, as a wild, barbarous, painted savage, (her whole frame shuddered) ignorant of his Maker, and thinking only of shedding blood."

"It is horrid indeed, Susan, and I almost hope and pray, sometimes, that he did perish under the knife of the savage."

"I see him oftener than ever in my dreams, husband, not as the child whose features reflected those of his mother, not as our darling, as our dearest little Billy, but as an Indian warrior, with the tomahawk in his hand, and bloody scalps at his belt."

"Let us dwell no longer on the subject, Susan, it unsteadies my energies and distracts my thoughts. Having power over both is very necessary now. What this attack forbodes I hardly dare admit to myself. If there are no others but those seen by Robert and the hunters, I shall conclude they are merely a small band prowling toward Canada. But if, as I am fearful from the temerity of their pursuit up to the very palisades, they are but a part of a large body who were engaged in reconnoitering the village when stumbled upon by the hunters, I fear the worst, Susan. You are the wife of a frontiersman, and can bear the truth. I will now go through the village and see that a proper vigilance is kept up. I dread, however, the coming night."

"Be careful, husband, not to expose yourself. Do not look over the palisades, for some of the heathen may be crouching round them yet."

In the mean while Robert had been with Agnes, receiving her tearful congratulations upon his escape. Their hearts linked in an early attachment, they waited but for the passage of a few months to have their hands also united.

The village was in a state of considerable alarm. Sentinels had been posted, and all warned by the captain to have their weapons ready for instant use. As the day, however, progressed the inhabitants ventured out somewhat from their homes. In about the middle of the main street was the inn of the place, having before it, swinging between a rude gallows-frame, a huge sign, with the daub of a bear grappling with a hunter. The bar-room was full of anxious chattering groups.

"I've brung down the old woman and all the brats," said one, holding a glass of clear whiskey in his rough had. "I thought as how the hill-lot was n't no place any longer with these 'ere red devils about."

"You may well say that," said another; "and I've a notion that we're not too safe here, if there's many on 'em."

"That for 'em," said the landlord, who was a son of Erin, snapping his fingers. "Bedad if I do n't defy the whole race of 'em behind these pickets. Only let me ketch 'em in the 'Huggen Bear,' and, by the powers, I 'd bate their heads to a jelly."

This characteristic sally caused a roar of meriment throughout the apartment.

"How many did you say there was, Jim?" said another, after the laughter had subsided.

"There must have bin twenty or thirty in the amboosh. We had a hard time ont, I tell you."

"There 's a good deal of mournen in the village. There 's Uncle John lost a son, and Aunt Nancy another, and Jane Larkins her sweetheart, and the widder of the last one killed by that 'ere young Injin's hatchet has bin in fits ever sin, so our help tolled me."

"Poor Tom, too, them that dragged in the young captain said he fit to the last."

"What a terrible feller that ere young Injin must be. He looked as glum and farse as a wounded painter when we wur a shutten the gate."

"There 's bin nothen stirren about the palisades but the cows in the lane," said one who had just entered, having been relieved from his duty as a sentinel. "But darn me if I did n't expect every time I looked through to see the copperheads glaring at me."

"Talking of the pickets, there 's two or three spots where they are decayed dreadful, and the back gate tords the river is none too strong."

"Well! the Lord send us a happy deliverance."

"Amen to that," and "that 's jest what I think," went the rounds of the company.

The golden day passed along, and the sun approached its setting. The slanting rays danced upon the river ripples, streamed upon the palisades between the houses, turned the knoll of the blockhouse into a carpet of gold green velvet, and touched the grassy margins of the village street. No warwhoops yet echoed out of the dense shades of the hillsides, or within the flat; on the contrary, every thing looked peaceful and spoke of quiet and security.

A green narrow lane swept around the base of the palisades, and beyond it were the meadows, pastures and grainfields. Cows were browsing on the green borders of the lane, interspersed with flocks of nibbling geese—the cattle were feeding in the pastures, and the stalks of the rye and wheat were rolling their graceful billows unmolested in the breeze of sunset. Just before the rim of the great brightener of nature touched the summit of the Pennsylvania mountains, Robert and Agnes passed down the little street that extended from the main one to the gate where he had so nearly lost his life. They passed the little gable school-house, used on Sabbath days as a place of worship, and paused by a heap of fresh earth beside the gate.

"It is the last resting p'ace of my brave deliverer, Agnes, of the one who died to save me," and a tear trickled in the eye of the youth.

"Oh, that he were living to receive our thanks, good, good old Tom," said Agnes, placing her handkerchief to her eyes.

After a few moments given to bitter grief, Robert turned to the sentinel who was pacing by the gate.

"Any signs of them, Jacob?"

"None at all, capting. I've jest tuk a long look both ways and did n't see nothen."

"I'll take a look over the palisades myself. I do n't believe there 's an Indian on the flat," said Robert, mounting to one of the wooden seats that jutted out upon both sides of the gate.

"It 's rather dangersome, capting, is n't it?" asked the sentinel.

"Do not, do not, Robert—why, why do you expose yourself?" expostulated Agnes.

Robert, however, mounted. The sunshine slept sweetly upon the fields and meadows, the rail-fences stood in picturesque tints of light and shade—the barns and hay-barracks were casting long stretching shadows—the lane looked cool and pleasant, and the air was delightful with the fragrance of the grass and flowers.

"There is nothing here to frighten one, unless it be old Crookhorn, and she is very quietly chewing her cud," said Robert, smiling, then, stopping suddenly, he looked fixedly down the lane. His eye had rested, while speaking, upon a thicket connected with the hillside by a fringe of bushes. A narrow ray, shooting through a crevice of the palisades, lit upon something within the thicket which gleamed like fire-arms. Hardly had the supposition glanced through his mind, when a bullet sang by his ear. Hastily descending, he caught the sentinel's rifle, remounted, and fired into the midst of the thicket. A loud whoop of defiance rolled from it, and the young warrior, so often alluded to, sprang up, shook his tomahawk in a threatening manner at Robert, and disappeared up the line of bushes.

"There has been, at all events, one watching the village," said Robert, as he led Agnes away. "There is no appearance, however, of any others, although the fields might hold hundreds unseen."

"It is awful, Robert, to think that we have this merciless enemy so near us," said Agnes, in a trembling tone. "May Heaven shield us in our peril!"

"There can be no danger, dearest, protected as we are by the palisades, and have we not our knives and rifles, if it becomes necessary to use them?" answered Robert, in an encouraging and cheerful tone, as they both wended their way back to their dwelling.

CHAPTER III.

Measures had been taken, as before observed, during the day to rouse a spirit of readiness amongst the villagers to meet the worst. Rifles had been taken from their nooks, and bullets collected and moulded. At the approach of night, the women, children, and most aged of the males were placed in the blockhouse. This building was, as before stated, octagon-shaped, with a pointed roof, built of hewn blocks, with three stories projecting over each other, and a foundation of stone. Each story or apartment had loop-holes, as had also the projecting parts, to afford aim underneath. The only entrance was through a massive door of oak, well guarded inside with lock and bar. About twenty men were stationed in this fortress, while the rest of the villagers, capable of duty, were divided into two bands of thirty men each, under the command of the captain and Robert, who were to watch the palisades, in conjunction with the sentinels, and, as a last resort, to retreat to the blockhouse.

Midnight came. A summer shower had fallen upon the night landscape, making the air balmy and fragrant.

"How still and silent every thing is," said the captain to the man next him; "I hope we shall have no more cause for fear throughout the night than now."

A pale gleam of lightning from the departing cloud just then opened the darkness, and there was a shot from every point of the palisades where a sentinel had been posted. The reports had not ceased ringing in the ears of the captain, when, from all sides throughout, there pealed yells, so loud and awful that it seemed as if a legion of fiends had arisen from the earth for the destruction of the village. No sooner had the dread, wild war-whoops met his ear than the captain felt how futile would prove all attempts, from the number of his foes, to defend the palisades, and that the only chance of safety lay within the walls of the blockhouse. The fortress was ample in size, fully sufficient to contain the inhabitants of the village, having been erected for an emergency like the present. Hastily despatching one of his men to his son, with directions for him to retreat to the blockhouse immediately on delivering his first fire, he waited until the climbing of the palisades should be attempted by the whooping enemy. A minute or two only elapsed from the first burst of yells, when a line of dark heads, as far as his eye glanced, were thrust up along the summits of the defences. As they appeared, at his word, every rifle of his band was discharged, and then all darted down the main street toward the blockhouse.

The discharge was echoed by the party of his son. So close and deadly was the fire of the captain's men, that the tops of the palisades in their vicinity were immediately cleared. As they flew through the main street, however, parties of the foe poured through the openings between the houses, and came bounding also in their rear, whilst instant glimpses of the palisades showed dark forms continually dropping to the earth. Shot and whoop came blended to their ears, but still they fled onward without obstruction in front. Here and there, a man fell as the discharges came from the rear and sides, but on, on they went. Glances of flame, at length, shot thicker from the openings—bounding shapes mingled with the band—knives and hatchets gleamed, and rifles clashed against each other in sweeping blows.

They had now reached the base of the knoll, upon the summit of which stood the blockhouse. Here Robert joined them with his party, and, together, the two bands pressed up the ascent. The foremost were entering the open door of the blockhouse, while those behind were fighting, hand to hand and breast to breast, with the yelling throng that came leaping upon them, when, from the passage between the rear of the buildings and the palisades, a large body of savages poured out upon the knoll, headed by the tall young warrior so often mentioned. Both bands of the villagers were now clustered around the door of the blockhouse, all that could making their entrance within. At this juncture the troops of the fortress sent forth streaks of flame, those within having been fearful before of striking friend with foe. The savages down the knoll recoiled, but the young warrior bounded with his band full in the midst of the villagers. Yells, screams, groans, shots and clashing of weapons, rang out upon the air, whilst forms struggled, writhed, swayed and plunged, in the awful hand-to-hand conflict. Again and again did the loops send forth their deadly discharges—wilder and wilder raged the strife around the base of the block. Robert and his father, still unhurt, had struggled side by side to the door, and the latter was just darting through, when the young Indian swept his way, followed by a number of his band, with knife and tomahawk, so as to come beneath the projection of the third story, with the evident intention of cutting off further ingress. A well directed fire from the loops, immediately above, carried havoc amongst them, and Robert had intercepted a blow from the tomahawk of the young warrior upon his rifle, when a body of men from the door, headed by the captain, surrounded the Indian, and he was hurried, striking wildly and ferociously with his weapons, into the blockhouse. The captain seized Robert and dragged him in also. Another fire from the loops—another long and desperate struggle—

another steady influx, and then the wide gate of the fortress was closed and barred, in the faces of the amazed and disappointed savages. A shower of bullets again from the block drove them back, succeeded by another and another, until the knoll was entirely deserted.

The Indian captive was immediately disarmed, and thongs placed around his limbs. It may be remembered that the aged men, the females and children of the village had been placed at an early hour within the blockhouse. The third story had been yielded to them. Still, such was the anxiety felt, especially by the females, that a few of the latter had occasionally ventured to the lower story to mark who, amongst their husbands, fathers and brothers, effected safe entrance. Toward the close of the combat outside, Susan, almost frantic, had hurried down to the basement. She had seen, with eager delight, her husband enter, and waited with sickening impatience the issue of the sally for the rescue of her son. And now, with a heart overflowing with delicious joy, she hailed the re-entrance of the one accompanied by the other. The apartment was (as well as the two above) strongly lighted by torches of the pitch pine, and, after she had clasped the hands of husband and son, and bedewed them with tears of joy, she turned to extricate herself from the crowd. As she did so, she caught a view of the young warrior, standing bound to the side of the ladder leading to the second story, and so placed that the glare of the torch fell full upon him. He was still habited in his light calico frock, which was sprinkled with blood; but his plume was gone, and his belt showed no scalps, they having doubtless been lost in the struggle resulting in his capture. The shower of the night had washed the war-paint from his face, and the lineaments were fully exposed. Not there the high cheek bones of the Indian—not there his keen, black, glittering eyes. The complexion was evidently stained, whilst the face was oval and the eyes were blue. Susan looked—her gaze seemed arrested by a charm. She looked—a thought had glanced over her mind—more intently was her gaze riveted—her frame trembled with excitement—she devoured every feature, until at length the light broke upon her mind. The mother's eye pierced through the disguise which ten long years and a wild existence had wrapped around her boy—the mother's heart leaped to the truth from the yearnings of those holy and mysterious sympathies that exist only in that hallowed sanctuary—the tall forest warrior fled away, she saw before her only her child, her little Billy, and, urged by an irresistible impulse, she rushed forward and threw herself upon his neck, shrieking, "My son, my son."

The surprise throughout the apartment was like an electric shock. The captain, who had stationed himself by a loop, heard the scream and bounded forward. Robert also heard it, having just descended from a hurried interview with Agnes, and was at the spot. The young warrior was gazing intently into the face of Susan, who, with her arms upon his shoulders, was also looking, through tears, upon his brow, and repeating, in tones of the deepest affection, "Do you know your mother, Billy, do you know your mother?" The traces of surprise were still left upon the countenance of the warrior, but other feelings were evidently rising in his breast. His forehead became knit as he looked more and more upon that meek, sweet face, beaming now with all a mother's affection—his mind seemed struggling with strange emotions, evinced by the play of his eloquent features—faint gleams of intelligence would shoot across his countenance, and then be succeeded by vagueness, blankness and confusion. Reviving recollections thus struggled with the thoughts and feelings of his second nature, until the deep impressions of childhood, never wholly obliterated, asserted their strength. Glimmering through the mists of memory came a sweet, placid face, glowing ever with love and kindness, which used to bend over his cradle and smile at his childish sports. His eye traveled over the face of the captain and Robert, and rested again on the countenance of Susan—a light smile illumined his features, his lips parted, and he said, in broken English,

"White Cloud thinks he remember—this," pointing to Susan, "is mother, and these," sweeping his arm gracefully athwart the faces of the other two, "are—are—" hesitating, with his features strongly expressive of the struggle within him—

"Your father, and your brother, my boy, my Billy, my darling child," murmured the mother, resting her head in his bosom.

The Indian bent his ear to the soft low sounds of her voice, while his countenance glowed.

"But why is our child bound, husband?" ejaculated Susan, starting up suddenly as her hand happened to touch the thongs; "a knife, a knife," and hastily seizing the one with which the captain was about to perform her bidding, she herself severed the bonds.

At this instant, from without, pealed forth distant yells, approaching nearer and nearer, till the air rang with the terrific din. Shots began again to crash from the upper loops, while those below, from being deeply interested spectators, again awoke to the realities of their situation. Some two or three had accompanied the family on their emigration, ten years ago, and of course been present at the attack and abduction. These had pressed around closely, but, at the fierce sounds without, again grasped their rifles. The knoll was once more covered with the forest warriors, yelling and brandishing their weapons, and advancing, notwithstanding the fire from the loops, with a steadiness which signified the sternest resolution. They came to rescue their chieftain, or avenge his death. The shots from the blockhouse told with deadly effect, but their numbers seemed not to diminish. The warriors of a great tribe were there furious at the loss of their sachem. Onward they came in a dark body, which separated when close to the base, and then the method of their contemplated attack was disclosed. In an eddy of the river, near the western gate, were a few large logs that had floated down with the spring freshet. In searching for more speedy means than flame to carry the blockhouse, they had discovered these, and seized

upon one of them to effect their object. They received one more fire, and then the log, swung by twenty sinewy arms, struck heavily upon the door of the fortress. It shook like a leaf in its bolts and bars, but still resisted. White Cloud looked at his mother, then at the captain and Robert, whom he did not yet fully recognize, although recollection was busy, and then elevating his noble form to its full height, planted himself so as to be full in the pathway of his warriors, should entrance be effected.

Another mighty blow, and the door, amidst a terrific burst of yells, flew open—but towering before the eyes of those children of the woods, with majesty and command breathing from every lineament and his right arm motioning away, stood the young sachem of his people. The crowd of fierce faces and gleaming eyes recoiled—back, back with every motion of that lifted arm, whilst the deepest silence reigned throughout their numbers. Stepping to the threshold, the chieftain then addressed them, for a few minutes, in the Indian tongue, closed the door, as well as its shattered condition would permit, and advanced again close to his mother.

"The heathen are departing with their dead and wounded," said two or three in a breath, gazing earnestly through the loops. "They are crowding up the main street toward the front gate."

"Warriors all go to woods—leave village alone," said White Cloud, and then looking at his mother with kind, affectionate looks, added, "come—day rising up."

The gray light of dawn had begun indeed to tremble in the air, and objects were assuming their customary shapes. Again opening the door, the chieftain turned to the inmates and motioning outward, said, "All go back to wigwams. Warriors gone away."

The identity of the chief with the lost son of the captain having become universally known, and also his wonderful influence over the wild minds of his warriors even in the heat and excitement of battle, no one hesitated to leave the blockhouse.

A ghastly picture lay before their eyes glimmering in the cool gray tints of the rising morn. The knoll was strewed with the dead and wounded settlers, the latter appealing by their groans and cries for succor. Soon, anxious and weeping groups, mostly females, were scattered over the knoll—the wife, mother, sister, and daughter, recognizing, here and there, in the lineaments of the lifeless, the objects of their affection, hope, and pride. Nearly all the dead had been scalped, and several of the wounded. The savages, when they departed, had carried, as one of the men had stated, their dead and wounded with them.

Amidst this horrible array, Susan and Agnes, with shuddering frames and eyes that closed involuntarily, took their way, accompanied by the captain and Robert, White Cloud moving a little in advance, with a proud step and look of stoic indifference.

The sunshine tipped the hills, descending lower and lower, until the flat again rejoiced in the golden glow of the risen day. As soon as possible, in the mean while, the wounded had been removed from the knoll and the street, and were receiving all necessary care and attention, while the solemn rites of sepulture had been paid the dead. Let us now shift the scene to the parlor of the captain.

White Cloud, with his knife and tomahawk in his belt, was crouching at the feet of Susan, Robert and Agnes were seated together, while the captain occupied a chair beside his wife.

"Is it indeed possible that we have found again our lost boy, our dear Billy?" said Susan, looking fondly down upon the young warrior.

"White Cloud, White Cloud," said the latter, hastily, "not Billy. Called White Cloud by tribe, because white skin," pointing to his brow where the original color, however, had been stained to a deep red by the juice of some forest berry.

"White Cloud be it then, so long as you do not deny being our son," answered Susan, gently.

"That 's right, that 's right," rejoined the chief, placing her hand upon his head. "White Cloud, son, —mother come often in dreams before chief great warrior—then he dreamed of nothing but scalp—scalp—"

Susan shuddered slightly, but did not withdraw her hand from the gracefully moulded head of her son.

"Gnashing Wolf tell Dogwood, when he cry in wigwam after mother, father, brother, that all dead. He chief of tribe, Dogwood his son. Dogwood go on warpath, fight Hurons—take scalp—good many—got new name—White Cloud. Hurons take father—bind him to stake—sing death-song—White Cloud leap in like panther—carry him away—then father die—White Cloud chief. Then pale-faces dig up tomahawk—Canada father send belt—White Cloud strike post—all warriors of tribe strike post—White Cloud lead 'em on warpath—come to Yengeese village—White Cloud forget he Yengeese too—climbs palisades—finds mother."

The hours passed, and the afternoon shadows began to lengthen. The sun was within about a half hour of its setting, when the chief, turning to his mother said,

"White Cloud must go."

"Go! where, my dear son?" ejaculated his mother.

"White Cloud must go away."

"Surely, surely we are not to lose you again, after rising as it were from the dead. Oh, no, no," added she, clinging convulsively to him; "do not, do not go."

"Mother loves White Cloud very much. Come, all go with chief outside the palisade."

Hastily attiring themselves, the whole family group passed through the main street of the village, the chieftain leading the way, until they reached the front or eastern gate. At the orders of the captain, it was unclosed and they stood upon the soft short verdure at the base of the palisades.

As they passed through, a long, keen, exultant whoop burst out from the green shades opposite, although not a form was visible. The young warrior looked around upon the group with a proud smile, then, taking the hand of his mother and pointing to the hill sides, said,

"See how warriors love chief—White Cloud love 'em, too. He must go."

"I cannot, I cannot give you up," said Susan, convulsively weeping. "Do you not love your mother, also?"

"White Cloud love mother—new mother—but he *must* go. Listen! He got white skin, but Injin heart. He thinks Injin—he feels Injin—he 's all Injin. What could warrior do here in village—nothing,—he die—no lodge here—no council fire here—no dance here—no scalp here. What for live here? Where squaw, too, what loves White Cloud?—old chief's daughter—good wife—where she—she die too if husband stay."

The father was about to speak, seeing Susan almost choked with her tears, but he was interrupted by the nearly distracted mother.

"Oh, my son, my son," sobbed she, throwing herself upon his bosom, "must we, must we lose you again! Heavenly Father support me in this new trial."

"Mother good, very good," said the chief, in a tone of affection mingled with sadness. "Mus n't cry so—got husband—t'other son. White Cloud chief,—got great tribe—must go—good-bye," holding his mother up and gazing sorrowfully in her face. "Good mother—love son—but must go. Good-bye." Then placing the form of the almost insensible Susan in the arms of his father, and giving a look of great kindness to him, as well as to Robert and Agnes, he bounded away; and amidst the whoops of his warriors that again rang, loud and joyous upon the air, passed rapidly up the acclivity, turned, gave one more look, waved his arm, and vanished in the forests.

A SCENE FROM LIFE.

BY C. F. ORNE.

[The scene described in the following lines occurred during the late distresses in England. A father, his wife having died previously, beholds his two children perish from want and hunger, and his exclamation is. "Thank God, they are dead!" Not that he did not love them, but that they were free from suffering and assured of happiness.]

WILD raves the wintry wind,
The arrrowy sleet drives past,
While the vexed spirit of the storm
Flies moaning on the blast.

Haste to your happy homes,
Haste to your hearth's warm glow,
Haste to the ease which ye perchance
May not deserve to know.

Upon your downy couch,
Upon your soft, warm bed,
Ye may repose your weary limbs,
Or rest your aching head;

Ye on whom Fortune smiles,
And sheds her genial ray,
Who deem that clouds can never rise
To shroud in gloom your day.

But here, in this lone cot,
Ye pass unheeded by,
Children of poverty and want
Have laid them down to die.

Cold is their bed and damp,
They have no food, no fire;
No kind hand brings the healing draught;
Life's ebbing waves retire.

Who sits beside their couch,
With wo-worn, wasted form,
His thin cheek marked by famine's hand,
By sorrow's bitter storm?

He is the father of those boys;
Has he no power to save?
His hand is impotent to snatch
Those loved ones from the grave.

One wasted hand is hid,
In his wild glowing hair,
And in his fixed and hollow eyes,
There sits a calm despair.

A faintly murmured prayer,
A low and shuddering moan,
And those emancipated souls
To a better world are gone.

Yet from their father's eyes
There falls no tear of grief,
No heavy, sorrow-laden sigh
Gives his warm heart relief.

But still and calm the voice,
In which his words are said,
Though fearful in their import, stern,
"Thank God that they are dead!"

Think ye I loved them not,
Because I do not weep?
Because I thank the God of heaven,
That cold in death they sleep?

To see what I have seen,
To feel what I have felt,
A heart as nether mill-stone hard,
So sad a sight would melt.

Could ye have seen their forms
Shrink, pine, and waste away—
Could ye have seen gaunt famine's grasp
Press closer day by day—

Could ye have seen them *starve*,
Ay, *starve* for want of bread,
Ye would exclaim, as I do now,
Thank God that they are dead!

How *can* I mourn their loss?
How *can* I shed a tear?
Life, from their cradle to their grave,
Was cold, and dark, and drear.

The princely palace towereth high,
The poor man's cot beside,
And mingled with the wail of wo
Are songs of mirth and pride.

At wealth and luxury's festal board,
The high-born guests have stood,
Nor heard starvation's fearful cry
Of give us "Bread or blood!"

Oh, England! selfish, vain,
Haughty and high of heart,
How like a whited sepulchre,
Proud hypocrite, thou art!





Greene, in the mean time, might be.

Meantime, the French fleet, in pursuance of the



THE BATTLE-GROUNDS OF AMERICA.

NO. III.—YORKTOWN.

BY EDWARD S. DUNDAS.

THE autumn of 1780 found the British in possession of most of the southern states. Charleston had fallen, South Carolina had been overrun, Virginia was threatened; and the victorious Gates, advancing to the succor of the patriots, had been totally destroyed at Camden. But the savage policy adopted by Cornwallis to secure his conquest was ultimately the cause of his ruin. He issued a proclamation, sequestering the estates of all those, not included in the capitulation of Charleston, who were in the service or acting under the authority of Congress, and of all others who, by an open avowal of liberal principles, or other notorious acts, should show a leaning to the colonial authorities. He also gave orders to the British officers, at their several posts, to execute any persons who, having once taken a protection as British subjects, had since repented and assumed arms in behalf of their country. By these measures he hoped to crush all resistance, and secure the southern colonies to the crown, even if it should become necessary to acknowledge the independence of the states north of the Potomac. But he overreached himself. His cruelty shocked the luke-warm, and infuriated the hostile. The people saw that there was no alternative but in perfect freedom or hopeless slavery. At this juncture Marion appeared; the militia flocked to his standard; and the success of the partisan war carried on by him and Sumpter raised the drooping spirits of the whigs. The appointment of Greene to the command of the southern army, and the brilliant affair at the Cowpens, still further exalted their hopes; so that even the check at Guilford Court-House failed to dishearten them. Indeed, the result of that battle was almost as unfavorable to the British as to the Americans. In a few days Greene was ready to renew the contest; but Cornwallis eluded his grasp, and reached Wilmington, in his way to Virginia, on the 7th of April, 1781. The American leader, finding it impossible to bring his enemy to battle, took the bold resolution of marching into South Carolina, and thus forcing Cornwallis to follow him or abandon his conquests. The British general, on receiving intelligence of this movement, hesitated, but finally determined to pursue his first design, and overrun Virginia. By this daring step he would place his army in a country not yet wasted by war, and where, consequently, supplies would be plentiful; while, if he should succeed in reducing the colony, the subjugation of the other southern states would inevitably follow, no matter how fortunate Greene, in the mean time, might be.

The movement spread consternation among the friends of freedom. No one can understand the almost universal fears entertained for the south, who has not perused the correspondence of that day. For a time success followed every footstep of the foe. Cornwallis, advancing rapidly northward, had united himself to the British generals Philips and Arnold, as early as the latter end of May; while Lafayette, who had been despatched to succor Greene but had been arrested by the enemy on the James River, was preserved from capture only by his energy and address. At length a junction was effected between him and Wayne, and subsequently a detachment led by Baron Steuben still further increased his force. Happily, at this crisis, Sir Henry Clinton, alarmed by Washington's preparations for the siege of New York, recalled a portion of the force of Cornwallis, and that general, now somewhat weakened, retired to Yorktown.

Lafayette had never ceased to urge on Washington the practicability of capturing Cornwallis, and thus ending the war at a blow, provided the northern army, by a sudden march from the Hudson, could be thrown into the scales against the enemy. But the commander-in-chief's favorite scheme was the reduction of New York, and it was long before he could be brought to see its impracticability. When he was once convinced, however, he acted with his usual skill and promptness. The whole of the French allies and two thousand of the continental line were detailed for the southern expedition, which Washington determined to lead in person: the march of the troops was concealed as long as possible, while a sufficient force was left to defend the Hudson; and so completely was Sir Henry Clinton deceived, that the allied forces had reached the Delaware before he became aware of their intention to move southward.

The brave continentals traversed now, with far different feelings, the ground over which they had fled a few years before, ill-provisioned, poorly clothed, and marking their footsteps with blood. There was before them the prospect of reducing a formidable army, with but little expense of blood and treasure, and thus revenging their own wrongs and redeeming their country. They had already eluded Sir Henry Clinton, and a few days would probably enable them to surround Cornwallis. They marched on with high hopes, cheering their way with songs, and before the end of September arrived at Williamsburg, in the immediate vicinity of the foe. Meantime, the French fleet, in pursuance of the

concerted plan, had reached the Chesapeake, while Cornwallis, too late aware of the net in which he was involved, had been assiduously occupied in fortifying his position.

The town of York lies on the southern shore of the river of that name, at a spot where the banks are bold and high. On the opposite side, at the distance of a mile, is Gloucester Point, a strip of land projecting far into the stream. Both the town and point were occupied by Cornwallis, the communication being preserved by his batteries; while several men-of-war lay under his guns, for the river was here deep enough for the largest ship of the line.

By referring to the map a clear idea may be gained of the strength of Cornwallis's position. It will be seen that Yorktown is situated at the narrowest part of the peninsula, formed by the York and James rivers, where the distance across is but eight miles. By placing his troops, therefore, around the village, and drawing about them a range of outer redoubts and field works calculated to command this peninsula, Cornwallis had established himself in a position almost impregnable; while, by fortifying Gloucester Point and maintaining the communication between it and Yorktown, he opened a door for the reception of supplies and provided a way of escape in the last emergency.

Having formed a junction with Lafayette, the allied army, commanded by Washington in person, moved down from Williamsburg to Yorktown; and on the 30th of September occupied the outer lines of Cornwallis, which that general had abandoned without a struggle. Two thousand men were detailed to the Gloucester side to blockade that post. The investment was now complete.

It was not, however, until the night of the 6th of October that the Americans broke ground, within six hundred yards of the enemy's lines, the intermediate time having been employed in bringing up the stores and heavy artillery. By daybreak the trenches were sufficiently advanced to cover the men. In less than four days a sufficient number of batteries and redoubts had been erected to silence the fire of the enemy. On the 10th, (the day on which the British withdrew their cannon from the embrasures,) the red-hot balls of the allied batteries set fire to an English frigate and three large transports lying in the harbor. Cornwallis now began to despond. No succor had arrived from New York, and the allies were pushing the siege with extraordinary vigor. On the night of the 11th the second parallel was opened within three hundred yards of the British lines. These new trenches were flanked by two redoubts in possession of the enemy, who, taking advantage of the circumstance, opened several new embrasures, and kept up an incessant and destructive fire. It became necessary to carry these batteries by storm; and the evening of the fourteenth was fixed for the purpose, one redoubt being assigned to the Americans and the other to the French. A noble emulation fired the soldiers of the respective nations as they advanced across the plain. Lafayette led the continentals: the Baron de Viominel commanded his countrymen. The redoubt entrusted to the Americans was carried at the bayonet's point, the assailants rushing on with such impetuosity that the sappers had not time to remove the abattis and palisades. The French were equally courageous and successful, though, as their redoubt was defended by a larger force, the conquest was not so speedy, and their loss was greater. It was, at one time, currently believed that Lafayette, with the concurrence of Washington, had issued orders for every man to be put to the sword, in retaliation for the massacre at New London, a few weeks before; but Colonel Hamilton, who took part in the assault and who had ample means of knowing the truth, has publicly denied the statement. The redoubts were the same night included in the second parallel, and their guns, the next day, made ready to be turned against the foe.

Cornwallis was now reduced to extremities. His works were crumbling under the shot of the first parallel, and in another day the new trenches would open their fire at half the distance. In this emergency he resolved on a sortie, hoping thus to retard the completion of the batteries in the second parallel. The enterprise was, at first, successful, and the two batteries, which were now nearly completed, fell into the hands of the foe; but the guards from the trenches immediately hastening to the assistance of their fellow soldiers, the enemy was dislodged and driven back into his works. The same day the second parallel opened several of its batteries. It was hoped that, by morning, every gun might be brought to bear.

Having failed in his sortie, and knowing that his position was now untenable, the British general took the desperate resolution of crossing over to Gloucester Point in the night, and cutting his way through the blockading force there, then mounting his men on whatever horses he could seize, to make a rapid march northward and join Sir Henry Clinton. By this movement he would abandon his sick and baggage; but he would save himself the disgrace of a surrender. Boats were secretly procured, and the first embarkation reached the point safely and unperceived; but, at this juncture, a violent storm arose, which drove the boats down the river. The tempest continued until daylight, when the enterprise was unavoidably given up, and the troops that had passed over re-crossed to the southern side.

A capitulation was now the only resource. Accordingly, at ten the same forenoon, Cornwallis beat a parley, and proposed a cessation of hostilities for one day, in order to agree on terms for the surrender of Yorktown and Gloucester. Washington granted two hours for Cornwallis to prepare his proposals; and, that no time might be lost, sent in his own. The answer of the British general rendering it probable that but little difficulty would occur in adjusting the terms, Washington consented to the cessation of hostilities. On the 18th the commissioners from the two armies met; but evening arrived before they could agree except on a rough draft of the terms of surrender. These, however, Washington caused to be copied, and sent them early next morning

to Cornwallis, determined not to lose the slightest advantage by delay. He further informed the British general that a definitive answer was expected by eleven o'clock; and that, in case of a surrender, the garrison must march out by two in the afternoon. No resource being left, Cornwallis signed.

It was a proud day for the war-worn troops of America, when the richly appointed soldiery of Britain marched out with dejected faces from their works, and in profound silence stacked their arms on the plain, in presence of the conquerors. But no unmanly exultation was seen among the allies. With decent pity they gazed on the spectacle, reserving their congratulations for their private quarters. But there, the rejoicings were loud and fervent, and the gay Frenchman from the Loire joined in triumphal songs with the hardy son of New England, or the more enthusiastic Virginian.

By the capitulation more than seven thousand prisoners, exclusive of seamen, fell into the hands of the allies. Among the captives were two generals, and thirty-one field officers. The army, artillery, arms, military chest, and public stores were surrendered to Washington; while the ships and seamen were assigned to Count de Grasse, the French admiral. In addition to those made prisoners at the capitulation, the loss of the garrison, during the seige, was five hundred and fifty-two. The allied army lost about three hundred. The whole force, including the militia, under Washington's command, was sixteen thousand. The siege occupied eleven days to the opening of the treaty, and thirteen to the signing of the capitulation.

There was a large body of Americans in Yorktown who had joined the British army, and Cornwallis endeavored to provide for their safety in the capitulation. But as the subject belonged to the civil department, Washington rejected the article. The escape of these men was, however, humanely connived at; for a sloop of war was allowed to proceed to New York with despatches unsearched, and in her they embarked.

On the very day when the capitulation was signed at Yorktown, Sir Henry Clinton sailed from Sandy Hook with seven thousand men to relieve Cornwallis; but on the 24th, when off the capes of Virginia, having received intelligence of the surrender, he altered his course for New York.

This brilliant result was achieved chiefly by the energy and wisdom of Washington. A delay of one week would have frustrated his plans, relieved Cornwallis, and protracted the war perhaps for years.

Before the siege began, a circumstance occurred which came near destroying the success of the campaign. Immediately after the arrival of Washington at Williamsburg, the Count de Grasse, then lying in the Chesapeake, received intelligence that the British fleet, having been reinforced, was preparing to attack him; and, considering his position unfavorable for a naval combat, he determined to put to sea for the purpose of meeting the enemy, leaving only a few frigates to continue the blockade of Yorktown. This resolution alarmed the commander-in-chief; for, if the count should be blown off the coast, the enemy might attain a temporary superiority on those waters, and Cornwallis be either succored or removed. Lafayette was called in at this emergency, and by his representations, seconded by the earnest remonstrances of Washington, the design was abandoned. Too much credit cannot be given to De Grasse for thus sacrificing his personal glory to the success of the expedition. Lafayette was the best advocate in this case, as he had himself, a few days before, resisted a similar temptation to win renown; for De Grasse, impatient of the delay of Washington, had urged his young countryman to storm the then unfinished works of Cornwallis, declaring that it was impossible for him longer to await the arrival of the commander-in-chief. But, with the true spirit of a patriot, Lafayette refused to sacrifice the lives of his soldiers, when the capture of the enemy might be secured, without bloodshed, by the delay of a few days.

The reduction of Yorktown filled the country with exultation. Addresses poured in on the commander-in-chief from every quarter—from state-governments, cities, corporations and learned bodies. Congress returned thanks to Washington, to Rochambeau, and to De Grasse, as well as to the officers generally, and to the corps of artillery, especially to the engineers. They also ordered a monument to be erected on the scene of the surrender, commemorating the glorious event. Two stand of colors, of those yielded in the capitulation, were presented to Washington; two pieces of field ordnance to Rochambeau, and the permission of his monarch was solicited to bestow a similar gift on De Grasse. The whole body went in solemn procession to church, in order to return thanks to Almighty God for the success of the allied arms; and a proclamation was issued, enjoining the observance of the 13th of December as a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

The capture of Yorktown virtually terminated the war. Two formidable armies had now been sacrificed in the vain attempt to subdue the colonies, and public opinion in England began to assert the impracticability of conquering America. A large party there had long maintained this; and the continuance of the war was attributed to the obstinacy of the British minister; but the manuscript letters of Lord North show, as early as 1778, a wish to acknowledge the independence of the states; and it is now established satisfactorily that nothing but the personal will of the sovereign protracted the conflict during the last three years. But after the fall of Cornwallis, there was no longer any hope of success. From every quarter of England came up the dying prophecy of the Earl of Chatam. The monarch yielded to the storm; and the United States were declared free and independent, by the same British parliament which had lately denounced them as revolted provinces.

The engraving which accompanies this sketch gives the view of Yorktown as you approach the village from the west.

DAVID HUNT.

A STORY OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

(*Continued from page* 89.)

CHAPTER II.

About ten miles from the residence of David Hunt, one of the largest tributary streams of the Mississippi made a sudden sweep inward, like a bent bow, embracing a rich tract of alluvial or bottom land in its curve, and forcing its outer banks back into the shelter of a range of hills, more broken and picturesque than is usually found in scenery composed almost equally of wood and prairie land.

Just within the curve of this bow, or directly on "The Bend," as the inhabitants called the plain which swept out from the embrace of the river—stood the country-seat. The entire district was but sparsely inhabited, and, as yet, the county town consisted only of a few log cabins, half-buried in luxurious corn-fields, two or three young orchards filled with trees, that had only decked themselves in the blossoms of a single spring, and one great frame dwelling, with verandas running across the front, and two chimneys of new bricks standing on the expanse of glistening shingles, like members of a volunteer militia company in flowing regimentals, whose pride it was to keep guard over the humble log cabins and stick chimneys which lay below.

A blacksmith's shop, so open in front that you could see the glowing iron even in winter as it poured a torrent of sparks up from the huge hammer which ground it to the anvil, stood opposite the tavern; and this, with the noise of carpenters still at work in the interior of the building, lent a sort of bustle and business aspect to "The Bend," which those who visited it found rather cheerful and exciting after the dim solitude of their forest-homes.

A flour-mill, too, clattered cheerfully night and day in a hollow close by the river, and there was scarcely a day in the week when a group of men might not have been observed loitering around Judge Church's tavern.

It was Saturday, about five days after the visit of William Wheeler to David Hunt's farm, and the strangers gathered around the blacksmith's shop and tavern toward sunset were more than usually numerous. Three or four farmers had come from a remote part of the county with wagon-loads of grain, which could scarcely be converted into flour before the next day. Others had brought their horses to be shod, and, meeting with cheerful company at the tavern, were in no haste to return home.

The evening was warm and sultry, and the dusk was come on, but the blacksmith was hard at work; the sound of his anvil rang over the village, and the glare of his forge reddened around him as the beautiful sunset fell through a bank of hazy clouds on the landscape without. A horse of light bay color, finely limbed and with the look of a high-blooded racer, was tied with a stout bridle to an iron ring at the door-post, but though the hot sparks sometimes flashed close by his eyes they only kindled up a little, as if some of the fire had shot beneath the lids; and though his nostrils dilated, he neither pulled at the halter nor seemed restive in the least, for once when he had run back a little a voice from the opposite tavern checked the fretful impulse, and left him standing with his eye to the flame, but with a slack halter and shrinking limbs, for to the poor animal there was something in that voice more terrible than the shower of hot fire sparks that rained over him. The voice came from a young man seated in the lower veranda of the tavern. His chair was tilted back, and his right foot rested upon his left knee, and though the fringe of his hunting-frock swept over a portion of the boot, its small size and unusually neat workmanship could not be entirely concealed. The man wore a fine otter skin cap, which, being drawn over his face, left the upper part in shadow, but waves of light hair curled up among the rich fur about his temples, and his somewhat prominent chin, upon which the light lay strong, was so delicately moulded that in repose his features seemed almost effeminate.

This man sat with half-closed eyes, smoking. Now and then, as he bent slightly forward to knock the ashes from his cigar against the sole of his boot, he glanced his eye through the bar-room window, which was open a little to his right, and seemed to listen. At such times, the shadow which fell over his eyes was thrown on the temple, and the whole character of his face changed. It was a restless, wicked eye, which lighted up every feature with evil fire. It must have been a natural expression, for there was nothing calculated to excite or annoy him in the bar-room. Two or three persons only were gathered about the bar, joking each other, while the judge himself was busy crushing lumps of sugar in one of the small tumblers of greenish glass, which gave a dingy hue to the brandy he had just poured out for one of his customers. William Wheeler, for it was he, had

just drawn back to his old position, when two men on horseback came round a corner, and, as if rejoiced by the sight of company, urged their horses to a trot, and drawing up in a cheerful dashing style, dismounted before the tavern.

Wheeler started, and dashed down his foot with a violence that drew the chair forward till the front feet rang against the floor. The light struck full upon his face; it had, all at once, become white as a corpse, and his eyes glittered like those of a roused serpent.

The two travelers had been busy tying their horses to the posts of the veranda, and before they were at leisure to notice any thing Wheeler had fallen back to his old position.

"Does not that look like Bill Wheeler?" said the youngest of the two as they came up the wooden steps together.

David Hunt cast a quick glance toward the seemingly half-sleeping man, knotted his huge fingers tightly together and moved a step forward, but Shaw caught his arm—"Remember your promise to Hannah," he said in a low voice, but his own limbs trembled with rage as he restrained the vengeance of the old man. "Remember, we have both promised," he added, drawing Hunt toward the door, "but for that I have the best right."

"I have never broken my word to the poor girl yet," muttered David Hunt, moving reluctantly on, "I never will, but it's tough work to keep my hands off him."

And with these words David Hunt and Isaac Shaw entered the public house, but the cheerfulness with which they had dismounted at the door was entirely dispersed; not even the hearty welcome which they received from the persons at the bar had power to restore them to moderate composure.

"Why, who on earth is this? David Hunt!" said the judge, laying down the sugar-stick and holding out his right hand, with which he shook his neighbor's vigorously while he passed the tumbler of brandy to a customer with the other.

"It seems an age since we've seen you at The Bend—and you too, Shaw; we began to think you had taken to the brush for good. I was just calculating that your money would be so much clear gain in my hands, and had half dunned myself for the interest, when I get word that you are coming down to scrape it up, interest and all, for the land-office. What's in the wind now, Ike?—no girl in the way is there? I'll tell you what," continued the judge, folding his arms over the railing of the bar and shaking his head, "this whole affair looks rather suspicious."

Ike Shaw blushed like a girl, but as he was about to stammer out some reply, his face flushed still more deeply; it was not embarrassment then, but indignation, for in turning his eyes he had seen the white face of William Wheeler peering in at the window; the face disappeared instantaneously, but Shaw felt as if those glittering eyes were still fixed upon his burning forehead. It was rage rather than terror that arose in his heart at the sight of those eyes, but to a less brave man there would have been something startling in their sharp and fiendish glare. The evidences of emotion, visible in Shaw's face, were mistaken for embarrassment by the good-natured judge.

"Well, well," he said, "if you want the money, that's enough; put up with me to-night, and I'll try to make it out in the morning."

"Not here, I will not sleep under the same roof with that man," said David Hunt, drawing Shaw aside and speaking with great earnestness.

"I would rather go myself," said Shaw, also in a low voice, "but it looks like a storm. If a hurricane should come up, we could never get through the woods alive."

"No matter, alive or dead I *will not* stay at The Bend to-night," replied Hunt with suppressed energy, but his words reached the persons around the bar, and they looked at each other, a little surprised at his obstinacy and the stern, wilful tone in which his determination was expressed. It seemed to them as if harsh feeling existed between the two men.

"Very well, I'm ready to start the moment our horses have had a feed," replied Shaw, moving toward the bar. "I suppose an hour or two wont make much difference with the judge?"

"None at all," replied the judge, pointing to an old-fashioned chest of drawers in the corner, "the money is all ready in the old desk there. Go in and take a bite of supper while the horses are feeding. Come along, all of you."

The whole group put itself in motion and followed the judge out into a back kitchen, where supper was laid in no very delicate style, but in rough and hospitable profusion.

William Wheeler had been standing with his back to the railing of the veranda, his arms folded tightly over his chest, and watching with cat-like eagerness every thing that passed in the bar-room. The moment Judge Church went out, followed by the company, he glided softly down the steps, and across to the blacksmith's shop. The smith was busy at his bellows, and the roar of the air escaping into the bed of glowing coals forced Wheeler to draw close to the forge before he could make himself heard. When he felt the red light of the fire upon his face, he turned it away instinctively, or the honest smith might have been startled by its pallor and the fiendish expression lurking over it. A hostler coming round from the barn, with a measure of oats in his hand, saw him standing there enveloped, as it might seem, in a crimson mantle by the flames, and wondered what traveler had entered the town without his knowledge; for though Wheeler was a boarder in the tavern, and well known to the man, his face was so changed with the working of evil passions that it seemed like that of a strange man.

"Have you fastened the shoe?" said Wheeler hoarsely, touching the blackened arm of the smith with his finger, for he had spoken twice, yet could not hear the sound of his own voice. "Have you fastened the shoe?"

"No," said the blacksmith, leaning upon the pole of his bellows and wiping the perspiration from his

forehead with the coarse sleeve that was rolled above his elbow.

Wheeler uttered an imprecation.

"I hav n't fastened that shoe," continued the smith, quite unmoved by the fierce words that had reached his ear, and resuming his hold on the bellows with one hand, while he raked the hot coals over a half-formed circle of iron glowing in the forge, "but I have put on a new one that fits like a lady's slipper. That horse of yours has got a neat hoof, rather too delicate for common workmen; I had to make under-sized nails for fear of breaking it."

"Is he shod? Have you done with him?" exclaimed Wheeler sharply.

"Half an hour ago;" and taking up a huge pair of pincers with which he dragged forth the iron from its bed of fire, and seizing his hammer the good man gave it one swing with his right arm, and it came crashing down upon the anvil with a force that sent a storm of fire sparks over the young man as he passed and untied his horse from the iron ring at the door.

Wheeler led his horse across the street and flung the bridle toward the man who was removing the bits from the tired animal from which Hunt had just dismounted, while Shaw's horse was quietly munching the oats which had been set before him.

"Here, take care of the creature, will you!" he said testily. "You need not stay to rub him down, he is half starved!"

The hostler caught the bridle with a dexterous movement of one arm, and quietly drawing the head-stall back to the neck of Hunt's horse, pushed the measure of oats toward him with his foot, and then moved away.

"Halloa, blockhead! where are you going?" cried Wheeler, with an oath; "I don't want him taken to the barn, turn him into the white-clover lot, and see you put up the bars."

The man wheeled round sulkily, and grumbled below his breath. After crossing the road he took down a set of bars, slipped off the bridle, and gave the spirited animal a light blow with it, which sent him bounding into a field which was hedged in from the highway by a heavy rail fence, and swept back from the tavern some ten or twelve acres of short but fragrant sward, where it was lost in a forest of heavy timber. The tavern itself stood in one corner of this field, and a cross-road bounded the opposite end, which ran up from the forest and intersected the turnpike some thirty rods below the house.

Wheeler stepped within the hall, but stood watching the man till he put up the bars and flung the bridle down in a corner of the veranda, then he turned away and went into the supper-room.

He took his seat, at the lower end of the table, so noiselessly that his entrance was unobserved, till Judge Church happened to look that way, and uttered an exclamation at his paleness. The rest of the company fastened their eyes, as with one accord, upon his face, the moment this exclamation escaped the host. A spot of living fire flashed into either cheek, and he clutched his knife and fork hard as if angered by this general observation.

"I have the tooth-ache, have been racked to death with it all day," he said, in a clear and low voice, strongly at variance with the expression of his face.

"I will not sit at the same table with him," muttered David Hunt, grasping Shaw by the arm. "Come, let us go!"

They both arose, but, as if overcome with pain, Wheeler left his seat and went out. Obeying the impulse given by his younger companion, Hunt sat down again, and no one observed that they had intended to leave the table.

When they went into the bar-room, after supper, Wheeler was walking up and down the room. He seemed to be agitated, or in great pain, but there was only one small candle in the bar, and he kept in the shadow.

Meantime, the judge was busy counting out the money which Shaw had come to take up. It was much of it in small silver coin, with two or three pieces of gold and several bank notes of small amount. After it had been counted over two or three times, the judge emptied it into an old shot-bag—where it had been previously stored—tied it up with a piece of twine, and handed it to Shaw, taking his promissory note from the young man as he delivered the money.

"Come, now, we have nothing to keep us here," exclaimed Hunt, drawing a deep breath, for the presence of Wheeler seemed to oppress him. "Where are the horses?"

"They ought to be in the stable," said the judge, turning a key in the sloping lid which closed a desk in his chest of drawers; "there is a storm coming up, or I am no judge of signs!"

Hunt had only heard the first part of this speech; he was eager to leave the room, and, hurrying out to the horses, forced the bits into their mouths, though scarcely half the oats had been consumed.

"Come, Shaw, come, we *shall* have to ride fast, or the storm may come on us in the woods!" he called out from the veranda.

Shaw went out, followed by all the persons in the room, except Wheeler. He stood motionless, near the window, listening to every word that passed, till the two men mounted and rode away. Then he stepped hastily to the bar, seized a decanter, and pouring out a tumbler half full of clear brandy, drank it off.

"Is your tooth no easier?" said the good hearted judge, returning to the room just as the young man was taking his hand from the tumbler.

"No, it keeps getting worse, I will go to bed and sleep it off—that is if I can," he replied, turning his face from the light, and pouring out a spoonful of brandy which he held in his mouth as he went up stairs.

"That 's a strange sort of a fellow," said one of the guests, who had been a boatman on the Mississippi. "I have seen that smooth face of his somewhere before. How long has he been in these parts?"

"About six months," replied the judge, to whom the question was addressed, "off and on; he 's been hanging about all of that time, if not more."

"What does he follow for a living?" persisted the guest.

"He 's got some business with the land office, I believe," said the judge, "trades in fur, and wanders off with the hunters sometimes when they take to the woods."

"Just so," said the guest; "but where on earth have *I* seen him—that voice of his sounds nat'ral as can be. I 've heard it before, and shall remember where by-and-by."

"Oh, as to his voice," said the judge, laughing, "he can speak sharp and loud enough one minute, and soft as a girl the next."

Wheeler was not mentioned again that night, but as if some association had been aroused, unconsciously, in the mind of the boatman, he began to talk about his wild life on the great river, and late in the evening was describing the fearful scenes which attended the hanging of the Vicksburg gamblers.

It was a terrible subject, and told at a fearful hour; for the hurricane had burst upon them strong, and loud, and terrible. It came blowing up from the forest and swept by, in its wrath, till the great, half empty house rocked like a cradle. The chimneys toppled over, and crashed upon the roof overhead. The verandas were torn away, like a handful of rushes, and yet that little group of men sat, awe-stricken and fascinated, listening to the rough eloquence of the boatman as he described the storm of human passions that he had witnessed amid the terrible, but still less awful storm of the elements that raged around them.

William Wheeler went to his room and set down the light; reaching it far away with his hand, that it should not shine upon his face. He felt as if his thoughts were branded in crimson writing on his forehead, and that some eye might read his purpose there. His conscience whispered falsely. That forehead was white as marble, but shrunk and knitted together with dark passions. Foolish man. Why did he thrust away that candle so fiercely? The Almighty required no human light—no letters of blood upon the brow—to read that which was passing in his heart.

He took his bowie knife from his bosom, and felt the point—tried it against the seat of a chair till it seemed as if the well-tempered steel must have broken off in the wood. Then he drew a portmanteau from under the bed, and took out a hunting frock, darker than the one he usually wore, and without the yellow fringe. Having put this on, and supplied its place in the portmanteau with that which he had flung off, he drew the otter-skin cap over his forehead, and, blowing out the light, crept from the room. He had nearly reached the stairs, when a thought seemed to strike him; for he stole back, and, after searching in the dark, found the leather string suspended from the wooden latch in the door of his room. He tied a knot in the end which he tightened with his teeth, and drew it back so far into the gimblet hole which perforated the door, that any one anxious to enter would have supposed the thong drawn through by some person within. He listened a moment by the door, and then glided, with quick and noiseless steps, down the stairs.

There was no light in the hall; but the ceilings were yet unplastered, and a net-work of faint rays fell through a thousand crevices of the new lath, which was the only partition between him and the bar-room. The bar-room door was partly open, and directly before it sat a group of travelers, listening to the exploits of the boatman. This man checked his speech an instant and looked up as Wheeler darted by, but the movement was quick as the flight of an arrow, and, satisfied that it was but a passing shadow made by the flaring candle, the man went on, warming in his description as the storm rose.

Once out of the house, Wheeler crept in a stooping posture around the veranda, thrust his arm through the railing and softly drawing forth the bridle that had been cast there, followed the windings of the fence till he came to the cross road. He turned the corner with a bound, and, drawing one sharp breath, ran swiftly down toward the wood. Here he turned again, followed the line of brush-fence that separated the forest from the clover-fields, and, keeping himself in the wood, looked around for his horse. The animal was grazing near the centre of the field. A low, sweet whistle made him pause just as a tuft of fragrant and dewy clover was folded in his lip—again that whistle came from the wood, still faintly, but a little sharper than before. Without staying to crop the handful of blossoms which were, even then, filling his mouth with fragrance, the animal gave a start, flung up his head, and sprang away. With a single bound he cleared the fence, and stood by the side of his master.

Wheeler took a heavy silk handkerchief from his pocket, tied two of the corners together with a piece of cord, and slipped it over the horse's head, where he arranged it with the cord knotted across the chest, and the square of crimson silk spread out upon the animal's back like a saddle-cloth.

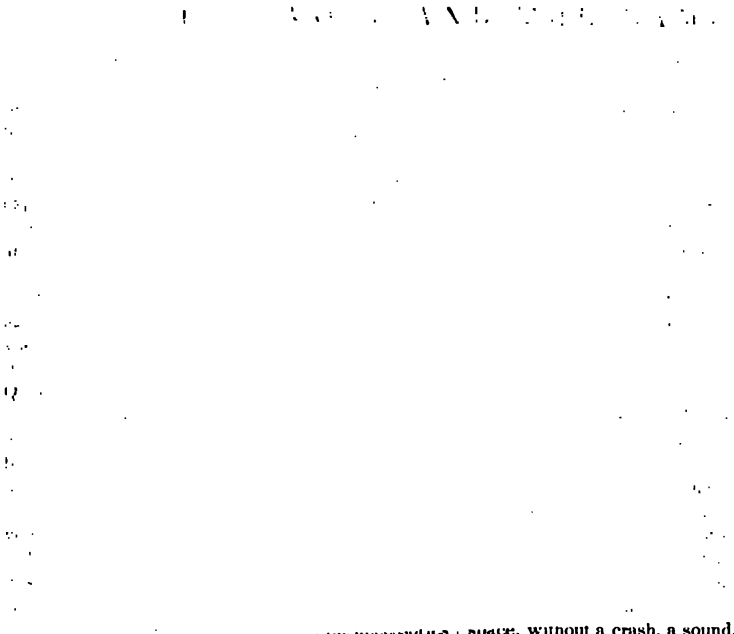
"No saddle, no blanket to-night, old boy," he muttered, hoarsely, while the horse bent his head for the bit. He put on the bridle, drawing the throat-latch so fiercely that the horse shook his head and ran back. Wheeler clenched his hand, opened it again as suddenly, and patted the restive creature on the arching neck.

"So—so," he muttered, loosening the strap, which cut cruelly against the poor animal's throat. "No noise—no prancing here. So—so, be quiet, boy—take care of the brush, and you shall be coaxed like a girl, for once—so—so."

With these words, uttered scarcely above his breath, though the mustering storm would have drowned his loudest tones, Wheeler sprang upon his horse, and guiding him, cautiously, through a corner of the wood, came out into the cross road, about half a mile from the town.

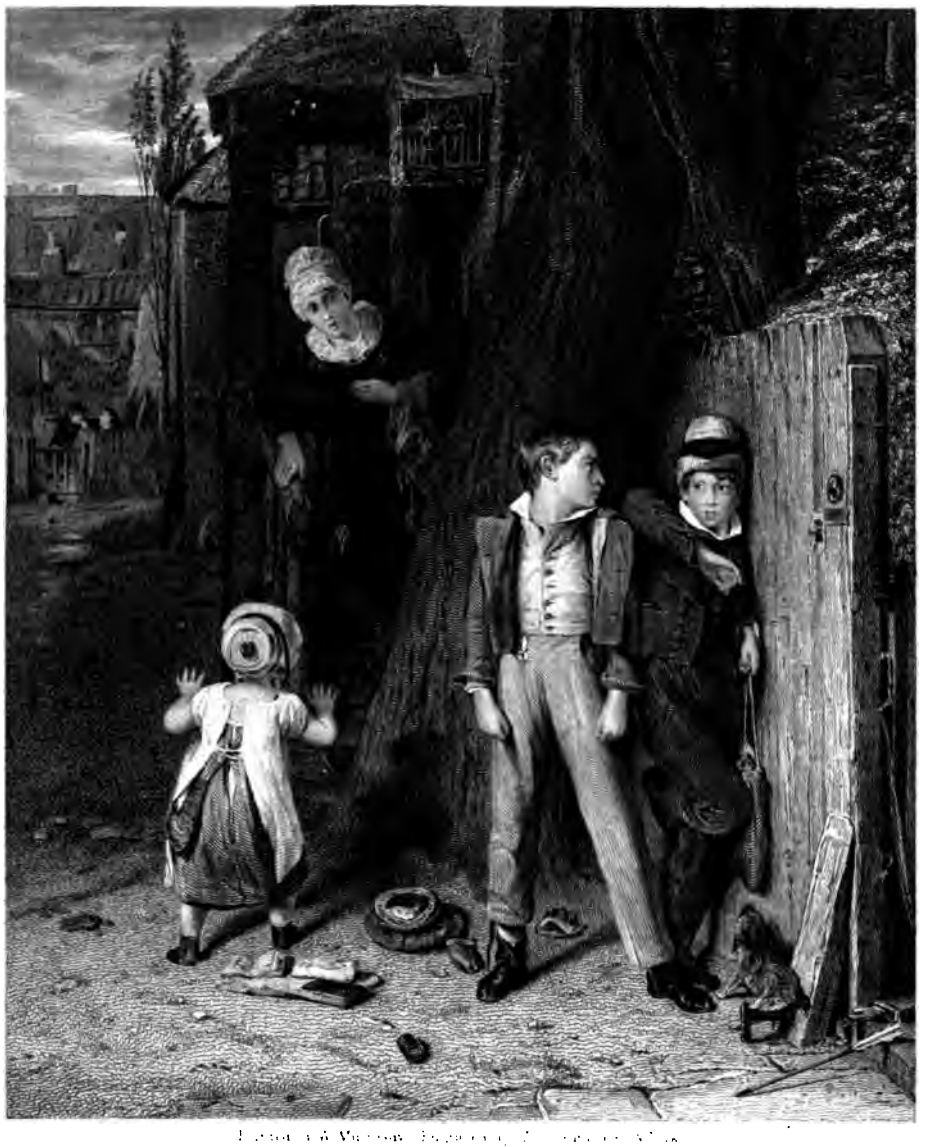
"Now for it!" burst from his lips in a whisper, which seemed like a shout suppressed with difficulty. "Now for it!"

There had been a moon that evening, but the coming storm overwhelmed and shrouded it from sight.



are well managed. The little child—toddling away from the scene of contention, with both hands uplifted—the dog crouching and whining in terror—the disorder in which books and toys are scattered—the

space, without a crash, a sound, a jar: And yet man, infinite only in nothingness, *dares* to raise a hoarse voice in anger, and to belch out the bitterness of a bad heart in contentions and revilings!



The Wolf and the Lamb

Still, a pearly glow now and then shot along the small and gloomy clouds that came surging up from the north, and spread themselves over the sky like a lead-colored pavement, torn and agitated by unseen hands. But soon even the pearly gleam disappeared. It had lingered among the clouds, the last smile on the face of heaven—now it was swept away, and left nothing but blackness and gloom behind. The air seemed pressing down to the earth, thick, stagnant and sultry. A dismal sound came up from the forest, as if the elements were chained among those giant trees—moaning at their captivity and wrathful with each other—still, amid darkness and gloom, that horseman sped on. The road was narrow, and full of ruts. Stumps, in some places, stood half crumbling away in the very wagon track, but with a loosened rein and knees pressed hard to his fleet animal, that doomed man plunged onward to his fate. The thunder, which had been all the time muttering on high, now pealed and crashed above him—the lightning came down in sheets of lurid fire, shedding a bluish tinge over the corpse-like hue of his face. Still his horse plunged on amid sheets of flame or black darkness, never checking his speed for an instant.

All at once that desperate rider drew the curb with a sharp pull which brought the horse's foaming mouth down upon his chest. He staggered, fell back upon his haunches, and recovered himself with a snort of pain; but all the time the rider was bending forward till his face almost touched the arched neck of his beast, his knees were pressed convulsively to the drooping sides of the stumbling animal, and he strove again to catch the sound of hoofs which had for an instant reached him through the storm.

"On, on!" The words came hissing through his shut teeth, but scarcely had the gallant horse made a bound forward when the curb was fiercely drawn again.

"It is somewhere close by—oh, if the lightning would but strike again!"

It did strike, with a crash that made the brave horse leap in the air, though he had never shrunk from the lightning—not three rods before them, a dry tree was shivered in ten thousand pieces, and every splinter shot forth a stream of fire. For one moment the horseman recoiled, the next he recognized the spot.

"Thank God, there it is!" he exclaimed, aloud, and with this blasphemous thanksgiving on his parted lips, he struck the horse and dashed into a cart-path, revealed by the stricken tree. On, without swerving from the path an instant, he passed directly under the burning tree, and was engulfed in the dark woods beyond.

[*To be continued.*

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

THIS picture tells its own story. If, as has been pointedly said, "the child is the father of the man," then the man who grows from such a child will be one whom it were well to watch, and better to avoid. If such things as the painter has here skillfully depicted are done in the green tree, we may expect much worse in the dry. Education may do much, by teaching self-control—but what security are we to have that self-control will form part of education?

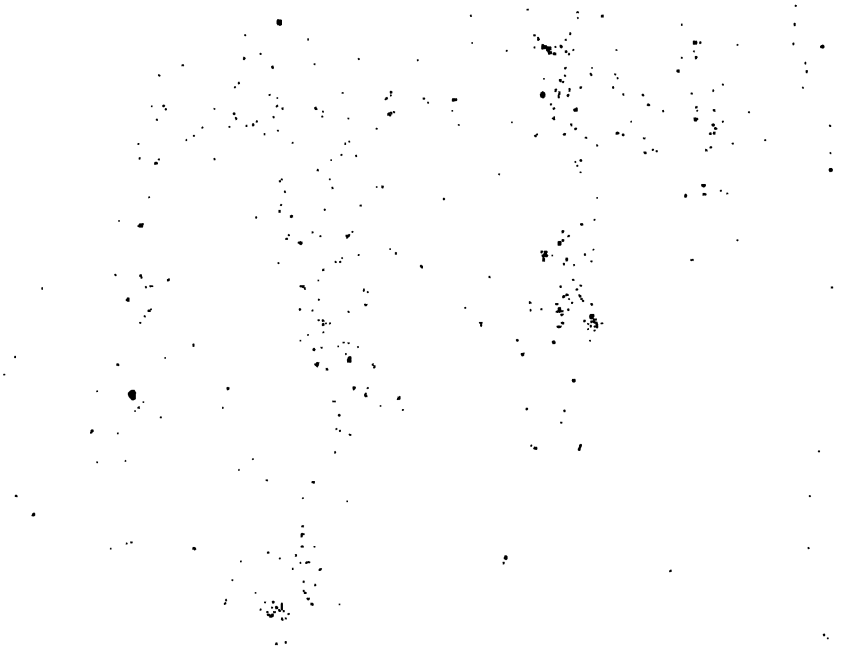
There was current in the newspapers, a few years ago, an anecdote somewhat in point. A drayman was cruelly treating a noble horse, whose only fault was that his strength fell short of his master's avarice. Quite a crowd collected, as is usual at such times, but no one interfered, till a very pretty woman, who could restrain her anger no longer, went up to the brute (not the horse) and, shaking her finger in his face, said—

"You cruel monster! you beat your wife—I know you do!"

And certainly she reasoned from very good premises, for a man who will be cruel to one dependent will be to another.

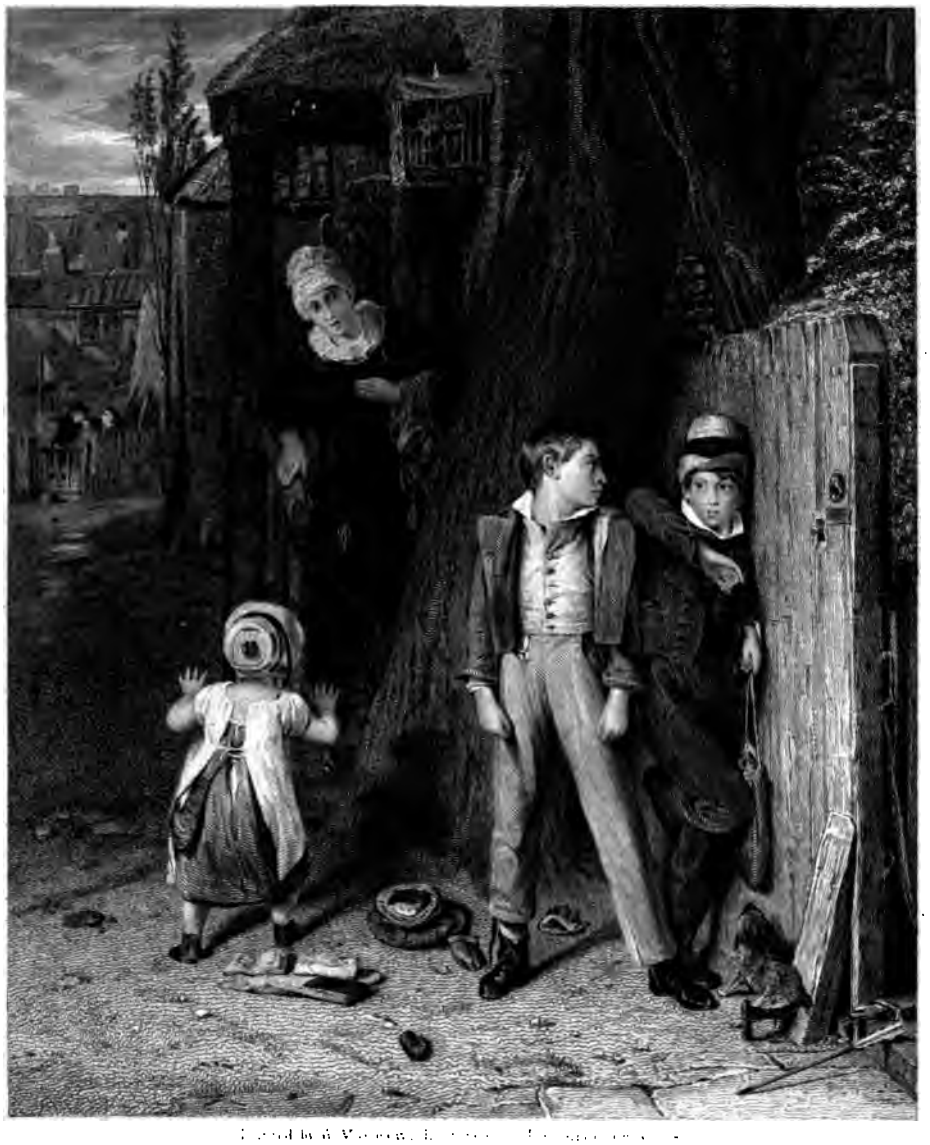
In the picture to which we refer, all the accessories are well managed. The little child—toddling away from the scene of contention, with both hands uplifted—the dog crouching and whining in terror—the disorder in which books and toys are scattered—the meek look of deprecation which the face of the victim wears, and the whole attitude of the young tyrant, are executed with a remarkable fidelity. It is a print for our young readers—a mirror for *some* of them, perhaps. Let them study it, and beware lest the unhappy fruits of ungoverned passion embitter lives which might else be passed with profit and happiness. Awkward as the poor lad looks who is shrinking from the blow, his future promise is much the better of the two.

There is still another feature of the print worth attention—the perfect repose of every thing in the scenery. We have often felt that the calmness of nature is one of the most cutting and eloquent rebukes which poor puny man can meet during his ebullitions of pitiful anger. The immense effects which are in gradual and silent progress by the laws of nature—"the great globe itself," wheeling as swiftly as silently upon its axis—the whole great system, of which our world is but an atom, revolving about another and still greater centre—all these wonderful changes and operations, at the mere attempt to think of which, the spirit faints and imagination fails—worlds revolving and systems floating through infinite space, without a crash, a sound, a jar: And yet man, infinite only in nothingness, *dares* to raise a hoarse voice in anger, and to belch out the bitterness of a bad heart in contentions and revilings!



The Wolf and the Lamb

...ranged. The little child—toddling away from the scene of contention, with both hands uplifted—the dog crouching and whining in terror—the disorder in which books and toys are scattered—the ... a crash, a sound, a jar: And yet man, infinite only in nothingness, *dares* to raise a hoarse voice in anger, and to belch out the bitterness of a bad heart in contentions and revilings!



The Wolf and the Lamb

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. By T. Babington Macaulay. Volume 5. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This volume contains those contributions of Mr. Macaulay to the Edinburgh Review which have been published since the article on Frederick the Great, and also some essays which were overlooked in previous gleanings. The papers on Madame D'Arblay, Addison, and Barére, written in 1843 and 1844, are therefore in the same volume, with five others bearing the date of 1829 and 1830. The article on Mr. Robert Montgomery's Poems and that on the Civil Disabilities of the Jews, bear such strong marks of Macaulay's pen, that we are surprised they should so long have escaped the diligent, detecting eye of the American editor. The disquisitions on Utilitarianism, comprised in the remaining articles, are not among the best efforts of the author, and have not been included in the London edition of his essays, published under his own supervision. In the latter, we believe that the essay on Dryden is omitted. The Philadelphia edition, though it contains some pieces which the author has declined to acknowledge, is still defective as a complete collection of his writings. There is a vehement and powerful paper, on "The Present Administration," in the Edinburgh Review, for June, 1827, evidently from his pen. Perhaps nothing that he has written excited more remark, and drew down on him more denunciation than this truculent political article. There are also two articles on West India Slavery, one published in the Review for January, 1825, entitled "West Indies," and another in March, 1827, on the "Social and Industrial Capacities of Negroes," and two articles on Sadler's Theory of Population, in the Review for July, 1830, and January, 1830, which are written in his manner. In the next volume we advise the publishers to insert some of his speeches in parliament, which they will find fully reported in Hansard's Debates. Friends and enemies have both borne testimony to their declamatory energy, force of thought, and extent of information. His various speeches on the Reform Bill, and the Copyright Question, his speeches on Lord Ellenborough's Proclamation, Universal Suffrage, the Ashburton Treaty, Ireland, as well as many others which we cannot bring readily to mind, would be read with interest. In none of his productions do we find that rapidity of movement, which is one prominent charm of his style, more displayed than in many of his speeches; and they are distinguished by as much courage, independence, acuteness, and clearness, and nearly as much learning and splendor of coloring, as his contributions to the Edinburgh Review.

The essay on Madame D'Arblay, the authoress of "Evelina," "Cecilia," &c., is brilliant and interesting, abounds in anecdote and pointed remark, and contains much just and some questionable criticism of books and persons. The station claimed for Jane Austen, as, next to Shakspeare, the most successful in subtile delineation of character, will surprise many. The bitter contempt expressed for the loyal servitude of courts, in narrating the life of Madame D'Arblay during the period in which she was one of the keepers of the queen's robes, displays Macaulay's independence in a strong light. The foibles of George III and Queen Caroline are touched in such a manner, as to lower those distinguished personages below the common standard of respect, without any seeming intention to expose them to scorn. Macaulay is a good hater. He attacked Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson thirteen years ago, and in this article he has another and more severe thrust at the editor. After observing that the "envious Kenrich, and the savage Walcott, the asp George Steevens, and the polecat John Williams," in all their modes of annoying Madame D'Arblay, had not thought of searching the parish-register of Lynn, "in order that they might be able to twit a lady with having concealed her age," he adds, that "this truly chivalrous exploit was reserved for a bad writer of our own time, whose spite she had invoked by not furnishing him with materials for a worthless edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, some sheets of which our readers have doubtless seen round parcels of better books." The incidental references to Johnson and Burke, the sketch of Mr. Crish, the grouping of celebrated individuals at one of Dr. Burney's private concerts, are very characteristic of Macaulay. The article, however, as a whole, seems to have been less elaborated than any he has written.

The essay on the "Life and Writings of Addison," is interesting on many accounts. It seems singular that the best account of Addison's life, and the most acute and sympathizing criticism on his writings, should have been produced by a man so opposed to him in character and feeling as Macaulay. The strain of penegyric which runs through this article is almost unbroken. Every quality of Addison's mind or disposition, every act of his life, which will bear praise, is warmly eulogized. The other authors of his time are sacrificed without the least mercy, when their interest, intellectual or moral, clashes with his. Pope and Steele, especially the former, are treated with much harshness. Indeed Pope, throughout the article, suffers under the continual imputation of malignity and insincerity. Steele's giddiness, thriftlessness, and inconsistency, are brought more prominently forward than the sterling parts of his character, though the sketch of him is less one-sided than that of Pope. "His life," we are told, "was spent in sinning and repenting; in inculcating what was right, and doing what was wrong. In speculation he was a man of piety and honor; in practice he was much of the rake, and a little of the swindler. He was, however, so good-natured, that it was not easy to be seriously angry with him, and that even rigid moralists felt more inclined to pity than to blame him, when he diced himself into a sponging-house, or drank himself into a fever." · · · "He was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes." This article, as a historical and literary sketch of Queen Anne's time, will be much admired. There is probably nothing in our language, on the same subject, which gives so vivid a picture of the authors and character of that age.

The paper on "Barére's Memoirs," which originally appeared in the April number of the Edinburgh Review, and therefore the latest production of Macaulay, is the longest, ablest, and most characteristic article in the present volume. The peculiar power of Macaulay, that of holding up meanness and cruelty to infamy, without regard to the rank of the offender, is admirably displayed in this essay. There is great skill manifested in so delineating the character of Barére, that both his cruelty and

baseness are kept constantly in view, and excite equally the feelings of horror and scorn. The moment we are inclined to pay him the respect due to a great criminal, who has committed stupendous acts of wickedness, and displayed an original genius for rapine and murder, something is thrown in to make him appear an object of contempt. The article contains many brilliant and energetic passages, which have hardly been surpassed in any of the other writings of the author.

The review of Robert Montgomery's poems is preceded by some pertinent remarks on the modern practice of puffing. The criticism which follows is one of unmitigated severity. All the varieties of critical torture, cutting, slashing, sneering, laughing, reasoning, are unsparingly exercised. There is one remark introduced, which is capable of being applied to other ranters in rhyme as well as to Mr. Robert Montgomery. "His writing," it is said, "bears the same relation to poetry which a Turkey carpet bears to a picture. There are colors in the Turkey carpet out of which a picture might be made. There are words in Mr. Montgomery's verses which, when disposed in certain orders and combinations, have made, and will again make, good poetry. But, as they now stand, they seem to be put together in such a manner as to give no image of any thing 'in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.'"

In the article on the Civil Disabilities of the Jews, Mr. Macaulay argues powerfully against making any religious belief a disqualification for the exercise of political power. The various prejudices and reasonings which the "noodles" of legislation have brought forward to sustain the exclusion of the Jews from any participation in government, he exposes with more than his usual acumen, and derides with more than his usual contempt. The essays on utilitarianism contain many just and felicitous observations on the subject, but are not, on the whole, conceived or executed with the same power he has exercised on other themes more congenial to his tastes.

Observations in Europe, Principally in France and Great Britain. By John P. Durbin, DD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 *vols.*, 12*mo.*

This book will be read with interest. It is written by a sturdy American, who views foreign society and government from an American point of view, and who forms and expresses an opinion of every thing he observes. Politics, theology, public men, religious sects, architecture, painting, the condition of the people, manufactures, commerce, agriculture—all pass under consideration and are judged. There are many reflections, and many pieces of advice, in the work which would amuse a foreigner, from their directness and simplicity. Few travelers have ever been less fascinated by a foreign tour than Dr. Durbin. His opinions do not seem at all affected by the influences which surrounded him. He tries to look at things as they are, and as they act upon the interests of the race, without regard to the gloss which may shine on their surface. The splendor of aristocracy immediately suggests to his mind the squalor of the people. Injustice, no matter how accredited by custom and statute, he steadily denounces. He has little regard for great personages, when their greatness results from birth and position. His notice of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and his general references to the family of George III, are instances. Indeed, the queen is little more in his eyes than a woman, with all a woman's weaknesses, and with less than many women's intellect. The style of the book is not of a very high character, though in general it is perspicuous. There is considerable commonness, and some occasional vulgarities, of expression, which evince that much time was not expended on the composition. The information conveyed is often valuable and interesting; and when the author's remarks are prejudiced or incorrect, they still are so flavored with his individual peculiarities as to please by their oddity and raciness.

We pass over Dr. Durbin's observations and descriptions relating to France, Holland and Switzerland, which occupy the first volume of his tour, with but a few refefences to some of his opinions. He sees reason to think that Paris, where vice is legalized, is not more corrupt than London, where it is only patronized. He expends, however, much horror on the licentiousness of Paris, and gives some of its statistics. It is stated that out of thirty thousand births in Paris, in 1836, one third were illegitimate. The looseness of the marriage tie is also considered. Married women are represented to be not under much more control than married men. The essential characteristics of the French popular literature, are summed up as smartness, shallowness and licentiousness. The "extravagant depravities" of some of Victor Hugo's and Dumas's plays, and the "streams of defilement" which flow from the novels of Paul de Kock, Raymond, Balsac, and George Sand, are made the butt of some very hearty invective. Of this tribe of corrupt novelists—and we suppose the devil never had a more skillful one—Madame Dudevant is deemed by Dr. Durbin as perhaps the worst, for she, "under the soubriquet of *George Sand*, has attacked the institutions of society, the foundations of morality and religion, in a series of powerful novels in which the grossest pictures of licentiousness abound, and whose tendency must be unspeakably demoralizing. Their staple materials are adultery, murder, rape, incest and suicide." Eugene Sue is represented as the most popular and least offensive of these writers, and as having written the "Mysteries of Paris," for the *Journal des Débats*, at the rate of a franc a line. The result to which the doctor arrives is that the moral condition of France is "indeed deplorable," and few will question his decision. The chapter on the state of religion in France is statistical and denunciatory, like that on the morals of the country. Romanism is said to be favored by Louis Philippe, and M Guizot's policy "gives lamentable evidence of the subserviency of that minister's religious opinions to his political views." The doctor asserts that though the Catholic religion is professed by the bulk of the people, most of the "intelligent and enterprising men" are infidels, not Catholics; and that infidelity is thought to prevail almost universally among the higher classes. This unbelief is, however, represented as having lost the aggressive character it had forty years ago. It could obtain no martyrs. It is indifferent and careless. This seems to us a worse phase of infidelity than the positive kind. Many of the French skeptics of the old school were honest though blinded men, and would have given up their lives rather than their opinions. Dr. Durbin thinks that there is a great field for Protestantism in France, and especially for American Methodist missions.

Doctor Durbin raps over the knuckles those of his countrymen who praise the "strong government" of Louis Philippe—a gentleman for whom he has a strong dislike, partly political, partly theological and partly moral. He has a good explanation why the government is strong in the fact that, with thirty-three millions of people, France has scarcely two hundred thousand voters, or about one elector to one hundred and sixty of the population. In the United States the proportion is about one voter to seven of the population. The king has three hundred thousand government appointments to distribute among these electors, or one office and a half to every voter—if

he choose to exercise his power according to the "strong" principle.

For the beautiful and fantastic Roman legends associated with much of the scenery and many of the institutions of the countries through which he passed, Dr. Durbin is too orthodox to have much sympathy. At Cologne he visited the celebrated church of St. Ursula, "erected in honor of the British princess of that name, who, accompanied by eleven thousand virgins, sailed from Britain to Armorica, was driven by a tempest up the Rhine, (it must have blown a gale indeed,) and there murdered with all her train, because they would not violate their vows of virginity. The walls of the church are adorned with the pretended bones of these martyrs, and thousands of skulls peer out horribly upon you from glass cases on all sides. What ineffable absurdities are treasured up in these Romish legends!" Dr. D. italicizes the *eleven thousand*, as if his observation of continental life made him doubt that such a number of virgins had at any time been cotemporaries in Europe.

The whole of Dr. Durbin's second volume is devoted to Great Britain. His judgments all have the "odor of nationality." We suppose his impressions are about as correct as those of English travelers in our own land. It is nearly impossible for a man thoroughly imbued with the feelings and customs of one country to do justice to another All that we can expect is that he will not intentionally misrepresent facts, though facts must insensibly take the coloring of his own mind. Dr. Durbin called, of course, on Mr. Everett, and received from him tickets of admission to both houses of parliament. He heard Lord Brougham speak on the Dissenters' Marriage Bill. He saw Mr. O'Connell, a man "who had for years controlled the British House of Commons," and he quotes one of the great agitator's speeches at Freemason's Hall, in which Mr. O'Connell indulges the belief that the time will come when he shall have the pleasure of hearing high mass performed in Westminster Abbey. Dr. D. likewise "had a good view of the Duke of Wellington. He stoops under the weight of years, and his physical powers are gradually yielding. His countenance is strongly marked; firmness and decision are clearly written there. It is not strikingly intellectual, however; there is nô expanse of forehead; nor is there any light of genius in the eye." The doctor saw the queen go down to prorogue parliament. The royal carriage was "a heavy but splendid affair, rich with gilding, and drawn by eight cream-colored horses." He thinks the queen can make no pretension to beauty, "*though her face is good on the whole*; a fair complexion—honest English red and white; a round and by no means elegant contour; and a benevolent but not very intellectual expression." The people cheered but feebly as she passed, and gave their shouts for the Duke of Wellington who followed. Dr. D. found the people of England very fond of gossiping about the royal family, and he retails some of the gossip for American edification. When Prince Albert was affianced to Victoria, Lord Melbourne asked him how much money he wanted for his private purse. The prince, with hesitating modesty, said 100,000 francs, or between 18 and 19,000 dollars. "Poh! poh!" exclaimed the prime minister, "the husband of our queen must have £50,000." The queen agreed with his lordship, but parliament demurred; and the story goes that when the latter fixed it at £30,000, the queen, being at breakfast, did, in a pet, overthrow "table, breakfast and all." Dr. Durbin also discovered that Victoria will not suffer Albert to leave her presence without her express permission, and without fixing the time of his return, and a scene is given, in which husband, wife and Lord Melbourne have a nice little row in the palace, because Prince Albert would go to meet a musical association when Queen Victoria said he should not.

So much for our tourist's gossip. A great deal follows on the English government, the church of England, Catholicism, missionary societies, Methodism in England, the manufacturing districts, the condition of the laboring classes, the Free Church of Scotland, Edinburgh, the Highlands, and Ireland. All of this is more or less instructive to read. We have found no part of it dull. The doctor quietly passes judgment on every thing he sees, as though he were a superior being, disenthralled from the prejudices of the old world, and looking on the whole spectacle from a purely reasonable point of view. Continually lashing English travelers as the worst in the world, he hardly seems aware that he has many of the faults of English travelers. We cordially agree with him in his American ideas, and have a greater hatred of English injustice, and English impudence, than himself, but we often dislike his manner of expressing both. There are some passages of his book, written in what we should call the sneaking style. A few sentences which we have extracted in our preceding remarks are specimens of this peculiar diction. We could wish that, in treating of great abuses, he had given vent to a more powerful strain of indignation, instead of muddling about them. Still we are glad that the book is published, for though it contains some inaccuracies and much bad taste, though the national vanity of the author should have been a little more subdued or a great deal more fiery, yet it embodies many facts not easily accessible, and turns the tables, as far as statistics of crime and misery are concerned, on the foreign libelers of our own institutions and country.

The Poems and Ballads of Schiller. Translated by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart. With a Brief Sketch of the Author's Life. New York: Harper & Brothers. One vol., 12mo.

The life of Schiller, accompanying these translations, is written well and elaborately, but it immediately suggests a comparison with Carlyle's splendid biography, and that comparison it cannot stand for one moment. The pitch of the feeling, the tone of the criticism, the whole course of thinking and judging, are lower. Bulwer evidently felt that he labored under the disadvantage of following in the path of a superior critic, and he has accordingly done his best. He says that the facts which have been communicated by Schiller's later biographers, have made a new life necessary.

These facts he has added, but he has added nothing to Carlyle's work. The latter is not so much a narrative of events as an intellectual biography. We rise from its perusal with a vivid sense of Schiller's *character*—of his moral and mental characteristics—of the singular grandeur and elevation of thought and feeling to which he arrived by vast internal effort and force of will. When Carlyle wrote it his mind was in harmony with the subject. It contains many passages of that peculiar kind of eloquence which fills both the heart and imagination, and produces an enduring effect upon the reader's character and mode of thinking. There is a tone of heroism running through which lifts the mind, and gives us a new feeling of the dignity and the majesty of the poet's vocation. The unity of the impression which it makes upon the mind, would alone constitute it a master-piece of biography. The style is free from the peculiarities of Carlyle's later works, being clear, direct, full of nervous vigor, and slightly inclining to epigrammatic point. As regards movement, it sustains about the same relation to the style of the "French Revolution," which the motion

of a locomotive bears to that of a stage-coach rumbling over a rocky road.

We have said that Bulwer's biography is well written. It has a number of passages rhetorically eloquent; and is by no means deficient in acuteness, but there is over the whole an appearance of labor, as if he did not mount naturally, but toiled and panted up, to the "height of the great argument." The translations are of various merit, and many of them will doubtless be pronounced superior to any English versions of the originals. We have not space to particularize. The volume is well printed by the Harpers, but the paper preserves that singular medium between two colors, to describe which resource must be had to that elegant verbal combination, known as "whity-brown."

Sparks' American Biography, vol. 2. Lives of James Otis, and James Oglethorpe. Boston: Little & Brown, 1 vol. 12mo.

This is the second volume of the new series of a valuable work, interesting to all who are curious in matters relating to American history and biography. The life of Otis is by Frances Bowen. The author has succeeded in condensing a large amount of important information and suggestive thought in a style of much sprightliness and vigor. In a small space he has given an animated picture of the spirit, feeling and "complement extern" of Boston, and the legislature of Massachusetts, during the years which immediately preceded the revolution. Having access to abundant materials, some of the most important of which were not within the reach of Mr. Tudor, and are therefore not referred to in that gentleman's life of Otis, Mr. Bowen has been enabled to clear up most of the disputed questions relating to his subject, and to place the character and services of the great popular leader in a correct light. The alledged, the avowed, and the real causes of the revolution, which Otis did so much to promote, are very clearly stated by Mr. B., and the inflexible sturdiness of the people, in adhering to their purposes, receives due attention and honor. A most practical view is taken of the character of the disputes between Great Britain and the colonies. The truth seems to be that the interests of the one were not the interests of the other. Had the colonists been represented in the House of Commons, the grievances would have been the same. Colonial members could have been, at the best, but a small minority of that body. Taxation *with* representation would have been as intolerable in effect as taxation without representation. As long as the colonists were suffered to regulate their own commerce, currency and manufactures, in their own way—as long as the English government winked at the practice—so long, and no longer, would they have been willing subjects of England. The verbal wars which preceded the great struggle, were wars for prescriptive rights, not for rights under the English constitution. The supreme authority of parliament being acknowledged, the last law became the binding law. It might be unwise and unjust, it might interfere with natural rights, but still there was no help except in humble petition or in resistance. We see in most of the actions and measures of the colonists, as soon as the mother country attempted to *govern* the colonists, an indisposition to be governed except by themselves.

Of the debt of gratitude due to James Otis, for the important part he took in the measures which led to our independence, it is useless here to expatiate. Mr. Bowen delineates the prominent traits of his character with much skill. His ardent temperament, and the boldness and decision of purpose which it produced, were the qualities which best qualified him for his arduous position as popular leader. He feared nothing. He was willing to be the mark of hatred and calumny, and to be considered by the legal authorities as the embodiment of a rebellious faction. What was in the hearts of the people, he did not fear to express. His fiery temper sometimes led him to abuse his opponents too shrewishly, and often seduced his rhetoric from its propriety, but the time and the occasion would have apologized for grosser violations of taste. He had an object in life for which he was willing to sacrifice much greater things than the reputation of good humor and elegant composition. His vehement declamation, the daring with which he denounced every show of oppression, peculiarly fitted him to inspire confidence among the people, and rouse them to the most open expression of their wrongs. Had he been more of a philosopher he would not have played his part so well. Timidity or modesty in the utterance of his opinions, a more charitable view of the intentions of opponents, a cautious control over his tongue to prevent it from ever uttering an incongruous figure, and he would have been perhaps no revolutionist.

The other biography in this volume, the life of Oglethorpe, is the production of W. B. O. Peabody. It is written with considerable elegance, and is replete with information respecting the colonization of Georgia, but the style rather lacks nerve.

Summer on the Lakes, in 1843. By S. M. Fuller. Boston: Little & Brown. 1 vol., 12mo.

This elegant volume is the production of a New England lady, chiefly known as the writer of several articles in the "Dial," characterized by peculiarities of thought and sentiment, usually denominated "transcendental." We fear her reputation as an authoress is not so extensive as her talents would justify. Her name is usually associated with a literary sect, the members of which are prophets to themselves and heretics to others, and whose excellencies and oddities are both distasteful to a considerable portion of the "reading public." The present volume is an account of a journey to the great lakes of our country, and embodies not only a description of the scenery, but records the thoughts and emotions it awakened. A number of topics, such as magnetism, metaphysics, national deficiences and wants, are introduced to vary the monotony of the general subject. Two or three interesting tales, illustrative of character, and a number of poems illustrative of scenery, are likewise admitted. The whole forms a volume in which we have the results of the seeing and thinking of the authoress, during the summer she passed "on the lakes." Much of this has little reference, of course, to the theme suggested by the title of the book, but, with the exception of a few topics, which seem "lugged in" without rhyme or reason, the reader is sensible of no harsh departures from the general plan and object of the volume. It will be found a very agreeable companion for any persons who intend making a similar tour, especially to those who find it difficult to see magnificent scenery with the imagination as well as the eye, and who therefore desire to have a suggestive mind near them to link objects with appropriate thoughts and feelings.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The portrait of Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., will next appear in "Our Portrait Gallery of American Authors." It is one of the finest engravings of the series, and is a capital likeness. It will probably be given in our next number.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI. PHILADELPHIA: OCTOBER, 1844. No. 4.

BLANCHE ACHESON.

BY MRS. J. C. CAMPBELL.

"WHAT a charming hawthorn hedge! I see the old gentleman has not forgotten his home sympathies in this land of his adoption. Would you believe, O'Neil, that my uncle actually sent to Fermanagh for the cuttings for that hedge? I remember the day when Luke Fehely, who had been one of my uncle's cotters, was sent to Counsellor Johnson with the request that he might be allowed to carry away the prunings of the old hawthorn, which had been the pride of Cherry Mount, once my uncle's hospitable home. The prunings were given, sent to this country, and, in a letter afterwards received by my father, my uncle poured out his heart in thankfulness that he was once more permitted to inhale the fragrance of the white blossoms from dear Cherry Mount. By many, in this working-day-world, a hankering after the familiar and pleasant things of an early home, would be looked upon as sentimental and romantic; not so with the Irishman; he loves every blade of grass on which he has seen the dew twinkle in the calmness of a summer morning—every green hill over which his foot wandered in boyhood is an oasis in his memory—the river by which he sat in happy listlessness baiting his hook for the young trout, glasses the blue heavens more beautifully than any other stream in the world—the fairy rings in the grass—and the fairy bridge across the waterfall, and the wild clefts by the seashore, where he shouted and laughed to awake the deep echoes, or where, in melancholy mood, his flute breathed the soul-thrilling music of his national melodies—where—where in the whole universe could he find aught so lovely?"

"Upon my honor and word, Ned, you at least have brought your romance with you. Are we to stand any longer here, or will you at once try what reception we shall meet with?"

The young man to whom these last words were addressed was above the middle height, with fair complexion, an expansive and intellectual forehead, shaded by hair of that soft, rich brown which seems as if the golden sunbeams floated in its meshes, eyes of deep blue, of a singularly mild and touching expression. At first glance you might suppose him inclined to melancholy, but the second look detected a mirthful expression lurking about the mouth, which proved him to be that not uncommon character among his countrymen, made up of mirth and sentiment, gay and sad by turns, with too much heart to permit them to pass unscathed through the trials of this life, and whose impulses are often at war with, and gain the mastery over their judgment.

His companion was apparently younger, not so tall, with eyes and hair black as night, and with a look of such perfect joyousness, that one could not behold him without fancying he had given every thought to gayety. "Mirth, with thee I mean to dwell," was written on every lineament of his handsome countenance.

They passed the hawthorn hedge, and were soon entering a noble gateway, on each side of which a stately elm threw its shade. As they approached the house in the balmy twilight of a delicious June evening, a low strain of music was heard, and

"Oh breathe not his name"

was warbled with such heart-touching pathos, that the strangers paused and stood riveted to the spot until the strain ceased. There were lights in the apartment from which the sounds proceeded, and through the open window they could look upon the group within. Seated at the piano was a fair young girl, with a form of the most faultless proportions, and a face of exquisite beauty. Hanging over her, with the enamored yet uneasy expression of one to whom love is the plague spot in the heart, was a man about thirty years of age; his figure was tall and commanding, and his perfectly chiseled features were more than handsome; but the expression of his countenance was dark and sinister, and his flashing eye had so much of the devil in its furtive glances,

that the favorable impression which might otherwise have been produced by his beauty, was totally destroyed. At a table, in the middle of the apartment, sat a man on whose head the snows of sixty winters had fallen so lightly that they had not chilled the warm blood which mantled in his cheek; he was looking over the daily papers, and occasionally addressing a remark to a lady near him, whose cap and kerchief showed her to be the mother and the matron. On an ottoman, her lap filled with flowers, her dark hair decked with a cluster of moss rose-buds, her face gladsome with one of those bright smiles which beam direct from a happy heart, reclined the youngest of the group; a harp stood near her, over which was carelessly flung a wreath she had been weaving from the fragrant hoard of blossoms.

A Magdalene of Carlo Dolci, and one of Salvator Rosa's scenes of dark and magnificent grandeur were suspended from the walls; a small marble statue stood in a recess, near which hung a bracket filled with volumes richly and tastefully bound. It was a home-scene, full of simple elegance and quiet beauty, and the elder of the two travelers stood gazing, lost in reverie, until aroused by the voice of his merry companion.

"Come, come, Ned, this will never do; if you can live upon sights and sounds, I cannot; if your uncle will only regale us with a sandwich or two, and a glass of good wine by way of a tonic, why then I'll listen to the music, and admire the ladies, as becometh a man of gallantry to do; but if not, I shall positively decamp, and take up my abode with mine host of the inn."

There was no need for putting this threat into execution, for when the strangers were announced, and the taller of the two introduced himself as Edward Ogilby, the son of Mr. Acheson's only sister, and his companion as Mr. Harry O'Neil, his very intimate friend, the heart of every member of the family expanded with kindness toward their guests, and a servant was despatched to the tavern to bring thence the young gentlemen's traveling trunks, for Mr. Acheson and his kind-hearted lady retained in all its freshness that hospitality which "reigns hearty and free" in the lordly dwellings of the rich, and the thatched cot of the peasant, throughout the whole extent of their own Green Isle.

We know of nothing more delightful than the meeting of an individual, who has long been an exile from the land of his birth, with another who has but just crossed the Atlantic, and who brings news about every body, and every thing, in which the heart is most interested. What a shower of questions are asked! What old memories, treasured, and half slumbering in the shadows of the past, are again stirred up, and invested with new vividness and beauty! New links of affection are formed, old ones, on which time had imperceptibly laid his decaying touch, are re-riveted—the exile is once more young—he asks for those who grew up with himself, and is surprised to hear them spoken of as old men, and old women, belonging to another generation; he wonders to hear that the sea has carried away the sand-hills he had climbed when a boy, and thought imperishable; or that docks and warehouses have been built along the shore where was once his favorite bathing-place. These are strange things, and, as he listens, he shakes his head, and begins to feel that in twenty years Time plays strange antics; ever restless, ever busy, peopling and depopulating, rearing up solid edifices where once stood the green forest, or where rolled the water-tide; letting in the moonbeams through chinks in walls which seemed to defy his touch—beautifying the crumbling turret-tower and the old bastion with fresh garlands from his treasure-world of lichen and ivy, and weaving love-bowers for the owl and the bat, where he once builded pleasure-halls for luxury, or bridal-chambers for the light-winged Eros.

CHAPTER II.

"What think you now of Cousin Blanche? Is she still to be the idol of your dreams, Ned? She is beautiful, certainly, but such an icicle—Heaven help the love-stricken swain to whom she is to be united! I infinitely prefer the laughing Mary, with her warm outbursts of feeling, 'the smile on her cheek and the tear in her eye,' she is all heart, and, like yourself, has a perfect passion for flowers; there, at least, your tastes are similar; it would be a pretty end to your adventure, if, instead of the lily, you should gain the rose. Arthur Conyngham—"

"What of Arthur Conyngham?"

"Ha, ha! so you are roused from your trance—there 's magic in some names; truly, I wonder whom Campbell was thinking of when he spoke so feelingly of the 'magic of a name?' I tell you what, Ned, I think, he had some loveable little body in his mind's eye, some embodiment of glorious Tom Moore's 'Nora Creina,' and I positively believe her name was Mary."

"For Heaven's sake, Harry, cease this trifling—it tortures me—from my very boyhood the thought of my Cousin Blanche has colored every object in life; it began in childish preference, it grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength, until at last it became powerful enough to break the ties of home and country, and send me a wanderer to this strange land. What is the result? I find her lovelier, if possible, than my imagination had conceived, I find her all that I could wish the woman to be on whom my soul was lavished—and—gracious Heaven! I find her the betrothed of another! While there is strength left I must flee this place. I would spurn myself if I could once harbor the thought of playing the tempter, and winning her to swerve from her allegiance to another; no, my progress through life has hitherto been unstained by falsehood or deception, and, dear as is the stake, I would not play with counters even were I sure of winning."

"And do you intend leaving this charming place, where a month has glided by so rapidly, and where the kindness of your worthy relatives has partly reconciled me to a separation from the Wicklow belles?"

"And where the child-like gleefulness of a merry

maiden will soon make you forget the leave-taking with your Dublin beauties; is it not so, Harry?"

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mary Acheson, who ran playfully up to her cousin, and threw over him a whole shower of freshly gathered violets. Her face was flushed with her morning exercise, her dark tresses were thrown back from her brow, and as she stood with her gipsy bonnet hanging from her arm, and her light, girlish laugh ringing through the apartment, a pang struck to the heart of Henry O'Neil when he saw her cousin Edward gazing on her with undisguised admiration.

"What an indolent mortal you are, Edward; here have I been abroad these two hours, watching the glorious sun careering upward—trying to count the diamonds on the web of a huge garden spider that has taken up his abode in a large althea—chasing a humming-bird which was daintily quaffing his nectar from the woodbine—and gathering pansies to spell-bind thy home thoughts, cousin mine. Where is Blanche this bright morning? We were wont to ramble together, but she has learned naughty things from you, Cousin Ned; she has grown almost as strange, and shy, and indolent as yourself."

"I am sorry, Mary, that I have been the cause of any change in your sister's habits," said her cousin, affecting a laugh, "but you forget that Blanche has more important objects to engage her attention than spiders and humming-birds, or even than pelting her cousin with two-faces-under-a-hood."

"I cry you mercy, coz! An't please you better, I will chase no more humming-birds—count no more dew-drops—gather no more heart's-ease—and, hark ye, I will be cold and stately, curtseying thus—and walking erect, after this fashion, with the air and tread of a tragedy queen—I doubt not but in time I shall be perfect as Mr. O'Neil's beautiful namesake, or the immortal Siddons herself." And so saying the merry girl left the room, and her laugh was soon heard on the lawn, where she was trying her swiftness with her favorite Carlo.

"What a joyous creature! Pray Heaven your life may ever pass thus happily, my dear Mary, my bright, my beautiful cousin."

These words were uttered by Edward in a low tone, and with evident emotion. He was startled by a deep sigh, and, on looking up, saw O'Neil standing in a recess near the window, watching every movement of the graceful and light-hearted being who had just left them. He found by Henry's embarrassed manner that he would rather not have been observed, and in a careless tone remarked,

"I believe we are to visit some of the most picturesque places on the island to-day; I wonder how we shall dispose of ourselves?"

"There will be no difficulty about the arrangement, I dare say. Mr. Conyngham and Miss Acheson will drive together, Cousin Edward and his *dear* Mary ride on horseback, and Mr. O'Neil will take his place with papa and mamma in the carriage."

These trifling words were uttered in a tone of bitterness which confirmed Edward in his previous suspicions, that his friend was fast losing his heart with Mary Acheson, but without noticing his manner, he laughingly said, that as Mr. O'Neil was the better horseman, he should resign to him the pleasure of escorting his gay cousin. Henry felt ashamed of his rudeness, and his ingenuous countenance showed the workings of a mind ill at ease; for a moment he had looked upon Edward Ogilby as his successful rival, and there was doubt and distrust springing up in his breast toward his early friend. He had forgotten their recent conversation, in which Edward had made known the nature of his feelings for his Cousin Blanche, and his purpose of quitting his uncle's house; he had forgotten every thing but his own hidden affection, which was hourly gaining new strength, for Mary, and which was jealously watching every word and every look bestowed upon her by her cousin. Toward Blanche, Ogilby's demeanor was gentle, respectful, distant, while he treated her sister with all the frank warm-heartedness of his ardent nature, and another moment's reflection chased the cloud from Harry's brow, and made him feel how ungenerous, and how unjust were his suspicions.

Cold and guarded as was Edward's conduct toward his Cousin Blanche, there was one who discovered in it more of passion than was meant to meet the eye, and that one was Arthur Conyngham. We have before said that with him love was the plague-spot in the heart; he felt himself unworthy the pure being on whom he had placed his unhallowed affections, he knew that he was indebted to chance for the position he occupied, and was in daily dread of disclosures being made which would unmask his character, and lay it bare in all its hidden deformity. At a fashionable watering-place he had met with the family of Mr. Acheson, and timely assistance tendered to his eldest daughter, when her horse had taken fright, secured for him the gratitude of the parents, and afforded him an opportunity of ingratiating himself into the favor of Blanche, while his elegant exterior and fascinating manners completed his conquest over a heart to which suspicion was a stranger. Thus situated, it was no wonder that he dreaded the presence of one whom he felt to be infinitely superior to himself in all those qualities which render a man worthy of a woman's idolatry. He saw that Edward Ogilby possessed in reality that refinement of mind, and love of the beautiful, and high sense of honor which he only affected; affected because he knew Blanche Acheson would never be won by any man who was destitute of these qualities.

Conyngham was sitting alone in the library; before him lay an open volume, but his eyes were not on it; his mind was not engrossed with its contents, his whole air was gloomy and disturbed as he muttered—

"And does he think to hide his love from me? fool! can I not see the flush on his pale cheek when Blanche enters? does he not speak to her in a lower and gentler tone than to any other? does he not sit as if drinking in her very breath when she is singing those melodies so full of pathos and of passion? fool! cursed fool! if he dare to cross my path, by yon

heaven, the last drop of his treacherous heart-blood shall be drained for my revenge!"

"Mr. Conyngham—Mr. Conyngham—where in the name of wonder have you hid yourself? As usual—in the library—drinking from the pure well of English undefiled? No! as I live, pouring over that false-hearted sentimentalist Rousseau! How can you admire that selfish man?"

"All men are selfish, Mary, nor do I think the philosopher of Lausanne has any claim to pre-eminence in this common failing; and even if he had, the beauty of his language, the delicious softness of his pictures, and the impassioned sentiment breathing through every page, would gain him favor with every one who did not wish to appear a saint."

"I have no wish to appear a saint, and yet I think there are few writers, if any, whose works have a more dangerous tendency than those of Rousseau; the voluptuousness of his imagery is veiled under the garb of sentiment, and the perusal of his books has a most enervating influence upon the undisciplined mind. What more bewitching picture of indolence than that which he gives of himself, floating in his boat on Lake Leman, and indulging in the most fantastic and idle reveries? With what flimsy, though specious, sophistry does he endeavor to make that appear innocent, which the pure heart instinctively shrinks from as criminal, and—" Mary inadvertently raised her eyes and saw Conyngham's looks riveted on her face.

"You see I am surprised, Miss Acheson; in truth, it never occurred to me that 'Merry Mary' reflected so deeply, or lectured so wisely; what think you of inditing another book of homilies, now that the good old-fashioned volume bearing that title has fallen into disuse?"

But Merry Mary answered not, for at that moment O'Neil appeared at the door, saying it was time to set out on their excursion; and as his friend had contrived that he should ride by the side of Mary on horseback, he had given his jealousy to the winds, and a merrier pair than himself and his fair companion never enjoyed the fresh breeze, and the bright heaven of a summer's morning.

CHAPTER III.

As Arthur Conyngham sat by the side of his betrothed, and looked upon the mild, the almost angelic countenance, and saw the drooping of the eyelid, and the soft blushing of the cheek, when he whispered of his love; and as he thrilled to hear the low, tremulous tones which responded to his words of passion, he thought such a prize worth any sacrifice. His life-stream had hitherto been like those dark, and turbid, and storm-vexed waters which reflect no heaven-hue amid their gloom. One star had at length arisen, and he had worshiped—it must ever shine, shine for him alone; not one ray must fall upon another.

Their road lay for some distance through a fine avenue, skirted by trees whose foliage exhibited every shade of nature's beautiful green; and between which they caught glimpses of gardens, and orchards, and dwellings, and pasture-fields, and hills whose sloping sides were studded with the dwarf fir, and whose summits were hidden by a lofty canopy of waving branches. A sudden turn in the road brought them upon the banks of the noble Hudson, which at this spot was covered nearly to the water's edge with a luxuriant growth of vegetation.

The whole party alighted, uttering rapturous exclamations at the beauty of the scene, and Mary bounded away to gather some blue flowers which were hanging from the cleft of a rock. She found the spot more precipitous than she had supposed, and holding by the young trees and dwarf shrubbery within her reach, she crept downward until the prize was gained. To return was a matter of more difficulty; looking down the steep she saw the rocks, and the water beneath her, and her head grew dizzy—one false step and she was lost. She caught at a large wild vine, but it was decayed, and she found it giving way within her grasp—another moment and succor would be of no avail—palsied with fear, she could not utter a cry—a cold tremor shot through her veins—her sight grew dim—her fate seemed inevitable—at that instant she felt a hand on her arm, and heard a voice whispering, "Miss Acheson, cling to me." It was O'Neil; he stood on a small projection of loose earth, with his right hand grasping the gnarled root of an old oak, which the storms of centuries had laid bare, and with his left supporting Mary.

"Another step, my dear Miss Acheson, and there is no danger—there—lean on me—thank God, you are safe!" he exclaimed, as Mary, pale and trembling, clung to her preserver, "and, would to Heaven," he added in a lower tone, "that I could always be near to shield, and to save you from danger."

Their eyes met, and Mary felt that those few words were full of meaning. She answered not his exclamation—she echoed not his wish—why then did Henry indulge the hope that the being dearest on the earth was not wholly indifferent to him? It has been said that Love is blind, and this is true in part, for love is often blind to the faults or the follies of the object beloved, but there is no dimness of vision when a look, a touch, an indefinite and impalpable something reveals to us that a chord in another's heart is beating in unison with our own.

"Mr. O'Neil, let us return to our party, we have already been too long absent from them."

"May I hope that I have not offended you, Miss Acheson, that you will not be angry with me?"

"How could I be angry with one to whom I owe my life?"

As Mary said this, in evident confusion, O'Neil took her hand, raised it to his lips, and breathed a fervent "God bless you!" The next moment Edward Ogilby was at their side; one glance at the happy countenance of his friend, and the blushing face of his cousin, made him fear that he was an unwelcome intruder, but he was soon reassured, by Mary placing her arm within his and relating her perilous adventure.

"You have at last met a knight *sans peur*, sweet coz, and my word for it you will find him *sans reproche*," said Edward aloud, and then added in a tone meant but for Mary's ear, "Never glowed a nobler heart in any of God's creatures than that throbbing in the breast of O'Neil." His cousin's face and neck were crimsoned; her hand which rested on his arm trembled slightly; these were mute signs, but Edward knew that a "change had come o'er the spirit of her dream."

Leaving the seniors of the party seated in the shade, watching the lazy-looking craft plying their way on the river, and chatting of old times, and other days, Conyngham and Blanche had strolled in a direction opposite to that taken by Mary, and stood looking at a man who was seated on a pile of logs fishing. His dress attracted their attention, for, although it was July, he wore a gray frieze coat, heavy corduroy breeches, and blue woolen stockings; on his head was a white hat, with a low round crown, and a broad brim drawn down so as to conceal his face. He repeatedly jerked the line in an angry manner, and repeated something between a growl and an oath at his want of success.

"You seem to be rather unlucky to-day, my good fellow," said Conyngham, "have you caught nothing this morning?"

"Caught nothin' is it? no, bad cess to the bit of a fish there is in this river, at all at all." These words were said without raising his head, or turning toward the person who accosted him.

"How long have you been baiting your hook so unsuccessfully?"

"Iver since six o'clock this mornin', and barrin an eel or two that I would n't be bothered keepin', and threw back in the water, I 've caught nothin', good or bad."

"Have you been long in this country?"

"About two months, and the curse o' Cromwell on him that was the manes of my comin' here."

Conyngham started, his acute ear had caught a sound not unfamiliar to him, and he turned to hasten away, but his foot sinking in a hollow which had been concealed by long grass, he was thrown forward, and a scream from Blanche brought the stranger to their side. On seeing the lady he raised his hat, and displayed a face of most sullen and forbidding expression. Long carroty locks hung heavily over a low forehead until they nearly reached a pair of shaggy brows, of somewhat lighter hue, which met over small red eyes, that rolled about with a look of strange wildness; the lips were thick and protruding, and exposed a set of short uneven teeth, which seemed to have been long familiar with the *duhdeen* that was thrust into the breast of his coat. Blanche saw all this in far less time than we have consumed in the description, and she involuntarily shuddered. The man stooped down, raised Conyngham, who, from the position in which he had fallen, was unable to extricate himself, and then each looked into the face of the other; there seemed to be the fascination of the serpent in that look, for neither spoke, neither moved, Conyngham's face was deadly pale, that of the man with whom he stood confronted was flushed and livid by turns, and his eye-balls seemed to dilate and glare with fiendish exultation.

"I swore I 'd track you out, but I did n't think to find you so soon; I swore it by the heaven above me and the hell beneath me, when I stood at Phil's grave."

"Hold, man—what mean you by speaking thus in the presence of this lady? Blanche, dearest, let me lead you to yon quiet spot, while I speak a moment to this strange fellow." Seating her at a little distance, he whispered, "the fellow was once a servant of mine, he was confined in a mad-house when I left England, and I cannot think how he has effected his escape."

"Oh, go not near him, Arthur, or at least let me stand beside you."

"Fear not, my sweet love, persons like him are more easily subdued by gentleness than violence; fear not, I will be with you in a moment."

When Conyngham returned, the man had assumed a dogged, sullen manner, and when angrily interrogated with "What in the name of all that 's infernal brought you here?" returned no answer.

"Do you dare stand there and brave me? answer me, or by Heaven I will throw your loathsome carcase into yon river, to fatten the reptiles you flung back into their native element."

The man looked up from under his shaggy brows, and, with a low chuckle and a malicious grin, said—

"Sure you would n't be afther doin' that same, to frighten the purty lady forneut you, masther."

These words were uttered in a quiet manner, but with the ironical tone of one who knows his adversary is in his power, and that the time has come when the trodden worm may turn and sting the foot that crushed. The allusion to Blanche restored Conyngham to himself, and, perceiving that no advantage was to be gained by threats, he assumed a lower and more conciliating tone.

"Mick, my good fellow, why are you so obstinate? You know that if you stand in need of any assistance I am able and willing to give it to you, and it was a natural question for me to ask what brought you here?"

"Mr. Ormond, there need be no decate betwixt us; *you know* I 'd as soon believe the father of lies himself, as believe you; you know there can be nothin' but black hatred betwixt us, but if you give me somethin' to keep from dyin' of hunger, may be I'll say nothin' to harm you;" in an under tone he added, "not now, but my time will come yet, you black-hearted scoundrel."

"Here, Mick, here is money," said Conyngham, thrusting gold into his hand as he saw Ogilby and the others approaching; "meet me here this evening at sundown," and with a motion of the hand he waved him from his presence.

"Where did you meet that poor fellow, Mr. Conyngham?" said O'Neil; "by his dress I knew him to be a countryman of mine, and as he turned his head I thought his face like Mick Cassidy's, a man that had once been a servant in my father's

and left our house to live with his old mother at Navan."

Conyngham's face changed color, as he cast a searching glance at O'Neil's countenance, but he probably saw nothing there to alarm him, for he instantly replied—

"I should judge by his brogue that he was from that land which produces 'the finest pisantry in the world,' but I know nothing more about him. The fellow was asking for charity, that he might have something to 'buy a bit and a sup for Hiddy and six childer she had at home wid her.'"

"Oh then," said O'Neil, good humoredly laughing, "it cannot be Mick Cassidy, for he had neither wife nor child when I left home, about three months ago."

When Conyngham rejoined Blanche, he whispered, "Say nothing about the man being mad, love, he is more rational than I supposed him to be, and I concealed his malady, lest he should be put in confinement, which I know would break the poor fellow's heart."

"You are ever careful of the feelings of others, Arthur, but you must not again ramble here alone; if you were to encounter that horrid-looking man in one of his frenzied moments, I shudder to think what might be the result."

"My own sweet Blanche, fear not; before I knew you I was reckless of life, and plunged into the midst of danger, but now that a new existence has dawned upon me, that I have you to care for—to love me—you for whom I would peril my salvation—I shrink like a coward from every appearance of harm. Oh Blanche, mine own Blanche! promise me that you will ever love me thus tenderly—thus confidingly—promise me, dearest, as you now love me, promise that you will continue to love me under every change of circumstance."

"Why should you require such a promise, Arthur, when you know—" and the timid girl paused—

"When I know that you do—that you ever will cling to me unalterably—unchangeably—is it not thus, my sweet love?"

He felt the soft pressure of the delicate hand; he knew by the slight quivering of the frame, and the faltering of the voice, that the heart-pulse was quickened with the thrill of love. It was enough—he would brave his fate—he would defy the demons of revenge to wrest the treasure from his grasp—he would wed Blanche Acheson in spite of all the love of her cousin—in defiance of all the spectres of the past, which at times arose to mock and torture him.

CHAPTER IV.

The party rode home by a longer and more circuitous route, through groves of maple, and broad woods, bordered by the wild laurel and the sumach with its thick clusters of red berries. They passed through a beautiful little village, with the spire of its neat white church pointing up to the blue sky, beyond which are mansions for the weary in this world's warfare, who lay them down trusting in the merits and the promises of Him who is the resurrection and the life. What different feelings held sway in the breasts of many of the group as they alighted on their arrival at the house! Conyngham was moody and silent; over Blanche there hung a vague presentiment of evil, which she endeavored to shake off, but the cloud on Arthur's brow, and his absence of manner, would not allow her to remain at ease, and her conduct took the color from his own. In the breast of Edward Ogilby a strange suspicion had arisen concerning the betrothed of his cousin. He had observed Conyngham's manner while conversing with Mick, before O'Neil interrupted their discourse; he had noticed his alarm at Harry's recognition of his countryman, and, loving Blanche as he did with the holiest and purest affection, he resolved, since she could not be his own, to watch over her destiny.

O love! well might the ancients suppose the same passion could not produce such opposite effects, therefore did they fable two deities who presided over the hearts of men. One, thou ennoblest beyond the common standard of humanity, thou makest him kind, gentle, self-sacrificing—the desire for the happiness of the beloved object is the ruling motive of every action, yea, even when called upon to contemplate the bliss, which would have made his heaven, enjoyed to the full by another.

With another, thou art the deadly Upas, overshadowing the whole life. Jealousy poisons the fountain of truth, and those streams which should have been to the soul refreshing as rivers in the desert, become bitter as the waters of Marah, and he would rather lay the soft, smooth cheek, and the ripe, red lip in the charnel-house with the worm, than rest them for a moment in the arms of a rival.

Not of this latter character was the love of Ogilby, nor of O'Neil, whose face was radiant with smiles, nor of Mary, as she bounded up the steps secretly exclaiming, "he loves me! *he* loves me!" and when seated within her apartment, pressing the blue flowers to her lips, those flowers to gain which, but for Henry, would have cost her life, and which were now starred with the tears gushing from a young heart full of the soft delirium of its first love. Let not the reader suppose that Mary Acheson was too lightly won. No plain avowal of passion had passed the lips of O'Neil, no word had fallen from hers to raise a blush upon the cheek of virgin modesty, and yet she knew that he loved her, and, trembling as the veil was raised from her spirit's hidden workings, she *felt* that henceforth his love was to be her world of happiness.

As the last glow of sunlight was fading from the heavens, and its reflection was dying on the waters, and as the first star of eve was glittering in its lone beauty, a figure might be seen crossing the main road, and leaping a low stone wall. It glided stealthily along a narrow lane, each side of which was shaded by trees, through whose branches, swayed by a light breeze, fell the soft beams of the crescent moon, dancing from leaf to leaf, and sporting on the green sward, like happy childhood playing with its shadow. On reaching a wicket-gate, which opened on an enclosure where stood a small white cottage, the latch

was raised without noise, and the figure disappeared behind a clump of wild shrubbery. It emerged again at some distance from the house, and pausing, as if to ascertain whether it had escaped observation, quickened its pace and was again lost in a steep and dangerous path which wound round a rocky declivity; again it was seen swinging lightly from a young sapling, whose topmost boughs concealed the entrance to the secret road, and a few paces brought it to the spot where Mick Cassidy had sat that morning fishing.

"He is not here—does he mean to baulk me?" said Conyngham, whose stealthy progress we have just followed. "The fellow is a stranger," he continued, muttering in a lower tone, "and accidents will happen—what if he should miss his foothold?—dead men tell no tales—their lips are voiceless—mute—mute forever—ha! *mute forever*."

A splash in the water beside him—a noise as of a strong man struggling with the waves, and the voice of Mick crying for help, roused him; for a moment his better nature gained the mastery—the promptings of humanity urged him forward—the next instant he shrunk back, and held his breath lest the drowning man should discover him.

"One more hould of these slippery logs, and I'm saved any how, O, meala murther, but it's hard to find one's self going down in a strange place like this, and all for that cursed—" Mick was not suffered to finish his sentence; a hand, with the strong and iron grasp of a giant, clenched his arm, and unloosed his fingers from the log to which they were clinging.

"For the sake of your sowl, do n't push me down, I'm here to meet a gintleman who is to give me money, and you shall have it all if—" just then a current of wind blew off the hat of his unknown adversary, and a straggling moonbeam revealed to Mick the features of Conyngham.

"Is it you, you murderin' vilian! sure, I might have known that neither grace nor good luck could follow any one that touched your cursed goold; let me up, and I'll swear niver to harm a hair of your head, Mr. Ormond."

Mick had again succeeded in grasping the logs, when the same powerful arm dashed him down, though not until with one hand he had caught the arm of Conyngham.

"Do you dare to grapple with me? This, then, for your presumption"—and a blow on the temple sent the unhappy man, who was weak from his recent exertions, back into the water.

"Oh—mercy—Mr. Ormond—help—mercy—" another struggle—a smothered cry—and the waves closed over the wretched being who had so lately pleaded for his life.

Conyngham shuddered—the memory of other days, and other crimes, swept over his soul, but this was the first time that his own hand had sent a fellow being into eternity, and the flickering moonlight thronged the place with shapes, wild, deformed, and unearthly, and the heaving waters repeated, with a thousand echoes, the moans of the murdered man.

Snatching up his hat, and looking once more into the river, as if to assure himself that all was over, he muttered, "dead men tell no tales"—and threading again his concealed route, soon emerged into the highway, and entering a tavern where his servant sat dosing in the corner of the bar-room, ordered him to get ready the carriage immediately. The order was quickly obeyed, and in less than two hours the murderer was seated alone in an elegant and luxuriously furnished apartment, at one of the most fashionable hotels in the very heart of the gay metropolis. What a world is this! and what a life is this! where opposite extremes so often meet, and where the outward seeming is such an unfaithful transcript of the hidden man of the heart.

[*Conclusion in our next number.*

TO LUCY DURING HER ABSENCE.

BY AMELIA.

THE dew is on the blossoms, and the young moon on the sea,
It is the twilight hour—the hour for you and me—
The time when memory wanders across life's dreamy track,
When the past floats up before us, and the lost come stealing back;
And while along the still shore my lonely footsteps rove,
With the deep blue far beneath me, and the pale blue up above,
And with their trembling footsteps the faint stars tread the sea,
I think upon you, Lucy—do you ever think of me?

Oh Lucy! in this sweet hour, when the stars and waves have met,
And the full heart most remembers all it wishes to forget,
When the deep hush of the twilight seems such a holy time,
That to smile were almost sinful, and to whisper were a crime,
'T is sweet along these dim paths with lonely steps to glide,
For the moon is in the far blue, and the breeze is at my side;
But yet my heart is heavy, and my voice hath lost its glee,
I am sighing for you, Lucy—do you ever sigh for me?

Dear Lucy! in your absence, where'er your wanderings tend,
You must keep within your pure heart a sweet thought for your friend,
Till you sit once more in beauty within your father's hall,
With a soft smile on your young lip, and a pleasant word for all.
Alas! the breeze is balmy, and the hushed wave deeply blue,
And flowers are in my pathway, but no light-hearted Lu!
Oh the summer-months without you such a lonely time will be!
I am sighing for you, Lucy—do you ever sigh for me?

THE SOUL AWAKENED.

OR WHICH WILL WIN HIM?

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

There bloomed beside thee forms as fair,
There murmured tones as sweet;
But round *thee* breathed th' enchanted air,
'T was life and death to meet!
And henceforth thou alone wert fair,
And though the stars had sung for joy,
Thy whisper only sweet. *Bulwer.*

PRECIOUS reader! please shut your eyes and dream that you are with me at one of Ole Bull's concerts. I want you to mark those three *distingué* (I am so tired of that convenient word!) girls on the front seat —Violet, Blanche and Eleanor Elwell;—because that intellectual-looking young man behind them has rested the decision of an important question upon the manner in which they meet this melodious miracle. They are all lovely, graceful and intelligent; but Edgar Stanton is in search of a soul, and he trembles lest his choice should fall upon some beautiful temple, destitute of the divinity within.

This very morning, they have all betrayed their preference for him, and each in a different and characteristic manner.

Blanche, the romantic, capricious, petulant, but beautiful Blanche—she with the long gipsy curls and white shoulders—sung with her sweet, faltering voice,

Go! let me pray,
Pray to forget thee!
Wo worth the day,
Dear one, I met thee!

Ever till then,
Careless and free, love,
Never again,
Thus shall I be, love.

Calm in my soul,
Love had been dreaming,
Veiled visions stole,
Light round him gleaming.

One smile alone,
O'er his rest glancing,
One only tone,
Low and entrancing

Soft, through that sleep,
Thine the voice breaking,
Long shall I weep,
Weep his awaking.

Weep for the day,
When first I met thee,
Then let me pray,
Pray to forget thee!

Eleanor—stately and statue-like—she with the classic head, the cold, bright eyes and exquisitely chiseled mouth—asked which he thought most becoming, the blue or the white cashmere, which had been sent home for her inspection, and on his expressing a preference for the white, had calmly arranged its rich folds around her Juno form, and requested his attendance in a walk.

But the prettiest and most graceful little token of interest had been given him by Violet—the child Violet—the simple, earnest, sensitive, affectionate girl, who seemed to look up to him with the trustful and truthful tenderness of a younger sister, who confided to him all her gay and all her sorrowful emotions—who asked his advice about her studies, and made him tell her fairy tales, and listened when he read—as if the harps of Heaven were playing to her—and who would sit sometimes for hours on a little cushion at his feet motionless, almost breathless, with—what? Could it be love?

But Violet was so wild, so shy, when he tried to sound the depths of her heart, that he could not fathom it. He could not tell if she had a soul, that would answer his, or if she were merely a pretty, thoughtless, loving child. If she *had* one, where was the key to it? Time would show, and he would wait and watch. Now and then a flash from her dark, purple eyes, like summer lightning through a cloud, told that the spirit, which had slumbered since it left its divine home, was dreaming beautiful dreams, and was near its waking. That she had fancy and feeling, her playful wit, her caressing looks and manners, her pity for the suffering showed. But it was more than fancy and feeling that he wanted; it was sympathy with himself that he looked for. That virgin soul, when it did awake from its pure and happy sleep, would it wake for *him?* Would it chord with *his?* Would

"the same touch
Bid the same fountain flow"

in both? Would the same airs of heaven that sometimes played over his, like the south wind over an Æolian harp, bearing on their wings the odors of celestial flowers, the tones of angel-voices, which he had loved "before his birth below," and filling his soul with an intense yearning for its holier home, would they waken in hers, too, the music of hope and memory?

Violet had taken a snow-drop from its fellow-flower—her bosom—and given it to him, "with a flitting blush;" and when another gentleman present complained of her partiality, instead of taking one from her own bouquet, she stole a yellow rose from

her mother's and presented it to him, with an arch smile, which *he* thought very provoking.

Now then—let us watch them, while the Bulbul, as dear Mrs. Child calls him, is echoing the choral hymn of Nature. That man's soul, like the ocean-shell, which has caught and kept, even in exile, the melodious murmur of the waters sweeping for ages through its cell, must have learned and borne away into this life, from the shores of eternity, the music of its ever sounding waves.

But let us return to the ladies. Eleanor adjusts her ruby bracelet and whispers with the exquisite beside her; Blanche droops her graceful head upon her hand, and closes her eyes—she has lovely long lashes—in the most picturesque attitude she can think of. But dear little Violet heeds neither bracelet nor beau. Her soul is awakened by the magic-music of that wonderful master of sound; for the first time it feels its immortal wings, and unfolds them, in tremulous and timid delight; and now it is up and away with that of the Bulbul, soaring, "singing at the gate of Heaven!" Her dark eyes, full of tears, are reading the music in his; but her first impulse, when he pauses, is to search, with one eloquent glance, for sympathy in those of Stanton. That mutual look was enough; it was the key-note to the melody Love was playing in their hearts, and Edgar felt that their whole beings harmonized with each other.

"The Venus rose from out the deep
Of those inspiring eyes."

CHAPTER II.

Still art thou all which thou wert when a child,
Only more holy, and only less wild! *Hervey.*

Violet, Blanche and Eleanor had each a little boudoir attached to her chamber, and the peculiar taste of each was in no way more characteristically displayed, than in the adornment of these pet rooms. Eleanor's was gay and elegant; filled with a profusion of the richest bijouterie, mirrors, curtains of sea-green and gold, and sofas, ottomans and cushions of crimson velvet. The romantic Blanche had chosen curtains and furniture of the palest rose-colored damask; covered the walls with sentimental second-rate pictures, and the tables with flimsy annuals and magazines. But Violet's room was a little fairy paradise. The full, snow-white muslin drapery, gracefully shading the windows, let in the sunbeams on the rich carpet, on the exquisite miniature groups of sculpture in alabaster, the classic vases filled with rare and delicate flowers, and the few richly bound books of poetry, philosophy and romance which lay around. A figure of Cupid in flight, bearing a watch on his pinions, was the tasteful design of a time-piece, singularly in keeping with the tone of the place, where Love must have ever "lent wings to Time." There were but three pictures, but they were chef d'œuvres of a master in the art. One was the Virgin, another a lovely landscape, and the third a sleeping child. On the marble mantel-shelf, on either side of the time-piece, were two lamps of exquisite workmanship, in white marble, one borne by a Psyche, bending over her slumbering lover, the other by Gulnare at the couch of Conrad. Three little French lounges of black walnut and green velvet, a luxurious arm-chair and an embroidered cushion, the favorite seat of Violet, completed the *coup d'œil*. And Violet sat there, the morning after the concert, on that low cushion, looking as fresh and pure, in her gray, transparent muslin robe, as the dewy moss-rose on the stand beside her. She held to her lips a tiny porcelain vase, beautifully painted, filled with lilies of the valley, and in the other hand, which rested on her lap, was an open paper containing the following lines.

TO THE LILY'S SISTER.

This morn, when Aurora above the lake bent, love,
To tie up the braids of her pale, golden hair,
While the gleam of her curls, to its small ripples lent, love,
Looked just like a star, broke and fallen in there,

Away from their banquet the fairies I frightened,
For I shook, from a wet spray, a shower-bath of dew;
And their luminous winglets all quivered and lightened,
Like fire-flies, round me as swiftly they flew.

Their cut-diamond dinner-set with them departed;
But one painted vase-full of lilies was left—
Their stateliest treasure—forgot when they started—
I stole it and ran—oh, forgive me the theft!

And take it, dear maiden! and while you are stealing
The sigh that my fairy bouquet breathes for you,
Remember the flowers of Fancy and Feeling,
We 've twined in bright hours, too fleet and too few!

Violet wore but one ornament that evening, at the soirée they gave—it was the fairy bouquet from the porcelain vase. Were the flowers really enchanted? Had they borne with them, to her bosom, the spells of fairy-land? Were their tiny bells, unheard by all but her, ringing a choral peal of light and dainty music, such as in Titania's realms is signal for the dance? What else could have brought that divine rose-hue to her delicate cheek? What else could have kindled in those drooping eyes the light their lashes could not hide? Ah! it was love had charmed the flowers—'t was he that rung the fairy bells! And though Eleanor shone like a star amid the crowd, with her dark hair wreathed with gems, Stanton saw but his own little lily of the valley—for henceforth she "alone was fair," her "whisper only sweet." And though Blanche sung, softly and meltingly, the following pathetic song—

A pride I would not alter,
Forbids me to reveal,
Howe'er my soul may falter,
The wretchedness I feel!

And so, with idle laughter,
I while away the hours,
And weep in secret after,
O'er memory's buried flowers.

They say I 'm all too wild,
They chide my reckless joy,
They call me but a child,
That plays with every toy:—

A child! they little know
The woman-woes I've proved;
Too wild! 't is but to show
A soul by grief unmoved.

And so, with seeming laughter,
I while away the hours,
And weep a moment after,
O'er memory's buried flowers.

Yet I was once all glee, love,
A singing bird in spring,
My spirit fluttered free, love,
On light and sportive wing.

But Fate his arrow sent,
And broke the buoyant wing,
And changed to wild lament
The song I used to sing.

And now, with mocking laughter,
I chase the weary hours,
And weep in anguish after,
O'er memory's buried flowers.

As she only wept in *song*—melodious tears—they did not have the effect intended; for ere the moss-rose faded in the bower, our Violet knelt at the altar beneath the bridal veil, with Stanton at her side.

THE STOCKBRIDGE BOWL.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

The Stockbridge Bowl! Hast ever seen?
How sweetly pure and bright!
Its foot of stone, and rim of green
Attract the traveler's sight—
High set among the breezy hills,
Where spotless marble glows,
And favored by the gushing rills,
Distilled from mountain-snows.

You 've seen, perchance, the classic vase
At Adrian's villa found,
The grape-vines that its handle chase,
And twine its brim around,
But thousands such as that which still
The Warwick nobles keep,
Might in this Stockbridge Bowl be lost,
Like pebbles in the deep.

It yields no sparkling draught of fire
To mock the maddened brain,
Like that which warmed Anacreon's lyre
Amid the Teian plain,
But freely, with a right good will,
Imparts its fountain-store,
Whose heaven-replenished crystal still
Can wearied toil restore.

Its power the Indian hunter knew,
And oft its praises spoke,
Long ere the white man's stranger-plough
These western valleys broke;

The panting deer, that wild with pain
From his pursuers stole,
Inhaled new life to every vein
From this same Stockbridge Bowl.

And many a son of Berkshire skies,
Those men of noble birth,
Though now, perchance, their roofs may rise
In far or foreign earth,
Shall on this well-remembered vase
With thrilling bosom gaze,
And o'er its mirrored surface trace
The joys of earlier days.

But one,* who, with a spirit-glance,
Hath moved her country's heart,
And bade from dim oblivion's trance
Poor Magawiska start,
Hath won a fame, whose blossom rare
Shall fear no blighting sky,
Whose lustrous leaf grow fresh and fair,
Though Stockbridge Bowl be dry.

* The Great Pond in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, is a singularly beautiful expanse of water. Its original Indian name, which is not euphonious enough for its quiet loveliness, was Quitchuschook. Miss C. M. Sedgwick, whose birth is the glory of that region, as her pen is the treasure of her country, says in a delightful essay, entitled "Berkshire," recently published in "Graham's Magazine," that "the English equivalent to this aboriginal name, 'The Bowl,' is short, simple, and perfectly descriptive. No bowl was ever more beautifully formed, nor ever, even in old Homer's genial verse, sparkled more invitingly."

WHAT IS LOVE LIKE?

BY JOS. W. FINLEY.

What is Love like?
Like a butterfly's wing,
When rich with the perfumes of early spring.
What is Love like?
Like the rosy ray,
That heralds to life the blushing day:
Like music that steals o'er the mighty deep,
When its tumults are hushed, and its billows sleep.

What is Love like?
Like a rainbow's form,
Decking with pomp life's passing storm:—
Like the dew-drop that nestles in fairy bowers,
Imbued with the fragrance and hues of flowers:—
Like the visions of light and of glory that stray
O'er the souls of the just, as they 're passing away,
Supported by Faith, to eternal rest,
In the presence of God!—on a Savior's breast!

DAVID HUNT.

A STORY OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

(*Continued from page* 140.)

DAVID HUNT and his companion had ridden hard in hopes of making their way through the woods before the storm came on, but there was full six miles of forest cut only by the narrow and broken road through which night travelers passed with some danger even in the best weather. But they had scarcely cleared a third of their way when the rain began to fall in great heavy drops, and the storm mustered around them with terrible force. The heavy farm-horses which they rode stumbled in the deep ruts and became almost unmanageable as the thunder came crashing peal after peal over head, and the woods around seemed a-fire with lightning. Still the riders urged them forward, for the peril seemed equal if they returned or pursued their way home.

"Great heavens! did you see that?" exclaimed Shaw, reining in his horse with a firm hand and pointing in the direction whence they had come.

"I thought it had struck somewhere," replied Hunt, checking his horse for a moment and looking back. "Ha, it is the old tree at the cross-roads. How the flames shoot up, it was as dry as tinder. Thank Heaven, while it burns we shall have light enough to keep our horses from breaking their knees in the confounded mud holes.

"Hear that!" exclaimed Shaw, and his face changed in the red light.

"Heavens and earth! it is upon us—what shall we do?" cried Hunt, wheeling his horse suddenly, and the light from the burning tree revealed his face also white with terror as he rode back a few paces and drew up again, agitated and irresolute.

"We may as well go forward, there is nothing to choose. It will be upon us long before we can clear the wood either way," shouted Shaw, looking back.

"Lord preserve us! it will be an awful gust, and Hannah is alone!"

Hunt spoke loud and joined Shaw as he uttered these words, but the noise of the elements would have overwhelmed a band of trumpets, and no one heard him. Terrified into almost supernatural exertion, the two horses plunged on, stumbling, leaping, and sometimes staggering through the storm like drunken creatures. The riders spoke to each other again and again, shouted even, but the rushing wind swept away their voices, and but for the quick flashes of lightning which every instant revealed their pallid faces each to the other they could not have kept together.

Still the terrific storm was not upon them in its full might. The thunder boomed and crashed overhead, the giant trees were laced together through and through with fiery lightning, the wind was strong and high; but far down in the forest came a still more terrible sound. The whirlwind was coming up from the dark north, heaving onward with a fierce, rushing roar, and crushing down the mighty forest in its path—on and on it came, like a mighty ocean heaving loose from its foundations. And now it was upon them! The two horses stood still, quaking with terror, their riders cast themselves forward upon the shivering beasts, clung to their dripping necks, and they too were motionless.

On it came, gathering new strength and terror. The hoarse winds, the thunder, and the noise of giant trees uprooted like reeds and dashed to the earth, mingled together and deafened the very heavens.

The air was black with clouds of mangled foliage—great limbs of trees, masses of loose leaves—vines twisted asunder and saplings torn up by the roots went rushing by. The wind now scattered them abroad—now drove them together in masses. The lightning shot its fiery tongues through and through them, and the rain mingled with it all, not with the soft lulling sweetness of water-drops that fall gently from the clouds, but blent with all the turbulent elements that made the night horrible.

Still the horses crouched their limbs together and buried their hoofs deep in the earth, and the riders clung to them awe-stricken and breathless—all at once the ground began to heave under them. The earth was torn up all around—a great oak, whose roots were tangled under the soil far across the road, fell crashing close behind them. The maddened horses leaped forward—the outer branches of the falling tree almost brushed the riders from their seats, and the huge trunk fell across the road just where they had been an instant before. The horse which David Hunt rode cleared the tree first, and was plunging on in the darkness, when a sharp cry cut to his ear, even through the storm. Hunt grasped the bridle with both his strong hands, and, putting forth all his strength, wheeled his horse round, for Shaw was still behind. A flash of lightning revealed his horse without a rider; Shaw was upon the ground—a black mass that might be a heavy limb of the falling tree, or a human being stooping over him, was betrayed for an instant and all was black again.

"Shaw, are you hurt?—answer me, answer if you are not killed," shouted the former, hoarse with terror.

He listened—no sound—nothing but the fierce storm.

"Speak! do speak! I dare not ride on, the horse might tread you to death in the dark. Are you calling out?—the storm is so loud I might not hear if you did—try, try, the least shout will tell me where you are!"

Another flash of lightning revealed Shaw's horse, and with a shout of joy Hunt saw the figure of a man rise from the earth and spring upon his back. The next instant all was darkness again; but Hunt felt the horse of his companion pressing close to his as the two animals urged their way, breast to breast, through the abating storm.

"Were you hurt?" shouted Hunt, anxiously, feeling in the dark for his companion's hand, which hung motionless and dripping wet by his side.

"No, no, a limb swept me from the saddle, that was all!"

"Thank God it was no worse!" exclaimed Hunt, in a voice which bespoke the hearty gratitude which he felt, and, wringing the damp hand which he had seized, the good man uttered another fervent "thank God."

That instant a glare of lightning passed over them. Hunt saw the face of his companion, and his warm fingers tightened on the hand they had enlocked.

"How white—how strange you look!" he said, powerfully agitated. "Shaw, own it, you are hurt, I hardly know you with that face!"

The hand which David held was wrung harshly from his grasp, and the reply which reached him, like all that had gone before, was broken and half drowned by the storm.

"No, no, it is only the lightning. My horse is lamed though. You must break the way for us."

As these words were uttered, the speaker fell back and rode behind Hunt till a light gleamed from a little window in the distance, like a star braving the stormy night to guide the wanderers home.

"There, there Hannah is up and waiting for us," cried the glad father, and, urging their horses on, the travelers dismounted at the cabin door.

"The horses have had a tough time of it," said Hunt, shaking the water from his garments; "they must be fed first."

"I will take care of them, go in, go in," exclaimed his companion, holding forth the bag of money; "put this away—I will come back in a minute."

David took the money in one hand and pulled the latch string with the other; his companion turned abruptly when the light fell on him through the door and led the horses away without answering Hunt, who shouted after him to hurry back, for Hannah was waiting with supper on the table.

Sure enough supper was on the table—a cake of rich corn-bread, warm from the fire—a young chicken nicely broiled, and a saucer of golden butter just from the churn stood temptingly ready on the snow-white table-cloth. There was pretty Hannah, her cheeks all rosy with the heat, pouring a stream of sparkling hot water from the clumsy kettle into a little britannia tea-pot, battered with long use, but bright as silver, which had been standing on the hearth at least two hours with the lid temptingly thrown back and ready to receive the water, that kept singing away in the kettle, at any moment.

"So you *have* come—I thought it was you," exclaimed Hannah, closing the lid of the tea-pot, and going up to her father, her sweet face sparkling with gratified joy, she flung her arms around the old man's neck and kissed his wet cheek.

"Have you been much frightened, darling?" said the old man, tenderly taking her hand in his.

"Oh, yes, very much till I heard you coming. I was so afraid that you would get hurt in the woods. I have been crying here all alone half the evening, and yet it seemed as if all would turn out well, and so it has—here you are, but Isaac, he did not let you come back alone?"

"Oh, no—he is turning out the horses—but a tree fell close by us and he got a fall—nothing to speak of though," added the kind man, observing that the cheek of his daughter turned pale.

"You are sure no one is hurt?" said Hannah, in a low voice, winding her fingers around the huge hand which was clasping them.

"Yes, yes, but what is the matter—what ails your hand? You are not afraid of a little water, are you?"

Hannah turned to the light and looked earnestly at the fingers her father had been clasping; they were crimson with blood.

"Father, father, you are hurt, and will not tell me," she exclaimed, turning toward him and holding up her hand. "Oh, father, how could you deny it? See, your sleeve is spotted, your hand is wet with it; tell me, tell me, where are you hurt?"

"Hurt!" exclaimed Hunt, going close to the light, where he examined the sleeve of his linen coat and his crimson hand in a state of painful bewilderment; "hurt! no, I am not hurt; but where did this come from?"

His ruddy cheek became a shade paler as he shook the drops from his fingers—for there was water as well as blood upon his hand—and an expression of doubt and anxiety stole over his face.

"It must be Shaw," he muttered at length, stealing a glance through the door, as if anxious for the appearance of his friend. "His arm may be cut; ah, I remember, that made him fling off my hand so savagely; well, it may not be much after all!"

Hannah stood watching her father as he muttered these words, in a voice so subdued that it scarcely reached her ear.

"Father," she said at length, laying her hand on his arm, "tell me, tell me all! where is Isaac?"

"Out there with the horses, I tell you," replied Hunt, shaking off the strange feelings produced by the blood upon his hand, and speaking out with his usual frankness. "There, put away the money in my chest, I had forgotten it."

Setting the bag of money on a corner of the table, Hunt began to examine his garments over again,

muttering to himself with seeming wonder at the state they were in.

Hannah took up the bag with a shudder, for the canvas had a red stain upon it; she placed it in the chest pointed out by her father, and gave him the key with a forced smile, which looked ghastly on lips so pallid as hers had become.

"Come now, bustle about and get some dry clothes ready against Shaw comes in; he is dripping wet, I can tell you," said Hunt with renewed cheerfulness, "but first bring me a basin of water to wash my hands. Where on earth can this have come from?" he muttered, while laving his hands in the basin, and once more his face took an anxious expression.

Hannah had already prepared dry garments both for her father and his guest. Hunt went into his own little bed-room, and came out dry and comfortable. Still Shaw did not appear. Hannah seated herself at the table, broke the corn bread, and poured out a cup of tea. Hunt took the cup, set it down untasted, and, leaning his elbows on the table, waited for his companion to come in. At last he started up and went to the door; a horse was standing near, with a saddle on and his bridle dragging along the wet grass. It was his own horse. The old man started out into the rain, caught the horse and led him toward the stable, where he expected to find Shaw. All was still in the log stable, the door was open, but no living thing stirred within. Hunt shouted aloud, again and again; he went into the house for a lantern, and searched everywhere for his friend; Hannah followed him in silence, the tears rolling down her pale face, and oppressed with anxiety such as had never filled her heart before. It was all in vain; no voice answered the anxious shout of David Hunt. Once he heard something like the quick tramp of a horse down in the woods; the sound lasted but an instant, and both father and daughter went into the house, filled with trouble and consternation.

The whirlwind went by; the rain ceased, and the wind died moaning amid the torn foliage; the moon came out in the firmament once more, smiling, like the eye of an unconscious child, over the wild scene below. It looked calmly upon the earth, torn and ragged, and harrowed up as it had been with the storm—on the shattered trees—the herbage broken and soiled, and heaped together in ridges on the places it had beautified when the sun went down. Like a Christian soul, eager to fling a mantle of charity over the ruin which sin has made, that peaceful moon wove a veil of misty silver amid the devastation which, but for it, would have been dreary indeed.

But there was one object lying in the cart-road deep in the forest, which the pure moonbeams but rendered more horrible. It was a human form, flung like a slaughtered animal across the trunk of the oak which Hunt had seen uprooted but an hour before. The lax limbs were entangled in a bough which was broken, bent and crushed by their weight; the face was turned upward, white, cold and ghastly, among a mass of leaves, matted together by the dark stream which trickled heavily down from the body upon them.

There were none of those pleasant sounds of dropping water which would have followed a common storm in the forest, for the winds had swept the rain away as it fell, and a hush like that of death was all around. But that small current of blood, welling slowly down over the drenched hunting-frock, which hung around the body, through the crushed leaves to the earth, drop by drop, fell upon the sweet air with sluggish and horrid monotony, still the moonbeams smiled upon the scene as they had smiled upon the blossoming turf the night before.

The smothered hoof-fall of a horse, smiting his way through the mud, gave another sluggish sound to the still night. It grew slower and more laborious as the jaded horse drew near, and stopped altogether some paces from the uprooted oak. A man, whose thin face looked sharp and haggard in the moonbeams, dismounted and struck a fierce, unsteady blow, with a stick he gathered up from the wayside, which sent the poor animal tearing down the road. The branches of that fallen oak crashed under him as he rushed through it. The body slid downward a little, and the horse plunged, with clanking stirrups and loose bridle, deep into the forest. When this sound had entirely died away, the horseman crept toward the oak, softly, as if he was afraid of arousing the body to life; he looked neither to the right nor left, but with his face toward the body, though his glittering eyes were fixed on the dark trees beyond, not on the gloomy object itself.

The man stooped down as he drew near the tree, crouched lower and lower till his knees sunk in the ground, and groped about in the mud and herbage, as if in search of something. His hand touched the blade of a knife, half-buried in the earth, he grasped it by the point, sprung to his feet with a sharp breath, and holding it before him, clenched eagerly with both hands, laughed a horrible choking laugh as the blade shook in the moonlight.

"You will bear no evidence against me now, old friend," he said, in a voice that fell upon the air so strange and hoarse that he started and looked over his shoulder, as if another man had spoken his thoughts. All was still, but the murderer had been frightened by his own voice, and slunk away with his face still turned back toward the body, though he had never once looked upon it.

Another horse was tied in a hollow, scarcely twenty paces down from the road, through all the hurricane, and with the lightning firing his eyes he had stood without wincing; but now that he saw his master coming heavily toward him he began to paw the mud with his hoof, and gave a faint neigh. The man parted his lips, and tried to check this manifestation of joy, but the words died in his husky throat, and mounting with difficulty he rode away, faint and wavering to and fro on his seat.

CHAPTER III.

Three weeks after the events related in our last chapter, a horseman rode slowly through the clearing

before David Hunt's cabin, and dismounting beneath the huge chestnut, which was yet standing with its trunk cut through to the heart, and all the foliage on the upper branches hanging withered and crisp in the morning sunshine. As the man passed from under the tree his foot struck something upon the ground. It was David Hunt's axe, rusted and wet with dew, which had been lying upon the same spot till the grass and strawberry vines had crept over and tangled themselves around it so completely that, but for his accidental stumble, it might not have been discovered. The man lifted the axe, examined it closely, and muttering—

"There is nothing here but rust—downright honest rust"—rested the implement against the tree and moved across the clearing.

David Hunt's cabin stood desolate and uninhabited, like a forsaken bird's nest, in the midst of its little vegetable garden—no wreath of smoke went curling up from the stick chimney in the quiet morning air, and, though it was near the breakfast hour, no snowy napkin streaming from the window proclaimed the waiting meal. The door was unlocked, and our horseman had but to touch it with his foot to gain entrance into the dwelling. How lonesome and neglected it was! A few ashes lay upon the hearth, caked together with the water that had rained down the open-mouthed chimney; a bed stood in one corner, made up neatly, and covered with a pretty patchwork quilt, but the pillows were spotted with mildew, and the same damp mould had eaten its way in many a broad patch over the glowing colors of the quilt. The back window, close by, was open, and a mass of morning glory vines entangled with scarlet runners in full flower had forced their way through and crept along the wall. They had twisted themselves around one of the bed-posts, and were creeping over the head-board, where they hung in a light and graceful wreath, rendering the decay and stillness around yet more melancholy by contrast.

The man who gazed upon this scene was but a backwoods constable, rough and uncultivated, but even he was affected by this picture of home comforts so completely abandoned. He had come to search the house, but moved about with a soft tread, and unlocked the cupboards and that large chest with a bunch of keys which he took from his pocket stealthily, as if his heart would not permit him to handle roughly the household gods of another man. He started up from his knees by the chest, and dropped the garment he was examining, like a guilty one, when a noise at the window disturbed him. It was only the house cat, gaunt and thin with hunger, who had just come in from the woods, and stood staring at him from the window sill, with a flying-squirrel in her jaws. The poor animal had attained a fierce and savage look, from solitude and the wild search which she had been compelled to make for food, but she dropped her prey and crept toward the man, purring mournfully, and rubbing herself against his thick boots.

"Poor puss, poor puss," murmured the man, stooping down to smooth her rough coat with his hand.

But, as if she had not seen that he was a stranger before, the cat snapped angrily at his hand, and darted away to the squirrel, which she seized in her mouth and carried under the bed, where she remained growling fiercely, and peering at the stranger, from under the valance, with her round, savage eyes, as she devoured her victim.

After he had examined every thing below, the man went up a ladder which led to the garret, where he continued his search among the barrels and bunches of dried herbs which it contained, but evidently to no effect, for he came down the ladder muttering—

"There 's nothing here—nothing on arth that can tell agin him, and I 'm as glad of it as if I 'd caught a bear in a coon trap. Consarn me if I can believe the old chap 's guilty arter all!"

With these words the constable went out, closing the door carefully after him, and mounting his horse made the best of his way to the Bend.

Judge Church was walking up and down the veranda, in front of his tavern, when the constable rode up.

"Well, neighbor, well!" exclaimed the kind-hearted man, "what news? how have you made out?"

"Just as I expected. There 's nothing in the cabin but the fixens that belong there, and they 're nigh upon spiled—for my part, I never could see the use of going out there agin."

"Never mind, Johnson, never mind; that flinty lawyer would insist on it, and you know it wont do for me to interfere. They mistrust me, I can see that—but they need n't—they need n't! I always liked Hunt. It goes agin my feelings to believe him guilty—but if they prove it—if he has killed that young fellow and then robbed him, I shall do my duty, Johnson. I must do my duty!"

"And I must do mine too," replied the constable; and he added, bending down nearer to the judge, "but it will be a tough job to tie the halter round that old man's neck; between you and I, judge, when you have done your part of the business, and my turn comes, there may be a log missing from the old jail there!"

A bright gleam shot to the judge's eye, but he shook his head reprovingly.

"No, no, Johnson, that will never do; law is law; but hush, hush—do n't think of any thing of the kind yet. We must do our duty—the laws must be maintained, Mr. Johnson!"

The judge spoke these last words in a raised voice, and accompanied with a warning look, which the constable understood, for just then William Wheeler come sauntering round a corner of the house, and slowly approached them. The appearance of this man had been much changed since his presentation to the reader; his features had become sharp and thin, a restless, anxious expression would constantly break over them, notwithstanding the listless air which he always assumed. His figure had shrunk away till the hunting-frock, which he always wore, hung loosely over it. All this gave a neglected look to his whole person, combined, as it was, with the disorder visible in the remainder of his dress.

"Halloa, Wheeler," said the constable, glancing at the young man's dress, which was even more roughly put on than it had been the day before, and resting his eyes at last on the clumsy boots, which gave a still more slovenly air to his person, "you are so much like one of us that I did not know you at first. Glad to see you taking to the brush like a man, at last. There was no living sociable with a chap who wore a silk handkerchief week days, and had his calf-skin boots blacked every morning. I tell you what, it makes us plain homespun fellows mistrustful."

Wheeler had approached them with the heavy, restless air of a man who had known but little sleep for many nights, but when Johnson uttered the last word he lifted his eyes, which seemed almost black from the dark shadows around them, and cast a keen glance from the constable to the judge.

"Mistrustful," he said, with a forced smile, "mistrustful of me?"

"Not now, that you dress like a man, and have given up pinching your feet out of all shape!" replied the constable. "But what have you done with the rights-and-lefts? Give them to old Brown; let him hang them up at his door for a sign. Come, bring the things out, and I'll leave them as I go along!"

"You would only get one of them, at best," said Wheeler, with an unnatural laugh. "The hostler got tired of blacking them, I suppose, though I paid him well enough for the trouble."

"So he rubbed them with tallow and spoiled the polish," cried the constable, laughing.

"No; worse than that. He lost one boot altogether. So I was obliged to patronize old Brown," replied Wheeler, with affected carelessness.

"A cunning fellow, that hostler of yours," said Johnson, nodding to the judge, and taking up his bridle.

"I say, Wheeler," he added, turning again to the young man, "you wanted an order to see David Hunt, one day last week; I am going down to the jail now, you can walk along and I will let you in."

Wheeler hesitated a moment. "Is his daughter there now?" he inquired.

"Oh yes, poor gal, she never leaves the old man.

"Well, wait a moment, and I will go with you," replied Wheeler, turning to mount the tavern steps.

"Is he acquainted with Hunt?" inquired the judge, addressing Johnson the moment Wheeler was out of hearing.

"Not that I know of," was the reply, but "he is hand-and-glove with the prosecuting attorney, and it would not answer to refuse him."

"Just so," said the judge, rather anxiously, "but give the prisoner a hint before he goes in; the fellow is silky as an ear of green corn, but I don't like him. He may be put up to this by the attorney, and so take advantage of any thing he can get out of poor Hunt—put the old man on his guard—you understand!"

"Yes, yes, I will see to it," replied Johnson hastily. "Come to think now, I may as well ride on and leave orders for the jailer to let him in. If we go together there will be no chance to caution the old man."

"Ride on, then," replied the judge, "I will tell him how it is!" and with a friendly shake of the hand the judge and the constable separated.

After a little time Wheeler descended from the room, where he had been arranging his dress, and walked hurriedly down the road toward the county jail, which stood on the outskirts of the town.

CHAPTER IV.

The jail was built of logs, and erected after the usual fashion of such buildings, but the windows were heavily grated, and the huge logs were bolted together with iron bars, which formed a massive wall scarcely less vulnerable than granite itself. The doors, too, were knobbed with great spike nails, and bolted with massive bars, just as they came from the forge. Altogether, though rudely built, the jail was not only strong but well guarded, and it must have been a desperate man indeed who could hope for escape when once immured within its rugged walls.

But the stout farmer, who was the only important prisoner in the building, had little thought of escape. If the massive logs could have crumbled to dust at his feet, David Hunt would not have fled one step from the captivity in which his friends and neighbors had placed him. Still imprisonment was a weary trial to an old man who had been all his life an active tiller of the soil—a healthy, enterprising, cheerful farmer. He felt restive, and sometimes almost sullen, cooped up—as he expressed it—like a barn-door fowl with its wings clipped; sometimes he gave way to fits of childlike melancholy, for—innocent or guilty of Isaac Shaw's death—the old man could not but feel the event deeply; the more so as his gentle and suffering daughter was always near, to remind him, by her sad and mournful attempts at cheerfulness, how terribly she felt the event which had rendered her young heart desolate.

Sometimes, David Hunt would give way to fits of sturdy indignation against those who had placed him in confinement, and again he would admit, with simple-hearted candor, that appearances were strong against him, and he could not blame those who, on evidence so conclusive, had dragged him from his quiet home, and shut him up, to undergo a disgraceful trial for the murder of a man whom he had loved as a son.

"I would not have cared," said David to his daughter, on the morning after Constable Johnson had been at the jail to warn him of Wheeler's visit, "I would not have cared a bean-stalk about being shut up here, if I didn't have to see every scoundrel that chooses to come in and ask me impudent questions. It's bad enough to think that poor Ike is gone—don't turn pale, don't cry so, Hannah—you did not think it was me, if I did bring home the money with red hands! You don't—I know my own daughter will never believe it!"

"No, no, my father—my dear, good father! never think it again," exclaimed Hannah, winding her arms around the stout old man and kissing his brown cheek, while she trembled and wept with agitation. "But he is dead—dead and gone—and, oh father, how I did love him!"

"I know it, gal, I know it well enough," said the prisoner, bending the pale head of his child back between both his great hands and kissing her forehead, while his stout form trembled and tears ran down his cheeks. "I know you loved him, and he was as good a fellow as ever lived; but if he is in Heaven, Hannah—and why not? he was good enough to go there, though he was n't a member to any church—if Ike Shaw can only look down from Heaven now, he knows that I did n't do it—I! why Hannah, I loved him amost as well as you did!"

David Hunt sunk down to a bench, that ran across his prison-room, and, covering his face with both hands, sobbed aloud, though he was ashamed of his tears, and struggled hard against them. Hannah crept to his side, and bending her fair head upon his breast tried to comfort him.

"I did n't do it, Hannah—the God of Heaven knows I did n't. I 'm growing thin. I look downhearted sometimes, I know that—but it is n't a guilty conscience. They may hang me to-morrow, if they like, but I 'll cry out 'not guilty' with my last breath. They sha n't point you out, Hannah, arter I 'm gone, and say, 'there goes the gal whose father owned that he had killed a man, just as they swung him off.' They sha n't, I say—they never shall do that, Hannah!"

And pressing the poor weeping girl to his broad bosom, with both his arms, David Hunt swayed to and fro on his seat, protesting that he was innocent, and striving to sooth her grief. But when she moved on his bosom and tried to murmur words of confidence and hope through her tears, he burst forth again.

"Never mind, gal, never mind—they may do it if they like—my own old neighbors, too—let them hang me, let them! I will take you with me. We will go together; for it would kill you to see them strangling your father like a dog—would n't it, Hannah? That will be best; and we can be buried in one spot, down in the woods, close by your mother. Do n't take on so—do n't take on, Hannah—we shall find them both in another world! Poor Ike, and your mother too; but you must go with me, Hannah, for the first thing that she will ask for will be the little gal she left behind for me to take care of, and I sha n't dare to tell her that I 've left you all alone in a world where an honest fellow can be hung for nothing, by his own neighbors, too!"

"Yes, father, we will go together. Neither of us have any thing to live for now," said Hannah Hunt, rising from her father's arms far enough to wind her own around his neck, and laying her pale, wet cheek feebly down on his shoulder. "I am glad, father, that you want me to go with you. The world would be so lonesome after—after that."

David Hunt laid his cheek down to the pale face upon his shoulder, and began rocking her in his arms again, without any other reply; for this rush of passionate feeling had exhausted even his great strength. By degrees both father and child became more calm, but David was still holding the strengthless girl in his arms, when the prison door opened and William Wheeler entered the room.

David Hunt sprung to his feet, set Hannah down, and dashing the tears from his face with an impetuous motion of the hand, walked quickly to the further end of his dungeon, where he turned, like a stag at bay, and waited in stern silence for his visiter to speak.

Almost for the first time in his life, William Wheeler was at a loss for words; he turned pale, and then the color burned hotly up to his forehead, but shaking off the fascination which the prisoner's eye seemed to fix upon him, he moved gently to the bench where Hannah was sitting, and placed himself near her. Hunt took a step forward, but before he could do more his daughter had left her seat and stood by his side, pale, and still trembling, but with the tear quenched in her eyes.

"Well, sir, what do you want here? This room belongs to the state. If I were a free man it could not cover us both half a minute longer."

"I have come as a friend; pray hear me with patience," said Wheeler, rising and moving toward the prisoner.

Hunt flung one powerful arm around his child, and motioned Wheeler back with the other.

"Stay where you are, Bill Wheeler; I care nothing about what place you stand in, but my gal, here, trembles as if a rattle-snake were crawling this way: keep where you stand, I can hear you well enough."

"Why do you treat me in this way?" said Wheeler, soothingly. "You may believe it or not, but I only came to see if I could help you. The trial comes on to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Hannah, faintly, and drawing closer to the old man.

"The evidence against him is enough to convict any man," continued Wheeler, still drawing toward the unfortunate pair. "The people are excited against you, Hunt. There is but one way to save your life—for the trial once over, they will hang you at once."

"But how—how can he be saved?" cried Hannah, in a voice of eager hope, which overwhelmed every other thought in her heart.

"By escape, Hannah, by escape," replied Wheeler, drawing close to the excited girl. "It will be easy to break the jail if he has a friend on the outside—I will be that friend—by to-morrow morning we can be safe in spite of all the constables in the country. I have money enough for us all—trust every thing to me!"

A flash of joy shot over the broad face of David Hunt as this prospect of liberty was presented before him, but it passed away, and grasping his child's hand very hard, as if to prevent her speaking, he gazed on Wheeler's face earnestly a moment, and then said, with cool composure,

"And what do you expect to gain by it, if I should break jail?"

"Nothing, nothing, but your own good will, Hunt, and the kind feelings of your handsome daughter here," replied Wheeler, stammering with embarrassment.

"And this is all you would be at?" continued Hunt, still with great coolness.

"Why Hannah knows how well I love her, but she does not know that I can take her down the river and make a lady of her—that I sometimes make money enough in one night to buy out your farm twice over."

"Oh, how, how?" inquired Hunt, as if much interested. "How can you clear so much money in a night?—how can you make a lady of my gal here?"

"Why, I will marry her the minute we get to one of the river towns, and money, money makes a lady where nothing else can, all over the country."

"Just so," muttered Hunt, grasping his daughter's hand still more firmly, as he felt her start and tremble. "But would you be kind to Hannah?"

"She shall sleep on gold, if she wishes it," replied the young man, with flashing eyes, and, emboldened by the quiet way in which Hunt seemed to be dropping into his plans, he attempted to withdraw Hannah from the protecting arm of her father, but Hunt put a hand against his breast and pushed him back.

"Not yet—she is not yours just yet. Look here, do you think that I murdered the poor young man in cold blood?"

"What else can any one think? He has disappeared. His money was found in your chest. What else can be thought?"

"You believe this, and yet will help the old murderer to break jail, and then marry his daughter!"

"I would do a great deal more than that for her sake," replied Wheeler, casting a look of revolting tenderness on the helpless girl.

"Well then, let me tell you, Bill Wheeler, if I was the cold-blooded murderer that you think I am, I should consider my gal here disgraced by marrying a man who would help me to escape; but I am no murderer nor robber, either. I would n't run away if these jail doors were flung wide open, and a troop of horses on the outside! If they want to try me for my life, let the neighbors do it. If they want to hang me, let them do that too. We are ready, Hannah, we are ready," and, wringing his daughter's hand with a sort of mournful exultation, the old man looked firmly in the face of his anxious visiter. "She would sooner be with her old father on the gallows than your wife. Would n't you, Hannah?" continued the firm old man, folding the poor girl in his arms.

Wheeler began to expostulate again, but the prisoner cut him short.

"It 's of no use, I tell you, I am determined to stand trial. I 'm not guilty, and I wont sneak away as if I was."

"But they will hang you. Even Judge Church is turning against you now," persisted the young man, becoming more and more anxious.

"Well, let him," cried Hunt, in a broken voice and dashing a tear from his rough cheek; "I should n't have believed it of him, though!"

Wheeler was about to urge his purpose still farther, but that moment the jail door was swung open, and our old friend, the blacksmith, came in. He cast a sharp glance at Wheeler as he entered, and shook Hunt warmly by the hand.

"Well, I have just seen the judge, and he says your trial will sartinly come on to-morrow!" exclaimed the good man, with a degree of cheerfulness which seemed remarkable under the circumstances. "They are all ready. The attorney has got evidence enough to hang fifty men; the whole would be complete as a nailed horse-shoe if they could only find the body. It 's a pity they can't find the body though, is n't it?"

Hunt shook his head and muttered, "It is strange."

"Got any lawyer fee'd yet?" inquired the smith.

"No," replied Hunt. "I have no money—besides, what could a lawyer do for me?"

"True enough, true enough," rejoined the smith, folding his dusty arms and laughing. "I will be your lawyer. "What do you say, Hannah, shall I be his lawyer?"

"You have always been a good friend," said the young girl, smiling faintly through her tears; "you have brought us our meals, and tried to cheer him up every day. No one has ever given us any hope but you."

"Yes, yes, depend on it, the truth will come out at last—such things always do one time or another."

The blacksmith turned half round as he uttered these words, and cast a keen glance from under his heavy eyebrows at Wheeler, who still lingered in the room.

The young man turned a little pale, but he tried to smile and muttered, in the low, silky voice which he could so well assume,

"Certainly, the truth always makes itself known at last."

"Well," continued the smith, wiping his hand on the leather apron which he always wore, and patting Hannah kindly on the head before he took leave of Hunt, "keep up your spirits, both of you, that is half the battle. I have left some provisions with the jailer; do n't let the thoughts of to-morrow spoil your appetite. Come, Wheeler, are you going my way?"

Wheeler hesitated and looked anxiously toward the prisoner, but meeting no encouragement to remain, he followed the smith out with evident reluctance.

[*To be continued.*

BRAYING.

BY GNOMAN.

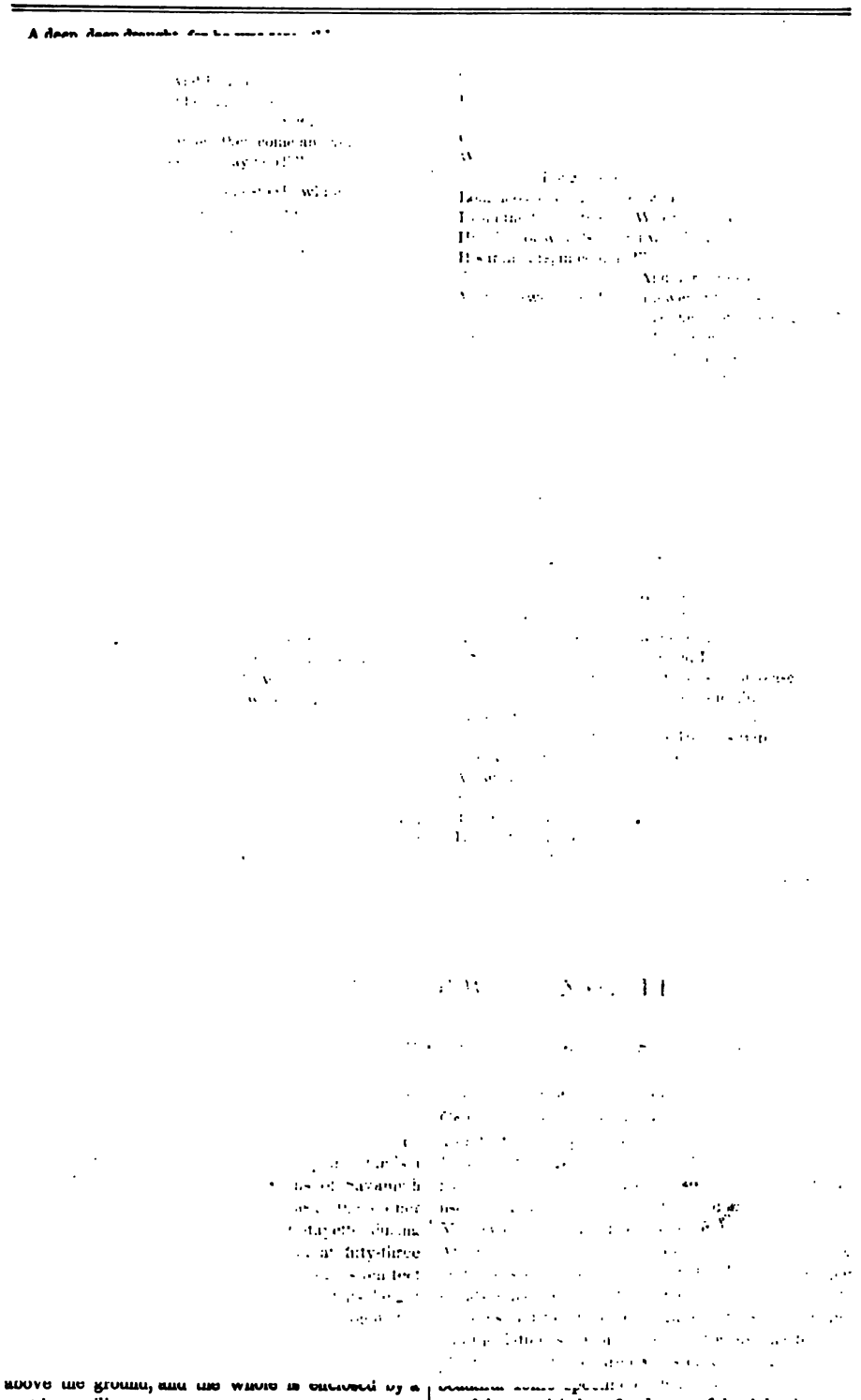
HEARING a great stump orator one day,
Who roared like Stentor, yet did nothing say,
Jack laughing cried, "This all belief surpasses,
We 've braying men, as well as braying asses!"

JAEL AND SISERA.

BY HENRY W. HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS," "THE DEATH OF SAMPSON," ETC.

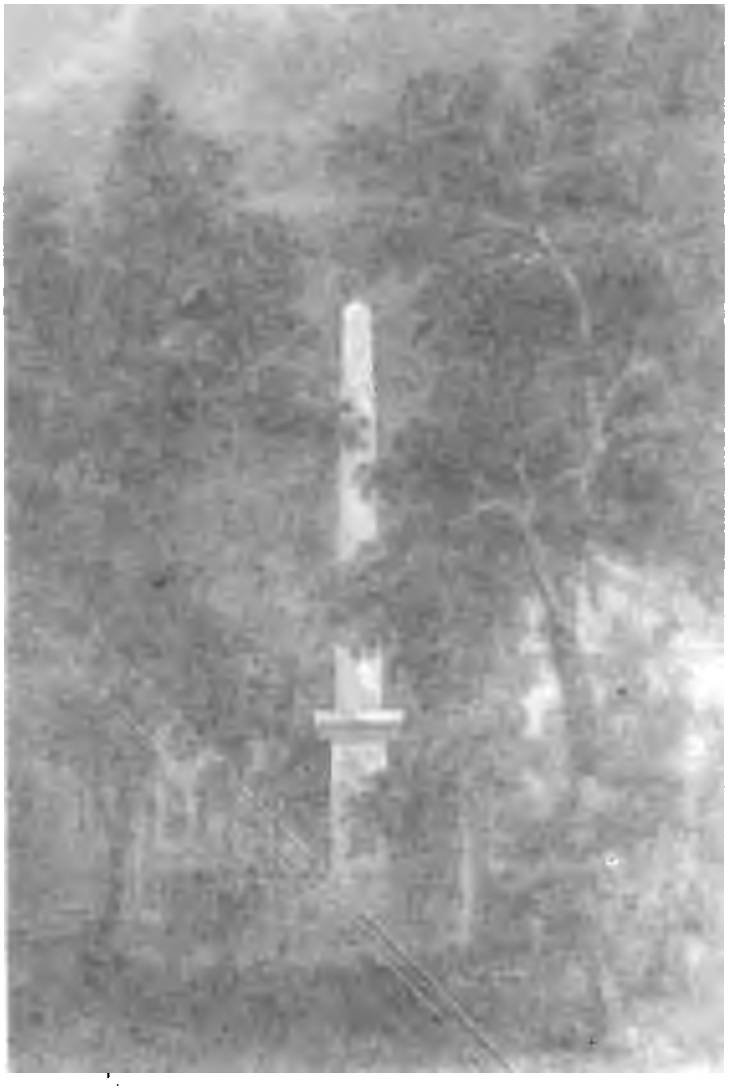
And Israel again before the Lord
Did evil; that he sold them to the hand
Of him who reigned in Hazor, Canaan's king;
And Sisera, the captain of his host,
Which lay with all his might of barbed horse,
Footmen, and bows, and iron chariots hung
On scythed axles, thrice three hundred strong,
In Harosheth of the Gentiles.—
Loud and long
Went up the clamorous and plaintive cry
Of the people, to their God, for twenty years
Scourged by the heathen grievously.
But now
Was Deborah, a prophetess, the wife
Of Lapidoth, who judged Israel,
Dwelling beneath the palm-tree's shade, which grew
Alone nigh Ramah, half way to Bethel,
In Ephraim's Mount; and all the people came
To her for judgment; and the Lord of Hosts,
The God of Abraham and Isaac, spoke
Out of her lips his oracles sublime,
True and eternal! that she sent and called
From Kedesh-Naphtali Abinoam's son,
Barak—and said unto him—
"Go, and draw
Toward Mount Tabor!—Hath not the Lord God
Of Israel commanded—'Go and take
Ten thousand men—ten thousand of the Tribes
of Naphtali and Zebulun, and I
Will draw unto thee, to the river's brink,
The river Kishon, Sisera and his host,
His chariots and his multitudes, to be
A spoil into thine hand?'"
And Barak said—
"If thou wilt go with me, then will I go—
But if thou wilt not, neither then will I."
And she replied—"Surely I go with thee—
But for this journey, that thou takest, lo!
Its glory shall not be to thee; nor thine
Its honor, who hast doubted! for the Lord
Into a woman's hand shall sell the might
Of Sisera."
And Deborah arose,
And Barak! and he summoned to Kedesh
Ten thousand men!—and Zebulun went up
And Naphtuli, ten thousand men of war!—
Thy princes, Issachar, were in the field
With Deborah, all-armed, with shields of brass
And brazen casques, and on their banners broad
A bounding stag for Issachar!—On foot
Went Issachar, with Barak—all on foot
Into the valley!
Reuben was afar,
Abiding in the sheep-folds, pleased to hear
The bleating of the flocks, the pastoral reed,
The songs of tuneful damsels in the shade,
But deaf to the clear trumpet!—
Gilead lay
Safe beyond Jordan!—and his guarded ships
Held Dan in shameful peace!—and, miles aloof,
On the seashore sat Asher, at his ease,
Abiding in his breaches!
But not so
Did Zebulun or Naphtali—not so!
They were a people on that fearful day
Who jeoparded their lives unto the death
In the high places of the field.
The kings
Came down and fought! the kings of Canaan fought
In Taanach, beside Megiddo's wave!
They fought—on earth, they fought—and took no gain
Of money!—
Yea! they fought from heaven! The stars
Fought in their courses against Sisera!
And the Lord smote him before Barak—him
And all his host, and all his cars of steel,
With the sword's edge! The River Kishon swept
Their mighty ones away—that river old,
The River Kishon!—there their horses' hoofs
Were broken by their prancings, that they fled—
With fiery Barak thundering on their rear,
Crushing their chariots, trampling down their strength
Riders and horses, in his hot pursuit,
To Harosheth of the Gentiles! with the sword
Smiting relentless, till of all the host
No man was left alive, but he alone,
Their leader! For he 'lighted down, and fled,
Leaving his chariot broken on the way,
And his proud steeds, that wont their lord to greet
With ear erect, and shrill triumphant joy
Of tremulous neighings, soiled with dust and gore,
Crest-fallen and subdued, and ne'er again
With toss and tramp to hail the welcome step
Of him who fed them!
On his feet he fled,
Toward Jael's tent, Heber the Kenite's wife,
Which pitched his tent nigh Kedesh in the plain
Of Zaanaim—for there was peace of old
Between the King of Hazor and the House
Of Heber!
And the woman saw him come,
Fleeing, bareheaded in the scorching noon,
Gory, and grim with dust, and spent with toil;
And cried unto him—
"Turn, my lord! turn in
Unto thy servant and fear not!"
And he
Was very weary; and his spirit was sick,
And his heart fainting—so he entered in
Into the tent, and laid him sadly down,
Trusting in her! And o'er his arms of price
She spread a mantle, as he lay at length
Painfully breathing.
And he said to her—
"Give me, I pray thee now, that I may drink,
A little water."
And she gave him milk,
Opening a leathern bottle; and he drank





above the ground, and the whole is enclosed by a cast-iron railing.

us of the exquisitely refined taste of the Athenians.



UNIV. OF ILL.

A deep, deep draught, for he was sore athirst,
And nigh to fainting.
And he laid him down,
And thanked her, and besought her—
"Stand awhile
In the tent door, and when they come and ask
Is any one within, see thou say 'no!'"

And Heber's wife arose, and stood awhile
Silently watching, till the rise and fall
Of the dark mantle, regular and calm,
And the soft placid murmur of his breath
Told that he slept—

Then stretched she out her hand,
And took a nail of the tent; and, in her left,
A workman's iron hammer!—and knelt down,
Pale, but exceeding beautiful, yet stern
In her exceeding beauty, at his side.
There was a wild light in her large dark eye,
And on her soft red lips a fearful smile,
A curl in her proud nostril—terrible,
Unwomanly, unnatural!—She knelt,
And listened with her ear beside his lip!—
Soft as a child he slept!—his fair broad brow—
Whereon of late the beaded sweat-drops stood,
Troubled, and ominous of strife within—
Calm as the river's breast; when, far below
The thundering cataract, it sinks to rest,
Aweary of convulsion!—His firm lips,
Parted a little, glittered with a smile,
Full of mild meaning; and anon a sound
Came feebly murmured forth—that woman's name,
Coupled with epithets of love!—who knelt,
With murder glaring from her wolfish eye,
And the steel ready in her delicate hand,
Athirst to slay.
She tarried not for that!
But set the nail's keen point against his brow
Softly, and raised the hammer head on high,
And smote!—smote once!—and through it went, and
through,
Piercing the ground beneath him!—needed not
A second!

At her feet he bowed him, and
Lay down—and fell—and, where he bowed, he died!
One strong, short spasm fluttered through his frame—
Proud frame, that had defied a banded host—
Prostrate before a woman—all was calm!
One sharp sigh struggled through his lips, and all
Was silent!
Long his mother watched on high!
Long looked she from her window, and cried out
From the tall lattice—"Wherefore tarry they,
His chariot wheels?—and why be they so long,
His iron cars, in coming?"
And her dames
Made answer—yea! she answered to herself—
"Have they not sped?—have they not gained a prey?
And have they not divided?—to each man
A blooming damsel, lovely as the morn,
And two to Sisera?—and glorious spoil
Of divers colors, vestures wrought about
In needle-work, fit for the necks of who
Fight valiantly, and make their foes their prey?"
But he came not! nor yet his cars of steel!
Nor brought they damsels, or the broidered wealth
Of raiments, who lay swart with blood and dust,
Parched by the sun, and torn by teeth obscene
Of the wild dog, and beak of carrion fowl,
Or weltering, tost on the ensanguined tide
Of Kishon, that old river!
But he lay—
The spoiled and not the spoiler!—but he fell
Ignobly slaughtered by a woman's hand!
So let thine enemies all perish, Lord;
But those who love thee, let them still increase
All-glorious as the sun, when in his might
He goeth forth!
And blessed be Heber's wife,
The Kivite, above women!—yea! above
All women in the tent! For though her deed
Seem harsh to human eyes, bloody and bold,
The Lord it was who ordered it, and He
Errs not—nor they who do his bidding straight
In innocent obedience, free from hate!

JUDGES, chap. iv.—v.

SOUTHERN VIEWS.—NO. III.

PULASKI MONUMENT—CHRIST CHURCH—SAVANNAH.

ONE of the most beautiful squares in the city of Savannah, Georgia, is that known as "Monument Square," situated a few yards from Bay street and the Exchange. In the centre of this square stands a Doric Obelisk, erected by the citizens of Savannah to the memories of Greene and Pulaski, the corner stone of which was laid by General Lafayette, during his visit in 1825. It is a marble monument, fifty-three feet in height. The base of the pedestal is ten feet four inches, by six feet eight inches, and its height about twelve feet. The needle which surmounts the pedestal is thirty-seven feet in height. The monument is built upon a platform of granite, three feet above the ground, and the whole is enclosed by a cast-iron railing.

To the east of the monument may be seen "Christ Church," a newly erected edifice. The order of architecture adopted in this building is the Grecian Ionic, of the age of Pericles. Throughout the exterior the example followed is, so far as the material used would permit, that of the double temple of Minerva Pallas and Erectheus, in the Acropolis of Athens. In the interior, the proportions of the temple of the Ilissus have been adopted. The first temple stands unrivaled for the lightness and grace of its columns and the delicate elegance of its ornaments, and the latter is much celebrated for its chaste simplicity. The three are confessedly among the most beautiful Ionic specimens that have come down to us of the exquisitely refined taste of the Athenians.

THE RECRUITING CAPTAIN.

AN INCIDENT OF 1776.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HERMIC QUAYRE: OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE," ETC.

Scene first.—A Coffee-House in Philadelphia.

Previous to the Revolutionary era—and perhaps its character remains unchanged—Philadelphia was the chosen theatre of the votaries of genteel dissipation. Balls, assemblies, routs—card-parties, dinner-parties, convivial-parties—followed each other with unabated zest. To this gay city were attracted many affluent families, from adjoining and even remote districts, which, mingling with the higher class of residentiary citizens, created a society unequaled, on the American continent, for brilliancy and refinement. Without king, or court, to give a tone to manners and social intercourse, it might suffer, perhaps, in comparison with the best society of London or Paris: but with Dublin, Hamburgh, or other European cities, similarly circumstanced, in which the professional and commercial were the highest classes, the parallel would result in favor of Philadelphia. It must not be concealed, however, that, besides the high-toned dissipation, to which we have prefixed the epithet "genteel," there ran a strong current of loose, convivial gayety, whose haunts were the coffee-house, the gaming-table, and other questionable resorts. At ball, or concert, a gallant was indeed exposed to the peril of bright eyes: but where the fair sex presided, reigned decorum and gentle manners, and the loss of a heart was not a fatal disaster. But in haunts where men only congregated—at the gaming-table, to which flushed and excited youth too often voluntarily resorted, or were enticed, the danger was imminent, the consequences disastrous.

One morn, of the primary year of independence, Charles Harris, a young man well known in the fashionable circles, entered a coffee-house, frequented by his own particular set, where last night's adventures were discussed, new engagements formed. The recent acquisition of a considerable legacy put him in excellent spirits, and he looked around for a companion in whose society he might vent the exuberance of his feelings. The only guest, for it was an early hour, was sitting in the darkest corner of the room, in a box almost hidden from view, his face buried in his hands, with head reclining over the table.

"It is—it must be he—Mark Stanley! Why, captain, how is this?—dead-beat, and the clock says ten minutes to eleven!" exclaimed Harris, sitting down opposite his acquaintance. The latter lifted up his head, and displayed, to the surprise of Charles, not the expected, usual tokens of a night's debauch, but traces of deep mental distress.

"Come, fling sorrow to the winds!" cried Harris, who, himself overcharged with exhilaration, could not bear with, or sympathize in, the grief of others.

"I have heard of *your* happiness, Charles," said the young man, "and I wish you joy, and, if you will permit me, good morning," and he arose to depart.

"But I won't permit," replied Harris, forcing the other to resume his seat. "I must chase away those two deep, ugly lines which cross your forehead: but first let me feel the pulse—I mean, hear your story."

Mark Stanley had a story to tell, and rather a dismal one: but first, let us communicate so much of his history as was already known to his friend. He was a showy young man, of good connections, but narrow income, studying, or rather pretending to study, the law, but more intent on making himself agreeable to the gay circle of which he was a bright scintillation. With lively parts, retentive memory, and quick imagination, it was fondly hoped by his relatives, on whom he was dependent for support during the course of study, that, spite of love of dissipation, and disinclination to severe study, he would yet make a figure in his profession by force of natural abilities.

In reply to the inquiry of Charles Harris, he lamented, in desponding language, neglect of law-studies, debt incurred, character for dissipation, and gay habits, too far gone to be restored, reputation tainted with bad odor.

Harris smiled. He knew the evil must be special which awoke remorse so early in the day. General complaint of his own bad habits was an old tale with Mark. It was observed by friends, at their convivial, bachelor suppers, where the glass circulated even more than freely, that at a particular stage of debauch, which the French *bons vivans* express by the term *entre deux vins*, previous to confirmed, or absolute, intoxication, it was the fashion for Mark to indulge in lachrymose lamentations.

"You would make any one believe, Mark," said Harris, "if the thought were not belied in your cold, cheerless face, that you had been turning day into night. But there is a remedy for the evils which you complain of, which I will propound in three sententious brevities—resume law-studies—retrench expenses—avoid dissipation."

"Where will be scope for a practitioner," asked Mark, "if Congress be driven from Philadelphia? Who'll want law when the country's overrun by the British?"

"And the man who asks that silly question," remarked Charles Harris, with a satirical smile, "is a dashing captain of infantry, of the newly raised third battalion of the continental army! Go, muster

recruits, join the camp—you are already a laggard, and it is talked of—win renown, and your character for dissipation will be soon forgot."

Mark attempted to smile, but it was a vain effort. He dare not trust utterance with a reply, and to hide the tears which he could scarcely restrain, made a second movement to leave the coffee-house.

"I think you can trust me, Mark, if you can trust any of your friends." exclaimed Harris, whose sympathies began to be excited by the other's distress; "sit down—if only for two minutes—perhaps I can aid you. Is there aught wrong between you and Miss Stanhope, or, what is more likely, between you and her father?"

Young Stanley admitted that he had been that morning forbidden the house by Mr. Stanhope, through rumors—too true—of heavy sums lost, or squandered a few evenings previous, at the gaming-table.

"And he did a wise thing, and 't is the best that could have happened to you," cried Charles, who proceeded to assure his friend, that he knew from good authority he was yet a favorite; the restriction had been doubtlessly imposed as a salutary warning to mend his manners.

"Too late! too late!" exclaimed Mark, in distraction. Yielding to his friend's well-intentioned importunity, he confessed that losses at the gaming-table—the notoriety of which deprived him of the countenance of the Stanhope family—included not only money which his relatives had mustered with difficulty (for cash was extremely scarce owing to the war,) for his military equipment, but also funds, which had been furnished by Congress, as a bounty to recruits. Public report might well brand him laggard, as his regiment had already marched to the scene of hostilities, whilst he remained behind, unable to complete the levies. But the real truth must soon out—his disgrace be known; and he knew not, as he declared to Charles Harris, what to do—unless he resigned his commission, and sought obscurity by joining the camp as a volunteer. His relatives, he knew, could not provide a second equipment, and even if they could, or would, he was still amenable to Congress for a heavier sum.

"You have had a very narrow escape, Mark Stanley," exclaimed his friend, after a long pause. "It is lucky I happen to possess, amidst the general dearth of money, a well-stocked purse. On one condition, I 'll drag you out of this scrape. You must promise, on your personal faith and honor, as a gentleman and a soldier—if I know you right, this is the only binding parole—not to go near the gaming-table again."

"You have indeed raised me from the earth, Charles," cried the grateful young man, pressing the hand of his friend.

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Scene II.—Recruiting. A Village in Pennsylvania.

It was asked in England, what was the uniform of the American army. "Blue and buff, when I left," was the reply, "but by this time it must be all buff." And truly the patriot forces were reduced to extreme straits for clothing, and made but a sorry figure in contrast with the spruce British guards. But as yet, it was holiday-time with our dashing captain, Mark Stanley, whose sleek, shining broadcloth was guiltless of contact with the soil of the entrenchment and miry ditch.

Strolling toward the village-tavern, his head-quarters whilst beating up for recruits, (who came but slowly, the ground had been so often traversed,) he met his sergeant. This man, by name John Broadbent, was really a prize to our captain, having served against the French in the frontier war with Canada. It was nasty, ugly business for a gentleman, that recruiting. The country was pretty nigh swept clear. Congress, young in matters of military policy, had fallen into the evil propensity of estimating the qualities of an officer—not by courage, conduct, and personal appearance, of which an officer should be proud—but by the number of men he could levy. The parties most successful in raising levies were those who felt no repugnance to place themselves on a social level with their men by drinking, chatting, joking with, and making them their equals. Washington and his generals were oft sorely inconvenienced by captains, majors, and colonels, presenting themselves at quarters, with levies under commission of Congress, who by defect of education, and deficiency of natural talent, were totally unfit for their posts. By low habits, and stooping to mean flattery, they had won the multitude to their standard, and were great in the eyes of inexperienced legislators: in the battle-field, it was too late to expect, or hope for, the discipline which they had never practiced on parade, or in quarters. Till Washington, by his remonstrances, showed Congress its error, the system was carried to such lengths as often to provoke General Conway, who was chief of the board of war, to put the cutting question to individuals of this class—"did Congress ever see you before they appointed you?"

Mark Stanley's levies would probably have been all told on his fingers, but for John Broadbent, who had the knack of ferreting out a man, where his officer would have deemed a man impossible to be obtained. As sergeant John came forward with ribbons gaily flaunting on his cap, the captain could read success in his eyes.

"Well, sergeant, how goes on the war?"

"A trifle in our way, sir," replied Broadbent, touching his hat. "Squire Sawbridge has given me a scent, and we 'll run down the game as soon as your honor likes. It 's a queer one, though, a wild-cat more than a man—but bless us! sir! what are we to do?—the country has been clean-scoured, and a man 's a man to us, if he have but the use of his hands and feet. But we 'll show Congress yet, what we can do!"

"Why, sergeant, I do believe you would persuade me to enlist a bear, if you were certain he would walk always on his hind legs," remarked Stanley, laughing; "but what paper is that in your hand?"

Mark took the document, which proved to be a warrant from Mr. Sawbridge, the magistrate, for arrest of Wilkin Totsey, alias Jem Walkaway.

"That 's our recruit, your honor—when we have caught him. He 's an idle dog, and lives in the swamp—steals the squire's poultry, and makes free with all the neighbors round. Squire says we shall be true patriots, friends to our country, if we carry him off."

"Well, sergeant," exclaimed Mark, much displeased, "we are soldiers of Congress, and not bailiffs, or thief-catchers. If we arrest this fellow, we must hand him over to the county jail."

"Your honor does not see," observed the sergeant. "The squire says he can help us to a recruit, and lends us this warrant. If we grab Totsey, he will prefer enlisting to going to jail, and we shall return the warrant to Mr. Sawbridge. Your honor 's under no obligation, either, to the squire, because if he sends Totsey to prison for six months, he will come out again, and begin the old trade, but if we have him, it 's a different story."

Something like a sigh escaped from Mark, as he walked toward the tavern, followed by active John.

"Where is Ensign Williams?" asked the captain, suddenly turning round.

"A-fishing, your honor, in the pond."

"Sergeant," said Mark, recalling an oath, which was not decorous, "acquaint Ensign Williams that I wish to see him."

"A plague on them all!—every thing, and every body, except Charles Harris, who was a friend in need!" said Mark to himself, as he stood loitering withing the door-porch; "what a life is this! And yet I have need of vexation to drive away the image of Letty Stanhope. To think of her returning my letter unopened, which only asked leave for a parting interview! If I were quite sure that she had not been taught to spurn my love, I would put myself, first opportunity, in the way to be shot, on purpose to spite her!"

This soliloquy was interrupted by the arrival of Ensign Williams, a young, idle Philadelphian of two and twenty, placed by friends in Stanley's company, to save him from mischief and bad society, rather than from the promptings of his own patriotic ardor.

"Mr. Williams," said Mark, rather gravely, "we must throw aside the fishing-rod, and fish for men, if we would complete the levies, and save ourselves from ridicule of Congress and the army."

Stanley was naturally a good officer and disciplinarian, and this firm yet gentlemanly reproof had a proper effect on the young ensign, without exciting any expression of insubordination or disrespect.

The captain, Ensign Williams, Sergeant Broadbent, and Stanley's military servant, James, were piloted by Mr. Sawbridge's gardener toward the swamp where Wilkin Totsey had taken up his retired abode. On the way, it was explained, in answer to inquiry, that Totsey's *alias* of Jem Walkaway was derived, in the first instance, from cunning in eluding, and fleeing from the vigilance of parties sent to capture him, but had now become his usual cognomen among the country-people. About a quarter of a mile from the hut, the gardener halted under cover of a wood, pointed out the locality, and enjoined caution in making approaches, as Jem, on seeing visiters, would escape through the swamp, or, if retreat were cut off, might stand on the defence with his rifle, and pick them off, from covert of the hut, one by one.

"That would be the oddest recruiting I ever experienced," remarked the sergeant.

"Silence that noisy tongue, or it may lead to disgrace," said Stanley; "but this is your adventure, sergeant, and you shall have the glory of it."

The captain quickly made arrangements. Posting his little force at convenient stations, he ordered John Broadbent, without arms—as token of peace, that the enemy might not be either scared away, or take to his rifle—to approach the hut, beat a parley with Totsey, and endeavor to bring him to terms. Once master of the enemy's camp, capitulation must follow, as matter of course.

John made no objection, and, surrendering his firelock, took a short circuit to approach the hut in front, as one who came without hostile purpose. The sergeant had scarcely disappeared when the gardener, whose active glance was assisted by a knowledge of Totsey's habits, saw some object moving amongst the underwood, in a direction contrary to the hut, and instantly apprised the captain of the foe's escape.

"Escaped!" exclaimed Mark, "why Sergeant Broadbent has not yet had time to summon the garrison."

"I suspect, sir," replied the gardener, "that the 'garrison' was a-hoeing his bit of patch yonder, and saw Mr. Broadbent coming."

"Then push on," cried Mark; "let us know the truth. Unless he hoes with the rifle by his side, we shall capture the arms, if not the man."

It was as the gardener surmised. On entering the hut, they found the sergeant, who had first, like a prudent soldier, made himself master of the means of defence, overhauling the stores.

"If you will take my advice, sir," said the gardener, looking around, "we shall have Jem yet."

His suggestion met approval, and was adopted. John was directed to hide behind a pile of lumber, in a corner of the hut—every thing being left, even Totsey's rifle and cutlass, just where it stood. On his return, after leading the pursuers astray, caution would dictate taking a survey ere he ventured in, but sight of the untouched rifle would deceive him into belief of his security, and he would fall into the trap without power to save himself.

"Your honor must be prepared for a long chase," remarked the gardener; "he will lead us through swamp and forest, till we have lost his track, and then he 'll double and steal home."

"And you are sure he has no fire-arms on his person?" asked Mark, who thought his own life, and the lives of others, very foolishly risked in such an adventure.

"All that he had a week ago are here, sir," replied the man.

"Then hark on!" cried the captain, sallying forth.

The gardener led the chase, and led it so skillfully, that soon after they crossed the swamp, they espied

Totsey on the brow of a hill, waiting to ascertain if he were pursued.

"He is staying for us," remarked Stanley, seeing that the fugitive, though aware of their approach, remained stationary.

"He 'll draw us away from his nest, that 's his object, sir, and we must humor him, or he won't double."

It was as he predicted. He started off again, led away by the side of the hill, then dived into and recrossed the swamp. His pursuers also crossed, without actual loss, though to the great disfigurement of the handsome recruiting uniforms of blue and buff, and exceeding vexation and discomfiture of the captain, and more especially the ensign, who wished himself back in Philadelphia.

After several experiments of the same description, when the fugitive—who had hitherto only put out sufficient speed to keep ahead, but in sight of his pursuers—deemed them far enough distant from his hut, he shot off with the swiftness of a beast of prey, and disappeared altogether. At suggestion of the cunning gardener, two hours law was allowed, that he might not be crossed, or encountered, in his path homeward, an event which would frustrate their object by causing Totsey to take the forest again. The interval was spent in endeavoring to procure a sufficiency of wild fruits to appease the cravings of hunger, but the meal was far from satisfactory to Ensign Williams, who complained bitterly of the unusual privation; nor was he restored to better humor by the observation of Mark, that such might often prove their best fare for a week together.

After two hours' lapse, they were led by their guide to the hut. Great was the astonishment on approaching, with the utmost caution, an open space in front, to behold John Broadbent and Jem Walkaway sitting together, on a log, outside the hut; between them, on an upturned flour-barrel, a capacious flask and two drinking-cans.

As the captain approached, Sergeant Broadbent arose, and, making the usual salutation from private, or non-commissioned officer, to superior, explained—in a voice thickened and indistinct—that Mr. Totsey was not accustomed to converse with gentlemen, and had entrusted to him the task of inviting his honor and party to his dwelling, where he hoped he would find wherewithal to eke out a comfortable dinner.

"But, sergeant, what is the meaning of all this?" exclaimed the captain, who, glancing his eye across the interior of the hut, beheld, on a very primitive table, pork both fresh and salted, white bread, and clear, sparkling water.

"Had not your honor and Ensign Williams better dine first—you both look tired and hungry?" said John Broadbent, deprecating the captain's curiosity.

"But, sergeant," exclaimed Mark, who fancied the dinner, but not the host, "the fellow 's dishonest by your own account, and this provision is perhaps not honorably come by."

"Your honor may eat with safe conscience, as our entertainer is a soldier of Congress," replied John, "and I dare affirm, before your honor has been a year in camp, you will be glad enough to eat what you have sto—captured with your own hands."

"Sirrah, you are growing impertinent, and are, I suspect drunk," cried Mark, lifting his cane over the sergeant's head.

"Sit down, Mr. Stanley, do! and take the good the gods provide ye," said the ensign, dragging the captain to a seat.

After a more sumptuous dinner than swamp ever yielded before, Mark, who by great effort had restrained his curiosity to learn by what strange accident his sergeant and the scapegrace fraternized so suddenly, called the former within the hut. His story was soon told. Jem returned as expected, peered in cautiously, venturing first a head, then a leg, and lastly his body. Soon as the bird was inside the cage, John stepped from the hiding place, and, shutting to the door, made quick capture of his host at point of bayonet. To their surprise, they recognized each other as fellow-soldiers in the Canadian war, from which Totsey had deserted, and ever afterward led an idle, vagabond life. By Broadbent's persuasions, he agreed to enlist in the service of Congress, and after dining, they were in the act of making merry over the enlistment, with some choice whiskey, when surprised by Stanley and his party.

The captain began very seriously to remonstrate against the character of the recruit, but the sergeant, spite of the whiskey, found language to convince his officer, that his own character would not stand very high with Congress, if he failed to raise levies. The battalion to which he was attached had already faced the enemy on Long Island, and the island of New York, and it was disgraceful to the reputation of Captain Stanley to be lingering in Pennsylvania. William Totsey, as Sergeant John remarked, would prove an excellent soldier, and as an earnest of devotion to his new captain, promised to put him in the way of raising half-a-dozen more recruits.

"Like himself, I suppose," said Mark, with a smile half melancholy, half sportive.

"The best men can but stand fire," replied John, with a slight asperity of tone, "and for the worst it is a post of no great honor."

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Scene III.—The President's House in Philadelphia.

"What can Mr. Hancock possibly want of me!" repeated Captain Stanley again and again, as he sat in the president's library, his thoughts reverting to delinquencies, from the effect of which he had been barely rescued by Charles Harris. Perhaps he was to undergo a lecture for being unprepared to march with his regiment! Whatever were the intention, the summons cast a gloom on his spirits. In other respects, his good fortune was on the increase. On return to Philadelphia, with a fair proportion of recruits, he found that his lieutenant, James Heaton, had arrived with a fine body of men from Maryland, —having been more successful than his captain by going farther from home—and the company was consequently complete. It made a fine appearance on parade, equal to any corps which had marched

from the city, and superior to the militia companies by which Philadelphia was then protected.

Unpleasant cogitations were at length terminated by his being requested to walk into the adjoining apartment, where he found the President of Congress, (Mr. Hancock) accompanied by Mr. Morris, an influential and highly patriotic member of the same august assembly. Mark screwed up courage to endure reproof, or defend himself (if requisite) against accusation, but was agreeably disappointed in the complimentary turn which affairs took.

He was late in the field, it was true—as Mr. Hancock remarked—his regiment had earned distinction in action ere he was prepared to enter it, and possibly delay might be construed into a charge from which he would find it difficult to get free. But he had nobly redeemed himself—his company was as able-bodied, and soldier-like a corps as the continental army could boast of. This encomium was judged by Mark—who was a lawyer, and also a man of the world—to be intended only as preface to something more important, as members of Congress had enough on their hands without finding leisure to compliment mere captains of infantry. He was not disappointed. After further preamble, Mr. Hancock stated that in consideration of having mustered his company so readily and effectively, he should be entrusted with an onerous and honorable employ, which would smooth the path of presentation to General Washington, who otherwise might naturally entertain well-founded prejudice against an officer who arrived at quarters almost at close of the campaign. It was now no secret—continued Mr. Hancock—although it were not wise needlessly to blazon the fact, that the commander-in-chief, then in Westchester County, province of New York, would be forced to cross the Hudson into New Jersey with his army before the overpowering force of General Howe. His excellency had written Congress to forward supplies of money, much needed at head-quarters. On looking round for a trusty messenger, Congress could find none better than Captain Stanley, whose family were of repute in Pennsylvania, and who was on the eve of starting for the camp. The money was a small part gold, the larger portion Spanish, silver specie—as he was aware—both heavy and bulky. The mode of transit he left to the judgment of Captain Stanley, but would suggest that no personage of his company below the rank of commissioned officer should be made acquainted with the nature of what he had in charge, unless unforeseen circumstances required disclosure. As instructions, both from the board of war and from Congress, were few and simple, it were perhaps safer they should be communicated verbally, and were to the following effect: that Captain Mark Stanley should march, (with his company) by the most practicable route, to head-quarters—that he should take in charge, from Congress, certain bags of specie, deliverable to the commander-in-chief—that he should avoid all chance of contact with the enemy, and if he found himself in the path of danger, to send a despatch to head-quarters requesting convoy, or to be relieved of his charge. If he discovered, in the chances of war, that he could not escape being taken prisoner, he was to conceal, destroy, or use any means to prevent the money falling into possession of the enemy.

"I believe, sir," concluded the president, "that your march will be free from danger through the Jerseys, as it is not likely the enemy will be met with between your route and head-quarters, and your own sense will teach you to avoid getting to rear of the commander-in-chief, whether he have crossed the Hudson or not."

After receiving the good wishes of, and a cordial adieu from, the two gentlemen, Mark took leave, much relieved in mind.

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Scene IV.—The March. New Jersey, near the Passaic River.

Captain Stanley marched his company through Trenton and New Brunswick, and after one night's quarters at Newark, was proceeding along the western bank of the Passaic River. It was the middle of November; the forest yet retained the many-hued foliage of autumn, awaiting, with feeble hold, the destroying flail of the first wintry storm. The sun shone brightly on the golden woods, and was reflected from the white, dazzling homestead. The little band were in good spirits, for they had marched through a friendly region, and been lodged and treated kindly. Mark, alone, was spiritless and melancholy—and why? No reason had he to complain of his recruits; even Wilkin Totsey, and half a score beside, though *mauvais sujets* at home, proved decent, tractable soldiers under the discipline of Sergeant Broadbent, and the conciliating, yet firm, officer-like conduct of Stanley. The specie was safe, and the prospect of being relieved from responsibility at hand. Why, therefore, when all around—the sun, earth, air, river flowing through the green marsh, companions-in-arms—all showed signs of gladness, should he despond?"

It was remorse, mingled with regret, that caused his pain. Elated with the distinction conferred by the president; made so flatteringly aware that his personal honor remained unblemished, he felt himself in a condition—after the usual fashion of a lover's quarrel—to resent Miss Stanhope's neglect. Whilst all Philadelphia was discussing the confidential interview between the president and Captain Stanley, and conjecturing its import, the latter, with advice of his stanch friend, Charles Harris, marched out of the city without making another attempt to remove the prejudice of Mr. Stanhope, or subdue the cruelty of the fair daughter. But, as usual with actions which spring from distempered feelings, Mark bitterly repented his proud indifference. To gratify pride—a lover's pride—he had foregone the chance of reconciliation; was marching to a scene of warfare, from which he might never return, or—worse fate—might return to Philadelphia, to discover that the lady had interpreted his resentment into real indifference, or aversion, and had chosen another swain.

These feelings spoiled the pleasure of his march. But it was now necessary that even their strength

should yield to considerations of duty. Newark lay in his rear, the town of Belville before him—at which place he intended to cross the Passaic. Gen. Washington, according to the best information, after retreating from Fort Lee, on the Hudson, before the superior force of Lord Cornwallis, had crossed the Hackensac River, and posted himself on its banks. Soon as Stanley passed the Passaic he would be on the same ground as the commander-in-chief, viz. the fertile district between the Hackensac and Passaic rivers, and might expect momently to come in contact with his excellency's videttes, or foraging-parties. He entertained no danger of encountering the British, who were encamped beyond the Hackensac, a barrier which, as it sufficed General Washington, afforded the same protection to Stanley's little force. Still he had need of caution, as detachments of light cavalry might find means of passage for sake of forage or plunder. On entering Belville, he could gain no intelligence further than that the patriot camp was astir, owing to the enemy's motions, and the expectation of an assault. The town was comparatively deserted; few inhabitants remaining but women and children. All able-bodied denizens who had not joined the militia, called out by Governor Livingston to aid the continental forces of Washington, were employed in the transport of stores and cattle to places beyond reach of the British. His informant, the innkeeper, a stanch patriot, advised him by no means to march to the banks of the Hackensac, but, after crossing the bridge at Bellville, to keep close to the banks of the Passaic. This advice agreed both with instructions and the dictates of his own judgment, and by following it gave the best chance of approaching the camp in the rear, rather than on the flank, which was necessarily exposed to incursions of the enemy's light horse, the Hackensac being fordable at various points.

After several hours' march over very difficult ground—a road chosen for greater safety, but on which he made little progress with his heavily laden wagon—he was overtaken by the friendly innkeeper of Belville, whose horse was much blown by hard riding. The intelligence brought convinced Stanley, when too late to remedy it, that his position was very critical. Soon after his departure from Belville, a detachment of cavalry and pioneers, under command of Colonel Reed, entered in great haste, and immediately commenced the demolition of the bridge. They had scarcely completed its destruction, when British and Hessian cavalry appeared on the opposite bank, and a few shots were exchanged. After reconnoitering, the enemy withdrew. It appeared that Gen. Washington, finding his position in a level country, between two rivers, very hazardous, inasmuch as with the Passaic in his rear retreat might be cut off should he be dislodged from the Hackensac, had very suddenly broke up the camp, crossed the Passaic at the bridge of Aquackanoc, which he fortified, and was extending his lines along the western banks, down to Newark. He had now a safer country to retreat on, should he deem it necessary. Upon Col. Reed being informed of the course taken by Captain Stanley, he expressed much anxiety for his safety, more especially as the commander-in-chief was expecting his arrival daily. He very gladly accepted the inkeeper's offer, to risk his own and his steed's safety, in venturing on hostile ground, to carry a message to the captain, to march to a certain pass or ford on the Passaic—distant from where he was overtaken about a couple of miles—where he would find either boats or rafts to transport the men and stores, and a detachment with artillery to cover his landing.

The innkeeper having performed the errand satisfactorily, was but too glad to take hasty leave; he had no notion, he declared, of being carried a prisoner into New York Province and detained from his family, which would be his fate should he fall in with the British, and it be known that he had interfered in a military capacity. And away flew the honest patriot, staying not to receive Stanley's thanks, but urging his steed to a ford above Belville with which he was well acquainted.

For service of his company, Mark had one baggage-wagon, which carried clothing, tents and stores, and afforded relief to the men when crippled with walking, and a little chaise, or chair, as it was called in Pennsylvania and the Jerseys, drawn by one horse, under the seat of which was deposited the treasure, its weight resting on the axle-tree. Lieutenant Heaton and the Ensign were, of course, in the secret of the freight it held, but all others, including even honest and zealous John Broadbent, were led to believe that the chair contained only the captain's clothing and linen. It served the officers by turn, a relief of which the privates could not complain, nor make odious comparison of the effeminacy of their superiors, as they had the privilege of the wagon when needful.

Mark's evil star had led him into the very strait he was desirous to avoid—he was between the British and the patriot camp, and, to add to the misfortune, must cross a broad river, (perhaps in view of the enemy) or captivity was certain. In front, on a ridge of high ground overhanging the stream, a woody pass extended for above a mile, and then sloped gradually to the ford, or passage, indicated in Col. Reed's instructions. The wood, he hoped, would screen him from the foe, and on emerging from its covert—should he be exposed to observation, which was more than likely, as the ground between the two rivers was now in undisputed possession of the British—the colonel's detachment, which was provided with several light field-pieces, might cover his passage. On the successful issue of this movement rested his sole hope of escape.

After a few words of encouragement to the men, the wood was entered, scouts sent in advance, to give timely notice of danger, the main body following, and in the rear the baggage-wagon and light chaise. The road was indifferent, but an occasional glimpse of the stream below, seen between overhanging trees, gave assurance that safety grew every moment nearer. Yet the hour was trying; in every moan of the wind—in every rustle of the constantly

falling leaves. Mark started, expecting to behold a red uniform through the thinned foliage, or hear the tramp of cavalry. The sudden consciousness of having his precious freight within sight of peril, within hail of aliens, severed the bonds—the perspiration started on his brow, and he trembled, to cope not with personal fear.

In this state of mind, ere the company emerged from the wood, John Breakbeart, who had been assigned the responsible post of rear-guard—a post in which he was associated with his old friend Wilkins Totsey—came running forward with his comrade, to impart the unwelcome intelligence that they were pursued by cavalry.

"British or Hessians, no doubt, your honor—though I cannot pretend to judge by the ear," added the sergeant, out of breath.

"What shall we do with the chair, sir?" asked Lieut. Heaton, who shared his superior's alarm. This question the captain had been continually asking himself, ever since the Berville innkeeper disappeared, and our hero had not left the question undecided until it was too late. He ordered the lieutenant to push on, and, if overtaken, abandon the baggage without firing a shot, which would doubtless arrest the progress of troopers eager for plunder, and afford time to reach the ford: as for attempting a stand on ground occupied, ere this, by the entire British columns, it was a useless waste of life. He himself would take charge of the chair, provide for its concealment, and quickly regain the track, unless captured. During the march through the wood, Mark had perceived several openings from the road, on the river side, any one of which would have suited his purpose. Whilst the company moved forward at quick pace, Stanley led horse and chair under the boughs of a cluster of trees, backed the vehicle till it stood on the verge of the rocky bank, and commenced unharnessing the animal. Though the operation was simple, yet, in the agitation of the moment, he could not unfasten the straps so quickly as needed: he was observed by the enemy, and whilst the main corps continued in pursuit of the devoted company, an officer, followed by half-a-dozen troopers, dashed up the glade. No time was to be lost. He caught at the bridle, and backed both horse and vehicle over the precipice. The crash of boughs, and clatter of loose stones, was followed by a hollow plunge and roar of water, as the disturbed river closed over the descending mass. The weight of metal will sink poor Jerry! thought Mark, with a sigh of regret for the fate of his horse, as he turned to confront the foe.

"The d—d Yankee rebel!" exclaimed the officer in a passion, "cut him down, Jenkins—let him follow his horse—he has a mind we shall benefit nothing by him."

"Sir, may I ask if you are a British officer?" cried Stanley.

"Well—what then?" asked the other—making a motion to restrain the activity of Jenkins, whose sabre was uplifted.

"I am a gentleman, and a captain under commission of Congress, and I claim your protection," replied Mark.

"Well, sir," said the officer, with softer tone, "we can show mercy, if you cannot. But the man who acts as you have done, by as decent a lot of fellows as ever I stepped across—just out of spite, to prevent our having the animal—is a mean, cowardly brute, not a gentleman."

Mark winced under the unjust reproof, but did not attempt exculpation—he was but too glad the officer had mistaken his motives for the real or apparent cruelty of the act. He surrendered his sword, and was ordered into charge of private Jenkins as a comrade.

Lieut. Heaton, though doubting the ability of his captain to conceal the treasure, pushed on as ordered. When overtaken, he drew the wagon across the road, fired a volley on his pursuers, under cover of the obstruction, and took to the woods, where the cavalry could not follow. On reaching the ford he found boats in readiness, in which he embarked his men, but delayed pushing off, although several troops of British cavalry, attracted probably by the firing, appeared on the higher grounds. Still the enemy came not, and Heaton was forced to cross, after waiting till the boats were almost within pistol shot of the enemy, who now crowded the banks. Col. Eaton, however, from the opposite side, put in play a few howitzers, which quickly dispersed the troopers.

"You must report your story to the commander-in-chief," said the colonel, on listening to Mr. Heaton's explanation, "the loss of Captain Stanley with the specie, is most unlucky. We want the sum desperately."

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Scene V.—General Washington's Quarters on the Passaic.

Two days after the events recorded in the last scene, Lieut. Heaton, for the third or fourth time, was summoned to the presence of the commander-in-chief. Several general officers were present. After long consultation, and hearing the report of those who crossed the river to make search, through the wood, for the treasure which Mark *might* have hidden, the lieutenant passed his final examination.

"I am quite satisfied with your conduct, Mr. Heaton, said General Washington, "and as proof of it, you will remain—during the absence of Captain Stanley—in command of the company. Still I cannot refrain noticing, to impress it on your future conduct, that in firing on the cavalry you acted contrary to the orders of Captain Stanley, your superior officer. As the ground was occupied by the enemy, the discharge was calculated to bring to the spot other detachments, by which your retreat might have been, and, indeed, nearly was, cut off."

Mr. Heaton bowed respectfully before the gentle reproof, of which he felt the justice, and quitted the tent.

In deliberation with his generals, after the departure of the lieutenant, his excellency could not avoid dwelling on what he called the mysterious disappearance of Captain Stanley. He could not, he said, reconcile the conduct of the captain by any honorable standard. If he were taken prisoner, the usual privi-

lege of writing to head-quarters would not be withheld, though he might justly be afraid of committing the secret to paper. A man of honor would be sensitively anxious to do away with the natural ground of suspicion, caused by the sudden disappearance of the treasure, and of him who had it in charge. Neither from prisoners taken, nor deserters who had crossed over to the patriot camp, could aught be learned of the captain. A suspicious mind might not unjustly infer from all the circumstances, that Mr. Stanley had contrived to escape with and appropriate the treasure to his own purposes; but he was loath to indulge in harsh conclusions respecting a gentleman who had taken every precaution to carry his trust to its destination up to the very moment of the enemy's attack. Yet if he were slain his body would have been doubtless found in the wood.

The report which his excellency made to Congress on the subject, escaped to the public ear, and the friends of Stanley were bitterly mortified by the blight cast on his reputation. His deep play at the gaming-table was called to mind, and commented on. People shook their heads when his name was mentioned. Charles Harris would not surrender his friend's character, yet he could make no reasonable defence. Mr. Stanhope, in communion with his daughter, took credit for the interdiction he had placed against further intercourse with Mark; yet, in truth, he was both grieved and puzzled, as Mark was a favorite, spite of his wild habits. Miss Letty wept in secret, and reproached herself for cruelty in refusing Mark's letter, which perhaps had driven him, in despair, to forsake Philadelphia for ever.

The stirring military movements which occurred that winter, however, soon drove the supposed defection of Stanley from memory; the public mind became occupied with matters of deeper import.

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Scene VI.—Mr. Stanhope's House in Philadelphia.

It was the month of February. The air without doors was piercingly cold, the atmosphere gloomy, but in the drawing-room of Mr. Stanhope's well-appointed dwelling, the faggots blazed cheerfully on the hearth, whilst around were happy friends who participated in the genial glow. The circle was small, consisting only of the host, his daughter, Mark Stanley and his tried friend, Charles Harris.

"And so you were a double prisoner, Mark," said the old man, "with a holiday parole from the British, and under arrest from the commander-in-chief!"

"I was so," replied Stanley, "when, after three months' captivity, I presented myself at the quarters of General Greene—but his excellency has done me full justice, as I would have told you, if you had not interrupted my story so often."

"O! hang the story!" cried Mr. Stanhope," the fact is, Mark, I am too glad to see you with unblemished character, to listen now to the details. By all, except a few friends, your memory was unanimously consigned to perdition. Let us now think and talk of the future—what say you, Letty?"

"I have been listening, sir, with intense interest to Captain Stanley, and am much vexed at your interruptions," answered the lady.

"Well—cut it as short as you can, Mark," said the host, assuming an attitude of attention. Not to weary the reader, we will cut yet closer than our hero in the recital of his adventures. The British officer, he said, by whom he was taken prisoner, was so angry at losing a horse on which he had fixed his mind, and bore such hatred to his captive for baulking him of the prize, that, in revenge, he would not allow communication by word, or writing, with the American camp, but despatched Mr. Stanley, under guard, through the Jerseys, to a ship lying at Sandy-Hook, bound for Halifax, whither he was taken with other prisoners, and narrowly escaped being sent to England. General Howe, fortunately, wanted men to exchange for his own soldiers who had been captured, so Mark was returned to New York—obtained a parole from the British general, (which was granted as compensation for the harsh removal to Halifax,) and proceeded to American head-quarters, burning with anxiety to see the commander-in-chief, and make report concerning the specie sunk in the Passaic. On presenting himself before General Greene he was placed under arrest, which he bore with patience for four-and-twenty hours, till he could gain an interview with his excellency. On telling his story to the latter, he was instantly freed from arrest. After an interval of several days, the opportunity was afforded of sending a corps of pioneers to the Passaic, who, guided by Stanley, succeeded in raising the chair. The shafts and harness were broken, and the body of poor Jerry had drifted away, but the treasure proved safe, and was finally delivered to its original destination—the custody of General Washington—who, to make amends for the unavoidable calumny which blighted the reputation of Captain Stanley, immediately procured his exchange for a British officer of the same rank, and gave Mark a letter explanatory to Congress, with a furlough of three months—though he did not forget to hint, that if the captain had very strictly followed his instructions, he would have made more minute inquiries at Newark and Belville respecting the movements of the opposing armies, and gained intelligence which would have induced him to keep on the western bank of the Passaic, and have thus avoided manifold disasters.

"Well, Mark!" said Mr. Stanhope, "as his excellency has been heavy on you, I will let you off easy, though I had intended, in a day or two, at farthest, to read a severe lecture on gambling and its consequences."

"Sir," replied the captain, "I have pledged myself to Mr. Harris, to abstain altogether from that pursuit."

"Yes," said Charles, laughing, "on that article he is a prisoner on parole his entire life."

During the three months' furlough, Mark—unlucky man!—contrived again to fall into captivity, but his jailer was both fair and kind; he was prisoner to Miss Letty, and the tie by which he was held—the chain matrimonial. After several years' service

(military we mean) Mr. Stanley was promoted to a majority, and eventually obtained the rank of colonel. Looking back to the period of recruiting, when fortune and character were at so low an ebb, he felt grateful for the services of John Broadbent, and even the characterless recruits, whose enlistment restored the favor of Congress. It is to this feeling that we may doubtless ascribe the elevation of Mr. Broadbent to an ensigncy, during the course of the war, and that Wilkin Totsey became sergeant and deputy paymaster. Of Lieut. Heaton we have no further record than the date of his commission as captain.

MOUNT AUBURN.

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT IN THE SUMMER OF 1839.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

No wonder that the dead repose
More sweetly here, where the lily and rose
Are round them in their quiet sleep,
With the willow above their graves to weep—
Where the birds are singing their anthems clear
Through the changing scenes of the varied year—
While the grass is springing fresh and green,
To tell of life in its early scene—
And the leaves around them sadly fall,
To mark the fate that must come to all.
No wonder that they rest more still
On the verdant side of the breezy hill,
Than in the city's bustling way,
Where the crowd rushes by from day to day,
Nor heeds nor cares for the dust that lies
Forever before unweeping eyes.
O yes it is a lovely spot,
For Nature here has proudly wrought
The charm of lake and wood and glen,
So fair that they shame the works of men,
And make it a scene where the dead might lie
In the silence of hallowed sanctity.
Ay! here the parted ones have come
To lay them down in their quiet home,
Where no rude step shall e'er intrude
Upon their peaceful solitude—
But the fresh green grass shall sweetly wave
Above the mound of the lowly grave,
And the eye of affection may bring its tear
Unscared and unscorned by the vulgar sneer.
  The infant of few short days is here,
That sparkled a moment to disappear—
And come in its sinless state to lie
Amid the lilies that speak of its purity.
  Here sleeps the youth of promise fair,
Of the raven eye and clustering hair—
The "shining mark" for death's eager dart—
Perhaps the pride of a mother's heart,
Who has laid him under the fresh green sod,
With a heart almost broken, yet trusting in God
That the heart and the form which she cherished here
Shall be hers again in a happier sphere.
  Here sleeps the damsel whose rosy bloom
Scarce gave presage of an early tomb—
Whose lightsome step and laughing eye
Seemed not to say she was born to die.
But the spoiler came, and her cheek was paled,
And her eye was dimmed, and her lightness failed;
And she sunk, like a faded flower, to rest
On her last low couch in the earth's green breast—
'T was fitting that beauty at last should lie
Mid the beautiful scenes of earth and sky.
  Here, too, reposes the form of age,
The matron mild and the hoary sage—
The scholar—the poet—the man whose mind
Wore out the shell which its strength confined,
And gave him to earth before his time,
In the early ashes of his manhood's prime.
  And here they have laid him * whose honored name
Was dear alike to science and fame;
Who came from the fields of his native sky,
In a stranger land to sicken and die.
O meet is such resting place for one,
Who on nature's embassy loved to run—.
Who gave his heart and his soul to her,
And was vowed her own philosopher.
  Thou who lovest the beautiful,
Here come and feast till thy heart is full;
Give thy thoughts to those teaching dreams
That here inspire the purest themes—
For the past and the future here unite,
And point thy way to the realms of light.
  Man of the world, come hither and trace
The certain doom of thy destined race;
Learn how futile—how false and vain
Is the wealth thou strivest so hard to gain;
For here its proud dominion ends,
When man to his native dust descends;
Then be not thy time to riches given,
But seek the unperishing treasures of Heaven.
  Man of pleasure, awhile resign
Thy mad devotion to mirth and wine,
And come to these quiet and rural shades,
Where a spirit of peace the scene pervades,
To which thou hast long a stranger been,
In the devious paths of folly and sin.
Come to this city of the dead,
This home of pence in the forest spread,
Muse with thy heart in its better mood,
In the depths of this silent solitude—
And take the lesson these alleys teach
With a power no living man can preach,
That virtue alone can here bestow
The pleasure a reasoning man should know,
Who thinks of his glorious destiny,
And lives for the world that is yet to be.
  O 't is no wonder the dead repose
So sweetly here mid the lily and rose,
And the bright green earth and the glorious trees.
Where the birds are chanting their harmonies.
No wonder that here they sweetly rest
On Nature's calm and peaceful breast;
For 't is a quiet and holy shade,
In the charms of valley and hill arrayed—
It came from its Maker in beauty free,
And man has given it sanctity.

* Spurzheim, the Phrenologist.



Jos R Chandler

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José Chamadoir

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—NO. XIV.

JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

BY J. K. MITCHELL.

To do unbiased justice to the character of the living is among the most difficult of tasks. Even of the dead we can rarely speak without undue praise or undeserved blame. The claims of friendship, the shadings of enmity, the inaccuracy of testimony, and the bias of personal, political or religious prejudice, too often pervert the judgment and deflect the pen of the biographer, when he speaks of one who has ceased to alarm our vanity or to threaten our interests. How much more easily is he betrayed into error when he delineates the character of him who yet lives, to be wounded by unmerited censure, or mortified by injudicious commendation. While, too, the sacred privilege of the dead secures to them the full measure of praise, unembittered by hatred, and unstinted by envy, he who writes of the living must not forget that the human nature of the reader is not flattered into complacency by being made to feel, by comparison, his own insignificance.

Such considerations might well deter the writer of this notice from entering upon a task in all other respects eminently agreeable; but as the biographical scheme of the editor of "Graham" is inclusive of all the contributors to that periodical, the omission of the name of Mr. Chandler would operate as an implied censure, and leave the numerous readers of that publication at a loss to understand why there should not appear, in due course, the usual notice of one who has not only been to it a very successful contributor, but who has, for more than twenty years, filled a conspicuous place in the republic of letters.

Joseph R. Chandler was born on that holy spot which was rendered immortal by the first foot-print of the Pilgrim Fathers, when, flying from persecution and intolerance, they planted in the American wilderness the standard of civil and religious liberty. His mother, a worthy descendant of one of them, gave birth to the subject of our brief notice, at Kingston, in Plymouth county, Massachusetts, on the 25th of August, 1792.

To the piety, talent, and ceaseless attention of that mother, Mr. Chandler owes much of the domestic virtue, scriptural lore, and literary taste by which he is now distinguished. It was her wont to place before him, in his earliest childhood, the finest biblical characters, described by her in language eloquently simple and engaging, while she sought, by an occasional digression, to make him convert to his moral and religious use the noble example of the champions of truth.

We may in this way account for the extraordinary facility of happy scriptural illustration, and biblical quotation, by which his writings and conversation are so peculiarly characterized. We may, in like manner, explain his proclivity to literary pursuits, despite the untoward incidents of a mercantile education and commercial employment. On the altar of Mercury blazed perhaps too often the offering to Apollo—and the oblation which should have flowed for the God of Gain was enthusiastically poured out for the Lord of Letters. It is not therefore to be supposed that Mr. Chandler long devoted himself to that which was foreign to his tastes and aptitudes; and accordingly, at the age of twenty-three, we find him engaged in the city of Philadelphia in the art of teaching—whilst his busy pen adorned the papers of the day with original tales, translations, and varied poetry—both grave and gay.

Those who have had the happiness to listen to his instruction testify to its faithfulness and its ability, while they also delight to remember with what hereditary zeal and persuasiveness he gave to them the pictures from the Bible, after the manner of his maternal instructor. It was while thus employed, that Mr. Chandler acquired that accurate and philosophical knowledge of the English language, which has made him the *arbiter verborum*, to whose judgment the Press of the country pays now the utmost deference.

The tales written in Philadelphia were with patriotic propriety devoted to the illustration of the history, social condition, and superstitions of his native place. Much of what we here know of such things is derived from his single pen:—for these illustrative sketches would fill, if collected together, almost a volume for each year of his residence. They are distinguished by purity of diction, methodical arrangement, deep feeling, and lofty morality. Not one line "which dying he would wish to blot." Throughout there breathes the kindly spirit of domestic love, the sweet intercourse of the kindred hearth—the friendship that sustains trial—the courage that dares for the right—the sympathy that wipes its eyes on the bosom of charity—and the wealth that blinds not its owner to the cries of sorrow. Every thing is good and to a good end.

His poetry, the amusement of his earlier days, partakes also of the character of the man. It is pure, simple, and without perhaps enough of exaggeration to suit the taste of the romantic spirits who love the

stilts of verse. Still, it is always full of thought, frequently happy in its movement, and sometimes strong and original. Pope might envy him the following line:—

"For griefs, like streams, from depth their silence gain."

He who surveys the great amount and almost infinite variety of Mr. Chandler's literary labor, cannot help regretting that he has not given to the public some greater work, in which the peculiar qualities of his genius and sentiment might be more solidly illustrated. Fugitive pieces, as their name implies, are evanescent. Like the pearls of the necklace, they demand for their preservation and illustration some common medium of connection and arrangement.

Within a very few years, the Mercantile Library Company and the Athenian Institute opened up for Mr. Chandler, almost by accident as it were, a new vein of thitherto undetected talent. He was applied to by these useful societies, to lend them his occasional aid as a lecturer; and in the execution of the task he displayed a special tact in composing, and a happy art in delivering popular harangues. Perhaps, in no part of his successful life, has Mr. Chandler exhibited more felicitous adaptation to his task than on the many occasions which brought him before popular audiences. Although he presented a variety of subjects, the bent of his mind led him to dwell most on the sentiments and affections; and the large and often fashionable audience was made to weep at the pathos reflected from the pilgrim's home.

He delights to trace to female sources the virtues of men. Thus in a lecture on the Female Character, as influenced by Religion, he uses these words:

"The strength of Sampson and its right direction are evidently the results of a mother's piety. Moses owed not merely his life, but his learning and his ability to serve the Hebrews, to the watchful care of a mother's instincts. Samuel acquired his means of pre-eminence by no circumstances of birth or condition, but from the fervent piety of Hannah, who dedicated to God the firstling of her prayer. And although in the history of these distinguished men we learn little more of those to whom they stood indebted for distinction, yet we cannot be unmindful that to woman's distinctive peculiarities do they owe the cause of these effects." "Woman to man," he elsewhere says, "is like the moon to earth, constantly revolving round him to cheer and enlighten his darkest hours; giving him in mild reflection the blessings of that light which by his own revolution he has lost."

In the celebrated lecture "On the Affections," which was read, at their urgent request, to not less than thirty audiences, Mr. Chandler speaks thus of a mother's love: "Strong beyond all other love, it admits of no illustration by comparison. It exists through all time, survives all changes, and resists the attacks even of the ingratitude of its object. *It is the only love that survives disgrace.*"

The reputation of these lectures probably led Mr. Chandler to exert his newly found talent in another sphere. A beautiful volume, now lying before us, contains twelve addresses, delivered at various times from 1840 to 1842, to grand and subordinate lodges of Free Masons. We need scarcely say that these addresses possess the merits and peculiarities of his lectures, with the additional excellence derived from the moral courage of the task, and from the peculiar relation in which, as Grand Master, and Grand High Priest, he stood to the Masons of Pennsylvania.

The splendid volume published by the grand lodge, expresses the thanks of that respectable body to their retiring Grand Master, in terms most flattering to his supervisory powers and fraternal care,; and the neat preface shows with what diffidence Mr. Chandler yielded to their request of a copy for publication.

The last literary labor of Mr. Chandler is that of which, for many reasons, he may be the most proud. Of all the festivals held for the commemoration of the deeds of our great ancestors, none exceeds in dignity and importance that which, every sixth year, assembles, in the little town of Plymouth, the *thickly scattered* sons of New England, to celebrate the memorable landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. That the proceedings may want in nothing that solemnity and grandeur by which the things to be signalized are characterized, the most illustrious of the land are invited to be present, and the orator of the day is selected from among them, with proper regard to fitness and celebrity. Acordingly, we find in the list of speakers the names of the Adamses, the Websters, and the Everetts of our day, and those of the Wolcotts, the Spragues, the Cottons, and the Winslows of the days that are past. To be called to such a duty must be flattering to any man, but particularly so to an absent son of New England, who left his native fields, obscure and poor, and heard from afar the invitation to lift up his voice for the mighty dead, who had been, as it were, the genii of his youngest home. Despite repeated requests, the successful oration delivered by him, in 1841, remains unpublished, owing to the diffidence of its author, and perhaps to the measureless sense of the greatness of the occasion, and the inadequacy of any man to do justice to that cause.

Although not properly within the scope of our essay, the active public life of Mr. Chandler claims a passing tribute. In 1823, from the duty of aiding, Mr. Chandler passed to that of editing the United States Gazette. At that time, that paper had fallen into so much neglect as to be scarcely recognized as among existing periodicals, its circulation being limited, and its influence scarcely felt. Slowly and steadily, under his care, it rose to literary and political importance, and is now among the very first commercial and social records of the country.

Not only is the United States Gazette favorably known for its accuracy, its *literacy*, and its political consequence, but it is esteemed for its purity and its good humor. Above all, do we admire the excellent temper of its editor, under the bitter assaults of some enemies, and the witty oppugnancy of others. His repartee, however sharp and trenchant, is never envenomed by malice, or roughened by vulgarity. We wish we had time to search the columns of the Gazette for, what we esteem, models of politcal repartee,

as free from the poison of malignancy, as they are bright with the polish of good manners, and keen with the sharpness of genuine humor.

The municipality is indebted to Mr. Chandler for great and lengthened services. In 1832, he was called to the honors of a membership in the Common Council; from which, after a faithful and untiring service of three years, he was elevated to a seat in the Select Council of the city, in which station he gave much time and attention to public affairs for six years. Thus have nine years of his life been devoted laboriously to the municipal interests of his fellow citizens. The commission of the Girard Estate enjoyed the benefit of his advice and attention during all that time; and the strangers who admire, and the citizens who enjoy the beauties of Washington, and Logan, and Rittenhouse squares, so tastefully arranged and so classically enclosed, may thank, for the boon, his administration, as chairman of "the committee on city property."

We have not been favored with an opportunity of hearing Mr. Chandler take part in the debates of these bodies, but we are informed that he was a frequent and able speaker in councils, distinguished for the earnestness, the method, and the self-possession of his discourses, which were heard always with that deference and attention which in such bodies are given only to honest motives, and instructive oratory. We the more readily believe this, as we have more than once heard Mr. C. extemporize at social and political festivals, with a rare and felicitous delivery of sentiments well conceived, and wisely and wittily expressed.

One who has written so much on the domestic affections, and on the female character, might be expected to exhibit the virtues of the fire side in the happiest light. On this subject delicacy forbids us to dilate; but it will not be useless to publish the fact, that four different sets of children, of many ages and various tempers, have grown up under one roof, reflecting, in the most perfect harmony and love, the fine example and the admirable precepts of him who thus repays to society, in kind, the debt due to his mother. It would be scarcely courteous, certainly unjust, to deny a full share of the high merit of this rare achievement to the lady who honors, by being at its head, the charming household of our kind and good friend.

After the manner of the older historians, we might now sum up the character of Mr. Chandler, and run a parallel of encomium. But that (long may it be deferred) must be left for his obituary.

Did his likeness do him justice, we should leave the engraver to describe him exclusively; but as no pencil can convey some characteristics of face and features, we feel disposed to so far trespass, as to say, that we have rarely seen a countenance of more intense and diversified powers of expression, an eye of keener penetration, a mouth of more bland symmetry, or a brow of deeper thoughtfulness.

His voice is full, and, though somewhat rough, musical in its intonation, graceful in its inflection, and expressive in its accentuation and emphasis. Mr. Chandler possesses the rare qualites of a reader in a high degree, and his delivery, on public occasions, is such as to enchain attention, and convey to his audience, fully and clearly, the sentiments which he designs to utter.

The law of "periodical" limitation, perhaps fortunately, restrains the further prolongation of this offering of friendship, since the public can scarcely be supposed to receive patiently, or Mr. C. peruse without discomfort, the commendation which the friend might justly deem but a proper tribute to merit, at once great and unobtrusive.

THE OLD MAN IN AUTUMN.

BY "ZOE."

I.

O'ER the forsaken trees
The autumn spirit grieves:—
An old man totters on
Amid the fallen leaves:—
They whisper of him and his falt'ring tread,
But he heeds not the voices of the dead.
Poor old man!

II.

Clinging, as if in fear,
One withered leaf remains,
Mourning the vanished joys
Of summer dews and rains:
Now it rustles down from its friendly bough,
And touches the hair on the old man's brow.
Poor old man!

III.

He neither hears nor sees,
His heart is in the past:
He weeps that youthful days
Cannot forever last:
The present and future are naught to him,
Now his ear is dull and his eye is dim.
Poor old man!

IV.

A glory from the west
Lights up the saddened earth,
Like a dying smile on lips
That never part in mirth:
Oh, pray that the old man may turn away
From his earthly dreams to that heav'nly day.
Poor old man!

V.

The old man totters on
In the fast fading light;
Heeds not the fallen leaves,
Heeds not the coming night:
The heart of the old man is in the past,
But a solemn future is coming fast.
Poor old man!

THE CHEVALIER DE SATANISKI.

BY E. E. MOTTLEY, AUTHOR OF "MORTON'S HOPE."

(*Continued from page* 116.)

CHAPTER III.

It is time to return to our hero, whom we left lying in the street. He at last struggled to his feet, after having lain considerably longer than was absolutely necessary, merely to gratify his despair.

"This is delicious," said Wolfgang Klotz, (for that was the ignominious Von-less name of our hero.) "This is perfectly delicious—I am drenched to the skin—I have been insulted in the presence of Margaret Goblinheim—I have no means of redress, for the insulter was her father. She is in love with me, I half believe, and yet she can never be mine—I have got three duels to fight before I can see her again, and I know I shall get my nose cut off, and then she will cease to love me, and, beside all this, my umbrella is broken to pieces, upon which the pawnbroker offered to lend me a guilder the first fine day." And so saying, he turned homeward. Such was the malignity of his heart, however, that he walked as slowly as he possibly could, (though the tempest had increased in violence, and the rain coming down, if possible, more furiously than ever,) and went splash into every puddle he could find, nay, even went out of his way to get into them with as much pains as any one else would have taken to avoid them. There is nothing so soothing to the feelings of the naturally desperate, as to take one evil genius by the hand and assist him most politely in his operations. "On horror's head horrors to accumulate" is a great panacea for the bilious-nervous who happen to be unhappy. In fact, in the present instance, if it were not for the damage anticipated by our hero to the central ornament of his face in the martial manner above hinted at, it is probable that Wolfgang's earnest desire to spite himself would have led him on this occasion to attempt the unnatural but apparently very common process of "biting off his own nose." As he had a chance of getting it cut off, however, he deferred this gratification of his spleen, and after having waded through all the puddles and stopped grimly under every dragon's head to enjoy a shower-bath, he at last approached the house in which he lived.

"This is all nonsense, however," said he, "but, if ever a poor devil had cause to curse his lot, it is I. Born with a heart full of brave and generous aspirations—endowed with a face and figure which, as I am alone and in the dark, I may admit to be certainly devilish good-looking, to say the least—with a mind which acknowledges no man master, and with a heart which trembles neither for man, woman, nor devil, my name is nothing but plain Wolfgang Klotz. If it was Wolfgang *von* Klotz—*à la bonne heure*—but Klotz—plain Klotz—shocking! If I had those three little confounded letters tacked to my name, why, I should be a nobleman. Let me steal the three letters boldly—call myself Wolfgang von Hapsburg at once, for example, and swear that my father, the Amtmann, is only my guardian, and that I am some great, mysterious person. Wolfgang von Hapsburg; I should like to see old Goblinheim refuse his daughter to me then, count as he is, prince as he expects to be. Let me steal the three letters at once then, persuade my father into the plot, and write von on my card, like every other gentleman of high degree. No! no! I should be a "*homo trium literarum*" in the wrong sense then—in the sense of my corpus *juris*. Instead of *v o n*, it would be *f u r*. No, no! I am no thief—no impostor. What if Margaret does love me, as I believe she does? Did not her father tell her to-day before my face that he would as soon marry his daughter to an ourang-outang as to a man without a von to his name? Yes he did. He said he would as soon marry her to an ourang-outang as to me, for that is what he meant. Hang him! He may thank his daughter that I did not pull his ears for him in his own hall. I will be revenged upon him yet—but how? O, Margaret, Margaret! Can I, dare I ask you to share the destinies of a man who has no *von* to his name? Ah no!—an angel would be incapable of such a sacrifice. 'T is too much—and ought I to expect it? Love works wonders, but this—ought I to hope it even? How I loathe my abominable, my ignoble fate! By all the infernal powers, I could find it in my heart to sell myself to the foul fiend to gain but those three paltry letters—for would they not be like the mystic letters of the Arabian charm—would they not open the gates of Paradise, of honor and of love to me? Thousand devils!" he continued, as he opened the street door of the house and found it pitch dark inside, while the little bell fastened over the entrance jingled mockingly in his ear. "If I were Baron von Klotz now, perhaps I should have a porter to open the door for me, aye, and to find me a light too. Where the devil are the lucifers?" added he, groping about in the dark for the matches and the candlestick which the portress usually left for him upon the little window shelf of her cupboard-like lodge. As he pronounced the words, he thought he heard a slight laugh apparently ringing in the upper part of the house. "Sacrament!" said he, "that is the identical laugh which I heard just

now, as I was picking myself out of the puddle, and St. Nicholas was striking one. But where the devil are the matches, I ask again? Somebody has been lighting his candle very lately, for there is a confounded smell of brimstone here. I wonder who it was. Well, well—I give it up—pleasant this, though, to go to bed in the dark when one is so wet and uncomfortable. Oh, perfectly voluptuous!" So saying he grinned wildly, grinding his teeth almost to tooth-powder as he spoke, and began to mount the stairs in the dark.

It would perhaps be a breach of good fellowship for me to tell you the exact location of his apartment. In that part of the continent, you know, people set their streets upon end to save room, and as the sky costs considerably less than town lots, and, as there is always a great deal of unoccupied air left in the market, they very ingeniously pile one house upon another, going still nearer and nearer heaven, till all are accommodated. It often happens, therefore, that a young man has to pass up above two or three houses, before he finds one which he fancies, and in so doing he has to go up a mountain of staircase. But then you are rewarded by the purer atmosphere and the prospect—a consolation I always administered to myself, when in the same situation. Our hero saw every steeple, every red-tiled roof, every chimney in all Bergenheim of a fine day from his chamber window; and as for the atmosphere, why the whole smoke of the city, of a wet day, hung like a royal canopy over his head, and shrouded the busy world beneath him in a sombre and mysterious veil. I am afraid I have prated about his whereabout more than I intended. To be honest about the matter, he lived upon the first floor, if you came in down the chimney, or on the ninth if you visited him, according to a foolish fashion most in vogue, by the staircase.

So up he went in the dark, stumbling up stairs (that bitter evidence of man's fallibility) as he went, and when he had at last toiled to the summit of the Alpine staircase, he was excessively astonished at finding a light glimmering through his keyhole. Being cold and wet, however, he did not think it worth while to stay wondering on the outside of his apartment, so he walked in.

As soon as he crossed the threshold he saw a sight which somewhat surprised him. His study lamp was burning upon his table and the room was occupied. An individual was seated with his back toward him in his arm chair, wrapped in his dressing gown, his legs comfortably established upon the table, smoking his favorite pipe with the long cherry-stick stem, and reading a manuscript to himself in an audible voice. The stranger appeared pleased with what he was reading, for he waved his hand once or twice with a gentle air of triumph, and whispered "bravo" to himself in a tone of subdued gratification.

"By Jove! this impertinent fellow is taking me off, besides wearing my clothes and smoking my pipe. He is evidently mimicking my style of reading my own compositions. What has the fellow got there?"

He advanced stealthily toward him and looked over his shoulder.

"Donnerwetter!—'t is my handwriting—'t is my thesis—'*de concurrentibus creditoribus*,' written for my examination. Hah! what is this? He is passing the place where I left off writing a puzzle. 'Sive duo, sive viginti, propter;' that is the very place where I stuck. The fellow has been adding to it and forging my hand. I wont stand it!"

He put his hand upon the stranger's shoulder.

"I say, who the deuce are you?" he asked.

"Wolfgang Klotz!" returned the other, shaking off his hand impatiently and resuming his dissertation.

"You lie, stranger!" said Wolfgang, confounded with the intruder's impertinence.

"Look me in the face and tell me that again, if you dare!" So saying, he put his hand upon his arm again and compelled him to move. The stranger turned his face toward him suddenly. Wolfgang glared at him a moment, and then stood transfixed. He knew that there was no mirror in the room, and yet he saw *himself*. He knew that he was in the presence of a spectre, the spectre of himself.

Wolfgang was a bold man, however, not so easily frightened into fainting as Count Ulric XXV, and so he stood his ground manfully. After recovering from his first astonishment, he threw himself into a chair, with a look of dogged resolution.

"I know you are a spectre," said he, "and you are here on business. Out with it!—what do you want?"

"You are a blunt fellow," said his double, "and I like you the better for it. I am a blunt fellow too."

"So blunt that you seem unable to come to the *point*," returned Wolfgang, facetiously. "You see I am not the least frightened at your appearance, so if you have any business with me, I tell you once again let me hear it, if not, there is the door—or, if you prefer it, the key-hole—they say your class have a partiality for that passage way."

"You gave me an invitation to visit you, just as you opened the street door, you know. This is rather unhandsome treatment in my opinion," said the double.

"What do you mean?"

"You let fall something concerning the disposal of a certain piece of property."

"I have no piece of property in the world. The only one I had was my umbrella, and that has just been broken to pieces in this confounded gale."

"Oh, I must be explicit. You spoke of conveying a trifling little incorporeal hereditament to a gentleman whose character has been unjustly aspersed, for the purpose of adding three letters to your name."

"Hem! I understand. But why so much circumlocution? In plain language, are you the devil?"

"I decline answering that question, on the ground that it might criminate myself. The devil's character, as I said before, does not stand as high as it deserves. However, whoever I am, I am able to supply your wants, provided you are willing to pay the purchase money. Here is a *von* for you, if you choose to buy it."

Putting his thumb and finger into his waistcoat pocket, he drew out what appeared to be a large diamond ring, which he put upon his forefinger and con-

templated with the air of a petit mâitre. It was a splendid diamond of extraordinary size, carved with armorial bearings surmounted by a coronet.

"What is the price?" cried Wolfgang, eagerly.

"I consider you decidedly in love with the Lady Margaret Goblinheim," was the evasive reply.

"I consider you decidedly impertinent," was the answer. "Besides, what has that to do with it?"

"Every thing. Do you suppose I am ninny enough to be ignorant that that little madonna is at the bottom of the whole business? But you are right. Gratified ambition, gratified love upon the one side; and upon the other, a contemptible, slavish, unmanly contraction into one's own cramping sphere. What are you that you should be nobody? Face, figure, mind, heart, courage, accomplishments, and yet nothing—all for the want of three letters."

"You are right," cried Wolfgang. "Give me that ring."

"But the price, my dear sir; you know there must be a nominal price in all these things. You are not aware of the price perhaps?"

"Nonsense," cried Wolfgang; "every fool knows that. 'T is stale as vinegar. You want my soul, of course—take it. Give me enjoyment, power, happiness, station in this world. Relieve me from this longing and repining for something above and beyond my sphere. Make my powers equal to my ambition. Enlarge this circle of possibility which clips me, as fire the scorpion, till my heart turns upon itself. Let me live while I do live, and when I die, take my soul and welcome. It never did me any good. Much good may it do you."

"A pious wish! But I see you are a straight forward, *dare-devil* sort of a fellow, if I may use the expression. So to be explicit, the terms of the contract are thus: immediate delivery to you, upon your giving a note of hand for the value of one soul, with a mortgage of your own as collateral security. It matters nothing to me whether it be your own or your neighbor's which is eventually conveyed, but as you have none other in your possession at present, you must mortgage your own. If you can supply me with another before the equity of redemption has expired, so much the better; if not, I take possession, you understand."

"Quite a man of business, I see. I like the terms," answered Wolfgang.

"Then we may as well execute at once," said the double, taking a blank mortgage out of his pocket.

Up to this moment, Wolfgang had been as calm as a clock, but it was the calmness of desperation. A revulsion suddenly came over him. His fancy held up to him the holy picture which hung in the little church whither his mother so often had led him in childhood. The face of Mary weeping at the grave of her only son seemed to change to his mother's features. Her voice seemed floating toward him, breathing a prayer that He who died to save might be with him in his awful temptation. All his childhood's feelings of devotion, of trust in God, of contentment with his lot, thronged around him like ministering angels called down from heaven at the sound of his mother's prayer. His eyes filled with tears, his breast trembled with emotion.

"Will you sign this, if you please, my dear sir?" said the double, in the most honeyed accents.

"I'll be d—d if I do!" cried our hero, with violence.

The other nodded with the air of a man who listens to a truism.

"Of course," he added coolly.

Wolfgang could stand it no longer. "Demon! Tempter!" he cried, taking his other self by the collar and wrestling with him.

"Kreutz himmel donnerwetter! These are pretty manners! Did mortal ever see such a whimsical changeable, capricious—'pon my life, that is a very pretty face, certainly!" he continued, springing open the cover of a miniature which he took from his bosom, and holding it toward Wolfgang.

"Did you ever see the original?" said he.

"'T is Margaret, by heavens! Out, tempter! Ha hold! Let me gaze upon it one instant! 'T is her cherub face. Why should that angel lead me to destruction? There I go again! Oh, 't is too much—'t is more than I can bear!"

He pressed the picture wildly to his lips, and stamped about the room in a paroxysm of conflicting emotion. In the mean time the spectre sat in the chair with one leg tossed carelessly over the arm of it, whiffing out little circular wreaths of smoke from the pipe he still retained, and presenting a picture of the most bland and reposing satisfaction.

"'T is too much—'t is too great a torture. My passion for that girl is hopeless—and yet devote myself to destruction—to damnation? Ah, there is one method—but one."

In the mean time, the spectre having finished his pipe, had risen from the chair with the view, apparently, of yawning, and, having accomplished that object in the most consummate and masterly manner, he proceeded to take a leisurely survey of the apartment. Like most students' apartments, there was nothing in the room but two chairs, one table, a bed, a row of pipes, and a pair of schlägers, or dueling swords. Seeing nothing else to amuse him, he took down one of the swords from its peg, and began reading the inscriptions upon the inside of the hilt. At this moment Wolfgang reached him, in one of his rapid strides across the apartment, which he was pacing with about as composed a demeanor as a hyena does his cage just before feeding time.

"I will thank you for that sword," said he, with a frightful assumption of politeness.

"I'm not hurting it," replied the double.

"Perhaps not, but I happen to want it."

"What upon earth can you want of your sword at this time of night?" said the goblin, still retaining it.

"Fellow, I am going to kill myself with it, if you *must* know, so let me have it at once!"

"Poh!—nonsense! However, if you must have your own way, here is something much better." With this he presented a long knitting-needle, very sharp at one point, and which had apparently been dipped in some fluid.

"You will see by this plate," said the double, taking a handsomely colored anatomical drawing of a heart from his coat pocket. "You will see by this plate the exact point to aim at. Give yourself the trouble to insert this as near to the point A as indicated in this engraving as possible, and the problem is solved."

"Solved, indeed," said our hero, gloomily. "I will have nothing of you—neither needle nor ring."

"Nor this either?" said his companion, holding up the picture.

"No, nor that! Tempter, avaunt!"

"Sir, you are impracticable. Give me leave to tell you that I consider myself insulted by your conduct to-night—"

"Very well, sir," interrupted Wolfgang; "the usual mode of satisfying yourself is open to you."

"Thank you, but I never fight. You are the fighting member of our copartnership. I never interfere with matters out of my province. The only satisfaction I desire, is to see you return to your senses—to the frame of mind in which I found you when we first met. Here is my card. If you desire to renew our conversation, and I assure you no advances can be expected from me, after your unhandsome conduct, I have only to say you may find me at the old north turret of Goblinheim ruin, to-morrow night at the hour of one. Oh, stay—I had almost forgotten—let me see." Here the goblin coolly took off his head and rummaged inside of it, apparently for an idea, as you sometimes see a man searching for a letter, or other memorandum, in his hat. "Yes, I have it—there are to be some friends with me there to-morrow night, to whom I give a 'pêtit souper.' If you will join us, in spite of, as I repeat, your unhandsome conduct, I shall be glad to have you of the party."

With this he took off Wolfgang's dressing-gown and hung it on a peg—threw off his slippers and velvet cap, and lo!—he was not.

There was a slight but not disagreeable odor of brimstone, as if a match had been lighted, and that was all. Wolfgang looked at the card which the demon had left in his hand. It was a common visiting card, upon which was engraved, "Le Chevalier de Sataniski."

"The demon has taken the right way to tempt me, certainly, and to strengthen my wavering determination. An adroit person, truly. He should have been a diplomatist."

With this, Wolfgang threw off his clothes and stretched himself upon his couch, just as the gray tints of morning were dappling the east.

CHAPTER IV.

The apartments of the Lady Margaret were at the end of the western wing of Goblinheim Hall. Her chamber opened upon a little terrace which overhung a part of the ruined castle. It was the night succeeding the one the events of which are recorded in the preceding chapters, and a mild and pleasant one for the season. Margaret could not sleep, for her father had told her that evening that he would not hear of her betrothing herself to Wolfgang Klotz, and had even forbidden her again receiving his visits. Moreover, he had repeated the insulting reference to the ourang-outang, adding in derision, and as a physically impossible condition, that when her lover had a *von* to his name he should have perfect liberty to address his daughter, and not till then. So the Lady Margaret had gone sobbing to her chamber, and finding it impossible to sleep, had wrapped herself in a furred cloak and stepped out upon the terrace to look at the stars.

"Poor Wolfgang!" she said to herself. "But I will never forsake him. My ambitious father little dreams with what a proud spirit he has to deal in the person of his meek daughter. Ah, if any thing were wanting to confirm my affection, he has added to it by insulting Wolfgang. I will protect him against insult, if there be none other in the whole world to befriend. Lowly born!—lowly born! Look at that brow of majesty—that form of matchless symmetry."

The young lady might have proceeded in this very handsome, but perhaps slightly exaggerated tribute to the person and accomplishments of her absent lover, had she not been startled by the sound of voices below her balcony. Her first impulse was to retreat into her chamber and alarm the household, imagining at once a whole regiment of robbers and murderers. Fancying something familiar, however, in the deep voice which was speaking, she paused and listened.

"I am very sorry to make such an indelicate observation to a lady," said a voice which she now knew to be that of the Chevalier de Sataniski, "but circumstances compel me to remind you that you will be one hundred and forty years old to-morrow."

"Chevalier! How can you? Forty years?—what do you mean? I never!" answered a piping treble which Margaret easily recognized to be the voice of Madame de Blenheim, the elderly mummy whom we introduced at the Goblinheim dinner party.

"No, Madame," repeated the chevalier, in the same bland and courteous but decided tone; "no, madame, not forty, but one hundred and forty years old—and, madame, I grieve to say it, but you are begining to fade a little. I warned you a good while ago, but you would not heed me—the fact is, you are decidedly passée, and that 's the plain truth."

Madame de Blenheim gave a faint shriek of horrified vanity; the chevalier heeded it not, but went on to observe,

"You recollect that I presented you with the last box of the pomade of paradise exactly twenty-one years ago; do you also remember the conditions?"

"Yes, sir," answered Madame de B. "The condition was that I was to be allowed twenty-one years to obtain for you the fee simple of the young man's (Wolfgang's) soul—failing which, he, Wolfgang Klotz—"

Margaret almost dropped off the balcony in her anxiety to hear every word that fell. She retained her position, however, and devoured every syllable of the extraordinary communication to which she had become so unexpectedly a party.

"It runs thus," said the count, opening the scroll.

ULRIC TO PRINCE ULRIC, *greeting:*

Thrice exalted shall we be,
Once in Ulric, once in me;
Twice in me and thrice in thee,
For two are one and one is three.

The chevalier could scarcely suppress a triumphant sneer, as the count repeated these lines in a trembling voice.

"The plot approaches its development," said he, aside. "And how do you interpret these fantastic rhymes, count?" he added, aloud.

"Thus," said the count. "Our family legend recites that after the appearance of the third and last goblin, whom I have the honor to see before me this moment—"

The chevalier bowed.

"After the appearance of the third goblin, the spectre history of the family is to be finished, the vacant space on the escutcheon filled up, the meaning of the motto of the family, 'Nondum,' or 'Noch nicht,' accomplished, and the family elevated to a principality. 'Thrice exalted shall we be'—once as barons, once as counts, and thirdly as princes—'once in Ulric,' that is to say in 'Ulrichius,' in whom the family was first ennobled—'once in me,' that is in Ulric XXV, who was first made count, and from whom I presume this mysterious missive to have emanated—'twice in me,' that is to say, I doubled the dignity of the family, or raised it two steps in nobility; and 'thrice in thee,' can that mean any thing but that the third step the principality is to be mounted by me, to whom this letter is addressed, and—"

Here the count, who had hitherto proceeded very volubly, came to a dead pause.

"Well, proceed," said the chevalier. "By what rule of arithmetic do you interpret the fourth line, 'for two are one and one is three?'"

"To say the truth, I am fairly puzzled there—I have no notion how to construe the *last* enigma," answered the count.

"Well, well, time will show, I dare say," said the chevalier, again ill concealing the serpent sneer which had at first alarmed the count. "But 't is very chilly, upon my honor," said he, with a shudder which convulsed his whole frame; "I must warm myself a little, my jaws rattle like a dice box." So saying, he advanced toward a blazing fire of oak, which some invisible hand had lighted upon a ruined hearth in what was once the hall of the castle, but, as he went, he stumbled over some obstruction which lay concealed in the long weeds which mantled the ruins.

"'Pon my life, I have dislocated my ankle, I believe," said the chevalier, pettishly; "however, I shall have but little use for my legs after to-night." With this he reached the fire-place, where, planting himself composedly upon the hearth, with his back to the blaze, and a coat skirt draped carelessly around either arm, he began to whistle the fiends' chorus in "Robert le Diable." [*To be continued.*

AMERICAN ARTISTS IN FLORENCE.

BY J. T. HEADLY.

We have long been accused of wanting taste and genius, especially in the fine arts, and an Englishman always smiles at any pretension to them on our part. In his criticism, our poetry is from imitation of the great bards of England, our knowledge of music confined to Yankee Doodle and Hail Columbia, and our skill in architecture to the putting up of steeples, school-houses, and liberty poles. It may be so, but we will cheerfully enter the field with him in that department of fine arts, calling for the loftiest efforts of genius, and the purest incarnation of the sentiment of beauty in man—we mean painting and sculpture, especially the latter.

Spending some time last year in Florence, we became acquainted with our artists there, and spent some of the pleasantest hours of our life in their society. There are two American artists in Florence by the name of Brown—one a painter, and the other a sculptor. Mr. Brown, the painter, is one of the best copyists of the age. Under his hand the great masters reappear again in undiminished beauty. But his merits do not stop here—he is also a fine composer, and when the mood is on him, flings off most spirited designs. In his house we have seen pieces that indicate merit of the highest order, and if he would copy less and compose more, his pocket might suffer but his fame would increase. If a gallery should ever be formed in New York we trust his paintings will be among the first placed in it.

He has also a charming wife to cheer his foreign abode, whose kindness and urbanity do credit to the country that gave her birth. And, by the way, we would not forget a remarkable dog, which she has taught to speak very passable English.

We first saw Mr. Brown in the Ritti Gallery. Wandering through it one day with a "*quondam*" *attaché* to one of the foreign courts, my friend paused before a magnificent picture, and introduced me to the artist at work upon it, as Mr. Brown, of America. It was a copy of one of Salvator Rosa's finest pieces, and had already been bought by a member of the English parliament for three hundred dollars. Walking one day through the gallery, he was struck with the remarkable beauty of the copy, and immediately purchased it, though in an unfinished state.

Thus we lose them—and though we possess great artists, our wealthy men refuse to buy their works, and they go to embellish the drawing rooms and

galleries of England. Mr. Powers stands undoubtedly at the head of American sculptors. His two great works are Eve and the Greek Slave. Critics are divided on the merits of these two figures. As the mere embodiment of beauty and loveliness, the Slave undoubtedly has the pre-eminence. The perfect moulding of the limbs, the exquisite proportion and harmony of all the parts, the melancholy, yet surpassingly lovely face, combine to render it more like a beautiful vision assuming the aspect of marble, than a solid form hewn out of a rock. There she stands, leaning on her arm and musing on her inevitable destiny. There is no paroxysm of grief, no overwhelming anguish, depicted on the countenance. It is a calm and hopeless sorrow—the quiet submission of a heart too pure and gentle for any stormy passion. That heart has broken, it is true, but broken in silence—without a murmur or complaint. The first feeling her look and attitude inspire, is not so much a wish *vouchsafed* to rescue her as a prayer that Heaven would do it. It is beautiful—spiritually beautiful—the very incarnation of sentiment and loveliness. In its mechanical execution, it reminds one of the Apollino in the Tribune of the Royal Gallery.

The Eve exhibits less sentiment, but more character. She is not only beautiful, but grand—bearing in her aspect the consciousness that she is the mother of a mighty race. In all the paintings of Eve, she is simply a beautiful woman, and indeed we do not believe that any one but an American or an Indian man could conceive a perfect idea of Eve. Passion and beauty a Frenchman and an Italian can paint, but in their minds the sublimity, solemnity and grandeur of Eve's conception can never be realized. There is a noble picture in the gallery of Naples—a fine Parisian face and form—painted by some pupil of the old masters, we presume, but it does not follow that even then we know what the mother of mankind looked like. Some purpose and individuality of character seem to mingle in the features of the great masters, but the simple loveliness of innocence is lost.

Powers' Eve is a woman who has seen and known sorrow, and as she stands with the apple in her hand, musing on the fate it will bring, and looking down the dark and solemn future, it requires but little of her countenance to indicate the ghastly spectre that is to overshadow her. We only wish that the sculptor had given her countenance that overwhelming human sorrow that the same state of deep and painful thought would produce in a noble woman—[illegible]. We think the subject has not been more than partially developed. There is in the poor fallen mother of mankind a pensiveness and a tenderness for her race that is lovely and human in a great degree. It has the advantage also of being the model of her sex, while at the same time the taste is greatly improved.

In conversing on his work, Mr. Powers evidently threw a little Venus and goddess overboard, and left Eve to her own creative genius, and the result is a perfect triumph. Some critics, however, have gone so far as to give him the preference to the Venus di Medici. The head and face, taken separately, are doubtless superior. The first impression of the Venus is unfavorable. The head and face are too small, and inexpressive. But after a few visits this impression is removed, and that form, wrought with such exquisite grace, and so full of sentiment, grows on one's love, and mingles in his thoughts and forms forever after the image of beauty in the soul. Our first exclamation on beholding it was one of disappointment, and we unhesitatingly gave Mr. Powers' Eve the preference. But *memory* is more faithful to the Venus than to the Eve. There is something more than the form of a goddess in that face—there is an atmosphere of beauty beyond and around it—a something intangible yet real—making the marble sacred. One may forget other statues, or the particular impression they made, grows dim with time, but Venus, once imaged on the heart, remains there forever, in all its distinctness and beauty.

In conversing with Mr. Powers on art, and the power of education to make the artist, he contended that education alone could never form a correct taste. "The perception of beauty (said he) is natural to sight, and can never be created by any process of education. Why, my taste is no more correct now in describing a work of merit, than it was when I was a poor western boy. I never saw a fine statue or good painting, till I was seventeen years old. When I was at that age, a Frenchman in Cincinnati, had what he had a fine collection of engravings. These, and not other effects, were sold at auction. I saw them bid off. My untaught taste [illegible] those which were beautiful [illegible] with unerring precision. [illegible] that I never have had cause to [illegible]." The principle is doubtless true. There are natures in the world that cannot be taught [illegible] among them are the poet and the artist. Mr. Powers told me he had thirty different [illegible] of his Eve before one. She never [illegible] he would combine in her single person the separate charms of thirty beautiful women, and yet the artist finds her still [illegible] for the perfect [illegible] fancy, and turns away dissatisfied [illegible]. If Jupiter was an artist, and Miss [illegible] should present the living image of the [illegible] woman, she would be well [illegible].

Mr. Powers is from South Carolina, and to have the [illegible] pocket three thousand dollars. The Greek Slave [illegible] England. They are both of Statuary marble [illegible]—a new quarry opened but a few years since. Mr. Powers never uses the Carrara marble. In expressing my wish that America should [illegible] such works, he replied, that he desired [illegible] to be had struggle through difficulties and [illegible] to get the means, [illegible] when his works could [illegible] would not throw them away, and [illegible] have them who were willing to give what they were worth.

Powers' elder brother, who is sleeping beneath the sod, was also a fine artist. His great work was an Indian Chief. It is a noble figure, and shows conclusively

that our Indian wild bloods furnish as good specimens of well knit, graceful and athletic forms as the Greek wrestlers themselves. He stands leaning on his bow, with his head slightly turned aside, and his breath suspended in the deepest listening attitude, as if he expected every moment to hear again the stealthy tread his ear had but partially caught a moment before. Clevenger was an open-hearted, full-souled man—western in all his tastes and great characteristics—and designed to spend his life in our western country, to let his fame grow up with its growing people. Cincinnati ought to have bought his statue, consecrated as it was by the last efforts of her generous son. We are glad she is willing New York should possess it, but its proper place is Cincinnati. Among Clevenger's minor works was a beautiful bust of Miss ——, of New York, a perfect gem in its way.

I asked him what he thought an Indian would say to meet in the forest his statue, painted, and tricked off in savage costume. He laughed outright at the conception, and replied, "He would probably stand still and look at it a moment in suspense, and then exclaim *ugh*. That would be the beginning and end of *his* criticism."

Close to Clevenger's studio is that of Brown, the sculptor. He was also engaged on an Indian—not a warrior, or hunter, but a boy and a poet of the woods. Indians, among the gods and goddesses of Florence, were a new thing, and excited not a little wonder; and it was gratifying to see that American genius could not only strike out a new path, but follow it successfully. Crawford may exhibit his great merit in digging some hitherto neglected god from the already thrice ransacked classics, but our genius does not work naturally in that channel. Each age has its characters and tastes, and ours are not fitted for divinities, or half-divinities, but real, living, energetic men.

But I forgot my Poetic Indian Boy, though it is not so easy to forget him, for his melancholy, thoughtful face haunts me like a vision, and I often say to myself, "I wonder what has become of that dreamy boy." In it, Mr. Brown has endeavored to body forth his own nature, which is full of "musing and melancholy." The boy has gone into the woods to hunt, but the music of the wind among the tree tops, and the swaying of the great branches above him, and the mysterious influence of the deep forest, with its multitude of low voices, have made him forget his errand; and he is leaning on a broken tree, with his bow resting against his shoulder, while one hand is thrown behind him, listlessly grasping the useless arrow. His head is slightly bent, as if in deep thought, and as you look on the face, you feel that forest boy is beyond his years, and has begun too early to muse on life and on man. The effect of the statue is to interest one deeply in the fate of the being it represents. You feel that his life will not pass like the life of ordinary men. This effect, the very one the artist sought to produce, is of itself the highest praise that could be bestowed on the work. Clevenger and Brown were inseparable friends, and though alike in simplicity of character and frankness of manner, were wholly unlike in their temperaments. Clevenger was all hope and mirth. He loved to laugh, and had an honest faith in man, and man's goodness; Mr. Brown, on the contrary, is dreamy and sombre—of a highly poetic nature, but without its ardent impulses. He is all truth, and entirely destitute of that sensitive self-esteem so often connected with artists of great merit. He asked my unbiased criticism on the statue. Feeling that a very slight alteration in one respect would heighten very much the effect of the whole, I ventured to mention it. It struck him favorably, and he clapped his hands with as much pleasure as if his own mind had suggested it, exclaiming, "It shall be done."

Mr. Brown corroborated an impression often forced on me in Italy, that the Italians are almost universally disproportioned in their limbs. The arms of opera singers had always appeared awkwardly proportioned, which Mr. Brown told me was true, and that the same criticism held good of the lower limbs of both sexes, and that often when he thought he had found a perfect form, and one that indeed *did* answer remarkably to the standard of measurement considered faultless by artists, he was almost universally disappointed in the shortness of the limbs between the knee and ankle. Here is a fact for our ladies, and upsets some of our theories of the beauty of Italian forms. Mr. Brown, who has had models in both countries, declares that the American form harmonizes with the right standard oftener than the Italian. The Italian women have finer busts, which give them an erect and dignified appearance, and a firmer walk.

There is a new artist just risen in Florence, who threatens to take the crown off from Powers' head. His name is Dupré—a Frenchman by extraction, though an Italian by birth. Originally a poor wood engraver, he designed and executed last year, unknown to any body, the model of a dead Abel. Without advancing in the usual way from step to step, and testing his skill on busts, and inferior subjects, he launched off on his untried powers into the region of highest effort. A year ago this winter, at the annual exhibition of designs and statues in Florence, young Dupré placed his Abel in the gallery. No one had seen it—no one had heard of it. Occupying an unostentatious place, and bearing an unknown name, it was at first passed by with a cursory glance. But somehow or other, those who had seen it once found themselves after awhile returning for a second look, till at length the whole crowd stood grouped around it, in silent admiration—our own artists among the number. It became immediately the talk of the city, and, in a single week, the poor wood engraver vaulted from his humble occupation, into a seat among the first artists of his country. A Russian princess passing through the city saw it, and was so struck with its singular beauty, that she immediately ordered a statue for which the artist is to receive four thousand dollars. Many of the artists became envious of the sudden reputation of Dupré, and declared that no man ever wrought that model, and could not—that it was moulded from a dead body, and the artist was compelled to get the affidavits of

his models to protect himself from slander. We were sorry to hear the name of an American artist placed among these backbiters.

We regard this figure as equal, if not superior, of its kind, to any statue ever wrought by any sculptor of any age. It is not proper, of course, to compare it with the Venus di Medici, or Apollo Belvidere, for they are of an entirely different character. The Dead Son of Niobe, in the Hall of Niobe in the Royal Gallery, is a stiff wooden figure compared to it. The only criticism I could utter, when I first stood over it, was, "*Oh, how dead he lies!*" There is no marble there, it is all flesh—flesh flexible as if the tide of life still poured through it, yet bereft of its energy. The beautiful martyr looks as if but just slain, and before the muscles became rigid, and the form stiff, had been thrown on a hillside; and with his face partly turned away, and one arm thrown back despairingly over his head, he lies in death as natural as the human body itself would lie. The same perfection of design and execution is exhibited in all the details, and the whole figure is a noble monument of modern genius. Being a new thing, and hence not down in the guide books, most travelers passed through Florence last year without seeing it. We were indebted for our pleasure to a young attaché who had resided several years in Florence, and was acquainted with all its objects of interest. Dupré is now engaged on a Cain, which is to stand over the Abel. It was with great difficulty we got access to it, being yet in an unfinished state. This also is a noble figure, of magnificent proportions, and wonderful muscular power. He stands gazing down on his dead brother, terror-struck at the new and awful form of death before him, his face working with despair and horror, and his powerful frame wrought into intense action by the terrible energy of the soul within. This is a work of great merit, but falling far below the Abel. The form is too theatrical, and the whole expression overwrought.

Dupré is a handsome man, with a large black eye, and melancholy features.

THE PIC-NIC.

A STORY OF THE WISSAHICKON.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

CHAPTER I.

At twenty-one Tom Hastings had his fortune yet to make. But he was sanguine and ambitious, and he did not doubt he should die a millionaire. He had been a dreamer from boyhood: one of those careless fellows who write poetry, are fond of sporting, and live as if they were worth a fortune. From eighteen until his majority, his guardian could do nothing with him. He had taken his degree, and he refused to study a profession: so there was nothing left but to idle away his time as he best could. The interval was employed in desultory studies, and in pedestrian excursions through the country, diversified now and then by a speculation in stocks. On the whole, the time was not ill-spent. He acquired considerable insight into character during his half-vagrant travels, made a little money, and picked up a hoard of miscellaneous knowledge.

Tom had been the handsomest man in college, and few had such an oily tongue among the girls. He was a bit of a dandy; indeed the only man of sense I ever knew for a fop. He was proud of his curls and whiskers; always promenaded Chesnut street before dinner, and was a perfect man-milliner in the way of fashions. He sang; played on the flute; waltzed, as the ladies said, divinely; and used to vow he had shut himself up for a fortnight to study the language of flowers. He had a delicate way of paying a compliment that few women could withstand; and his conversation possessed that mingled sense and gaiety which pleases old and young alike. Altogether he was just the man for making love. I often told him, over a cigar, that he must acquire his fortune by matrimony. But Tom was full of romance, and declared he would marry for love or die a bachelor.

When he attained his majority his guardian called him in to settle his accounts. Tom found he was worth just ten thousand dollars. The sum appeared small to one dreaming of millions, and, for a day, he hesitated between a trip to the Indies or a runaway match from Saratoga. Tom decided in favor of Canton. In less than a week he had embarked his whole fortune in assorted goods, and was waiting only for a fair wind to sail.

On the point of leaving his native country, perhaps forever, he could not avoid some melancholy feelings. To dissipate these he mounted his horse, and cantered by Laurel Hill to Germantown. Late in the afternoon he returned by way of the Wissahickon. It was early summer, when this romantic stream is in all its glory. The sun was just lingering above the tree-tops that were piled up the side of the precipice on the opposite bank, as he wound down the rocky road; and half the stream below lay in shadow, and half seemed molten gold. A profound stillness reigned around, broken only by a leaf rustling lightly or the dropping of water from a neighboring rock. Charmed by the scene, he drew in his rein, in a portion of the road where there is scarcely room for two carriages to pass abreast between the cliffs on one side and the precipice on the other; but he had

ing a compliment that few women could withstand; and his conversation possessed that mingled sense and gaiety which pleases old and young alike. Alto-

tion of the road where there is scarcely room for two carriages to pass abreast between the cliffs on one side and the precipice on the other; but he had

scarcely halted when the rattle of wheels was heard, and a light trotting wagon dashed up the hill. Tom had thoughtlessly stopped with his horse across the road. He turned the animal immediately, but not soon enough to prevent the other horse starting aside; and with horror he beheld the frightened beast dash toward the precipice, which in this place has a sheer descent of forty feet. The occupants of the wagon were a young lady and a still younger boy, the latter of whom now lost all presence of mind and dropped the reins. An instant only hung between the victims and eternity. Another bound of the maddened animal would carry him over the cliff. Tom felt the blood curdle at his heart, and for a second was paralyzed, but the imminency of the peril roused him, and dashing forward, regardless of almost certain death, he seized the head of the beast, and by an exertion of superhuman strength turned it up the road. In the struggle the carriage was upset; but the occupants gained time to leap out uninjured. The skill of Tom soon enabled him to calm the spirited animal; and he then, for the first time, bestowed a curious look on the persons he had so fortunately rescued.

The boy was apparently about thirteen, and seemed not yet recovered from his fright; but the lady, whom our hero took for a sister, had regained her self-possession, and now advanced to thank her deliverer. Tom thought he had never seen any female half so beautiful. And when, in somewhat tremulous tones, and with an eye moist in spite of every effort to the contrary, she called him her preserver, our hero, for the first time in his life, became embarrassed, and was unable to reply. At length he stammered out something, he knew not what; and offering to lead the horse past all danger, begged her to resume her seat fearlessly. She seemed reassured by what he said; and when, as he assisted her to the carriage, she leaned on him for a moment, every nerve in him thrilled with ecstasy.

"You will call on us," she said, looking at him with her large, soft eyes. "Father will thank you as I cannot. Do come, and to-morrow!"

She handed him her card with an earnest frankness that bewitched him, yet which no one could have misconstrued. Tom colored and promised; and not until the carriage had disappeared did he remember he was to sail the next day. He then mentally resolved to call that evening; but looking at the card he saw only the name, and in the hurry of his emotions he had already forgotten the address.

CHAPTER II.

Three years after these events a young man stood in the portico of Head's hotel. He had a highly intellectual face, somewhat sunburnt, as if by exposure in a southern climate; but his coat was in Carpenter's latest style, and his boots (which, by the bye, are the true touchstones of gentility) were unexceptionable.

"Ha! Hastings, as I live," exclaimed a young man who, that instant, came up.

"Ernest Moore!"

"When did you arrive? Haven't seen you reported. Egad! I am delighted," rapidly exclaimed his mercurial companion. "You look better than ever, only deucedly sunburnt. In good health, I suppose, except a little touched in the liver?"

"One wants breath to answer your questions as fast as you ask them. But, for the present, know I have just arrived from Canton, by way of Boston, and am in good health and spirits."

"And you've made a fortune. By George! I knew you would," exclaimed the other warmly.

"Not exactly," said Tom, smiling, "remember, I have been absent but three years. But I have made a little money. However, come to my room, where we'll have some champagne and talk of old times. It does one good to see a familiar face again."

The hours passed away rapidly. The young men had been schoolmates and subsequently chums; and so there were a thousand things to talk of. Who was married—what old companions had made fortunes—which of the former belles were still in the market—these, and a score of others, were the questions asked and answered almost in the same breath.

"But what are you going to do with yourself? Your return will surprise our old set, where you were such a favorite. And, now I think of it, to-morrow will afford you a good chance to make your debût. They are to have a pic-nic on the Wissahickon, and if you come out there it will be quite a surprise."

"Pshaw!" said Hastings, "I detest pic-nics."

"Detest pic-nics! Say that before the ladies, and you'll be ostracized."

"Well, let it be so; but I have no taste for them. I went to one before I left the country, and, what do you think? We were marched through town, two and two, in a long line, like charity children, or wild geese on the wing."

"You are too bad, Hastings," said his companion laughing, "but we are going in private carriages. And, hark 'ye, the wines will be good."

"That is a temptation; but, after all, it is a bore to have to play the agreeable all day."

"The ladies are the cream of our old set, with several new ones, who are angels."

"Ah!"

"There's Ellen Cassel—"

"Oh! I know her. She's a blue, and they say vowed herself to perpetual virginity, lest the cares of a married life should interfere with her literary leisure."

"Well, then, there's Mary Beaufort."

"Keeps a lap-dog and *lithpths*. Good heavens!"

"Caroline Seckel."

"I once caught her making cake, with her arms smeared with meal; and she pretended the servant was sick. I detest a lady who is too proud to be a housewife, much more one who will equivocate to escape the imputation of industry."

"But there's Isabel Conway—Belle Conway we call her—neither a blue nor a fool, but beautiful, accomplished, amiable and rich. She's just your beau-ideal."

"Conway—Conway—I don't know the name, and yet it seems familiar. She was not in our set?"

"No, she is a new comer, a Bostonian. All the men are in love with her, but no one can make an impression on her heart. She has a voice like an angel. You used to be a favorite with the sex, suppose you try to conquer this unconquerable one. She is a prize worth taking."

"By Jove! I'll go," said Hastings. "And now let us uncork the other bottle."

CHAPTER III.

It was the beginning of June, and the trees were all in leaf; while thousands of wild-flowers, the violet, anemone, and quaker lady, spangled the hillside and blushed in the meadows. A fresh breeze rippled the calm waters of the Wissahickon; birds caroled gaily overhead, and every thing promised a day of pleasure. At an early hour the party began to repair to the place of rendezvous, and soon a crowd of carriages had congregated. The old woods echoed with laughter from gay and happy hearts, as they had not done for years before.

Hastings had determined to ride out on horseback, and instinctively he chose the route he had pursued when he last visited the spot. Before he was aware of it, a bend in the road brought him in sight of the place where he had rescued the fair stranger three years before. He drew up his horse, while a crowd of emotions swept over him. We will not say that he had constantly dwelt, during his absence, on the image of the unknown; but certainly, in his hours of reverie, her memory had strangely haunted him, and his bosom had thrilled with wild hope, when he painted her unmarried on his return. By the lonely watch at sea, on the shores of the distant Ganges, in sickness and health, one thought had cheered his desolation and spurred him on to renewed energy. And now he had returned. But where was she? Perhaps the wife of another. The thought chilled his bounding spirits, and he rode on sad and dispirited.

As he wound down the rocky road the beauty of the landscape gradually opened before him. Perhaps there are few rivers more romantic than the Wissahickon. The stream steals along at the foot of high, wooded hills, whose almost precipitous sides seem lost in the clouds. Here and there strips of level land intervene between the precipice and the water, and on one of these the pic-nic party had now assembled. Fair forms, chastely attired in white, were flitting to and fro among the willows: here a pair, perhaps lovers, had wandered off arm in arm; there a group was embarking in a boat; some were fishing, others were strolling after flowers, and the enlivening music of Johnson's band, at this moment striking up, gave notice that the dance on the greensward was about to begin. The whole scene presented a gay and stirring picture. The groups sitting under the trees, the voyagers on the water, and the parties hurrying to the cotilion, filled up the foreground, while in the rear the wooded hill soared to the sky, crowned with a stately mansion on the extreme top, whose white walls glistened in the morning sun, like the fabled palaces of the genii.

"Mr. Hastings!" was the general exclamation of surprise, as our hero appeared on the ground, and many a bright eye grew brighter as the favorite acquaintance of other days so unexpectedly appeared; for Ernest Moore had faithfully kept the secret of his friend's arrival.

Congratulations crowded on him; the dance, for a few moments, was postponed; and all joined in welcoming back one whose departure had been felt as such a loss to their circle. Perhaps, too, more than one heart began to form expectations of what might be the result of a renewal of the acquaintance between her and the handsome and now wealthy Hastings.

"Let me introduce you to a partner—pray take a side in the cotilion," said half a dozen, and our hero soon found himself vis-a-vis to a very beautiful girl whom he did not recollect to have seen before. But the grace of her motion and the witchery of her smile made the eyes of Hastings follow her, until the raillery of his partner recalled him to himself.

"Where is your paragon, this Belle Conway?" said Hastings to his friend, Ernest Moore, when the dance was over.

"I really do not know. I have been looking for her for an hour. But I believe some one said she had strolled off with young Harcourt; he is rich, you know, and I hear whispers to-day that they are engaged. I thought she was heart-whole. I hope what I said yesterday has not made you fall in love, though it would be characteristic of your romantic turn, my dear fellow."

"Pshaw!" said Hastings, but he felt strangely interested to make the acquaintance of Belle Conway, for he had a presentiment they had met before.

In a short while Ernest Moore returned.

"Why, Hastings," he said, "you have been dancing vis-a-vis with Miss Conway and never knew it. She has since gone off with Harcourt, as I told you. It looks suspicious."

The day wore on. The dinner hour approached. Slowly the absent members of the party dropped in from their various excursions, and most of them were now gathered around the table, which was spread on the greensward and covered with all the delicacies of the season. Conversation became general; and for awhile Hastings amused himself with the various characters of the group. There were blues and coquettes, beauties and belles, girls of sense and mere fashionable automatons, as usual on such excursions; but our hero felt interested in none of them. He began to be annoyed at the continued absence of Miss Conway. At length she appeared, leaning on the arm of Harcourt. She replied with vivacity to the raillery of some of her friends, and moved to a position which brought her near to Hastings. At this instant their eyes met, for the first time. A look of inquiry, gradually changing to one of recognition, showed that she had seen our hero before. She extended her hand, with the sweetest of smiles. All at once the truth broke upon him. It was the beautiful stranger whom he had rescued from death, near this very spot, three years before.

Harcourt was a witness of the recognition, and his brow clouded. Our hero saw this, and the sting of rivalry, as well as his long smouldering love, called up all his powers, and he exerted himself to please, taxing to its utmost that conversational faculty for which he had once been so celebrated. And, whether it was the remembrance of his past service, or the natural coquetry of the sex that prompted her, Miss Conway certainly devoted most of her attention to our hero. Her powers of mind were scarcely inferior to his, and soon a large circle of interested listeners had gathered around them, for the dinner was now over.

"You should see the old mill up the road," said Miss Conway, at length. "Have you ever been there, Mr. Hastings? No. Well then let me be your guide. I suppose you are not frightened at a wild road. For my part, I am as bold as a chamois, as you shall see."

They departed as she spoke, only a few of the company following on this somewhat perilous expedition; and before long they found themselves alone. Hastings was not sorry, for he longed to change the conversation to a less flippant one, which was scarcely possible when surrounded by a laughing group. In this he succeeded, and found the mind of his companion amply stored with intellectual knowledge. Insensibly they grew silent, until, at length, a gap in the woods disclosed, from the height where they stood, the spot on which they first met three years before. At sight of it, the fair girl on his arm turned and looked up into his eyes with an expression which told volumes; but her gaze was instantly withdrawn when she saw it met that of Hastings, while a torrent of blood rushed over her face and brow.

"You never called on us," she said soon, in a tone of half reproach, breaking what began to grow a dangerous silence.

"I sailed the next morning, and, in the bewilderment of my emotions, forgot your address," said Hastings: then, recollecting the full force of what he admitted, and hurried along by irresistible impulse, which is, perhaps, only the sympathy of soul with soul, he poured forth to his now trembling companion the history of his heart since they had last met, the wild dreams he had cherished, and the almost visionary hope which he now breathed.

"Send me from your presence, if you will," he said, passionately, seizing her hand, as she averted her head. "They tell me your heart is already another's—I see I am presumptuous—forgive me—and farewell forever."

He would have dropped her hand, but she clung to it tremblingly, and, in a voice scarce audible, said,

"My heart has been yours only—" and then sunk sobbing on his bosom.

So there is such a thing as love at first sight, or our tale is untrue.

LIFE.

BY J. B. TAYLOR.

I feel the rush of waves that 'round me rise—
The tossing of my bark upon the sea;
Few sunbeams linger in the stormy skies,
And youth's bright shore is lessening on the lee!
There, when I dwelt, I wildly longed to be
Out on the heaving waters. Now my heart
Owns cares my thoughtless childhood could not see,
Or, seeing, feared not; duties round me start,
And toils that mark the brow ere boyhoood's years depart.

The soul needs stronger armor for the fight,
Than that it wore in morning's idle hours;
Relying on its own unaided might,
And, God-sustained, its great and lofty powers
Will bear it thro' the strife that threat'ning lowers;
While struggles here and there a sunny ray
From brighter skies—my steps are not on flowers—
A Python watches near Life's entrance way,
And, like Hyperion bold, I arm me for the fray.

Sometimes my heart will sink when I behold
What toils, what trials in the future lie;
I fear its fiery zeal may soon grow cold
To the pure promptings of a nature high—
Born of that flame whose glow can never die;
That the cold scorn of worldly ones and proud,
Who do not see the dust in which they lie,
Will check the impulse of a spirit, vowed
To feel and act for all, whom wrong or wo hath bowed.

For few there are who know how longs the soul
To grasp at higher and sublimer things;
What dreams of glory o'er its vision roll—
What heavenly sunshine glows upon its wings!
How, soaring up, the dross of earth it flings
And speaks with spirits in a purer sphere;
Few bend to drink at those eternal springs
Where Fancy, Truth, and Feeling linger near,
And make the soul forget the ill it suffers here!

Yet there are times when, worn by wasting strife,
The heart forgets its duty and its power;
How strange seems then the mystery of life—
How dreamy-like and vague, the present hour!
Though black'ning clouds about the future lower,
We heed them not, by toil and doubt o'ercome,
While on our minds the swift forebodings shower—
How sped the spirit from its distant home,
And where, when life is o'er, its bolder wing will roam?

Away with fear! the battle has begun;
Who falters now, must bear a craven heart;
On with a glorious hope, and it is won,
Though the foe's serried ranks around me start,
And friends, faint-hearted, from my side depart.
How vain are all the toils we meet with here—
The scourge of wrong and care's envenomed dart—
If we but feel a better world is near,
And voices from the loved and lost our weary spirits cheer!

SONG.
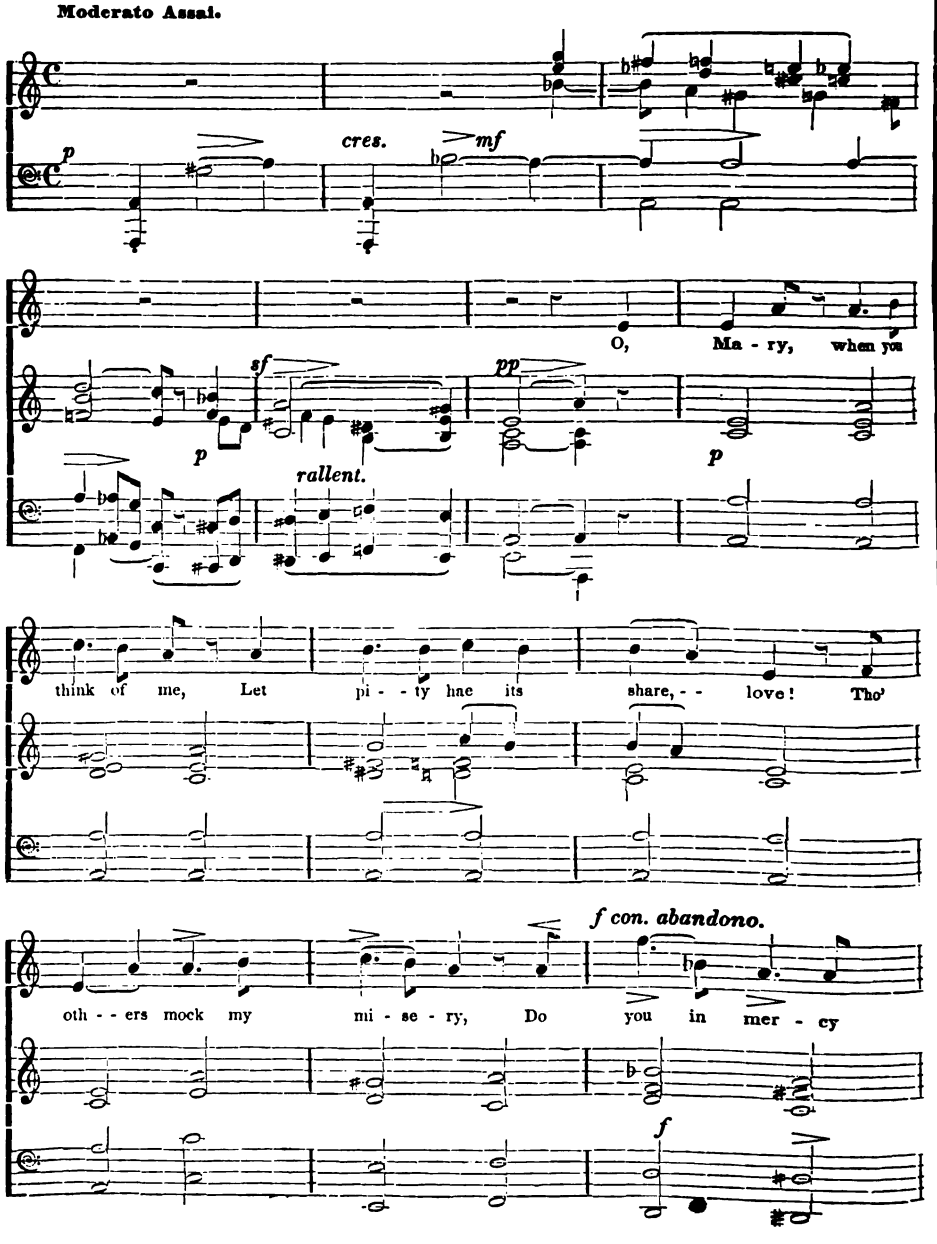
"OH, MARY, WHEN YOU THINK OF ME."
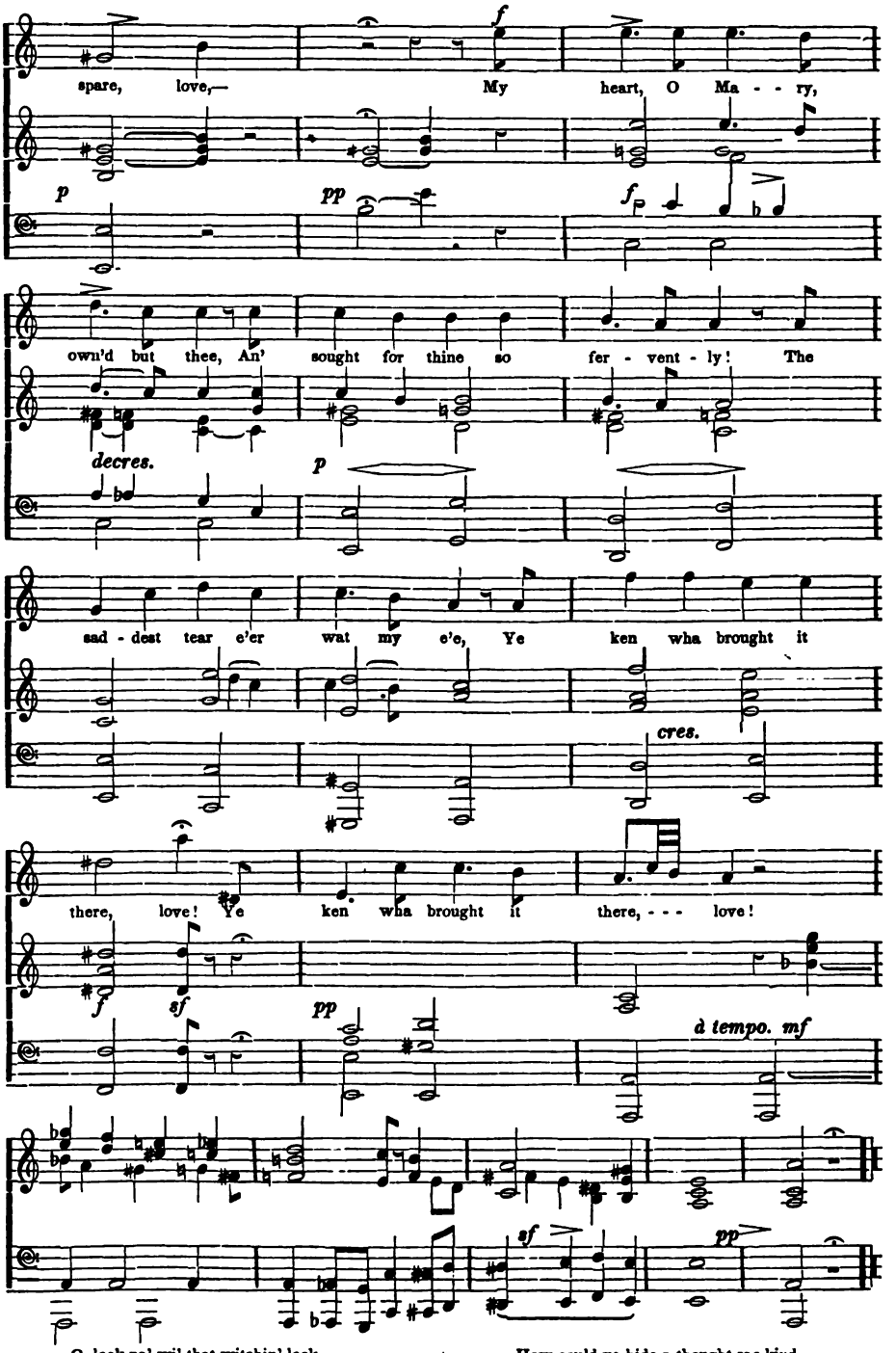
WORDS BY WILLIAM THOM.

MUSIC BY GIORGIO ROMANI.

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O, look na' wi' that witchin' look
That wiled my peace awa', love;
And dinna let me hear you sigh—
It tears my heart in twa, love.
Resume the frown ye'd wont to wear,
Nor shed the unavailing tear!
The hour of doom is drawing near,
An' welcome be its ca', love!

How could ye hide a thought sae kind,
Beneath sae cald a brow, love!
The broken heart it winna find
Wi' gawden bandage now, love.
No, Mary. Mark yon reckless shower;
It hangs aloof in scorching hour,
An' helps na' now the feckless flower,
That sinks beneath its flow, love.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart: 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*

Reviews constitute the judicial department of the republic of letters. The judges hold a very important advantage over their brethren of the bench, in being self-nominated, and in keeping their offices during bad as well as good behavior. They are generally learned and estimable gentlemen, who are impelled by a disinterested love of letters, and the hope of a moderate gratuity, to exercise a jurisdiction over literature, and be the repository of a bad author's surplus revenue of curses, threats and lamentations. They decide on all offences, from petty larceny to high crimes and misdemeanors. Some of their number are willing to exercise the humble but important functions of literary police, and bring to justice and the gibbet the pickpockets who skulk in the lanes and alleys of letters, and obtain a precarious livelihood by filching from their betters. These are the Fouchés and Vidocqs of criticism. Others are engaged in cases of more dignity, requiring a more extensive knowledge of the law, and attended by circumstances of greater pomp and pretension. As the voice of large bodies carries more weight than individual judgments, their persons are concealed in the spreading folds of the editorial "we," in order that the author whom each condemns, may have the satisfaction of imagining that the human race, and not one individual, pronounces the sentence. Their decisions are thus made fearless and oracular, and the effect upon culprits unspeakably impressive. A considerable part of their business is, of course, a hanging business. They often choke a poet with his own lines. As they are compelled to punish mercilessly a large variety of offences not recognizable in other courts, and to tease, pelt, pound, cut, slash, burn, behead, quarter, rack and ruin a considerable number of delicate gentlemen with friends and families, their judicial ministrations and visitations are continually hailed with curses loud and deep, and the justice of the damnation they dispense is sometimes impudently brought in question. They have often to deal with fools and knaves, who are unhappily ignorant of their condition—who close those natural inlets of knowledge which would convey the fact to their hearts—and who never can be made to believe that the rack on which they are stretched, or the hot iron with which they are branded, or the gallows on which they are suspended, has a logical connection with the public interest and their own eventual good.

Of the advantage of having a body of men in the community, who are willing to exercise the important functions we have noted, none but an author or a philanthropist can question. A nation producing books and not producing critics would soon fall into decay and mediocrity. Every body would be soft, sensitive and sentimental. Society would change from being a society for mutual distrust and contempt, into a society for "mutual admiration." The wolf would indeed lie down with the lamb, but it would be all a lie. The ignorant, the foolish, and the presumptuous, the fat-witted, the addle-brained, the leaden-headed, the feather-hearted, would not be told of their stupidities and absurdities, and would suffer from a lack of the information. Dullness, with her bleared blue eyes, and Debility, with her vapid, tottering pace, and Pomposity, with her long-rolling, lumbering expletive, and Conceit, with his brisk smirk, would all realize their ideals. Books would soon become penances for sin. Nine-tenths of those who attempted to master the literature of the time, would commit suicide or insanity before they had got through its lighter branches. A dense, murky atmosphere, unvisited by rain and lightning, would envelop the literary world. Books and authors would be virtually damned, without the aid of reviews. It is to prevent such a condition of things, that critics have nominated themselves to the offices of intellectual torture: and with this horrible vision of triumphant dullness in their mind, they have shown no disposition to shrink from the infliction of judicious pain. Such voluntary assumption of arduous responsibilities would, in any society not swayed by vanity and pride, give them a high rank among self-sacrificing public benefactors.

Among these estimable men, few have displayed more activity than the Rev. Sydney Smith. He was the originator and first editor of the Edinburgh Review, and an occasional contributor to its pages for thirty years. The volumes of his writings, now first republished in this country, are mostly filled with articles from that celebrated periodical. When Smith commenced his labors, the literary republic was fast verging to that doleful state which we have just indicated. Authors without brains, and reviewers without teeth, played a game of mutual toleration. Grub street was triumphant. Mediocrity had risen fifty per cent. by the nomination of Henry James Pye to the laureatship. The principle, that a man who wrote books should possess brains, had passed into a tradition. Smith revived this antique error, and applied it rigorously to authorship. There was, at once, a universal scream of horror sent forth from all literary lubber-land at the announcement, and shrieks and threats without number at the practical operation. Lazy clergymen, who dawdled in rich benefices, and at stated intervals published poor sermons; rapacious and mean-minded politicians, who occasionally favored the world with printed reasons why they should continue to fatten on public plunder; pedants who discoursed dullness in a style of dignity; sentimental young women, who put nonsense and weakness in a metrical shape, under an impulse from tender, outraged, and senseless sensibilities; and the vast collection of literary *lazzaroni*, whose daily object was to prevent their gastric juices from preying upon the stomach itself, by producing dullness, obscenity, scandal, and sedition, in a pamphlet form, for the edification and the sixpences of the reading world; all these were more or less disturbed by the onslaught of Sydney's infernal machine, and all joined in denouncing it, in language suited to their culture and station. The charges of infidelity, malignity, cruelty, ignorance, bad taste, were brought against it, but to no purpose. On it went—each number a deadly missile pitched into the ranks of authorship, scattering death and confusion among the whole tribe. It was a thunder-gust after a hot, muggy, close, pestiferous day, and it purified the atmosphere.

Sydney Smith's colloquial wit has long been celebrated. This edition of his writings will show how deeply the humorous is seated in his nature. They glitter all over

with wit. Every thing that he touches "suffers a change," to accommodate it to the purposes of his dominant faculty. All varieties of the ludicrous—some of them too refined to be noticed in a superficial perusal—are represented in his compositions. The sharp, quick fling of contempt is his most potent weapon as a reviewer. This he made felt among all whose literary or political sins provoked his indignation, or excited his ridicule. Its exercise on the denizens of Grub street we have already noticed; and it is displayed at length in a number of the brilliant and condensed reviews with which these volumes abound. But Smith, as a judge, it must be confessed, is rather hard in one respect. He has no written code, but is a law unto himself. What his sovereign pleasure declares to be bad, must be taken as bad by the author whom he condemns. He sometimes affects the Grand Vizier, and acts as if there were no law above the bow-string and the bastinado. In his jerks and jets of brilliant petulance, there is often some injustice. He cannot bear dullness in any form. Setting out on the broad principle that writing books is a crime, which writing good books only can extenuate, and having his notion of good books somewhat narrowed by his own individual tastes and associations, he is a better critic of mediocrity than of merit. If he entangles an author in a "quirkish reason," or spits him with a keen sarcasm, or sets him floating in a sea of humor, or roasts him slowly with irony, or exposes his weak points to a rattling fire of jibes, or runs a shaft of ridicule neatly through him, or ingeniously puts his legs in the stocks of caricature, or tars and feathers him all over with jests and mockeries—if he does this with a dunce, Sydney conceives he has performed an important service to society, and preaches the next Sunday on the inward satisfaction resulting from a good conscience.

But Smith is not merely a pleasant scoffer at folly and stupidity; he possesses a heart which revolts at all forms of political injustice. He has been through his life a reformer. The Tory party in Great Britain ever found in him an acute detector of abuses, and an unsparing denouncer of corruption. The influence of his writings on the great question of Reform it might be difficult to estimate; but the overthrow of a number of minor abuses has been traced directly to his articles in the Edinburgh Review. His strong good sense fastened instantly on the practical view of every question he treated; and his keen sense of the ludicrous enabled him to detect the absurdity, as well as the wickedness, of some of the "time-honored" cruelties of law and legislation. No person of his day equaled him in turning a "respectable" and "venerable" monument of the injustice of the past, into an object of contempt. He broke the charm contained in that everlastingly repeated phrase, the "wisdom of our ancestors;" and in doing that he struck at all the bigotry, rapacity and tyranny, which it covered. He looked things right in the face, and called them by their right names. The station and pretensions of the individual passed as nothing with him, when they were used as a decent cloak to inhumanity and selfishness. He emancipated himself from the dominion of phrases, catch-words and titles.

We hope this elegant edition of his writings will have an extensive circulation. A glance at some of the articles on America, will show that he has been a good friend to our country in times when it was policy to libel her, and that the misrepresentations of some foreign tourists and slavish politicians he has repeatedly exposed and lashed. Even, however, if the volumes did not contain so much sense, wisdom and information, their brilliant and fanciful wit, and singular felicity and condensation of language, should win them readers.

Memoirs and Poetical Remains of Henry Kirke White; also Melancholy Hours; with an Introduction by Rev. John Todd. One vol., 12mo. Perkins & Purves, Philadelphia, 1844.

The early promise and premature death of Henry Kirke White have thrown a melancholy interest about his name, which will ensure this edition of his works a wide spread and deserved popularity. We say deserved, because there is much in the poetry of White, apart from the genius it displays, that claims our commendation. We do not think his verse is of that lofty character which some of his admirers have asserted; it is not, for instance, equal to that of Keats, though, on the other hand, it is superior to Chatterton's; but there breathes through it a fervent piety, and it contains such promise of future excellence, that, in reviewing it, we forget, or willingly forego, the critic's harsher mood, and speak of it as we do of the productions of the lamented Margaret and Lucretia Davidson.

Henry Kirke White was the son of an obscure butcher in Nottingham, England, and was born in 1785. At school he passed for a dunce, though his poetic vein even then displayed itself in satires on his teachers. For awhile he served as a butcher boy, carrying meat daily to his father's customers, and afterwards he was apprenticed to a stocking weaver; but to both these avocations he had a strong distaste; to use his own phrase, "he wanted something to occupy his brain;" and his mother, who discerned her son's abilities, at length succeeded in having him apprenticed to an attorney, in his native town. With this profession he was at first satisfied, but he soon began to have higher views; and from a skeptic becoming a sincere Christian, he aspired to a university education, and the office of a minister in the established church. With a view to aid him in his education, he published a volume of poems, which, notwithstanding a deprecatory letter to the editor, was bitterly assailed in the Monthly Review. As in the case of Keats, this attack almost broke his spirits; but the countenance of Southey, and other friends, happily reanimated him, and he finally succeeded in his darling wish and was entered at Cambridge. Here he applied himself assiduously to study, and at the end of the term was declared the first man of his year. From this period to the day of his death, his college life was a series of continued triumphs; but, alas! each new victory, by spurring him on to greater exertions, only goaded him nearer to the grave. He often studied fourteen hours a day, allowing himself but two hours for recreation. No constitution but one of iron could withstand this. After several attacks of sickness, from all of which he recovered only to apply himself as intensely as ever, he was seized with a fatal disease, which, if it had spared his life, would have probably left him a lunatic or idiot. Happily he died, and the sympathy excited by his fate has made his name immortal.

We do not mean by this to say, with some of the flippant critics of our time, that there is nothing in the poetry of White to make him worthy to be remembered "with his land's language." There is, on the contrary, decided genius even in his earlier productions, and his later poems evince an increasing strength, with continued promise. This, when we recollect that White died in his twenty-second year, and that for several months before his decease he wrote little or nothing, is sufficient to entitle him to the high praise even of Byron's celebrated eulogy.

In the edition of his works before us, the editor, the Rev. John Todd, a man favorably known as a sound thinker both here and abroad, attributes a portion of White's popularity to the fact that a youth writing to youth will always strike a responsive chord. The remark

is a good one, and explains what seems a mystery to those who can see merit in nothing but what is squared to arbitrary and often whimsical rules. A poem speaks to the heart as well as to the intellect, to the passions as much as to the fancy, or Homer is no poet. And thus it is that the works of our author, embodying pure sentiments in delicate and imaginative language, have survived for two generations with unabated popularity; and we predict that they will still survive when the fashionable school of our time, like the one that preceded it, shall be no more. If the writings of Byron failed to make White forgotten, nothing of the present day will do it.

The present edition contains, besides an introductory essay by the Rev. John Todd, the life of the author by Robert Southey, and his literary remains. Here we have a complete series of the poems of White, beginning with those written in childhood and closing with the precious fragments scribbled on his mathematical papers in the last weeks of his life, comprising an intellectual history as valuable as it is interesting. And not the least merit of the book is the fact, that a parent may fearlessly place it in the hand of a child.

The volume is a credit to the Philadelphia press, the type and paper both being unexceptionable. We record with pleasure the name of the stereotyper, S. Douglas Wyeth, for to him we are chiefly indebted for the beauty of the work.

Ashore and Afloat, or the Adventures of Miles Wallingford. Philadelphia: 2 vols., 12mo.

This novel is one of the best of the later products of Mr. Cooper's fertile pen, and we look forward with much interest to the volumes necessary for the completion of the story. If we had space we should like to indicate some of its prominent characteristics as a work of fiction. We can refer to only one—that wonderful minuteness of description by which Mr. Cooper brings objects directly before the eye, and feelings directly home to the heart, and enables us to see the one, and feel the other, with almost the sense of reality. At times his attention to minutiæ is so close, that, although it does not fatigue, it is still calculated to irritate a reader who is clamorous for incident, and desirous of being borne onward quickly to the completion of the story; but it is found, we think, that what is lost in this method in "breathless interest," is gained in the strength and durableness of the impression left upon the mind. In the present novel, for example, we are made acquainted with numerous little circumstances, which influence the character of the hero, but which a less skillful novelist would have omitted. His early home, the persons and scenery which surrounded him, the incidents of his childhood, the gradual growth of his passion for adventure, all those important *unimportances* which imperceptibly educate the mind and develop the character, are so described as to produce the effect of a narration of real events.

We admire also Mr. Cooper's minuteness in the treatment of incidents. There are several accounts of shipwrecks and captures in "Miles Wallingford," where the result is held in suspense until the catastrophe occurs. In reading most writers we are able to tell beforehand whether the ship is to be lost or not. If the novelist is bent on destroying his craft, "coming events cast their shadows before," in the tone and style of his description. As the result is to be disastrous, little heed is given to the dangers which are escaped previous to the final event. But Mr. Cooper places us in the situation of the crew, and makes us sympathize with their fears and hopes. We are compelled to rejoice in each danger which is avoided. We are on the deck of the vessel, and hear the grating of her keel on the rock she escapes, as well as on the rock where she splits. Often it is the ship for whose safety we have the most fears, that is allowed to clear the breakers and weather the storm. In Mr. Cooper's seafights, likewise, the description is so particular, that the flying bullets and slashing cutlasses seem to the imagination almost endowed with power to injure readers as well as the combatants.

There is one grave fault running through this novel, which is bad in all respects. We refer to the guerilla war of sneers, sarcasms and inuendos, which the author wages upon every thing in American manners and customs which he dislikes. The effect is not only to provoke prejudices against him, but it injures the novel artistically. We could desire that all his bitter pleasantries were weeded out of his book.

Excursion Through the Slave States. By G. W. Featherstonhaugh, F. R. S., F. S. G. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Professor Blumenbach, the celebrated German Physiologist, once wrote a learned essay on the case of a man *who had water in his head of seventeen years standing*. We did not think this case possible, until we read the present work of Mr. G. W. Featherstonhaugh.

To Our Musical Readers.—Our musical contributor has given us, in this number, a piece set to words by a Scottish poet—William Thom—a new candidate for the lyrical crown. Extraordinary interest is attached to his productions, from the circumstance of his being an humble weaver, and having, as such, suffered the direst penury; and there being much to remind the reader—in his lowly origin, habitual struggles against poverty, and national and individual genius—of the career and poetry of Burns. His works have not, we believe, been collected into a volume. In a notice of them, in the Westminster Review, is the following extract, relating to the song which we present to our readers:

"Love is the theme of several of the songs of Mr. Thom. His love songs have often been surpassed in power and brilliancy, but seldom in sweetness. Passion, in its fire, and affection, in its heroic devotedness, are not sung by the poet of Ury. Yet his love songs are tender and heartfelt. They embody the feelings of those who have found affection a cup from which they have chiefly drunk sorrow. 'O, Mary, when you think of me,' is a song expressing the sorrow of a lover who is loved too late. His fresh affection has been frowned down, and his enthusiasm of devotedness repulsed with pride, until grief has made his whole heart her own, and the loved one, in the excess of her power to pain, has lost the power to gladden."

Engravings.—We have now finished, and in the printer's hands, several charming American pictures; among which we may mention a portrait of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, which our readers will pronounce one of the most exquisite heads ever published in a magazine. No. IV. of "American Battle-Grounds"—No. II. of our "Prairie Scenes"—A splendid Mezzotint by Sartain—several Western and Southern Views—and three beautiful Vignettes by J. G. Chapman, Esq., are also ready for our pages. It will puzzle our cotemporaries to keep even their present position—in the rear of Graham—when these elegant engravings appear. Every letter from our agents, and from post-masters, the country over, attests the growing popularity of Graham's Magazine; and we promise our readers that for 1845 we have blocked out a plan, which will still further astonish our imitators. It is remarkable that nothing is announced in "Graham," that is not instantly seized upon by others, who seem as if they had been *waiting for an idea*.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE KING OF SWEDEN.

WITH A PROFILE.*

BY ROBERT BAIRD, D. D.



On the eighth of March, 1844, died, in the royal palace at Stockholm, Charles XIV, John, King of Sweden and Norway; the Nestor of the princes of our times, and one of the best of sovereigns.

So extraordinary were the fortunes of this distinguished individual, and so numerous and well-founded are his claims upon the respect and love of all good men, that we have resolved to devote a few pages of this magazine to a sketch of his history, and a delineation of his virtues. It is seldom that the life of a prince exhibits so much that is worthy not only of the admiration, but also of the imitation of all mankind.

* The above profile of the late king of Sweden has been copied from an elegant gold medal, presented to the writer of the article by the monarch, and is remarkably exact. It is proper perhaps to remark, that the writer of the sketch of his life was intimate with the king for a number of years.—*Editor Graham's Magazine.*

Born of a respectable, though humble family, he raised himself, through God's blessing, by his merits, from the position of a private soldier, to the rank of the most distinguished military commanders of his day, became a marshal and a prince under the reign of that "Man of Destiny," whom Lord Holland has justly styled "the Greatest Captain of twelve centuries," was elected king of Sweden, and ended his days on a throne on which the wise Gustavus Vasa, the brave and excellent Gustavus Adolphus, and that modern Achilles, Charles the Twelfth, had once been seated.

If the glories that encircle his name, and that marked his career, are less brilliant than those of a Napoleon, they are such as the eyes of all good men delight to behold, and will endure forever. Not the meteor which shoots athwart the sky, dazzling and confounding the vision of mortals, and then suddenly disappears in total darkness; but his is the light of a star of the first magnitude, planted high in heaven's blue vault, and whose bright and pure beams cheer and adorn the universe through the ceaseless revolutions of time.

John Baptist Julius (or, as his name is in French, *Jean Baptiste Jules*) Bernadotte was born at Pau, a small and ancient city in the south of France, the birth-place also of Henry IV, which stands at the foot of the Pyrenees, on the 26th of January, 1764. He had, consequently, just entered upon the eighty-first year of his age, when death terminated his long and honorable career.

It has often been asserted that his father was a peasant or farmer. This, though it would neither have augmented nor diminished in any degree his merits, is not true. His father was a respectable lawyer in Pau, who, it is said, desired that his son should follow the same honorable profession. However this may have been, it is certain that the dis-

tinguished intellectual cultivation which Bernadotte displayed throughout all his long life, proves that he had been educated with great care.

In the year 1780 he entered the military profession; but his advancement must have been slow indeed, for in 1789, at the age of twenty-five, he was still a sergeant. But if the commencement of his career as a soldier was marked by no rapid promotions, it was far otherwise with the years which followed. In 1789, the Revolution opened the first scenes of that drama which lasted twenty-five years, and from the effects of which the world has not yet recovered, and probably will not in all coming time.

Bernadotte entered, with all the enthusiasm of a patriot, the ranks of the defenders of his country against the combined hosts of Europe, and mounted rapidly the steps of military promotion. In 1794, he had attained the rank of a general of division. In the celebrated battle of Fleurus, fought in that year, he contributed greatly, by his intrepid valor and admirable military science, to the victory which Jourdan gained on that occasion.

Nor was his conduct less distinguished in the two or three years which followed. His services at the passage of the French army over the Rhine, at Neuwied in 1795, on the banks of the Lahn, at the blockade of Mayence, at the battle of Neuhoff, at the capture of Altorf and Neumark, and the advantages which he gained over the Austrian general, Kray, established his reputation as an able general.

We next find Bernadotte in Italy, whither the Directory sent him with a strong division of the Army of Sambre and Meuse, to sustain Buonaparte, who was pressed by the overwhelming forces which Austria had, for the fourth time, poured into that country to conquer and expel that wonderful man, who had begun to astonish the world with his victories. But the Archduke Charles found, as did Beaulieu and Wurmser and Alvinzi, that the armies of the French, under the command of the young Corsican, were irresistible. Nor was the aid which Napoleon received from Bernadotte, both at the seige of Gradisca, at which his cool intrepidity was wonderfully displayed, and on other occasions, inconsiderable. Nor was the conqueror slow to acknowledge it. He assigned to Bernadotte the grateful task of carrying to the Directory the standards taken in the battle of Rivoli, and in his letter makes very honorable mention of him, as one of the generals who had contributed most to the renown of the army in Italy.

Shortly after this event, General Bernadotte was appointed by the Directory to the command of Marseilles; but not liking the service, and preferring to be engaged in fighting the battles of his country, he returned to his division in Italy.

After the treaty of peace at Campo-Formio, Bernadotte was sent by the French Republic as ambassador to the court of Vienna. But his stay there was not long; for a tumult having arisen, upon the occasion of his planting the tri-colored banner at the palace or hotel of the embassy, in which his life was in imminent danger, he left Vienna, retiring first to Rastadt, and thence to Paris.

On the 16th of August, 1798, Bernadotte married Eugénie Bernardine Désirée Clary, daughter of a distinguished merchant at Marseilles, and sister of the wife of Joseph Buonaparte.

But the peace of Campo-Formio was of short duration, and Bernadotte was called again to the field. During the absence of Napoleon in the East, British influence and British gold created another powerful combination against France, and immense armies of Austrians and Russians marched to invade that country, carrying every thing before them. A Russo-Austrian force, under the command of the celebrated Suwarrow, drove the French out of Italy and penetrated into Switzerland; whilst another army, under the command of the Archduke Charles, drove Jourdan out of Germany, and across the Rhine, into France. At this critical moment the imbecile Directory called General Bernadotte, from his command under Jourdan, to take charge of the War Department at Paris. And never has the world seen a finer instance of the influence which one man of energy and military science can exert in giving new life to a nation almost overwhelmed with defeats. In less than three months things assumed a new aspect. Massena's glorious victory over the Russo-Austrian army at Zurich, and the successes of Brune in the north, saved France from her enemies. But still Bernadotte, disgusted with the inefficient and incapable Directory, gave up his post, and retired for awhile to private life.

But soon Napoleon, returning from Egypt, threw France and Europe into the highest degree of excitement. Having come to the determination of putting himself in the possession of the supreme power, he effected the revolution of the 18th of Brumaire. To prevent this movement, Bernadotte had the disposition but not the power. He was at that moment without any command. Both Napoleon and his brother Joseph employed all the arguments which they could command in the conferences which they held at the house of the latter with Bernadotte, but in vain. He was for a long time inexorable. He saw with grief and indignation, the republic for which he and others had so often sacrificed all domestic enjoyment and even risked life itself, overturned, and a dictator in the person of a military adventurer, making preparations for erecting his throne on its ruins.

At length, finding that his views were not seconded by France, he acquiesced in what he considered to be the will of Providence, became reconciled to Napoleon, and took the command of the army in the west of the kingdom, whence he soon compelled the English forces which had landed at Quiberon, to embark and return to their ocean-bound home.

In 1801, Napoleon resolved to place the crown of Hugh Capet on his own head, and ascended the throne of France. One of the first of his imperial measures was to surround himself with a corps of marshals. Bernadotte received the *baton*, and was also made a Councillor of State, and appointed Governor of Hanover, of which Napoleon had taken possession shortly after the renewal of the war, upon the interruption of the peace of Amiens.

The next year, Mr. Pitt, who was then at the head of the ministerial administration of England, formed another gigantic combination against France, for the purpose of diverting Napoleon from his project of invading the British realm. Instantly, the vast French forces at Boulogne broke up their encampment, and marched for the Rhine. Bernadotte set forth from Hanover, with the army under his command, to join the emperor on his march toward the Austrian Capital. Pursuing the route of Anspach and Wurtzburg, he contributed to the cutting off of the retreat of the Austrian forces which had advanced into Bavaria, and secured the surrender of General Mack and his thirty thousand troops at Ulm. In the dreadful battle of Austerlitz, which followed a few weeks later, Bernadotte's corps constituted the centre of the French army, and withstood the terrible attacks of the Russians. And the distinguished tactician Jomini, attributes the victory of that occasion to the assault of Soult on Pratzen, and the charges of Bernadotte at Blasowitz.

On the 5th of June, 1806, Bernadotte was created Prince of Ponte-Corvo. In the war against Prussia, which broke out that same summer, he played a distinguished part. Advancing with an army from Bayreuth through Hoff, northward toward Dresden, he cut off the corps of Count Tauenzien from the Prussian main army. After the battle of Jena, in which his division was conspicuously engaged, he was detached to pursue Blücher and his forces down the valley of the Elbe, whilst Buonaparte followed the main body of the Prussians toward Poland. Blücher having, contrary to all right, thrown his forces into the free and neutral city of Lübeck, was at once attacked by the French army, under the command of the Prince of Ponte-Corvo, Soult and Murat. Dreadful were the scenes which that quiet and peaceful city then witnessed! The gates were carried by assault, and the battle raged through the streets. The Prussians were driven out, and the French soldiery, not distinguishing friend from foe, committed the most shocking acts of violence and rapacity upon the unoffending inhabitants of the ill-fated city. In the midst of these scenes, Bernadotte displayed those traits of humanity for which he has been so justly extolled. Not only did he do all that was in his power to prevent or alleviate the sufferings of the Lübeckers, but he treated with great kindness the Prussian troops, who, to the number of thirty thousand, laid down their arms on the 8th of November, the second day after the storming of the city of Lübeck. Among these troops were two thousand Swedes, who had been sent by the King of Sweden to aid the Prussians. These men were sent back to Sweden by Bernadotte, their wants having been provided for, in many cases, from his own pocket. Upon their return to their native country, they spread far and wide the fame of their great and good benefactor. *It was this fact which led to Bernadotte's being chosen, four years later, Crown Prince of Sweden!* What a rich reward for his humanity and benevolence!

From the plains of Lübeck, Bernadotte was soon called to march to the help of Napoleon in Poland and eastern Prussia. And on the 25th of January, 1807, he fought the hard and bloody battle of Mohrungen, by which the Russians were prevented from falling upon and surprising the Grand Army and driving it across the Vistula. A wound prevented him from being present at the great battle of Friedland, which brought the Prussian war to an end.

From the close of this year (1807) to the spring of 1809, Bernadotte commanded the French army which was stationed in the north of Germany. And well is he remembered at Hamburg and other places to this day, for his humane and conciliatory disposition. No acts of wanton cruelty or unnecessary rigor stain his memory. Everywhere, he was known to be a man of unbending integrity, and disposed to alleviate, as far as he could, the dreadful evils of war. In this respect, his conduct formed a striking contrast with that of Vandamme and Davoust afterward.

In the year 1809, another war between France and Austria broke out, and Bernadotte marched with an army of Saxon auxiliaries to the plains of Wagram, and took a prominent part in the celebrated battle which was there fought. But feeling greatly indignant at not being supported, (whilst his troops were nearly cut to pieces in the burning village of Wagram during two hours,) by the corps of the French army which was stationed next to him, which he had called to his aid, but which obeyed not his summons because of a counter-order from Napoleon himself, he complained bitterly to the emperor, and demanded permission to retire from the army, and actually returned to Paris.

But he was not idle there. The English having landed on the island of Walcheren, the Council of Ministers entrusted him with the task of repelling the invaders. He assembled at once the national guards, and by the vigorous measures which he took, soon compelled the enemy to abandon the island.

From this time, the Prince of Ponte-Corvo lived in the bosom of his family, during the rest of his stay in France, spending his time partly in Paris, and partly in the country. In the month of September, 1810, deputies arrived from Sweden to inform him that he was elected successor to the throne, and Crown Prince of the kingdom. How this election had been brought about, a few words will explain.

In the year 1809, the Swedes expelled from their country Gustavus IV, a monarch of some good qualities, but singularly wanting in discretion. He was a son of Gustavus III, who was assassinated in a theatre in Stockholm, on the 16th of March, 1792. His whole reign had been an unquiet one. But what brought the discontent of the nation to its acmé was his plunging the country into a most disastrous war with Russia, by which Finland had been lost; and yet the monarch showed no disposition to terminate it. Upon his deposition from the throne and expulsion from the kingdom, his uncle, the old Duke of Südermannland, who had governed the kingdom in the expelled king's minority, was elevated to the throne, under the name of Charles XIII. Being without children, the Diet of the kingdom elected Prince Christian of Holstein, Souderburg, Augusten-

burg, to be Crown Prince. But this young man dying a short time after his arrival in Sweden, the Diet was compelled to choose another heir to the throne. On this occasion it was that the good opinion which had been so widely diffused originally by the Swedes who had been captured at Lubeck, and which had been strengthened by the reports which had been brought out of the north of Germany, of his wise administration in Hanover, led to the choice of Bernadotte.

It has been very extensively believed that Buonaparte secured the election of Bernadotte as Crown Prince of Sweden. But this is not true. It is probably true, however, that the Swedes thought that in choosing Bernadotte, they should do what would be very acceptable to Napoleon, whom, as a nation, they greatly admired, and whose friendship they were disposed to court. But it is known that Buonaparte desired to have Prince Christian of Denmark elected, and so intimated through his chargé d'affaires at Stockholm. Nevertheless, when the permission of Buonaparte was asked to allow the election of Bernadotte to be made, and to be accepted when made, he did not hesitate to grant it. But when he found Bernadotte in no way disposed to accede to his desire that Sweden should be drawn into the train of his movements, and made subservient to his wishes and his plans, he altered his tone greatly. In fact, some very unpleasant scenes, it is affirmed, took place between them, and they parted in October, 1810, never to meet again. Through the last ten years there had been no real friendship between them, and it had required all the good offices of the amiable Joseph, the brother of one and brother-in-law of the other, to enable them to live on any thing like apparently good terms.

In going to Sweden, the Prince of Ponte-Corvo took Denmark in his way, and spent a day or two with the royal family of that country at the castle of Frederiksborg. On the 1st of October he reached Elsineur. Here the Archbishop of Upsala received, in the presence of several witnesses, at the house of the Swedish consul, his profession of belief in the creed of the Lutheran Church, which is the established religion of Sweden. A Swedish galley then carried him over, amid the salutes of cannon, to the city of Helsinghorg, where he was received with great kindness by Charles XIII, amid the joyful acclamations of the thousands of spectators who had collected to see him who was to be their Crown Prince, and, one day, their Sovereign. Thence he went with the king to Stockholm, and soon succeeded in winning not only his entire affection and confidence, but that of all who made his acquaintance.

It must be confessed that the task of Bernadotte was, at first, any thing but an easy one. Within one month after his arrival in Sweden, he was forced to accede to the wishes of Napoleon, and Sweden declared war against England. But it was only a nominal one; for the English government, knowing well the disposition of the Crown Prince, ordered their cruisers to molest as little as possible the Swedish vessels. In fact, peace between the two countries was made in the month of July following. At this Napoleon was greatly displeased, as well as at the opening of the Swedish ports to the commerce of the world, through the influence of the Crown Prince, in the course of the same month. Previously to this Buonaparte had seized upon Swedish Pomerania, a province which lay in Germany, along the southern shore of the Baltic, and which had belonged for years to Sweden—without giving an explanation of his conduct. This he had done, however, in consequence of Sweden's refusing to send him two thousand Swedish sailors, to man his fleet at Brest. The matters were fast going from bad to worse between the two powers, and rapidly preparing for an open hostility.

In 1812, Napoleon invaded Russia. Sweden maintained a neutral position, notwithstanding all he could do to induce her to join him in that celebrated expedition. Had she done it, with an army of a hundred thousand men, under the command of so experienced and able a general as Bernadotte, and marched through Finland against St. Petersburg, how different might have been the course of events! The first conduct of Sweden was determined this year by secret treaties with Russia, by which Norway was eventually to be severed from Denmark and annexed to Sweden; and Sweden engaged, on her part, to send an army of thirty thousand men into the north of Germany, to aid the cause of the allies. This was not done, however, till the year 1813.

In the spring of the latter year, the Crown Prince of Sweden crossed over the Baltic with the above named force, to Swedish Pomerania, and prepared to take part against Napoleon when circumstances might prove favorable. Nor was occasion long to want us. Buonaparte had marched a large army into the north of Germany, determined, if possible, to retrieve the disasters of the preceding campaign. He advanced as far as Dresden, the capital of his late friend, the king of Saxony.

During more than two months after his arrival in the north of Germany, the Crown Prince of Sweden endeavored to persuade Napoleon to make peace on which was then offered to him by the allies on the most honorable terms. Finding that peace was no longer to be hoped for, Bernadotte came to the conclusion, July 12, 1813, to declare, in the name of Sweden, war against France.

Nor was the accession of Bernadotte an affair of slight importance to the cause of the allies. He was an abler general than any one whom they had in their armies. And, above all, he knew far better than they did the character of him with whom they had to deal. They were discouraged by the battle of Dresden, in which they were defeated, and where Moreau, who they had called from his retreat in America, was killed by one of the first cannon shots which had been fired. It is no wonder, therefore, that they were rejoiced at the accession of Bernadotte. Nor did he disappoint their expectations. By the victory over Oudinot at Grossbeeren, August 23; and by that of Dennewitz, September 6, over Ney, he saved Berlin twice from the hands of the French. Still more by

saved Blücher on one occasion from utter destruction.

But the influence of his counsels was seen and felt most of all in the awful battle of Leipsic, on the 18th of October, where the *prestige* of Napoleon's arms was destroyed forever.

After the battle of Leipsic, Bernadotte allowed the allies to pursue Napoleon toward France; whilst he marched his army of Swedes against the Danes, who had taken part with France. On his way he took Lübeck from the French, and compelled Davoust to quit Hamburg and take up his march for France. Advancing into Holstein and Sleswic, the Crown Prince compelled Denmark to cede Norway to Sweden; this was effected by the treaty of Kiel, made the 14th of January, 1814.

After this event, Bernadotte marched his Swedish army through Hanover to the frontiers of France; but did not arrive till the allies had reached Paris. This was no doubt according to his wishes. He, however, visited Paris, but without his army, and had an interview with Louis XVIII. at Compeigne.

He soon left France, and returned to Sweden to effect the conquest of the Norwegians, who had elected their former governor, Prince Christian, of Denmark, to be their king. After a campaign of a few weeks, he compelled that prince to make a treaty at Moss, by which the Norwegians acknowledged the conqueror as Crown Prince of Norway.

On the 5th of February, 1818, the old Charles XIII died, and Bernadotte ascended the throne, bearing the name of "Charles XIV, John." He reigned twenty-six years, in eminent peace and prosperity.

Such is the outline of the principal events in the history of the late king of Sweden, which we have supposed might be interesting to our readers.

It was in the month of June, 1836, that the author of this article first saw the good old king. The occasion was the kind invitation of his majesty to a special audience, a few days after his arrival at the Swedish Capital, in relation to the Temperance cause. Upon reaching Stockholm, he had sent by the hands of our most attentive and courteous chargé-d'affaires, Christopher Hughes, Esq., then the diplomatic representative of the United States at that city, but now performing the same functions at the Hague, a copy, in the French language, of the history of the temperance societies, which he had a few months before written and published at Paris, at the request of the late Edward Livingston, to his majesty, accompanied by a brief and respectful note. In the course of two or three days a message was received from the king, inviting him as well as a friend from the city of Philadelphia, who was at that time visiting the north of Europe, to what is called a private and special audience. The hour appointed for our reception was ten o'clock in the evening.

At that season of the year, it may be said that night is scarcely known at Stockholm, and other cities in Europe equally far north. The sun indeed descends below the horizon; but so great is the twilight in those northern regions that there is no more darkness, even at midnight, than with us, in the same month, at half an hour after sunset.

A broad gray light, sufficient to enable one to read with ease, even in the parlor and the retired chamber, spread over the city. The crowds were fast disappearing from the great thoroughfares and promenades, and the remaining portions of the town and surrounding country were fast assuming that solemn aspect which midnight gives to the scene.

Stockholm is by far the most picturesque and beautiful city in Scandinavia. It has often been called the Venice of the North, but not with much propriety. The central portions stand on six or seven islands which lie in the outlet of Lake Maelar, just where it falls into the great estuary, abounding with islets, which puts up from the Baltic. The largest portion of the city stretches out on the north, on the mainland, over a plain which rises gradually from the lake and the estuary; whilst a considerable part stands on the southern shore, which rises abruptly from the water's edge.

On the western side of a central island, which rises to an elevation of at least fifty feet, stands the royal palace. It is one of the most imposing in size, structure and situation, of all the edifices of the sort in Europe. It is quadrangular, five stories high, at least five hundred feet in extent on every side, is built of brick, stuccoed and painted white. It encloses an extensive court paved with stone, which is entered by a lofty gateway on each side. On the north there is an ascent by two inclined planes along the wall which unite at the grand entrance on that side; whilst the approach on the east is up through a sweet little flower-garden which lies in front of the palace in that direction. The entrance on the south and west is from the level summit of the island, which stretches out in those directions, and which is mostly covered with fine blocks of buildings, among which are one or two churches and the Exchange.

At the hour appointed, accompanied by our most amiable and obliging ambassador, we rode to the palace. Ascending to its western entrance, we passed through a company of royal guards, sitting quietly on their noble horses, their nodding plumes waving over their gleaming helmets, and their elegant swords hanging at their sides. In an instant we found ourselves at the foot of the great stairway that leads up to the apartments of the king, which were in the north side of the palace. Mounting up three immense flights of stone steps, and passing by another company of guards, whose duty it is to defend the immediate approach to the royal abode, we entered a vast ante-chamber. Here we were met by one of the aids of the king and conducted through a long and splendid hall, or *salon* rather, whose walls were adorned with some admirable paintings, and where are found some exquisite statues chiseled from the purest marble of Carrara. From its further end we were ushered into the throne-room, where we found his majesty waiting to receive us. He had just been holding an audience with some of the foreign ambassadors.

Dressed somewhat after the manner of a general



"he would have the volume translated into Swedish, published at his own expense, and circulated throughout the kingdom." In reply, he was assured that nothing could give greater satisfaction to the friends of the temperance cause in America, than to hear that his majesty had adopted such a resolution. A conversation then ensued in which the king spoke in a manner every way worthy of an enlightened and excellent ruler, of the evils of intemperance, deplored their wide extent in Sweden; and whilst he expressed his fears that these evils were too widespread and inveterate to admit of remedy, yet he avowed his readiness to encourage any measure which experience had demonstrated to be useful in other countries in effecting their diminution or extermination.

After having spoken at length on the subject of temperance societies, and of the good which they had accomplished in the United States, his majesty took occasion to express himself in the kindest manner respecting our country; said he had been familiar, from his earliest years, with its history, and that he had followed, with the deepest interest, the rapid and most astonishing progress of its prosperity. "The world," said he, "has never seen any thing like it. It is wonderful, truly wonderful. I see," he continued, with a smile, "that you have a surplus revenue,* and are really at a loss to know what to do with it. If you will send some millions of dollars to the Old World, I will engage to find some countries which will be most happy to relieve you from the embarrassment which a surplus revenue seems at this moment to give you." He was told that there was every reason to believe that the embarrassment to which he had alluded would not be of long continuance, and that without doubt our government would soon find some way of reducing the revenue to the standard of its wants, if not below it. "But

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Who can refrain from admiring the humanity of this simple and noble remark, made by one of the greatest commanders of his age? What a contrast between such sentiments and those which we often hear expressed by some among us who would be considered brave men, and who regard the life of a human being as little better than that of a beast! And how excellent must have been the heart of that great general, whom a hundred battles, and more than thirty years spent in wars, could not harden! Would to God that all military men possessed a similar spirit!

The interview lasted about an hour. The conversation was of the most interesting character, and related to various subjects, suggested by the then state of things in the Old and the New World. Like all other audiences, special and public, at which it has been our lot to be present, the conversation was of the most familiar and easy nature, and altogether like that of three or four gentlemen standing in a little group in the middle of the room. There was no officer or other attendant present. As is the custom in such interviews, the king took the lead in the conversation, and of course spoke of such subjects as were deemed by him to be most proper for the occasion. At the close of the interview, he expressed much gratification at having seen us, and regretted that our stay was likely to be so short in Stockholm.

As we retired from the palace we found the streets deserted, save by a sentinel posted here and there to guard the slumbering inhabitants. A deep silence reigned everywhere. And yet it was not *night!* We made our way, with a sort of awe, to our hotel, for we seemed to be passing through a deserted city, or rather through one whose inhabitants were all dead, save here and there a solitary exception. But solemn as was this, to us, most unusual scene, it could not efface from our minds the very favorable impression which the appearance, the manners, and the conversation of the excellent old Bernadotte had made upon them.

In the summer and autumn of 1840, the author of this sketch made another tour through the northern countries of Europe; and in its progress traveled extensively in Sweden. The object of that journey, like that of the former, was wholly philanthropic, and mainly for the promotion of the cause of Temperance. Indeed, he was partly induced to make it by the kind request which the great and good friend of this cause in Sweden, the excellent and aged Bernadotte, was good enough to express, that he would visit the kingdom once more for that important object. Respecting this visit, he may only say, in passing, that it was one of the most interesting journeys that he was ever permitted to make. The temperance cause, which on his former tour in that country was almost wholly unknown, had, during the last four years, made great progress. A national Swedish temperance society had been formed, and embraced more than forty thousand members, of which the celebrated Berzelius was one of the presidents, and the Crown Prince its patron, and chairman of its executive committee.

Almost immediately upon his arrival at Stockholm, he was met by an invitation to come to the palace, and was received by the king in the kindest manner. Having but just sufficiently recovered from a long illness to be able, though with much pain, to travel, and having scarcely strength enough to walk without a cane, he was conducted by his majesty, as soon as he entered the throne room, where he had seen the king four years before, to a sofa and made to sit down and repose himself there. "Come," said the king, "sit down here, for I want you to tell me where you have been and what you have been doing since I had the pleasure of seeing you when you were last here."

And when he returned, some weeks afterward, from the north of Sweden, he received a message from the king to come and see him the next evening; and met with the same gracious reception. As these interviews were late at night, and after the toils of the day were over, his majesty was disposed to protract them not a little. Seated at one end of a splendid sofa, he discoursed fully and familiarly on many topics of deep interest relating to the state of Europe and the world, or on particular incidents in his own eventful life.

In the course of one of these conversations, the present state of France, Spain, and some other countries being referred to, it was delightful to hear this veteran marshal and monarch express himself so strongly and so fully on the importance of the religion of the Bible to secure the happiness of nations as well as individuals, and of its absolute necessity for the maintenance of any thing like constitutional or free governments.

It was most touching to hear this venerable man, sitting by the side of the throne which he had so long and so ably filled, speak with unaffected simplicity of the goodness of God toward himself. When reference was made to that goodness, and the wonderful fact had been for a moment dwelt upon—"that God had taken him from being a common soldier, had raised him to be a general and a marshal of France, had preserved him amid all the dreadful wars which had grown out of the great Revolution of that country, had raised him to the throne of Sweden, and was now permitting him to pass the evening of a long life in the midst of a nation whom his reign had rendered happy"—he replied, with deep emotion, "*C'est vrai. C'est à Dieu que je dois toutes choses—oui, c'est à Dieu que je dois toutes choses.*"*

* It is true. It is to God that I owe every thing—yes, it is to God that I owe every thing.

of the highest rank, wearing on the breast of his closely buttoned coat the various insignia of the four or five orders of the kingdom, as well as those of other countries which have been conferred upon him, he received us with the *dignity* which characterizes the manners of a gallant and veteran general, and the *grace* and *suavity* of an accomplished prince. Entering at once upon the subject which occasioned the interview, he returned his thanks for the history of the temperance societies, said he had read it through with great interest, and that, "if we would permit it"—to use his own polite and kind language—"he would have the volume translated into Swedish, published at his own expense, and circulated throughout the kingdom." In reply, he was assured that nothing could give greater satisfaction to the friends of the temperance cause in America, than to hear that his majesty had adopted such a resolution. A conversation then ensued in which the king spoke in a manner every way worthy of an enlightened and excellent ruler, of the evils of intemperance, deplored their wide extent in Sweden; and whilst he expressed his fears that these evils were too widespread and inveterate to admit of remedy, yet he avowed his readiness to encourage any measure which experience had demonstrated to be useful in other countries in effecting their diminution or extermination.

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In the course of this interview, his majesty inquired whether we had become acquainted with General Lallemand, who came to the United States after the downfall of Napoleon. We replied that we had not; that we knew him only by reputation; that he had married a niece of Mr. Girard, one of the wealthiest citizens, and shortly afterward died, and that his wife (who had married a second time) and daughter are now living in the city of Paris. The king said that he had heard of the death of General Lallemand, and remarked that he had known him well, and also his brother, a member of the chamber of peers in France, for both had been generals under his command when he was a French marshal. He then related the following interesting anecdote respecting one of these Lallemands.

"In the battle of—" (the name is not distinctly remembered) "at a most critical moment I gave orders to my division to advance to the charge. But at that instant a musket ball struck me in the neck. Feeling the sharp and cutting pain, I applied my hand to ascertain what was the matter. And finding that I was wounded. I pressed my pocket-handkerchief between my neck and the stock to stop the blood. The soldiers and officers around, seeing me, came to a halt, fearing lest I was seriously wounded. When I recovered myself, and had time to look about, I perceived that the line was getting into confusion by the falling back of the part of it immediately about me. Seeing General Lallemand near me, I said to him, 'Lallemand, why are the men halting? there is no time to lose here; it is nothing, (meaning the wound is nothing,) death itself is nothing; glory and the country are every thing, and let the men advance to the charge.' This they did, and left me behind till the surgeon could dress my wound. This happened," said the king, "when I was in the service of the emperor. In the fall of 1813, after the battle of Leipsic, whilst the allies pursued Napoleon toward France, I led my army against Denmark, and on my way marched to Lübeck, which I had captured in 1806 from the Prussians, as a French marshal, and now I had to capture it from the French. Crown Prince of Sweden, having the same two thousand Swedes under my command whom I had taken prisoners there seven years before. To my surprise, I found my old friend and fellow-officer Lallemand, with fourteen thousand men, holding the important place for the emperor, and I summoned him to surrender. But he sent me back word that he had, years ago, learned, under an old general, 'that death was nothing; that glory and the country were

* This interview, the reader will keep in mind, was in the summer of 1836.

every thing,' and that he would not surrender. The next day, however,he sent me an officer to say that he knew he could not hold the place long, and that if I would allow his officers and men to march out of the place with their arms, he would surrender Lübeck, and retire toward France. And I told him he might do it. So I obtained possession of Lübeck, that time, without the loss, on either side, of one man. And I value this achievement more than any victory which I ever won; for I never wished to cause one human being to lose his life, if I could possibly prevent it."

Who can refrain from admiring the humanity of this simple and noble remark, made by one of the greatest commanders of his age? What a contrast between such sentiments and those which we often hear expressed by some among us who would be considered brave men, and who regard the life of a human being as little better than that of a beast! And how excellent must have been the heart of that great general, whom a hundred battles, and more than thirty years spent in wars, could not harden! Would to God that all military men possessed a similar spirit!

The interview lasted about an hour. The conversation was of the most interesting character, and related to various subjects, suggested by the then state of things in the Old and the New World. Like all other audiences, special and public, at which it has been our lot to be present, the conversation was of the most familiar and easy nature, and altogether like that of three or four gentlemen standing in a little group in the middle of the room. There was no officer or other attendant present. As is the custom in such interviews, the king took the lead in the conversation, and of course spoke of such subjects as were deemed by him to be most proper for the occasion. At the close of the interview, he expressed much gratification at having seen us, and regretted that our stay was likely to be so short in Stockholm.

As we retired from the palace we found the streets deserted, save by a sentinel posted here and there to guard the slumbering inhabitants. A deep silence reigned everywhere. And yet it was not *night!* We made our way, with a sort of awe, to our hotel, for we seemed to be passing through a deserted city, or rather through one whose inhabitants were all dead, save here and there a solitary exception. But solemn as was this, to us, most unusual scene, it could not efface from our minds the very favorable impression which the appearance, the manners, and the conversation of the excellent old Bernadotte had made upon them.

In the summer and autumn of 1840, the author of this sketch made another tour through the northern countries of Europe; and in its progress traveled extensively in Sweden. The object of that journey, like that of the former, was wholly philanthropic, and mainly for the promotion of the cause of Temperance. Indeed, he was partly induced to make it by the kind request which the great and good friend of this cause in Sweden, the excellent and aged Bernadotte, was good enough to express, that he would visit the kingdom once more for that important object. Respecting this visit, he may only say, in passing, that it was one of the most interesting journeys that he was ever permitted to make. The temperance cause, which on his former tour in that country was almost wholly unknown, had, during the last four years, made great progress. A national Swedish temperance society had been formed, and embraced more than forty thousand members, of which the celebrated Berzelius was one of the presidents, and the Crown Prince its patron, and chairman of its executive committee.

Almost immediately upon his arrival at Stockholm, he was met by an invitation to come to the palace, and was received by the king in the kindest manner. Having but just sufficiently recovered from a long illness to be able, though with much pain, to travel, and having scarcely strength enough to walk without a cane, he was conducted by his majesty, as soon as he entered the throne room, where he had seen the king four years before, to a sofa and made to sit down and repose himself there. "Come," said the king, "sit down here, for I want you to tell me where you have been and what you have been doing since I had the pleasure of seeing you when you were last here."

And when he returned, some weeks afterward, from the north of Sweden, he received a message from the king to come and see him the next evening; and met with the same gracious reception. As these interviews were late at night, and after the toils of the day were over, his majesty was disposed to protract them not a little. Seated at one end of a splendid sofa, he discoursed fully and familiarly on many topics of deep interest relating to the state of Europe and the world, or on particular incidents in his own eventful life.

In the course of one of these conversations, the present state of France, Spain, and some other countries being referred to, it was delightful to hear this veteran marshal and monarch express himself so strongly and so fully on the importance of the religion of the Bible to secure the happiness of nations as well as individuals, and of its absolute necessity for the maintenance of any thing like constitutional or free governments.

It was most touching to hear this venerable man, sitting by the side of the throne which he had so long and so ably filled, speak with unaffected simplicity of the goodness of God toward himself. When reference was made to that goodness, and the wonderful fact had been for a moment dwelt upon—"that God had taken him from being a common soldier, had raised him to be a general and a marshal of France, had preserved him amid all the dreadful wars which had grown out of the great Revolution of that country, had raised him to the throne of Sweden, and was now permitting him to pass the evening of a long life in the midst of a nation whom his reign had rendered happy"—he replied, with deep emotion, "*C'est vrai. C'est à Dieu que je dois toutes choses—oui, c'est à Dieu que je dois toutes choses.*"*

* It is true. It is to God that I owe every thing—yes, it is to God that I owe every thing.

sarcophagus, lies in the church of the *Riddarholm*,* the Westminster Abbey of Sweden. This church contains the remains of the kings of Sweden from the days of Charles IX, the third son of Gustavus Vasa, till the present times. There it reposes, in the midst of deceased royalty, only a few feet from the plain bronze coffin of Gustavus Adolphus, which bears the simple and appropriate inscription, "*Moriens triumphavit*," and not far from that of Charles XII, on whose monument is sculptured the lion's skin and club of Hercules.

The preceding sketch of the life and fortunes of Bernadotte has been written in the hope that it may contribute something to impress upon the minds of those who read it, the importance of living a life of humanity, of benevolence, of goodness. Although this world is far from being a world of retribution, yet virtue so often meets with its appropriate reward that it is well worthy of our highest efforts both to attain and maintain. The truly good man seldom fails to be honored sooner or later, in the sphere in which he is known. It is so with the humblest; it is so with the greatest. Whilst the ambitious, the selfish, the haughty, the wicked, whatever momentary admiration they may attract, will sooner or later sink into oblivion or contempt. How enviable the reputation of an Aristides, a Scipio, a William Tell, a Washington, a Howard, an Elizabeth Fry, and a host of others! They will live in the hearts of the good wherever they are known; whilst the memory of the wicked shall perish.

We conclude the sketch of this excellent monarch with the following quotation from a remarkable address which he made to the citizens of Stockholm in answer to one which they presented to him in March, 1817, (upon the occasion of a conspiracy being made against him,) in which they assured him of their fidelity. "I came among you," said he, "with no other credentials and pledge than my sword and my actions. Could I have brought with me a series of ancestors, extending back to the times of Charles Martel, I should have desired it only on your account. For my part, I am proud of the services which I have rendered, and of the fame which has occasioned my elevation. These claims have been augmented by the adoption of the king, and the unanimous choice of a free people. On this I found my rights; and as long as honor and justice are not banished from the earth, these rights will be more legitimate and sacred than if I were descended from Odin. History teaches that no prince has acquired a throne, but by the choice of a nation, or by conquest. I have not opened a way by arms to the Swedish throne: I have been called by the free choice of the nation, and on this right I rely."

* Riddarholm signifies the *Island of the Nobles*, and is the name of a small island in what is nearly the centre of Stockholm.

THE PARADISE OF TEARS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF N. MÜLLER.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Beside the River of Tears, with branches low,
And bitter leaves, the funeral willows grow;
The branches stream, like the disheveled hair
Of women in the sadness of despair.

On rolls the stream with a perpetual sigh,
The rocks moan wildly as it rushes by,
Hyssop and wormwood border all the strand,
And not a flower adorns the dreary land.

Then comes a child, whose face is like the sun,
And dips the gloomy waters as they run,
And moistens all the region, and, behold,
The ground is bright with blossoms manifold!

Where fall the tears of love the rose appears,
And where the moss is wet with friendship's tears
Forget-me-not and violet, heavenly-blue,
Spring, glittering with the cheerful drops like dew.

The souls of mourners, who no more shall weep,
Float, swan-like, down the current's gentle sweep,
Go up the sands that shine along its side,
And in the Paradise of Tears abide.

There every heart rejoins its kindred heart,
There in a long embrace, that none may part,
Fulfillment meets Desire, and that fair shore
Beholds its dwellers happy evermore.

LIFE'S EVENING.

BY THOMAS M'KELLAR.

My strength is failing, like one growing old:
My friends are dropping one by one away;
Some live in far-off lands—some in the clay
Rest quietly, their mortal moments told.
My sire departed ere his locks were gray;
My mother wept, and soon beside him lay;
My elder kin long since have gone—and I
Am left—a leaf upon an autumn tree,
Among whose branches chilling breezes steal,
The sure precursors of the winter nigh.
And when mine offspring at our altar kneel
To worship God, and sing our morning psalm,
Their rising stature whispers unto me
My life is waning to its evening-calm.

DAVID HUNT.

A STORY OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

(*Concluded from page* 161.)

CHAPTER V.

On the following day, the Bend was a scene of great bustle and excitement. News of the murder had spread all over the country, and every man or woman who could make business at the county seat went there to witness the trial of David Hunt. Long before noon the main street was alive with people; wagons stood by the way side, and a line of saddle horses extended far down the fence which separated the house lot, in a corner of which the tavern stood from the highway.

There was no court-house at the county seat, and Judge Church had made arrangements for the trial to take place in the bar-room of his tavern, which was the most capacious apartment at the Bend. Benches were placed in the body of the room, and, in order to give an air of magisterial dignity to the whole proceedings, a huge arm-chair was raised on a platform, within the little enclosure, which usually served for a bar. A host of decanters and glasses were removed from the little shelf which ran along the front, and two or three portentous looking law-books, in new sheep-skin covers, occupied their place. As yet, the judge had not taken his seat, and a dense crowd was gathered before the tavern which filled the street almost across to the blacksmith-shop, where our friend, the smith, was hard at work preparing shoes for one of the half dozen horses that had been brought to his door. Never had the good man worked with so much vigor as on that morning, when all else seemed to have taken a holiday. His face glowed in the fire-light; great drops of perspiration rained from his brow, and he swung the heavy sledge-hammer over his head with an impetuosity that made the anvil ring with deafening noise over the crowd of persons jostling each other—talking warmly about the trial, with their faces turned in eager curiosity toward the county jail.

The murder of Isaac Shaw had caused great excitement in the country, not only because the young man himself was a general favorite, but from the fact that David Hunt, the person about to be arraigned for trial, had ever been held among the most peaceable and honest farmers in the county. Notwithstanding the strong evidence against him, there might have been many found in that crowd who openly expressed a firm conviction of his innocence, while others seemed willing to pursue him with that reckless and wild spirit of persecution which is apt to follow the man accused of a capital crime all over the world, and which has but little restraint in many of our frontier states where the will of the people, even now, often usurps the place of law and justice.

At length there was a slight confusion manifest near the jail, and, while the crowd swayed round that way, David Hunt appeared, walking firmly up the street between two constables. His port became more erect as he drew near the crowd, and, though somewhat pale, his countenance was both firm and mild in its expression. Once or twice a look of sorrowful reproach came to his eyes, as they happened to fall upon the form of some old friend shrinking back into the crowd, as if afraid that an accused man might address him, and again those deep set eyes flashed gratefully when a hand was thrust toward him and a friendly voice called out,

"Keep up your courage, neighbor, the darkest hour is always just before day."

As he approached the tavern, the crowd in the hall and veranda made a rush for the bar-room, while the remainder fell back and formed a lane for the prisoner to pass. He was followed close by two females—the blacksmith's wife and poor Hannah. A rough, hard-featured, but good-hearted woman was the blacksmith's wife. She was proud of her courage in thus standing by the unfortunate, as she expressed it, and walked through the throng, supporting the feeble steps of that young girl, with the mein of a newly enlisted grenadier. Her navarino bonnet, which had been fashionable some ten years before, was set back on her head, and its immense sugar-scoop front, flaring up from her honest face, gave a still more decidedly military dash to her appearance. She waved a plump hand, encased in its yarn glove, to her husband, who stood at his shop door nodding his round head in approbation of her proceedings, as she mounted the tavern steps and followed the prisoner, almost carrying her companion, into the temporary court-room, and sat down near the bar.

The judge had taken his seat in the bar when they brought the prisoner in. On his right hand, but outside the railing, stood the prosecuting attorney, turning over one of the new law-books with intense interest; on the left side was Constable Johnson, with a large sugar-crusher in his hand, which he now and then struck down upon the railing with great emphasis as he called the court to order.

in a voice that swelled clear and full through the listening crowd.

As the prisoner sat down again, Hannah cast a look over the crowd, rose to her feet, and, supporting her faltering steps by pressing her hand to the wall, went round to the bench he occupied and crept timidly to his side. He did not turn his head or seem to be conscious of the action, but the lines about his mouth began to quiver, and he shut his heavy eyelids hard together once or twice, as if determined to force back the moisture from his eyes before it had time to form into tears.

This stern effort to subdue the feelings tugging at his heart, joined to the feeble and desolate air with which the poor girl had performed her simple act of devotion, had its effect upon the impulsive and ardent beings who surrounded them. That gentle creature, so young, so pure and helpless, as she crept through the outskirts of the crowd, like a pretty fawn following the hunted stag even among the hounds, and crouched down by the only being left to her on earth, touched their sympathies more than a thousand orations would have done. Though rude backwoodsmen, feeling, good and generous feeling, was vigorous in their tough hearts. A whisper ran through the crowd, many an unequal breath was drawn, and more than one heavy lip trembled without speaking. The foreman of the jury—a bluff, hale old fellow—drew his coat sleeve across his eyes two or three times. The judge turned uneasily in his chair, and seemed to be diligently counting the glasses crowded on a shelf behind him. While the blacksmith's wife lifted a flaring cotton handkerchief to her face, shook her huge navarino bonnet mournfully, and sobbed aloud.

"This will never do," whispered the prosecuting attorney, leaning toward William Wheeler, who stood close behind him; "who put the girl up to this stage effect?"

of the prisoner's guilt. He was ready to prov
Hunt and the deceased had come to the Be
gether on the night of the murder, the one w
ostensible business, the other to receive a lar
of money. Eager words and gestures had pas
tween them at the tavern. Hunt had insist
riding home through the storm, though the de
more than once exhibited great reluctance
After the two disappeared in the woods to
Shaw had never been seen again, but two day
his horse was found, wandering along the hig
with his saddle torn and soiled with blood, one
stirrups gone, and the bridle hanging in tatters
his head.

William Wheeler and two other men fro
Bend had gone to the forest in search of the
but nothing was to be found except the ma
some violent struggle near the cross-roads.
prints, both of man and horse, sunk deep in th
were trampled all over the road just where
oak had been flung across it by the storm. T
three small branches of the oak, which seem
have been crushed by some heavy weight
upon them, were broken and some of their
matted together with blood, while a black stre
flowed over the trunk and stained the earth
yard round. Most of the blood must have
after the rain had ceased, or it must otherwise
been washed away. But further than this, n
of the body could be found, which would ne
been the case had the death been accidental
same company had proceeded to Hunt's dw
who would give no account of Isaac Shaw's
pearance, but persisted that they had ridden to
gether the night before, safe and well. A l
money was found, locked in Hunt's chest, a lin
with blood-stains on the sleeve was discover
neath the bed, and Hunt's daughter had se

for. She arose very feebly, but did not move from her father's side. When the attorney began to question her, she made an effort to speak, and thought that she did, poor thing, but the whisper that escaped her lips was so faint that no one heard it.

"Tell the truth, gal, tell the truth," murmured the prisoner from beneath the hand which shaded the agony working in his face. "Tell the whole truth."

The girl cast one look of anguish on the old man, and, summoning all her energies, found voice to speak. She admitted that her father had reached home late at night, that he came alone, with blood upon his hand, and gave her some money, tied up in a shot-bag, which she had locked up in his chest. But she said, also, that her father had insisted that Shaw had rode home with him to the door, had watched and waited for him all night, and that he was about setting forth for the Bend in search of his friend when persons came to arrest him.

She sat down trembling and faint, amid the sobs and murmurs of an excited audience.

The judge asked Hunt if he had any witnesses to produce, and if he had no counsel.

"No," said the old man, lifting a face on which the agony of a strong spirit was written. "No, Squire Church, you won't believe me, and I have no other witnesses. I don't want any counsel."

The good judge sunk back in his chair, with a disappointed look, and the attorney arose, wiped his mouth, swallowed a drop or two of water, and commenced a bitter and cruel attack upon the prisoner, but neither the judge nor jury were accustomed to the restraints imposed on their comfort by this protracted flood of eloquence. They sat restlessly in their seats; one tilted his chair back against the wall, another stretched his feet out to the nearest bench, and, at last, the judge, after trying various changes of posture, turned, with an air of desperation, toward the shelves behind him, and, taking down a box half full of cigars, selected one for himself and passed the box over to the jury. Two or three of the bystanders helped themselves as the box passed them, at which the judge nodded a good-humored welcome, while he kindled a match, and, deliberately igniting his own cigar, leaned back and smoked away with grave composure, only stopping now and then, as some more lofty flight of eloquence broke from the lawyer's lips, to knock the ashes away from his Havana against the railing of the bar.

"Pass it to him, pass it to him, have you no manners?" whispered the judge to Constable Johnson, who was leaning forward over the bar, in order to place the box upon its shelf again.

The constable started back and went eagerly up to the prisoner, but Hunt refused the kind offer, at which the judge shook his head two or three times, for he took the refusal as an evidence of down heartedness which nothing could overcome.

As the lawyer drew toward a close, the judge became much agitated; the cigar went out between his lips, and his face looked pale amid the smoky atmosphere that hung around him. When the man sat down there was silence for more than a minute, profound, death-like silence, and then the judge arose.

"David Hunt—neighbor, neighbor!—have you nothing to say for yourself?" he exclaimed, with a burst of feeling that made the jury start.

David Hunt rose to his feet; a clear, strong light was in his eyes, and, though somewhat pale, he stood firm and collected among his old friends.

"Yes, I have something to say. You will not believe me, but I will speak for myself. All that they have sworn against me is true, and yet all that I have said is the truth also. I did come to the Bend with poor Isaac Shaw, for I loved the fellow, and in one week he would have been my gal's husband. We came to get the money which Judge Church owed him. I found that man in the tavern." Here the old man lifted his hand and pointed to William Wheeler. "He had insulted my daughter—he had tried to carry her off by force. My blood boiled when I saw him. I had promised the poor gal here not to touch him, and yet I found it hard work to keep my fingers from his throat. This was the reason I wanted to get home—this was what I was saying to Shaw.

"We started home. The storm was awful—trees fell around us like grass before a scythe. It was terrible dark, but we kept together till a great oak was torn up and fell crash almost over us. Then I thought Shaw was knocked from his horse. I saw him on the ground, and—so help me God, I speak the truth!—for one moment it seemed to me as if another man was bending over him. I rode toward him, but the lightning went out, and, while I was calling to him, he rode up to my side. I had his hand in mine once. The lightning struck again and I saw his face, it was white as a corpse, and did not look natural, but the voice sounded like his, though it was smothered by the noisy wind. I left him at the door to put out the horses, and went into the cabin with the bag of money, for he put it in my hand as I gave up my bridle. The gal was right, my hand was wet with blood when I went in. I was not hurt—the blood was not mine. It might have been his. The God of heaven knows I did not shed it!"

The prisoner sat down, but rose again in an instant.

"Neighbors," he said, stretching forth his hand to the jury, while his eye flashed and his stout form dilated with intense feeling; "neighbors, I have told you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God."

He sat down amid the breathless crowd; no one spoke, no one moved, but a sound rung over them from the blacksmith's anvil, clear and full, like the quick toll of a bell. All at once that ceased, and the silence was profound. It was broken at length by the blacksmith's wife, who started up, and, forcing her way to the door, went out. When she came back her husband was with her. He made way for himself and wife up to the bar, and addressed the judge, who had just arisen to commence his charge to the jury.

"I say, squire, supposing you give me a chance first," said the smith, rolling down his sleeves; "I reckon as likely as not that I shall have a considerable finger in this pie before it 's cooked."

"Do you wish to give evidence? Do you know any thing about it?" inquired the judge, eagerly.

"Well, I should think it likely that I did, squire, so just give me the oath. But first bend down your head here."

The judge bent his head while the smith whispered something in his ear. He then gave some directions to the constable in a low voice, and that dignitary moved round to the other side and took his station by the door.

The oath was administered, and then the blacksmith unrolled a dirty handkerchief which he carried under his arm, and took out a muddy boot, a horse-shoe, and a scrap of red silk. He had scarcely laid these things down before the judge when some confusion arose at the door. William Wheeler had attempted to pass out, and the constable was forcing him back again. In the struggle Wheeler's face was turned to the crowd; it was ghastly and white, and when he raised his voice to expostulate, it was choked, and so husky that very few heard him.

"Order, order—keep still," resounded through the crowd, and Wheeler, as if restored to some presence of mind, drew back to his old station.

"Well," said the blacksmith, "I want to tell you how I came by these things, and get back to my work again. Well, neighbors, you remember the night of the storm, some of you were in town, I shod your horses, and worked late to get through. Well, among the rest, Bill Wheeler, there, came, in a terrible hurry, and wanted a shoe put on that handsome black critter that he rides. The animal has a delicate hoof, so I was obliged to make nails on purpose for it—small nails, such as I never made for any other horse on earth.

"Wheeler took the horse away just before the storm came on; he never took that trouble before, but yet I thought nothing about it till a good while after. I saw Hunt, there, and young Shaw ride away from the tavern, and just after that a man came prowling round the stoop and along the fence. Still, I did n't think much about it, but after I 'd done work went home, feeling rather uneasy about a coal-pit that I had set to burning on some land of mine, down below the cross-roads.

"I got up in the morning, before daylight, and rode down to the coal-pit, expecting to find it blown into ten thousand pieces by the hurricane. The road was choked up with trees and brush, but I got along tolerably well till I came to the cross-roads, where I meant to cut through the woods. I found a tree choking it up, and was walking my horse round it, when what should I see but the body of a man lying among the branches. It was Ike Shaw, as dead as a door-nail—at any rate I thought so then."

"Was he alive? Was he murdered? What did you do with him?" exclaimed several voices from the crowd.

"Keep cool, neighbors, keep cool," cried the smith; "there, you have nigh about set that poor gal into fits," he continued, pointing to Hannah, who was bending toward him with clasped hands and a look of wild anxiety in her face, "I shouldn't wonder now if she faints clear away when I tell you that the poor fellow was cold and stiff, with a knife-hole in his side, but yet there was a breath of life in him."

His predictions were right. With a single gasp, Hannah fell across her father's lap quite senseless, but every one present was so occupied with the witness that she remained unnoticed.

"I have powerful strong arms," continued the blacksmith, extending his great hands, "so I took the poor fellow up and carried him down to the coal-cabin. There was a bunk full of straw in one end, and a spring of water close by. After I had worked over him awhile, he came to a little, and asked where I had found him. Of course, I was rather curious to know how he came to be bleeding in the brush. He seemed loth to tell, but at last owned that when he was riding with David Hunt through the storm, some one fell upon him in the dark, flung him from the horse, plunged a knife in his side, and left him senseless on the ground. He suffered terribly, poor fellow, and the thought that Hunt had attempted his life seemed to hurt him worse than his wound. He begged me not to mention the matter, as he was determined not to prosecute the old man, and he feared that the affair could not be hushed up if people knew that he was wounded. It came hard for me to believe that Hunt was a murderer and robber—I was in hopes that something would turn up to clear him, so I made up my mind to keep quiet. I doctored Shaw up as well as I could, and went home, promising to come back after dark with a wagon and take the poor fellow home with me.

"When I came to the cross-roads again, on my way home, I searched about among the brush to see if I could find any thing. There was a little hollow close by the road, and up one side I saw that the sod were torn, as if a horse had lost his foothold and slipped down; a sassafras bush, close by, was broken, and one of its roots torn up, and right there, tangled with the root, I picked up a horse-shoe. I knew it in a minute, for the small nails had been torn from the hoof, but stuck in the shoe yet, and I declare for the first minute my heart flew into my mouth. Well, I searched round in hopes of finding something more, but this scrap of silk, with a bit of twine tied to it, was all that I could find. It did not seem of much consequence, but I brought it home with the horse-shoe.

"As I came into town, Wheeler's horse stood in a crook of the fence down in the judge's house lot, so I just climbed the bars and examined his hoofs; the one that I had shod, the night before, was bare as my hand. By this time I was pretty well satisfied who was the murderer, but yet any other man might not have been as certain as I was. I went over to the tavern, and asked about Wheeler of the folks in the kitchen. They told me that he was sick in bed, and had been all night dying with the tooth-ache. Just then the hostler came down with Wheeler's dandy boots in his hand; he had brushed one, when I happened to see something that made me anxious to get the dirty boot. The hostler went out a minute, and I snatched up the boot and made for home.

"Well, squire, I took the horse and wagon and went after Shaw that night. My old woman, here, is a first-rate nurse, and he began to get better after awhile, but this minute he 's as weak as a baby, trying to sit up a little for the first time this very day. I never told him a word about Wheeler, nor any thing concerning the trial of Hunt, for he was so weak that it might have killed him. Besides that, I wanted to see what kind of a lawyer I should make. Now, squire," continued the good blacksmith, "I 've taken oath that this shoe is the one which I put on William Wheeler's horse at eight o'clock the night of the storm, and that I found it just after daylight on the very spot where Isaac Shaw was stabbed. Now observe this boot; the clay upon it is red, such as can be found at no spot hereabouts, except just at the cross-roads. I took the boot with my own hands, and measured it by half a-dozen of the tracks left on the spot. They fitted it like a glove. Now, squire, here is the piece of silk; it seems to me that if you 'll just examine the pattern closely, it looks very much like the silk handkerchief that Mr. William Wheeler, there, has got around his neck. He had on the same concern the night I shod his horse."

Every eye in the room was turned upon Wheeler, who cast a sharp glance behind him, and made another desperate effort to force his way through the door. By this time the crowd was in a state of wild commotion, those outside pressed up against the windows, eager to learn what was passing in the court-room, where the excitement was increasing every moment.

"Off with his handkerchief, off with it!" issued from various parts of the room. But Wheeler flung the officer back, and struggled desperately against their attempts to untie the square of crimson silk twisted carelessly around his neck, but it was secured at last and handed to the judge. The jury was crowded around the bar eagerly watching the judge as he unfolded the handkerchief. A corner was torn away, and the fragment produced by the blacksmith perfectly fitted the rent. Besides this, a pattern of black ran over the crimson ground-work which rendered the handkerchief somewhat peculiar, and this pattern was also in the fragment. The jury had scarcely satisfied itself of the fact when a portmanteau was brought into court, which an officer who had been sent to search Wheeler's room had found under the bed. It was hastily unstrapped, and a hunting frock drawn forth, torn and mouldy, but notwithstanding this, traces of blood were found upon the shirt. When this object was held up before the jury the excitement became intense. Three or four men leaped through the window into the bar-room, packing the crowd still more closely together. The hall was filled with stern, eager faces, pressing forward to the door, and men stood so thickly together that lights had to be passed from hand to hand overhead, as those who carried them found it impossible to force a passage into the court-room.

"Make room, make room, I tell you," cried a female voice from the crowd; "she will be stifled here," and, with her arm flung round the drooping form of Hannah Hunt, the blacksmith's wife forced a passage for the poor girl where half a dozen men would have failed. Wherever her immense navarino rose upon the crowd men fell back, and made way for her where no room seemed to exist. As she passed through the door, Wheeler darted forward and in a moment would have been safe in the dense mass of human beings that filled the darkened hall. But Johnson saw the movement just in time, and flung him back against the bar.

"He is trying to escape—he will get clear," cried a voice from the window. The cry was followed by a moment of comparative silence; men bent their faces together and whispered in groups, while the crowd outside uttered words that made the judge turn pale. The accused man heard them also, and, springing over the bar, drew his knife and called upon the judge to protect him, in a voice of sharp agony that rang over the throng like the cry of a hunted animal. His cap was off, his throat was bare, and the breath as it panted through seemed choking him. His face and hands were deathly white, but a spot of scarlet burned, like a live coal, in either cheek, and specks of foam flew from his mouth. The sight of a knife, drawn in their midst, exasperated the crowd, and, when the desperate man leaped over the bar, with the weapon gleaming in his hand, many thought that he was about to attack the judge. Those in front were pushed up against the bar till the railing cracked beneath the sudden pressure. Half a dozen hands were outstretched to pull the man away, but he drew back of the judge, and made an insane effort to intimidate them with his knife.

"Ha, I know him now that his face is like ashes and his eyes burning so," cried the Mississippi boatman, springing up to a bench. "He was among them at Vicksburg—a blackleg—a gambler—the worst of all that infernal gang which I told you about the other night. I saw him with a knife in his hand there, looking just as he does now. The rope was a'most round his neck, but he stabbed the man who held him and got away. They hung his mates, but he escaped—he will escape now."

The object which had possessed the crowd, up to this moment, had only been a vague determination to secure the accused man and lodge him in some place of confinement. The people were greatly excited; their sense of justice had been outraged, an honest and innocent neighbor had been hunted within a step of the gallows, before their eyes, by the wicked man who stood armed and menacing them in the very bar of justice. All the elements which lead to violence were aroused in their hearts; still the wretched man might have been safe but for this speech of the rough boatman, and his words concentrated the wild passions already fermented into a stern resolve. There was no shout, the tumult grew less than it had been, men turned their fierce eyes to each other, and a hoarse whisper ran through the crowd—

"He escaped the mob then. He will escape the law now."

These were the words that went hissing from lip

to lip through the room, out from the open windows and along the street.

Still there was no tumult, but the crowd closed slowly up—up till the bar gave way. A sea of eyes—dark, fierce, terrible eyes—met the wretched man every where; they glared on him from beneath the light, they glared on him through the dark windows, and far down a vista in the hall. He dropped his knife, his limbs gave way, and, like a branch lopped suddenly from an oak, he sunk down behind the judge, who spread forth his arms and strove to protect him. It was in vain—all in vain! The good judge pushed some of the foremost back, he besought them to respect the laws, he shouted to those in the street, entreating them to come up and save their neighbors from a great crime. But still they closed in around him, stern, silent, and fierce, with a thirst for blood which no heart present had ever felt till then. They tore the miserable wretch out from behind his protector. They passed him, on a bridge of uplifted hands, to the window, and so out into the open street.

The blacksmith had returned to his work, and the blaze of his forge reddened over the fierce crowd, as it fell in toward his shop and formed a wall of human beings before it.

"The handkerchief! The handkerchief!" passed from mouth to mouth. Instantly a mass of crimson silk was disentangled from some fragments of the bar, and tossed over the crowd. The red light shone through it as it rose and fell, and a hoarse cry followed its progress.

Oh, the next scene was horrible—I cannot describe it! . . . . . .

When David Hunt recovered from the stupor which had fallen upon him with a conviction that his innocence could no longer be doubted, he was sitting in the midst of the court-room perfectly alone. A noise, a strange, murmuring noise, came surging through the windows. He arose and staggered a few paces forward, wondering what had become of his child. A crowd of human beings blocked up the street, dark as death, close to him, but lighted up on the opposite side, by a fierce, ruddy glare. It fell on a platform of stern faces, uplifted, with a sort of savage awe, toward a human form swinging from a post directly before the huge opening cut through the blacksmith-shop instead of a window. Hunt cast one look toward the form, framed, as it were, in the rude opening on a back ground of fire. He recognised his enemy, shrunk back, with a groan, and, covering his face with both hands, shuddered from head to foot.

. . . . . .

But let us turn to a scene less terrible! The first words of Hannah, on reviving, were to ask for her father. He was beside her, safe and free, but so visibly affected by the dreadful event of the day. The thoughts of both turned to Shaw, and the inquiry for him came from the lips of each simultaneously. Though still weak, he and Hannah bore the interview better than could be expected. No pen, however, can adequately describe the emotions of the poor girl—they were a strange mixture of joy and gratitude of horror and dread. The lovers were soon left to themselves, for a dozen neighbors were waiting to press the hard hand of David Hunt, and among them Judge Church was the foremost.

There is another clearing now in the forest immediately adjoining that of David Hunt; but the old cabin, with some additions, answers for the home of the young couple as well as for that of the father. An air of comfort, and even of comparative elegance marks the spot; and, perhaps, there is not, over the broad Alleghanies, so happy a household.

THE CAMP IN THE FOREST.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

A BAND of hunters were we. All day long
Our feet had trailed the woods. The panther fierce,
The snorting bear, the cowering wolf, and deer,
Swift as our balls, had fallen, as cracked the shots
Of our slim, deadly rifles. Sunset now
Was brightening the leaf-seas that swept all round,
As with a glory. In a lovely spot,
A little hollow glade, we checked our steps.
Tempting it was, in pleasant grass snowed o'er
With the white forest-clover. Scattered round
Were long, low, narrow mounds. Upon our brows
The delicate south wind broke, then melted sm ooth
Over each limb in balm. The western sky
Was made one glow with the descending sun,
Which, mid the mantling leaves and crowded trunks,
Showered light in brilliant patches. The lone spot
Was steeped in shade and coolness. From the stream
The low song of the ripples, as they purled
Over some knotted root, with now and then
The twitter of the snipe, sweet filled the air.
A sandy pathway, kindled rich and warm
By a slant beam, sloped downward to the lymph.
Through the thick alders. As the grateful wind
Poured its moist sweetness o'er our strengthening fire
We roused our camp-fire. From the bended bough
We hung our spoil; whilst on the ruddy coals
The broiling deer-flesh told of coming cheer.
Loud was the talk and high the boast, and wide
The frequent song re-echoed, for the band
Though rude felt kindly. A gray light was spread
Across the hollow, but the tree-tops round
Cut sharp on mellow brightness. Deepest gold
Melting to rich transparent pearl, proclaimed
Where the blue-bosomed sun had disappeared
Within the clefts of bushes, and beneath
The thickets, raven darkness frowned, but still
The leaves upon the edges of the trees
Preserved their shapes.



Oh! for the land of the Moors,
The home of the light guitar,
Where the eyes of the Spanish maids
Are bright as the ev'ning star—
Where the lover's whispered word
Keeps time to the minstrel's lay,
And the castanet is heard
As it rings o'er the hills away!

I dream:—I am back in Spain,
And I see two sisters fair,
With their dark mantillas flung
Like a cloud on their raven hair:
One sings to her soft guitar,
With the voice of a plaining dove—
I wake;—and, alas! afar
Is the land of the girl I love.

Our hunter cheer was past.
A glimmering dimness thickened in the air,
Until the leaves were blended each in each.
The lurking darkness widened till it veiled
Thicket and bush. The neighboring throng of trunks
Retired within the gloom that hid the depths
Of the thick forest, till the brush of Night
Had shaded in each object. Still a hue
Of brightness lingered round the tracery
Of the tree-summits, where a few white stars
Were deepening; whilst within the broad rich west
One orb—night's first—was beating like a pulse,
Splendid and large. The fire, supplied, burned clear,
Bronzing the dark, deep umbrage of the pine,
Spattering the thickets with great crimson blots,
And streaking, as with streams of blood, the sward.
So clear the ruddy gloss just round the fire,
The grass-blades twinkled, and the clover-tufts
Flashed out like silver spangles. In the depths
Of the black forests, where the gleams reached not,
The fire-flies sparkled, while within the nooks
Some showed a steady glaring, like fierce eyes.
As the band sat around the camp-fire's glow,
The jest and song flew quickly; legends strange—
And stories of the woods—old daring feats—
Dangers escaped, and panther-fights—passed round
From lip to lip, till one old hunter, strong
And vigorous, though his form was gaunt and bent,
Glanced on the narrow mounds where flecks of gold
Had late been quivering, and with sorrowing voice
Told the dark, bloody legend of the spot.
"The hunters had been out, as we this day,
Beating the Willewemoc's woods, which then
Were far more lonely, wild and dark than now.
Our village was a straggling hamlet, girt
With slanting palisades. As sunset glowed,
Our footsteps lit upon this self-same spot.
We halted. The melodious stream its gifts
Gave to our tongues. The golden-tinted woods
Laid on our brows their shadows, and the grass
Spread to our limbs its velvet. Song and tale,
As now, went round the group. High flashed our fire,
And the dark boughs blushed brightly in its glare.
Round the clear blaze the hunters stretched their frames,
Grasping their rifles. One—myself—was placed
As sentry to protect their helplessness.
The frog piped shrill its music, and the owl
Vied with the whip-po-wil—all else was still.
Another hour, the fire had cowered beneath,
Crouching and springing fitfully, and then
Licking up the ashes. On my eyelids weighed
Sleep heavily, like lead, whilst now and then
My brain would whirl in brief forgetfulness.
Hark! a twig snapped—hush! silence fell again,
'T was but a squirrel. Ha! from out the woods
Was not the blackness crawling in dim shapes
Near us? No, no, 't was but the glimmer of sleep
Within my fluttering eyelids. Still I heard
Each sylvan sound proclaiming peace and rest—
The owl-hoot, cricket-chirp, and sorrowing plaint
Of the lone whip-po-wil, whilst myriad frogs
Rang out their silver chiming. Down I sunk.
A burst of shrieks. The fire leaped brightly up.
Hatchets were flashing, wild forms leaping round,
And limbs quick tossing in death-agonies.
I started, but a knee was on my breast;
A fierce red eye met mine, and gnashing teeth,
Whence the hot breath came hissing, and as pealed
Shrill, horrid whoops upon my shrinking ears,
I felt the hatchet sink within my side:
The sharp cold knife swift glided round my brows,
My hair was clutched, and then with keenest pangs
The scalp was wrenched away; my sight grew black.
I woke to consciousness; my tortured head
Lay on a human breast; a human eye
Looked pitying on me. Soon the features broke
Upon my swimming memory; 't was the scout
Of the near village, whose kind hand was now
Sprinkling the stream's cool silver on my face,
Whilst round me many an anxious neighbor stood.
The morning sun had painted with its light
Palisades, roofs and blockhouse, but the forms
Of the expected hunters darkened not
The sunbeam slanting in the portal blazed,
By which the clearing-pathway struck the woods.
The gaze was ceaseless through the picket-loops,
But still the hunters came not. Noon reeled red
Upon the summits of the distant pines,
And edged the portal with a rim of shade,
Still they were absent. Downward sloped the sun;
The portal blackened; yet they came not thence.
At length a group with fear-winged footsteps sought
The lost, and found them. Scalped, in jellied gore,
The hunters lay, stone-dead. A movement slight
Told that I lived. The scout bound up my head,
Mangled and gashed; and whilst these graves, round which
The fire-flies ope and shut their gold-green lamps,
Were hollowed for my comrades, I was borne
To my low cabin by the blockhouse-knoll,
Where with grim death I fought a weary time,
But rose to vigorous strength and life at last."

THE GUITAR.

BY ALEX. A. IRVINE.

Oh! for the land of the Moors,
The home of the light guitar,
Where the eyes of the Spanish maids
Are bright as the ev'ning star—
Where the lover's whispered word
Keeps time to the minstrel's lay,
And the castanet is heard
As it rings o'er the hills away!

I dream:—I am back in Spain,
And I see two sisters fair,
With their dark mantillas flung
Like a cloud on their raven hair:
One sings to her soft guitar,
With the voice of a plaining dove—
I wake;—and, alas! afar
Is the land of the girl I love.

COUSIN 'BEL'S VISIT.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

It was a great event—that of my cousin's first visit to us in the country. Now, we begged of the clouds to be propitious, and now, we flew to make the house appear so, till every article of furniture had been arranged and re-arranged at least a half a dozen times; though we were assured by certain older and wiser individuals that it had gained nothing by the changes. Cousin Walter, a curly-headed, laughing-eyed junior, had come home to spend the summer vacation with us, and, if truth must be told, neither Walter nor myself felt very hospitable. We had lived a whole year in the anticipation of this visit; and now to have our plans spoiled by the whimseys of a city belle! Walter hesitated not to declare that it was *too bad*, and, of course, he could hold no opinion to which I would not accede, when I had not seen him before for a whole year. It will do to contradict those we meet every day, but living twelve long months in two—ah! we must be in a hurry then to act out half the love that is in the heart! And Walter and myself were very loving cousins, for we had been rocked in the same cradle, (I a few years later, true, and sometimes by his own chubby little hand,) and had eaten bread and milk from the same porringer; aye, and been tied up by the same string, when we ran away together to play upon the shaded verge of the mill-pond, as if to test the truth of the oft repeated prophecy, that we should surely be drowned. We were deep in each other's confidences, too. I knew every little miss for a dozen miles around that Walter thought pretty, and, as in duty bound, I thought them all pretty too. I knew, moreover, what my father never dreamed of, that Walter had no liking for the science of jurisprudence to which he was destined, and had other and very mysterious views for himself, of which even I could only obtain an inkling. Then Walter knew exactly the number and condition of my pretty frocks, and always assisted in wheedling my mother into the purchase of a new one. He knew too that I did not like James Brown, and thought his velvet cap very ugly; and that I did like Charley Hill, velvet cap and all, though the head-coverings in question were as like as two peas. But notwithstanding this general knowledge of each other's views, we had at least a dozen profound secrets to whisper every day, until Walter was sent away to college. And is it to be supposed that after an absence of three years Walter would grow dignified, and I reserved and prudish? Ah, no! not we! We met with hearty kisses, and strolled, arm in arm, all over the fields and woods, and sat down together under the old trees, or in the portico, at evening, and were just as confidential as ever. But to have a third in our conferences, and she a city lady, in all probability as full of provokingly nice notions as an egg is of meat! Oh! it was too bad! But then she was coming per invitation from my father, and must, of course, be duly entertained. However, Walter and I set apart two good hours that we fairly concluded might be exclusively our own; one, the first after sunrise in the morning, which our guest would of course waste in sleep; and the other, immediately following dinner, when she was taking her afternoon's siesta. Walter's fine saddle-horse had been taken from the plough a full week before his arrival; and my pretty Zikka (a perversion of Zeke, I suppose,) was certainly born for a lady's sitting. Oh! what delightful times we might have had galloping away, side by side! But the arrival of my city cousin would spoil all, for there was not another side-saddle in the neighborhood, and not a horse, save the halt and the aged, that a lady could mount with safety. So there was another pleasure to be sacrificed! But Walter and I resolved to bear it like two martyrs, and bear it we did.

On the day of 'Bel. Forester's arrival, after I had slipped two or three more choice buds among the fresh flowers in her room, looped anew the muslin curtains, and given the last touch to all the little paraphernalia of the dressing-table; Walter harnessed his own horse, and assisted me into a nice little *buggy*, and off we drove in search of my dreaded cousin. To be sure we did not know her, but we resolved to step up to the first cold, formal miss, with a languid step, drooping shoulders, and a would-be pretty lisp, and hail her as *Miss Isabella Forester*. We were obliged to wait full ten minutes for the arrival of the cars; and Cousin Walter and I spent this time in rallying each other out of our sheepishness, and wondering if our expected guest would really be pleased with any of the thousand plans that we had arranged for her benefit. At last there was a sudden tinkling of a bell, a rumbling, puffing,—whish! fiz! 'sh! 'sh! 'sh! and a furious, crazy monster of a run-away Ætna whisked past us, and came to a stand still. My heart was in my mouth, and Walter's might have been in his eyes, for aught that I know, for the big orbs became suddenly very prominent.

"Stay here, Fanny," he whispered, "and I will go out in search of the lady."

Walter stepped forth, and I seated myself in a position to watch his movements. He walked about a little, and seemed to be making inquiries while the long train was disgorging its contents; but of the crowds of finery that streamed forth upon the pavement, none seemed to belong to my cousin. There was a lady approaching thirty that corresponded with our notions very well, but we had been told that 'Bel. Forester was only sixteen. There was a pretty damsel of sixteen, but she was carefully attended by a

gentleman somewhat advanced; and there was a sad-looking young lady, in black, alone, to whom Walter's hand was extended involuntarily in lieu of the clumsy collector's; but this could not be Cousin 'Bel. I knew that Walter must be sorry that it was not, for she smiled her thanks very sweetly. At length I began to feel relieved, thinking that we might ride back alone, as we came, when the bright vision of a gay face appeared for a moment at a window, then a tall graceful figure bent from the doorway, and while one small, gloved hand was extended, and the daintiest little foot in the world was balancing hesitatingly just below the hem of her traveling-dress, the lady asked, "Has no one inquired for Miss Forester?" Walter sprang forward, and assisted her descent with both hands, and I—I did not wait for an introduction, I can assure you. Blessings on Cousin 'Bel.! how we all loved her at first sight! The bright lady improved the few moments that Walter was gone to give orders concerning her baggage, in making herself acquainted with his history; and I treasured as many as a dozen fine compliments that I fully resolved to repeat to him at the earliest opportunity. The close proximity of three in a *buggy* (hast ever tried it, reader?) is a great enemy to any thing like distance of manner or feeling, and, before we reached home, we were all on just the happiest footing in the world. A stranger would have thought we had known each other for a life-time.

There was a crowd of little folks, headed by my father and mother, awaiting us on the portico, and Cousin 'Bel. was passed from one to another with such caresses and words of welcome as are seldom showered upon a stranger, and then borne away upon my father's arm to the parlor. One brought the stuffed rocking-chair, another untied the bonnet, a third removed the hot, dusty shoes, while mamma stood smilingly by, and little Bessie ran to the kitchen to order a cup of nice tea immediately. But 'Bel. declared she was not in the least fatigued, and, holding her wealth of black ringlets, that had broken away from the prisoning bodkin, in one hand, she tripped from window to window, exclaiming at the fine views; then turned to smother the little rogue following her with kisses, wondering, meanwhile, that she had never known her dear, dear cousins before, and declaring that the country was a perfect paradise, and she should never weary of its enchantments. In less than an hour Cousin 'Bel. had donned a strong muslin dress, and a simple straw hat, and we were out in the fresh fields together, Walter leading the way, lowering the fences where they could be lowered, and where they could not, laughing gaily to see 'Bel. spring over them like a young colt, scarcely touching his extended hand. We seemed to have taken a new lease of our runaway years, and to feast upon the beauties of field and woodland for the first time that day; such a renewing influence has sympathy. Cousin 'Bel. was constantly startling us with a joyous cry at what was familiar to us; and she would kneel to smell the rich turf, and wallow about in the delicious clover, just as we had done in years gone by, and she would hush us at every gush of melody from our choir of woodland vocalists, and ask the name of every little winged thing that flitted by; and point away to the hills, marking, with joyful surprise, the warm light bursting from a cloud, and bathing the green turf, then the coming shadow hovering for a moment on its verge, and finally settling down, rich, dark, and hazy, with here and there a small flake of gold upon it; and then she would dance off after a bee, or butterfly, or a fragment of floating thistle-down, till we were inclined to turn from all wild and gladsome things to Cousin 'Bel., as the wildest and gladsomest of the whole. For a day or two, never was there a happier trio than my two cousins and myself. Walking, walking, walking constantly! There was every thing to see, and we really began to fear the summer would not be long enough for our purpose of showing off its beauties. Rainy days, too, *would* come; but it was no punishment to be confined within doors with such a joy-born spirit as Cousin 'Bel's. Then it gave Walter a fine opportunity to display the tone and compass of a rich, manly voice, and make known his taste in the choice of fine passages, which, I now began to suspect, were selected with reference to another ear than mine. We had formerly read from the same page, for the sake of convenience, with an arm around my waist. That last familiarity had, of course, been abandoned on the arrival of a visiter, but I did think Cousin Walter might favor me with a glance once in awhile. Sometimes I had a great mind to show him that an old friend was not to be so neglected for a new face, but then he did no worse than the rest. We all neglected each other for 'Bel. It seemed her due.

There had been a shower early in the morning, but the sun came out laughingly, and looked down upon the dripping trees and jeweled shrubbery, pledging to the earth a glorious day. Freshly swept the sweet-scented wind upward, after stooping momentarily to the flowers and grass-blades; and a wild, joy-maddened burst of mingled melodies went up from the woodland, as a crowd of young birds started from their coverts and winged their way heaven-ward. It was a cool, delicious hour, and I went in search of Cousin 'Bel., to inquire how it should be spent. She was not to be found, and, furthermore, I discovered that Walter was missing, too. Leaning from the window, I marked foot-prints on the wet grass, and followed to the garden. There were low, confidential voices among the shrubbery, and I hesitated to advance; but, standing on tip-toe, I managed to peep through a clump of gooseberry bushes, and there saw—what think you? Why, Walter had brought me home a choice, beautiful rose-bush, and he had been extremely eloquent in his praises of the magnificent flower. There came but one bud upon it, and we had both of us watched its daily growth with intense interest, and now what should Walter be doing but bending that stem as rudely as though it had been the commonest flower in the world. I bit my lips severely, and filled my hands with prickles in my efforts to keep still, for

each moment I expected to see my darling, carefully watched rose-bud, sent like a worthless pebble to the ground. But no such thing. Walter knew well enough what he was about.

"Oh! what an exquisite bud!" silenced his evident scruples; and, before I could have interfered if I had attempted it, the rich, creamy-white of the bursting blossom was mingling with the glossy sable that shaded the brow of Cousin 'Bel. Walter's hand was a little tremulous (well it might be, thieving member that it was!) as he fastened the pretty gift, and 'Bel's face crimsoned—with honest indignation at the shameless robbery, no doubt.

"So ho!" muttered I, as I gathered up my dress in my hand, to prevent its rustling, and stole noiselessly back to the house; "so ho! Mr. Walter! our confidential days are over, eh!"

I could not keep back one little tear, just one, preceded and followed up by smiles, for I felt as though Walter had ill-treated me—and 'Bel., too; and yet I could not, for the life of me, have told any one in what particular respect I conceived myself injured. I did ask myself once or twice what right I had to their secrets, and though it was not an easy question to answer, the sense of injury still remained. My two cousins seemed to be so well entertained that my efforts were quite out of the question; and so I drew on my sleeved apron and tied my little morning cap closely under the chin, fully resolved to delight my mother with the display of certain domestic qualities more homely than useless. Fifteen minutes by the clock had gone by (for I was uneasy enough to mark well their flight,) when Cousin Walter came into the kitchen with any thing but his usual manly air; and really I began to think he felt his sin in the affair of the rose quite deeply enough. He seemed hesitating how to broach some difficult subject, and I had a great mind to begin myself and tell him that it was no matter at all, and even to withhold my chiding for not having been duly informed that he was falling in love with Cousin 'Bel. But suddenly he found words.

"You are engaged, Fanny?"

"Not particularly, if I am wanted elsewhere."

Walter stammered forth something that I did not quite understand, and looked earnestly out of the window.

"You know, Walter, that I shall not allow any thing to take me from you and 'Bel."

This remark was made just as my cousin was turning to me again, and he drew back disconcerted, while I, not quite interpreting his confusion, and yet judging that I had a clue to it, proceeded very coolly to wipe off a row of glass tumblers and arrange them on the waiter. Walter looked at me as though he would say something could he but receive a single glance of encouragement or even intelligence, then turned to the window, fidgeted with the tassel of his cap, and finally, with a peculiarly hesitating, hitching sort of step, proceeded irresolutely to the door. I waited till he was within a step of the threshhold, and then, with a light laugh, sprang before him, putting both hands in his—

"Speak out, Walter—what is it?"

"Confound it, Fan.! nothing worth choking about. But it is a glorious day for a gallop on horseback, and you know yours is the only decent beast for a lady in all the country round."

"And so you want me to ride with you? I shall be extremely happy to accommodate you, cousin."

Oh! how Walter's astonished eyes stared at such a display of obtuseness.

"Cousin 'Bel. will find no difficulty in amusing herself for just the little time we shall be gone, and then—"

Walter, with a very preposterous laugh, seized my shoulders and shook them heartily, then, joining the hands that were trying with all their might to push his away, he gave them at least a half dozen kisses; and, with a confused *melange*, in which the words "mischievous," "sweet," "ingenious," "naughty," were quite conspicuous, he gave the shoulders another shake, and dragged poor Fanny Forester very rudely after him out of the room.

In a little while we were all on the portico to see Cousin 'Bel. mounted on Zikka, and beautiful indeed was she, with her queenly figure and animated face. Even my heart swelled with pride to see my pretty palfrey so highly honored. And Walter Sleighton! Oh! there was a world of eloquent meaning in his large, dark eyes; and right gallantly did he vault into the saddle, and proudly curve his strong arm to draw in the rein, and keep the spirited animal from shooting past its lighter companion.

A low word was spoken, a nod or two and a profusion of smiles flung back to the admiring group on the portico, and away flew the happy equestrians, almost with the speed of the wind. From that morning Zikka's services were put in requisition every day: and, as I had somehow taken a sudden dislike for riding, it soon became quite unnecessary to consult me about the matter at all. Indeed, if truth must be told, poor Fanny Forester became, by slow degrees, a very unimportant personage, slipping about quietly, and for the most part unobserved; now filling up an embarrasing pause in conversation; now absenting herself at a critical moment when her woman's wit taught her she was *de trop;* sometimes making a third in the *buggy*, and usually, though at a respectful distance, in the walk; always blind, deaf, and dumb, when these qualities could seem to be desirable, and yet not a little piqued by her friends' provoking lack of confidence. To "play third fiddle," and then be deprived of even the crumbs from the table! it was too bad! It was no difficult part, however, as far as execution was concerned, for neither Walter nor 'Bel. were very sharp-sighted to others' actions. But there were some half dozen curious, quizzing, mischievous children, belonging to our establishment, that were not quite so considerate, and they had the honor of getting up several embarrassing scenes. Still, neither of my cousins thought proper to entrust me with any confidential communications; and so week after week passed by until the vacation had ended, and Walter was obliged, though reluctantly, to prepare for his return.

After assisting my mother in putting Walter's wardrobe in order, and watching him and 'Bel. till they disappeared alone among the shadows of the trees, I went up again to my cousin's room to see that his books and writing materials were all packed. The room was in confusion, and, among the light lumber that strewed the carpet, my attention was particularly attracted by several loose strips of very fine paper, and I had the curiosity to pick them up. On one was written, very carefully, "My dear Miss Forester," on another, "Dear Isabella," and another address was familiarized into "Charming 'Bel.," but the writer had evidently been puzzled for words to follow. Cousin Walter had found it no easy matter to indite a lover's epistle! After enjoying these tell-tale scraps to my heart's content, I proceeded to the table, where, lo! I stumbled on just the neatest little parcel that ever was folded, measured, I was sure, by line and plummet, and addressed "Miss Isabella Forester." So here was the mystery of the note writing all explained. But what *could* be in that snowy envelope? It looked like a book, it felt like one; but Walter, bold, frank, merry-hearted Cousin Walter would never be so sentimental. No! it was doubtless something else, but what? Ah! there was a whet-stone for curiosity! How my fingers sidled toward the knot, and how I felt the pupils of my eyes dilating at the thought that nothing but a thin fold of paper lay between me and the mystery of a genuine love-token! But I resisted the temptation, much as the effort cost, and put back the little package on the table? As I did so I was startled by the sound of a footsetp, and, on turning round, suddenly encountered my Cousin Walter.

"'My dear Miss Forester!' 'Dear Isabella!' 'Charming 'Bel.,'" repeated I, with provoking volubility, and then pointed to the little package inquiringly. Walter blushed to the roots of his hair, and looked very foolish.

"Now you shall tell me all about it, Walter—how you argued the case, what she said, and when you are to speak to Uncle Forester.

"Nonsense, Fan! hush! You are wrong, all wrong!"

"And you are quite indifferent to Cousin 'Bel., eh? and she to you?—and these stealthy meetings mean nothing?"

"You and I have been together so fifty times, Fanny."

"Aye, because we are cousins—more, brother and sister. But keep your own counsel, Walter, if you will," and throwing down the package, and mustering as much of an air of offended dignity as I could conveniently assume, I passed on to the door.

"Stop, Fanny!" and Walter drew my arm within his; "you shall not be angry with me after—after all you have done. But in truth I have nothing to tell. I have never said a word to your cousin that you, that all might not hear—there are reasons why I should not. We are both young, and I—" an expression of deep pain flashed across the countenance of Cousin Walter, and he bent his forehead for a moment upon his doubled hand; "and I am *poor*, Fanny!"

"Poor!" I exclaimed, with the most innocent wonder.

"Aye! poor, Fanny!—owing my bread to your father's bounty, and he is not rich, you know, my dear. It would be villanous in me to try to engage the affections of Isabella Forester under such circumstances, and yet I am sure she knows I love her."

"But you are sure of nothing with regard to her?" I remarked, with assumed coldness.

"Do you think so, Fanny? Do you think her altogether indifferent?"

"She has been accustomed to admiration ever since she knew what it meant."

"True, true!"

"And will be a great belle next winter."

"Aye, and forget me, Fanny; it is but right and natural."

"It seems she has but a glance or two to forget."

"What would you have me do?"

"In truth, Walter, I am not a very sage adviser, and perhaps shall, girl-like, speak more from the heart than head; but of one thing I am sure, if 'Bel. Forester had a brother he would be demanding *your intentions*."

"Oh! it would be wrong—"

"If there is wrong, Walter, it has been committed already."

Cousin Walter looked troubled, and thereupon ensued one of those long, confidential communings that 'Bel's coming so entirely interrupted. It ended in unfolding the little package, though Walter blushed as though he had been detected in a crime. He had reason to blush. A full-grown boy of nineteen making a present of a copy of Lalla Rookh, and pencil-marked, too! Yes, as I live, along a certain fine stanza commencing,

"There 's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,"

there was a line drawn quite distinctly. Oh! how closely I held my fingers over my lips to prevent the laugh; but it *would* burst forth, and though Cousin Walter looked exceedingly mortified, he could but join it.

I fancied that the country grew rather dull to 'Bel. after Walter left us, and she had really acquired quite a tinge of sentimentality when she was taken home. She has since become a very great belle, as I expected, does not like to talk of her visit to the country, and is very impatient if I chance to mention to her the name of Cousin Walter. She may have forgotten him. I know not, but I *do* know that when she opened a little cabinet the other day, containing a few precious keepsakes, I discovered a pretty volume with an embossed morocco cover, that I had seen before. On taking it up it opened of itself, and my eyes fell upon the words,

"There 's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,"

for the pressed remains of my poor rose-bud lay carefully treasured between the leaves.

Cousin Walter is to be admitted next winter, and then—ahem!

THE MAGIC LUTE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

My beauty! sing to me and make me glad!
Thy sweet words drop upon the ear as soft
As rose-leaves on a well.—*Festus.*

On a low stool at the feet of the Count de Courcy sat his bride, the youthful Lady Loyaline. One delicate, dimpled hand hovered over the strings of her lute, like a snowy bird, about to take wing with a burst of melody. The other she was playfully trying to release from the clasp of his. At last, she desisted from the attempt, and said, as she gazed up into his proud "unfathomable eyes"—

"Dear De Courcy! how shall I thank you for this beautiful gift? How shall I prove to you my love, my gratitude, for all your generous devotion to my wishes?"

Loyaline was startled by the sudden light that dawned in those deep eyes; but it passed away and left them calmer, and prouder than before, and there was a touch of sadness in the tone of his reply—

"Sing to me, sweet, and thank me so!"

Loyaline sighed as she tuned the lute. It was ever thus when she alluded to her love. His face would lighten like a tempest-cloud, and then grow dark and still again, as if the fire of hope and joy were suddenly kindled in his soul to be as suddenly extinguished. What could it mean? Did he doubt her affection? A tear fell upon the lute, and she said, "I will sing

THE LADY'S LAY."

The deepest wrong that thou couldst do,
Is thus to doubt my love for thee,
For questioning that thou question'st too,
My truth, my pride, my purity.

'T were worse than falsehood thus to meet
Thy least caress, thy lightest smile,
Nor feel my heart exulting beat
With sweet, impassioned joy the while.

The deepest wrong that thou couldst do,
Is thus to doubt my faith professed;
How should *I*, love, be less than true,
When *thou* art noblest, bravest, best?

The tones of the Lady Loyaline's voice were sweet and clear, yet so low, so daintily delicate, that the heart caught them rather than the ear. De Courcy felt his soul soften beneath those pleading accents, and his eyes, as he gazed upon her, were filled with unutterable love and sorrow.

How beautiful she was! With that faint color, like the first blush of dawn, upon her cheek—with those soft, black, glossy braids, and those deep blue eyes, so luminous with soul! Again the lady touched her lute—

For thee I braid and bind my hair
With fragrant flowers, for only thee;
Thy sweet approval, all my care,
Thy love—the world to me!

For thee I fold my fairest gown,
With simple grace, for thee, for thee!
No other eyes in all the town
Shall look with love on me.

For thee my lightsome lute I tune,
For thee—it else were mute—for thee!
The blossom to the bee in June
Is less than thou to me.

De Courcy, by nature proud, passionate, reserved and exacting, had wooed and won, with some difficulty, the young and timid girl, whose tenderness for her noble lover was blent with a shrinking awe, which all his devotion could not for awhile overcome.

At the time my story commences, he was making preparations to join the Crusaders. He was to set out in a few days, and brave and chivalric as he was, there were both fear and grief in his heart, when he thought of leaving his beautiful bride for years, perhaps forever. Perfectly convinced of her guileless purity of purpose, thought and deed, he yet had, as he thought, reason to suppose that her heart was, perhaps unconsciously to herself, estranged from him, or rather that it never had been his. He remembered, with a thrill of passionate grief and indignation, her bashful reluctance to meet his gaze—her timid shrinking from his touch—and thus her very purity and modesty, the soul of true affection, were distorted by his jealous imagination into indifference for himself and fondness for another. Only two days before, upon suddenly entering her chamber, he had surprised her in tears, with a page's cap in her hand, and on hearing his step, she had started up blushing and embarrassed, and hidden it beneath her mantle, which lay upon the couch. Poor De Courcy! This was indeed astounding; but while he had perfect faith in her honor, he was too proud to let her see his suspicions. That cap! that crimson cap! It was not the last time he was destined to behold it!

The hour of parting came, and De Courcy shuddered as he saw a smile—certainly an exulting smile—lighten through the tears in the dark eyes of his bride, as she bade him for the last time "farewell."

A twelvemonth afterward, he was languishing in the dungeons of the East—a chained and hopeless captive.

CHAPTER II.

"Ah! fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,
Or the death they bear,
The heart, which tender thought clothes, like a dove,
With the wings of care!"

The sultan was weary; weary of his flowers and his fountains—of his dreams and his dancing-girls—of his harem and himself. The banquet lay untouched before him. The rich chibouque was cast aside. The cooling sherbet shone in vain.

The Almas tripped, with tinkling feet,
Unmarked their motions light and fleet!

His slaves trembled at his presence; for a dark cloud hung lowering on the brows of the great Lord of the East, and they knew, from experience, that there were both thunder and lightning to come ere it dispersed.

But a sound of distant plaintive melody was heard. A sweet voice sighing to a lute. The sultan listened. "Bring hither the minstrel," he said in a subdued tone; and a lovely, fair-haired boy, in a page's dress of pale-green silk, was led blushing into the presence.

"Sing to me, child," said the Lord of the East. And the youth touched his lute, with grace and wondrous skill, and sang, in accents soft as the ripple of a rill,

THE VIOLET'S LOVE.

Shall I tell what the violet said to the star,
While she gazed through her tears on his beauty, afar?
She sang, but her singing was only a sigh,
And nobody heard it, but Heaven, Love and I;
A sigh, full of fragrance and beauty, it stole
Through the stillness up, up, to the star's beaming soul.

She sang—"Thou art glowing with glory and might,
And I 'm but a flower, frail, lowly and light.
I ask not thy pity, I seek not thy smile;
I ask but to worship thy beauty awhile;
To sigh to thee, sing to thee, bloom for thine eye,
And when thou art weary, to bless thee and die!"

Shall I tell what the star to the violet said,
While ashamed, 'neath his love-look, she hung her young head?
He sang—but his singing was only a ray,
And none but the flower and I heard the dear lay.
How it thrilled, as it fell, in its melody clear,
Through the little heart, heaving with rapture and fear!

Ah no! love! I dare not! too tender, too pure,
For me to betray, were the words he said to her;
But as she lay listening that low lullaby,
A smile lit the tear in the timid flower's eye;
And when death had stolen her beauty and bloom,
The ray came again to play over her tomb.

Long ere the lay had ceased, the cloud in the sultan's eye had dissolved itself in tears. Never had music so moved his soul. "The lute was enchanted! The youth was a Peri, who had lost his way! Surely it must be so!"

"But sing me now a bolder strain!" And the beautiful child flung back his golden curls—and swept the strings more proudly than before, and his voice took a clarion-tone, and his dark, steel-blue eyes flashed with heroic fire as he sang

THE CRIMSON PLUME.

Oh! know ye the knight of the red waving plume?
Lo! his lightning smile gleams through the battle's wild gloom,
Like a flash through the tempest; oh! fly from that smile!
'T is the wild fire of fury—it glows to beguile!
And his sword-wave is death, and his war-cry is doom!
Oh! brave not the knight of the dark crimson plume!

His armor is black, as the blackest midnight;
His steed like the ocean-foam, spotlessly white;
His crest—a crouched tiger, who dreams of fierce joy—
Its motto—"Beware! for I wake—to destroy!"
And his sword-wave is death, and his war-cry is doom!
Oh! brave not the knight of the dark crimson plume!

"By Allah! thou hast magic in thy voice! One more! and ask what thou wilt. Were it my signet-ring, 't is granted!"

Tears of rapture sprung to the eyes of the minstrel-boy, as the sultan spoke, and his young cheek flushed like a morning cloud. Bending over his lute to hide his emotion, he warbled once again—

THE BROKEN HEART'S APPEAL.

Give me back my childhood's truth!
Give me back my guileless youth!
Pleasure, Glory, Fortune, Fame,
These I will not stoop to claim!
Take them! All of Beauty's power,
All the triumph of this hour
Is not worth one blush you stole—
Give me back my bloom of soul!

Take the cup and take the gem!
What have I to do with them?
Loose the garland from my hair!
Thou shouldst wind the night-shade there;
Thou who wreath'st, with flattering art,
Poison-flowers to bind my *heart!*
Give me back the rose you stole!
Give me back my bloom of soul!

"Name thy wish, fair child. But tell me first what good genius has charmed thy lute for thee, that thus it sways the soul?"

"A child-angel, with large melancholy eyes and wings of lambent fire—we Franks have named him Love. He led me here and breathed upon my lute."

"And where is he now?"

"I have hidden him in my heart," said the boy, blushing as he replied.

And what is the boon thou wouldst ask?"

The youthful stranger bent his knee, and said in faltering tones—"Thou hast a captive Christian knight; let him go free and Love shall bless thy throne!"

"He is thine—thou shalt thyself release him. Here, take my signet with thee."

And the fair boy glided like an angel of light through the guards at the dungeon-door. Bolts and bars fell before him—for he bore the talisman of Power—and he stood in his beauty and grace at the captive's couch, and bade him rise and go forth, for he was free.

De Courcy, half-awake, gazed wistfully on the benign eyes that bent over him. He had just been dreaming of his guardian angel; and when he saw

the beauteous stranger boy—with his locks of light—his heavenly smile—his pale, sweet face—he had no doubt that this was the celestial visitant of his dreams, and, following with love and reverence his spirit-guide, he scarcely wondered at his sudden disappearance when they reached the court.

CHAPTER III.

"Pure as Aurora when she leaves her couch,
Her cool, soft couch in Heaven, and, blushing, shakes
The balmy dew-drops from her locks of light."

Safely the knight arrived at his castle-gate, and as he alighted from his steed, a lovely woman sprang through the gloomy archway, and lay in tears upon his breast.

"My wife! my sweet, true wife! Is it indeed thou! Thy cheek is paler than its wont. Hast mourned for *me*, my love?" And the knight put back the long black locks and gazed upon that sad, sweet face. Oh! the delicious joy of that dear meeting! Was it *too* dear, too bright to last?

At a banquet, given in honor of De Courcy's return, some of the guests, flushed with wine, rashly let fall in his hearing an insinuation which awoke all his former doubts, and, upon inquiry, he found to his horror that during his absence the Lady Loyaline had left her home for months, and none knew whither or why she went, but all could guess, they hinted.

De Courcy sprang up, with his hand on the heft of his sword, and rushed toward the chamber of his wife. She met him in the anteroom, and listened calmly and patiently as he gave vent to all his jealous wrath, and bade her prepare to die. Her only reply was—"Let me go to my chamber; I would say one prayer; then do with me as you will."

"Begone!"

The chamber door closed on the graceful form and sweeping robes of the Lady de Courcy. But in a few moments it opened again, and forth came, with meekly folded arms, a stripling in a page's dress and *crimson cap!*—the bold, bright boy with whom he had parted at his dungeon-gate! "Here! in her very chamber!" The knight sprang forward to cleave the daring intruder to the earth. But the stranger flung to the ground the cap and the golden locks, and De Courcy fell at the feet, not of a minstrel-boy, but of his own true-hearted wife, and begged her forgiveness and blessed her for her heroic and beautiful devotion.

OUR PRAIRIE SKETCHES—NO. II.

ELK HORN PYRAMID—ON THE UPPER MISSOURI.

In carrying out the great project of making the embellishments of Graham's Magazine altogether *National*, and thus to advance American *Art* with American *Literature*, we endeavor, as far as possible, to avoid the beaten track, and to select such pieces of scenery as are at once grand and novel.

The Elk Horn Pyramid, on the Upper Missouri, is quite a curiosity. At the "Two Thousand Miles River"—so named by Lewis and Clark—which joins the Missouri, on the north side, two thousand miles above the junction of the Missouri with the Mississippi, is an extensive prairie, covered with bushes of *artemisa*, filled with elk and deer paths in all directions. The prairie extends without interruption as far as the eye can reach, and is called *Prairie à la Corne de Cerf*, because the wandering Indians have here erected a pyramid of elks' horns.

About eight hundred paces from the river, the hunting or war parties of the Indians have gradually piled up a quantity of elks' horns, till they have formed a pyramid of sixteen or eighteen feet high, and twelve or fifteen feet in diameter. Every Indian who passes by makes a point of contributing his part, which is not difficult, as in the vicinity such horns are every where scattered about. The strength of a hunting party is often marked by the number of horns they have added to the heap, which are designated by peculiar red strokes. All these horns, of which there are certainly from twelve to fifteen hundred, are confusedly mixed together, and so wedged in, that Mr. Bodmer and his party found it difficult to separate a large one, with fourteen antlers, which they brought away with them. Some buffalo horns have been added to the heap. The purpose of this practice is said to be "a charm," to secure good luck in hunting. The drawing of this pyramid *was made on the spot*, by Mr. Bodmer, and it is so well engraved for us by Mr. Smillie, that we feel sure the subscribers to "Graham" will look with interest for the succeeding sketches, of which we have quite a number.

These prairie and Indian scenes are peculiarly appropriate to an *American* magazine, and we find they are more popular than any other style of illustration. We have now finished a spirited and striking picture of "*Indians Horse-Racing on the Prairie*," which will be ready for the January number. Also, a beautiful engraving of "*The Chief's Daughter*," which will probably appear in the same number, with a most beautiful engraving, furnished by Smillie, of "*Monmouth Battle-Ground, N. J.*" A large majority of these Indian and prairie sketches—of which we have *over twenty in the engravers' hands*—were taken on the spot by accomplished artists, and are therefore more truthful and life-like than the ordinary pictures which are given to the world. *All the pictures now in our engravers' hands* are from American subjects, and we feel sure that they must give a high position to Graham's Magazine in the United States.





BLANCHE ACHESON.

BY MRS. J. C. CAMPBELL.

(*Concluded from page* 151.)

"I HAD a strange dream last night, Mary. Methought I was standing with Arthur in the upper part of an old dilapidated building, in a strange, wild country, when we were startled by the most frightful and piercing screams, long, clear, loud and fiend-like, curdling the heart-blood with their terror. On looking up, we saw an immense bird, black as midnight, circling in the air. It wheeled to and fro, flapping its heavy wings, when, suddenly, with one downward swoop it caught a bright-plumaged warbler, which was soaring upward, and uttering again that fearful cry, which now seemed like a demon-shout of victory, bore its bleeding prey to a cleft in a massy pile of rocks, which towered high in majestic grandeur before us. Sick and faint, I turned away, cowering in dread as if the spirit of evil were ruling in the air; when I raised my head Arthur was gone. The bird was again circling and shrieking; instinctively I felt that the flash of its dark eye was directed to where I stood, and I turned to escape. As I fled through a long gloomy gallery I heard the rush of its wings, and gave myself up for lost; in an instant more it was wheeling over my head, and with the same yell with which it had caught the poor bird, darted toward me; for a moment I seemed turned to stone, but as it raised its talons, as if about to dart them in my side, I stretched my hand, and, grasping it by the neck, held it writhing like a worm in its agony. Again and again it strove to turn and bury its beak in my arm, but my strength appeared superhuman, and I succeeded in baffling its efforts, until thinking life extinct I threw it from me. Once more it rose—circled and shrieked—once more I grasped it—once more its beak was turned toward my arm, but I bore a charmed life, it had no power to hurt me, and at length I flung it down dead, with its large heavy wings drooping by its side, its sable plumage ruffled and torn, and its tongue, forked like that of a serpent, protruding from its enormous beak. I flung it from me, and wondered that Arthur was not near to aid me in the struggle with mine enemy. Was it not a strange dream, Mary?"

"It was, dear Blanche, but you have grown fanciful of late, and some wild Eastern tale that you have been reading has held sway over your imagination during the hours of sleep. You were not always wont to be terrified by those freaks of fancy; why now give them even a passing thought?"

"I have been reading no Eastern tales, Mary; nothing in the slightest manner connected with that horrid dream; but there is a mountain-load of sadness weighing on my heart. The least noise startles me—the wind, as it bears onward the faded leaves on its unseen wings, wails on my ear with the melancholy plaintiveness of a funeral dirge—the very gleams of sunshine, which were once to me the types of all things beautiful and joyous, now wear a sad and mocking splendor. I wish Arthur was here; when he is by my side I feel safe from all harm; why did he leave me when the dark raven shrieked over me? Arthur! Arthur! come to me, mine own, come to me once again." And Blanche buried her face in her hands and wept.

"My sister—my own sister—" but the words of consolation which Mary attempted to utter, faltered and died away as she looked upon Blanche, drooping like the lily-bell when the spirit of the storm trails his dark wing over earth's loveliest and sweetest. Sitting down beside her sister, and locking her arms around her, and bowing her head until her cheek touched that of Blanche, she suffered their tears to flow long and silently together.

It was the middle of autumn, and the trees had pranked themselves right gorgeously. Here stood one, a veteran of the forest, dyed in crimson, as if a warrior's heart-blood had been poured into the veining of every leaf—there another, arrayed as if the divining-rod had suddenly rooted itself in a hoard of concealed treasure, and sprung up branched and decked with the coveted gold—some, brilliant as if the regal purple of an Eastern monarch had been shed to clothe them with magnificence, and others sombre as if hooded and cowled in the dark garb of a Carmelite. But all were beautiful, as the slanting rays of the parting sunlight fell among their slightly quivering branches, and the flame-colored glory, blended with deep amethyst, lay in long lines in the western heaven, while here and there a light pillar of misty brightness rose high, upholding the leaden pall which was gradually darkening the horizon.

A sunset! An autumn sunset! An autumn sunset in the deep woods! Alone in the temple of Nature—roofed by the vaulted arch of the eternal heavens—the sere leaves strewing the long aisles—the light struggling in broken masses through the bright leaf-woven oratory—its music, now low and sweet as the far-off sound of an angel's harp-chord, now full and loud as the roar of many waters, woke by the master-power of that mighty wind which uprooteth the forest in its fury, and sighs wooingly over the blossoms of the blue hare-bell in its mountain home. Is there not in the soul of man a secret sympathy

with Nature, that his heart-strings are ever played upon by her mysterious influence? She looks upon him with a bright and laughing face, and he gives her back smiles which are but the reflection of her own. She pours out the pleasant sunshine, gladdening and revivifying every green hamlet and quiet dell, and showering sparkles on every ripple of the silver wave, and she pours it too upon the dark lanes and crowded alleys of the thronged city, lighting up many a cheek long blanched by sorrow, and sickness, and want, and making the sufferer to feel that the sunshine is indeed a blessed thing. It is not until the spirit has been worn and crushed, that Nature's joyous greetings seem a mockery, and it was painful to see the young and fair Blanche Acheson, on this glorious evening, bowed in bitterness of spirit to the very earth.

Soon after the night which saw Mick Cassidy so vainly pleading for his life, Conyngham had taken a hurried farewell of Woodvale. Pleading a long deferred engagement to spend a short time with a friend in a distant part of the state, with a thousand burning words to Blanche, and exacting from her again and again a vow of unalterable fidelity, he tore himself from her side. He had written but once, and then he spoke of the necessity of a prolonged absence, and of his soul's wish to be united to her who was dearer to him than life.

Edward Ogilby and his friend were also away. They had been passing the summer months in visiting many of those beautiful places which so justly excite the admiration of travelers from the Old World, and a letter received that day by Mr. Acheson, put the family in momentary expectation of their arrival.

While the sisters were still sitting pondering over the past, and vainly endeavoring to lift the veil from the future, the tramp of a horse was heard, nearer and nearer—"It is coming up the lane, Mary, let us retire." Nearer and nearer—across the avenue—through the gateway—it is behind them—the rider springs from the saddle, and in another moment Blanche is folded in the arms of him for whose absence the warm tears so lately shed are yet glistening on her cheek.

"Blanche! mine own! mine own! no earthly power shall ever again part us."

"You look ill, Arthur—you are pale, and your eyes have a dark shadow, as of grief and watching, around them—why is this?"

"All will be well now, dearest—there has been watching in the long hours that kept me from you—and there has been grief that we were parted from each other, but 'tis over now I am once more by thy side; I am the dove returning to the ark, not the raven flying away from its resting-place."

A shudder passed over Blanche; she thought of her dream, and clung closer to the side of Conyngham. Mary had left them after the first greetings with Arthur, and, before they entered the house, he had drawn from Blanche the promise that another month should make her all his own.

"We have been expecting my nephew and his friend this week past," said Mr. Acheson, a few evenings after Arthur's return. "They promised to pass Hallowe'en with us, that we might talk over some of the tricks still practiced by light-hearted youngsters in our father-land. I shall be sadly disappointed if they are not here, for I like to preserve the memory of old customs, when mirth and hospitality make even the poor and the care-worn to forget their want and wretchedness for the time. There is holy, time-honored Christmas—what an inexhaustible fund of kindliness and good-feeling is stirred up by the church-chimes on its hallowed morning. How the heart of every member of a family glows with gratitude to God, and with love to each other, as they return from praising him in temples dedicated to his service, whose arches have resounded with anthems hailing the nativity of our Lord. What warm thanks ascend from the well-filled board to Him who hath laden the barns with plenty, and made the presses to burst out with new wine, and how the charity which burns within the breast, makes us to feel that it is more blessed to give than to receive, as we look on the glad faces of the humble partakers of our bounty. Here, there is New-Year, with its interchange of kindly greetings, and its gift-giver riding over the tops of houses, and down the chimneys, to fill the stockings of the little ones. Do you remember, Mary, the New-Year eve you lay watching for Santa-Claus, and saw your mother and me stealing in and depositing your presents? I believe you never looked out for St. Nicholas after that."

"Mr. Ogilby," said a servant, opening the door of the apartment.

"Ned, my dear boy, we were just talking of you. Where is O'Neil?"

"He will be here in a moment, dear uncle, we only arrived in town this afternoon. Harry met with an old friend of his at the hotel; on introducing me to the stranger, I found that his father and you had been very intimate, and, relying on your Irish hospitality, I invited him to spend Hallowe'en at your house."

Ogilby glanced round while he was speaking; Mary was already at his side, with his hand pressed in hers; she led him toward Blanche, there was a slight, a very slight tremor of the voice as he returned her gentle salutation, for an instant there was a reeling of the brain, a dimness of sight, it was but an instant, yet Conyngham's jealous eye had detected those signs of a passion wrestling with and seeking to hide its agony, and appearing not to notice the proffered hand of Ogilby, he bowed with a cold and stately silence. In a few minutes they were joined by O'Neil and his friend.

"Mr. Fortescue," said Harry, addressing Mr. Acheson. "When Edward learned that Major Fortescue and yourself had been friends, he was sure that his son would meet with a welcome reception."

"Bless me! can it be possible? Guy Fortescue! The major had but one child, a boy six years of age, when I saw him last—and now that I look at you, it seems as if your father stood before me, looking as he did twenty years ago; bless me! but I 'm glad to see you. My dear," addressing Mrs. Acheson, "you

remember when the 45th lay in Enniskillen, and Major Fortescue and his lady were with us almost daily. The major and I had been friends from boyhood; we entered Trinity together, graduated at the same time, and from the time he entered the army until his death were regular correspondents."

"I beg you will consider our house your home for a month at least, Mr. Fortescue, and I am sure my daughters will second the wish, whom, by the by, Mr. Acheson has not yet presented to you."

Mary greeted him warmly, her father's friend, and Harry's friend, her young heart sprung up to meet him as a brother, and Blanche, in a sweet tone of gentle kindness, welcomed him to their home.

On the entrance of O'Neil, Conynham had suddenly left his place by the side of Blanche, and seated himself at a greater distance from the groupe. As he rose to meet Fortescue, who, with Mr. Acheson, was approaching him, his whole face appeared suffused with a livid and unnatural hue, and Fortescue, with a smothered exclamation, and an involuntary start, let fall the hand which had been stretched toward him. Mr. Acheson was surprised, but with that ready tact which is ever exerted to spare the feelings of others, forbore to notice the circumstance.

As the evening wore away, Conyngham recovered his self-possession. The host and hostess, with Edward Ogilby, were wholly absorbed in conversation with Fortescue, and O'Neil challenged Mary to a game of chess. She made many a wrong move, but then she was a novice, and Harry, instead of watching his chess-men soberly and quietly, as he should have done, was gazing in her face, and "maliciously," as she said, "laughing at her awkwardness."

"To-morrow night," said Mr. Acheson, as the party were separating, "to-morrow night is Hallowe'en, and ours shall be a merry meeting."

CHAPTER VI.

"Mr. Ogilby," said Fortescue, as they stood in the hall, "will you allow me a few moments' conversation with you before retiring?"

Edward had his misgivings, and without speaking put his arm in that of his companion and left the house. The night was clear and cold, there was no moon, but the light of the ever-burning stars, solemn and holy as shone the eyes of the glorified Beatrice on the entranced Florentine, was shining down upon the earth.

"I make no apology, Mr. Ogilby, for entering at once upon a painful and delicate subject. My friend O'Neil informed me that Miss Acheson was about to become the bride of a Mr. Conyngham, a wealthy and accomplished Englishman. You saw our meeting, and you will not wonder at its effect when I tell you that in the betrothed of your cousin, I recognized Francis Ormond, one of our own countrymen, a fugitive from justice, the perpetrator of one of the blackest crimes of ingratitude that ever branded its shame on the brow of man. Christopher, or as he was familiarly called, "Kit" Ormond, was my mother's cousin; disappointed early in life, he never married, and seldom left his estate at Navan, except for an occasional visit to Dublin, where most of his friends resided. Passing one day through the Phenix Park, he saw a boy poorly clad, devouring a crust, with a half famished aspect, and weeping bitterly. Mr. Ormond, ever alive to generous impulses, moved by the child's forlorn appearance, stopped and accosted him. His tale was a pitiful one. He had no home, no parents. his mother had been dead a year, and his father had, within the last two weeks, been buried from a wretched hovel, where he had lain ill for months. Since he followed his father to the grave, he had supported himself by begging through the day, and creeping at night into a cellar with an old woman, herself a beggar, who had last evening told him he must come there no longer unless he could pay for his lodging.

"Mr. Ormond took the boy to his own home, had him comfortably, even handsomely clad, and, as the housekeeper remarked, 'he was made to look like the son of a gentleman.' He was really fine looking, and Frank Stephens was soon the pet and constant companion of his benefactor. Soon after my dear mother's death, my father was ordered abroad with his regiment, and I was sent to the house of Mr. Ormond.

"One day, while Frank and I were playing, a beggar woman came up to us and asked for charity. She started on seeing my companion, and, staring at him with astonishment, asked if he were not little Frank Stephens, who had lodged with her after his father died. He endeavored to shake her off, but the woman, angry on seeing he did not wish to recognize her, began to use loud language, accompanied by violent gesticulation. Mr. Ormond coming forward, she immediately changed her manner, and courtesying low, in a whining tone begged for some relief.

"'Why were you speaking so rudely to these boys? I have half a mind not to give you a farthing.'

"'It was only to little Frank, and I was spaking quietly, yer honor; sure, if I might be so bould, I'd jist ax ye to bid him show me the picthur of the purty lady he us'd to wear about his neck. Och but she was an angel to look at—let me see it now, do, Frank, dear.'

"'Woman, here is some mistake, you do not know that boy; he has no such picture as you speak of—have you, Francis?'

"The sullen boy returned no answer, and Mr. Ormond, putting some money into the hand of the woman, without waiting to hear more than 'long life to yer honor,' led us both to the house. On entering, he took Frank with him into his library, and they remained for a long time together. The result of their conference was, that Frank showed the miniature of his mother, which he had contrived to keep concealed about his person, and that the faultless likeness proved to be that of Mr. Ormond's early love. Here was a new tie, which drew him closer to the boy, and from that day he adopted him as his own, and changed his name from Stephens to that of Ormond.

"I must acknowledge that Frank and I, though playmates, were never friends. He was fierce, vin-

dictive and sullen to every one but his benefactor; toward him he behaved in such a fawning manner, seeming to have no will but his, that the crafty parasite succeeded in blinding his fond and partial friend to all the defects in his character. Years passed; Frank and I went to college, he to Cambridge, I to Trinity, and when we saw each other again he had done that which transformed the man into the fiend.

"While in England, he indulged in every species of riot and debauchery, and the taverns were more familiar with his bacchanalian songs, than were the halls of Alma Mater with his recitations of the classics. He was deeply in debt, and under several false pretences, succeeded in obtaining large sums of money from Mr. Ormond. In one of his drunken brawls he taunted a fellow-collegian beyond endurance; a challenge was the consequence; young Sidney was wounded, though not mortally, and Frank was expelled.

"The bailiffs were on his track, ready to arrest him for debt, but, with the assistance of his chum, he effected his escape and took the packet at Holyhead for Dublin. A letter containing a full account of his proceedings was still lying open on the library table at Navan, when he entered the house of his only friend.

"Mr. Ormond received him coldly, and in the excitement of the moment reproached him with his want of gratitude for the kindness shown him. The young man replied bitterly, and rudely, and Mr. Ormond, who, although the kindest-hearted man living, was unhappily of too hasty a temper, struck a blow which was never forgiven. One morning he was found strangled in his bed. Nothing could be elicited at the inquest to throw light on the dark proceeding; his door was fastened on the inside, and the murderer's object evidently had not been plunder, for a large amount of money lay untouched in the drawer of a secretaire in his bed-room. Phil Cassidy, one of the servants, deposed, that in the gray dawn he had seen a short man, in the dress of a Wicklow peasant, climbing over the garden-wall into the deer-park; he took him for a poacher, and did not speak, lest he should turn and fire on him; this was the only incident which appeared to have any connection with the mysterious affair.

"Frank was from home; he had been absent three or four days, and was immediately sent for; his well-counterfeited grief lulled the suspicions of all but Phil, who had overheard the angry altercation between him and the deceased; and the servant more than once hinted that he had a guess of somebody who was concerned in the murder of his master. Frank seemed to feel instinctively that Phil was watching his movements, and for some frivolous cause dismissed him from his service. A few days after he was found shot, not a hundred yards from the cabin occupied by his mother and only brother Mick. I was there the morning the body was buried, and heard Mick Cassidy swearing, upon his brother's grave, to track the murderer.

"At the summer fair a fight arose between two opposite factions. In the middle of the *melée* Mick felled a man to the earth, another blow would have sent him into eternity. Striving to stay the arm of Mick, as it was about descending, he muttered—'Spare me, Mick Cassidy, I've that to tell you'd give your right hand to hear.'

"'Do n't mind him, Mick, sure you 'll not let it be said that iver an O'Hara bate a Cassidy?' said a servant of Ormond's, who was standing beside them.

"'Tim Rogan, I 'm nearly dyin'—touch me if you dare'—seeing the stick of Tim flourishing in his hand—'I tell you, I 'm nearly dyin' and I 've no more dread of you nor your masther—hould me up, Mick—I think I can get as far as the magistrate's, and there I 'll tell you who shot Phil.'

"O'Hara was supported to the house of the nearest justice of the peace, where he made his deposition on oath, the substance of which was as follows:

"On the day preceding Mr. Ormond's murder, he had met Tim Rogan at a poteen house, where, after drinking a couple of naggins of whiskey, Tim told him he knew of a job which, if nately done, would put a hundred pounds into a man's pocket. O'Hara swore secrecy, and then his companion disclosed the plot for taking the life of Mr. Ormond. The garden-wall was to be scaled, and a ladder used for climbing fruit trees was to be placed under one of Mr. Ormond's chamber windows, which was always left partly open, for a circulation of air, in the summer season; his life was to be taken without any external marks of violence being left on his person, and strangling was agreed upon. Tim said he could not earn the money, as he must be away that night to Mr. Frank, who had planned it all, and as he knew O'Hara had a stout heart, and withal an old grudge at the man, he thought it better to tell him than any other.

"The deed was done, and he received from Rogan the promised reward. The only man of whom he was afraid was Phil Cassidy; he knew Phil had seen him, and he was still in dread of being recognized, when one morning he heard Cassidy had been found shot, and Rogan confessed to him that he had done it, for that his master said neither of them were safe while Phil was living.

"Here was a startling disclosure, sworn to by a man who had not many hours to live, and after some delay a warrant was issued for the arrest of Mr Francis Ormond, and his servant Timothy Rogan. The officers found only Tim at the house, who, when taken into custody, protested his innocence, and persisted in his protestations till confronted with the dying O'Hara, when his courage failed, and he confessed the whole diabolical transaction. He said he had given his master an account of what passed at the fair, but denied all knowledge of his movements.

"In the mean time, Frank had posted to Dublin, on the next morning drawn a large sum which had been deposited in the Bank of Ireland, and then disguising himself, awaited the event. The papers were filled with details of the atrocious deed, and a large reward was offered to any one who would deliver the fugitive up to justice. The search was useless; once, and but once, was Frank recognized, and that was by myself. As I descended the side of a vessel,

on board of which I had just taken leave of a friend, I saw a man standing alone, leaning against a mast, watching the boat which was to convey me to the shore; there was something about him, although he evidently wore a disguise, which made me look again, when he turned abruptly from the spot—that man was Frank Ormond, and the vessel was bound for America.

"O'Hara died of his wounds, Rogan was hung for the murder of Phil Cassidy, Mick embarked for this country, and when I left home the whole affair was gradually fading from the minds of the people. I have endeavored to be as brief as possible in my narration of these unhappy events, and I leave it with you to break the matter to your uncle's family. Good night, and God bless you."

Ogilby retired to his room, but not to rest. All night long he paced the floor; his anxiety was for Blanche, he knew she was devotedly attached to the wretched man whose soul was so darkened with crime, yet he could not see his pure and stainless cousin's destiny linked with that of a cold-blooded murderer. There was no selfishness mingled with his feelings, there was no thought that the sweet star of his idolatry might yet be his own, he could not build his bower of happiness on the ruin of another's hope. No! Blanche—the worshiped of years—the haunter of his boyhood's, yea, of his manhood's visions—was lost to him forever; and often during that wretched night of mental agony did the thought cross his mind, that it were better to conceal all, and leave her to her dream of bliss.

CHAPTER VII.

Glad to behold the first faint glimmer of the coming day, Edward wandered from the house, still uncertain as to what course he should pursue. He crossed the garden, passed through a wicket into an adjoining wood, and walked on abstractedly until his attention was arrested by the sound of voices behind a stone wall which separated his uncle's domain from the public avenue.

"I knew of old that you were an early riser, Mr. Fortescue, and I have watched your coming forth, that I might throw myself upon your mercy, and beg that, in this land, the remembrance of the past may be forgotten. My life is bound up in that of the fair being whom you last evening found seated by my side; it is for her that I plead, not for myself. I could dare and defy you, but Blanche Acheson must not be immolated for deeds of which, after all, there is no positive evidence."

"There was wanting no link in the chain of circumstancial evidence, and the dying deposition of the man bribed by your servant, and the solemn confession of that servant himself, before suffering the penalty of the law for another murder to which you were instrumental, have left no doubt that you are polluted with crimes of the blackest dye. Chance brought me to the house of Mr. Acheson, and to his nephew I last night revealed your secret."

"To Edward Ogilby! Curse him—curse him—through him has all this been done—through him and through his friend you found your way here—and now he thinks to win the prize for which I have so long contended—curse him—and curse you too, Guy Fortescue, your babbling tongue has told its last tale," and he plunged a short dirk into the breast of Fortescue.

"Villain!" shouted a voice, as Guy fell backward, "villain! your life shall pay for this!" and Ogilby leaped the wall—"base-hearted, treacherous villain!" again he shouted, as he stood face to face confronted with Conyngham. Fearful was it to behold these two young men as they stood, with knitted brows, glaring on each other; Conyngham with the deadly weapon still in his grasp, and Ogilby with his fingers clenched until the blood nearly oozed from his palms.

"Aye, curse you again, Edward Ogilby," said the infuriated man, who had now lost all self-possession, "curse you again," and he made a pass at his adversary. Ogilby warded off the blow, and succeeded in wrenching the weapon from his foe—they grappled—Conyngham's eyes seemed starting from their sockets—his nostrils were dilated—his face was suddenly overspread with a dark purple hue—he staggered—reeled—and fell, with the blood gushing from his mouth. All this had passed with the rapidity of thought, and before any of the inmates of Mr. Acheson's house were yet abroad. Edward hurried from the spot, and found his uncle just coming down the stairs; beckoning to him to remain silent, he left the house and motioned him to follow; then in a rapid manner ran over the events of the morning, and the disclosures of Fortescue the preceding night. Before Mr. Acheson had time for question or reply they were at the fatal place. Fortescue had revived, and was sitting leaning against the wall, but Conyngham still lay insensible, while a man in the garb of a common laborer was bending over him, trying to wipe away the blood with which his face and neck were disfigured.

"Good Heaven, what a sight! Mr. Fortescue, you must be conveyed to the house immediately; I trust your wound is a slight one; but for this villain, who has ruined forever the peace of my gentle and innocent child, he must be taken from hence—my home shall never more be polluted by his presence."

"Blanche—mine own—" muttered the wretched man, as Mr. Acheson's words restored him to consciousness.

"Speak not of Blanche, Arthur Conyngham, take not her name in your foul lips; merciful has been her escape; I thank my God she is not your wedded wife," said the heart-stricken father, as he turned away to procure assistance.

"Conyngham—Conyngham—" musingly repeated the man, who was still leaning over him, "that was the name of the gentleman Mick Cassidy went to meet by the river side. He had another name, too, Osborne, or Ormond, or something like that—poor Mick, he had sad misgivings the night he left me, and, sure enough, I never saw him again."

Conyngham groaned aloud, and Ogilby, who had interchanged glances with Fortescue, begged the man to desist from speaking.

Mr. Acheson soon returned; he had broken the matter as gently as possible to his wife and Mary, and left to the former the task of telling the tale to Blanche.

The dirk of Conyngham had missed its aim, and the wound of Fortescue, although it bled profusely, was but slight. The wretched Arthur had broken a blood vessel! he was placed in a carriage, and, accompanied by O'Neil, slowly conveyed to his lodgings in the city.

During the whole of that melancholy day, Blanche but awoke from one swoon to fall into another. Toward evening she appeared to recover, and became quite calm; she even talked of indifferent matters, and once alluded to her father's intention that night to have a merry Hallowe'en. Her parents were deceived by her manner, and thought that strength for the trial had been given their darling child, but Edward, with the quick and watchful eye of love, detected something sad and strangely fearful under her assumed composure, and with the determination to watch her narrowly, retired for the night. It was long past midnight before the light in her room was extinguished, and not until it was, did her cousin, harassed and dispirited, throw himself upon his couch.

Late the next morning the sad family assembled in the breakfast-room—Blanche was absent.

"Mary, love," said Mrs. Acheson, "go and bring your sister to us. My poor sufferer! may He who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb be with you in this hour of trial!"

"He will be with her, my dear aunt. Oh, Blanche! my angel-cousin! my peerless Blanche! what a harsh fate is thine in the dawn and day-spring of thy loveliness!" and Edward Ogilby bent his head and suffered the tears which could no longer be hidden to flow unrestrainedly. Mr. Acheson could not speak, he stood with his arms folded, inwardly mourning over the sorrow which had fallen on his house.

"She is not there! father! mother! she is not there!" exclaimed Mary, pale with terror, rushing into the room. All were horror struck—it was too true—she was gone! Every place was searched, but in vain. Could it be that Blanche, the pure, the good, could it be that she had rushed unbidden into the presence of her Maker? There were horrible surmisings as the wretched father explored the river's bank, looking in vain for some token of his lost child. It was noon, and all search had proved fruitless. O'Neil had not returned—whether Conyngham were living or not was unknown to them—and in this new cause of grief his existence was almost forgotten.

"She is gone—Heaven only knows where—I thought last night that calmness of manner was unnatural—I then feared for her life, now my sorrow is increased tenfold. I fear for her reason," said Ogilby, as he threw himself in a seat beside Fortescue.

"I have thought of one place where your cousin might be found, but have forborne to mention it, lest it might prove only a false hope."

"Where? where? for Heaven's sake tell me! I do not think her dead, and yet I cannot imagine where she has concealed herself"

"Was she not aware that Ormond was yesterday conveyed to the city?"

"She was—but you forget—she left here last night—after midnight—there was no conveyance—it is a cold dark night to walk six miles—and yet such gentle natures as hers, when roused, do more, dare more, than others—it is impossible! still it is our only hope—I will instantly to town—do not tell my sister of this surmise until I have ascertained its certainty."

In a few moments Edward Ogilby was speeding on horseback to the city.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a cold raw morning, the day had scarcely dawned, when a female wrapped in a large cloak and wearing a deep straw bonnet, with a thick veil of green gauze, presented herself at the door of the hotel, and asked permission to see Mr. Conyngham. There had been a heavy drizzling rain, the pavement was wet and muddy, and the woman's garments were saturated with moisture. The waiter eyed her keenly, her voice was evidently disguised, but there was that in her manner which kept the man from treating her with rudeness, and he civilly denied her request.

"You cannot see him, ma'am, he has been very ill all night, and the physicians have forbidden any one entering the room but the nurse."

"Very ill all night! even now perhaps dying! for the sake of mercy take me to him!"

"I dare not, the doctor's orders were positive, and I might lose my place by being too obliging; however, as you are cold and wet, you had better wait here till the fire is kindled in the hall, and then I will carry a message up for you;" so saying, the man left her, muttering something about unfortunate creatures running after sick gentlemen.

Blanche was alone—the timid, shrinking Blanche, about whom the arms of love had ever been folded to shield her from the storm, as close the guardian leaves around the flower of the Celandine. She who started at every noise, and trembled at every shadow, had, in the dark night, without or moon, or stars, to glimmer on her pathway, with the rain beating on her fragile form, traversed unharmed six dreary miles. Surely her mother's prayer had been answered, and He who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb had walked with her in the darkness. Standing in the hall, she looked anxiously round to see if any one was observing her, and finding herself still alone, she rapidly ascended the stairs. She had heard Conyngham mention the number of his room while giving directions to a servant, and sure that if once at the door she would gain admittance, hurried through the passage. A woman was stealing softly out of an apartment—Blanche passed her—the door was ajar—it was his—she passed the threshold—there was a dull, heavy fall on the floor—she had fainted. The noise brought back the nurse, who was astonished at finding the strange female lying senseless in the sick man's room. Untying the strings of the bonnet, and putting aside the veil which was still folded over the face, the good woman gave utterance to her surprise

"Goodness me! what a beautiful creature! Why she looks like a wax doll, only she ha n't got no color in her cheeks—do n't be frightened, sir, it 's only a young woman what 's made a mistake, and got into the wrong chamber—where *is* my Sal Wolatil?—she 'll come to in a minute, I reckon—massy me! how cold her hands keep—if I only had some aromatic winegar."

The back of the nurse was turned to the bed on which Conyngham was lying; rising noiselessly, he wrapped his dressing-gown about him, and moved toward her; the light from a shaded lamp fell on the face of the person whose temples she was chafing; still, cold, and fair as the statue of Parian marble which realizes the sculptor's dream of ideal beauty, lay the unhappy girl.

"Merciful Heaven! could not this have been spared me? Oh, Blanche! Blanche! she hears me not—she is dead!"

"Goodness me, sir! you should n't a got up; what if the doctor should come in now—why, I did n't think you was strong enough hardly to raise your little finger, let alone to come out here—do let me help you back, or set down in the easy cheer." Her words were unheeded.

"Blanche—Blanche," again groaned Conyngham, as he threw himself on the floor by her side. Strange and mighty is the power of a voice beloved! Through the thickly gathering clouds, and the dim and awful unconsciousness of approaching dissolution, it can rouse the dull and torpid sense, and stay the fleeting spirit on the confines of the tomb. The sufferer slowly raised the veined lids, gazed upon Arthur long and earnestly, and again relapsed into insensibility.

"Goodness me! I must call the housekeeper, I can't stay here all alone and she a dyin'."

"Call no one, woman—Blanche—my betrothed—she yet lives!"

"I have had another horrid dream!—they told me, Arthur, that you—but I did not believe them—I knew it was not so—"

"Leave us, nurse, let no one enter the room, I will ring when I wish your return."

"La massy, you 'm too weak, sir, and the young lady an't half got over her faintin' spell."

"Leave us—come not until you hear the bell."

The nurse very unwillingly left the room. Being blessed with a double portion of the curiosity attributed to her sex, and that curiosity being now raised to the highest pitch of excitement, by what she had seen and heard, she endeavored to gratify it by peeping through the key-hole, and placing her ear against the door; foiled, however, in these laudable and praiseworthy attempts, by the low tone of the speakers, she made her way to the housekeeper's apartment, there to indulge in conjectures, wanting in little save that charity which thinketh no evil.

The temporary delirium which had hitherto sustained Blanche was fast passing away, and as the consciousness of her situation dawned upon her, she shrunk from the gaze of Conyngham and burst into an agony of tears. He read her thoughts, and soothed her with that voice which, though harsh and imperious to others, was ever low and soft as that of a gentle woman when addressing her.

"Bless you, mine own sweet love; I dared not hope to see you at my side—bless you, dearest. I have been guilty, Blanche—shudder not thus—your purity was winning me back to peace. I was unworthy of you, and now I must lose you forever—'t is bitter, bitter, and yet, with my last gaze lingering on your beloved face, even the bitterness of death will be forgotten."

"Speak not thus, Arthur—have I not braved all? am not I, your betrothed wife, near you? and can I bear to see your eyes closed forever—never to look in mine again—and your lips sealed with the dark seal of eternal silence, never to speak my name? Oh, God! Arthur! Arthur! you cannot *die?*"

A long and agonizing silence succeeded this burst of passionate emotion, interrupted only by the low, half-stifled sobs of Blanche, and the deep groans of Conyngham, as he felt that words were powerless at such a time as this. They were roused from this stupor of grief by a noise at the door, and the voice of the nurse was heard.

"He told me I must n't come in till I heard the bell ring, and like as not they 'm both dead by this time, for he looked for all the world like a ghost, and the young lady was just as white as a sheet when I see'd her, and he was so contrary he would n't even set down on a cheer."

"You had better open the door; they have not heard us knocking."

"Yes, I guess it would be best. Mr. Conyngham, here 's a gentleman what 's been waitin' an hour to see you."

"Let him come in; nurse, leave us," said Conyngham, feebly, as Edward Ogilby entered the room.

"I have come into your presence unasked, Mr. Conyngham; anxiety for my cousin has made me an intruder, an unwelcome one at any time, doubly so after the events of yesterday."

Arthur attempted to stretch forth his hand; surprised and moved, Edward took it and pressed it kindly in his own.

Blanche sat, or rather crouched, on a low stool at Arthur's side; her fair hair hung in heavy, damp masses round her face and neck. She took no notice of her cousin, her eyes never once moved from Conyngham's face; she trembled lest she might lose one glance, which might be the last, at the same time that she was inwardly persuading herself death could not cloud the lustre of those beloved eyes.

"I am glad you have come, Mr. Ogilby; until yesterday, the madness of my jealously would not let me see the nobleness of your character. My life,—the life of a rival—was in your hands, and you generously spared it, after having been treated with hatred and scorn. I am glad you are here. To you I commit a treasure, dear to me as my own soul; although the lightest look of Blanche is dearer to your heart than to the gloating miser could be the ransom of an earl, yet I have no fear that you will torture your cousin by seeking to win her love—an-

other might, but you, I've marked you well, and know you for the soul of honor."

While Conyngham was speaking, he had been gradually sinking lower and lower in his seat; Ogilby attempted to raise him. "I cursed you once, may God forgive me, and pour his blessing on you. Blanche, come nearer, let me feel your breath upon my cheek—closer, closer, love—here to my heart." There was a pause of a moment, during which Conyngham remained with his eyes closed, holding Blanche strained to his bosom. Suddenly a bright flush suffused his cheek; it was instantly succeeded by a deadly pallor; he unclosed his eyes, and fixed them fondly on her who in his last extremity had not deserted him; his arms relaxed their hold—another look, a shriek from Blanche, and all was over!

It was a long time before her cousin could persuade her to leave the body, and when at last she consented, it was with the same calm, composed manner which had before startled him.

Leaving O'Neil, who had called at the hotel to make the necessary arrangements for the burial of the deceased, he conveyed Blanche to her home. Briefly explaining to the family where he had found her, and the circumstance of Conyngham's death, he begged them no longer to be deceived by her calmness, but to watch every movement; for himself, he must return to O'Neil and remain with him until after the funeral.

The stranger's funeral! Who has not at one time or other seen a hearse, attended by a solitary carriage, or by a few followers, not one of whom wore any outward token of mourning. On it went, through streets whose living tide was not arrested by its passing—on it went, and the gay crowd thought not of the blasted hopes, the corroding care, the craving for human sympathy which had gnawed into the heart of the lonely man—on it went, and the man of business, mentally summing up his balance sheet, hurried carelessly by, and the votaries of fashion, habited in the choicest products of the loom, forgot that the pall and the shroud would yet be their only covering—on it went, unheeded save by some lone wayfarer who was far from his own friends, and his own home, or who had one dear as his life-blood sojourning in distant lands; he would pause and turn aside to hide the tear, the only one which fell at the stranger's funeral!

CHAPTER IX.

Blanche faded daily—there was ever the same calm mild look, the same sweet tone of gentleness, but it was hourly growing feeble. Edward was continually near her, and if for a moment he left her side, she became restless and uneasy until his return. At length a change came over her; she would watch every opportunity, and endeavor to steal away unperceived. Her cousin feared that she might attempt returning to the city, with the hope of finding the grave of Conyngham, and his care over her was unceasing, but at last she contrived to elude even his loving vigilance.

The family were again thrown into a state of the most harrowing anxiety. Edward endeavored to soothe his relatives, but without avail; the search had continued for hours, when Harry and the wretched Edward again set out, the former taking the highway, and the latter striking into the woods. In one of their summer rambles, Mary had pointed out to him a spot which had been a favorite haunt of her sister's, and where Conyngham and Blanche had been in the habit of sitting together for hours; to this spot he now bent his weary steps. It was one of those bright, warm days of sunshine which sometimes burst upon us at the close of autumn, smiling as if summer had returned to take a last farewell, and lovingly look down upon her old haunts where winter is so soon to leave his desolating foot-marks.

In a nook, sheltered by a projecting rock, and hiding in its bosom a spot of soft verdure, near which oozed a small stream whose low trickling fell dreamily on the ear, reclined Blanche Acheson. A sunbeam rested on her face, lighting up the snowy brow with all the glory of seraphic beauty—one hand supported her head, the other, on the slender finger of which gleamed a turquoise, a gift from Arthur, was pressed to her heart, and Edward well knew that under it lay the jeweled likeness of him for whom her love had been stronger than death. He stooped down—she was cold as monumental marble. He called her name in tones of the deepest agony—she heeded not—she heard not—he was alone with the dead! and, for the first time, his arms enfolded the form, and his lips were pressed to the cheek of his long adored cousin.

"I have fulfilled my trust, Arthur Conyngham; I spoke not of my love to thy betrothed. I pained not the ears of thy affianced with my words of passion, but the bride of death can wear my kisses on her cheek, my tears upon her brow, without a stain reflecting on my honor. Blanche! Blanche! would to God my life had saved thine own!"

Raising the inanimate form, and bearing it with the fond gentleness with which a guardian spirit bears a saint to Paradise, Edward Ogilby retraced with solemn step his way to the house. He was met by Mrs. Acheson and Mary, who were waiting, in a state bordering on distraction, the return of those who had gone to seek the lost.

"Mother, she has fainted. Edward is carrying her in his arms."

"My poor sufferer! may God pity her! Heaven bless you, my dear nephew, for your kindness to my child."

Edward spake not; Blanche's head lay on his shoulder, and his bloodless cheek was pressed close to hers. Mrs. Acheson and Mary were awe-struck, and durst not question him. They reached the house, he passed onward to his cousin's chamber, and laid the body on a couch; not a word had yet been spoken; the mother and sister were bewildered with terror.

"Look at her, aunt—look at her, Mary—to-day she was to have been wedded, and Arthur Conyngham has claimed his bride!". It was indeed the day

which had been fixed upon for the marriage of Blanche, and there was mourning and sorrow in the house which should have echoed with the tones of love and joy.

Ogilby left the house, and after wandering all day returned. His appearance was haggard in the extreme. It seemed as if the sorrows of twenty years had within the last few weeks stricken his frame. He sat most of the night alone by his cousin's bier, and it was only through repeated persuasions that his uncle could prevail on him to retire. The morning found him with a burning fever, delirious, raving incessantly of Conyngham and Blanche. At times he would fancy Arthur dead, and his cousin about to become his bride, then all the love which had been hiddenly preying on his heart was poured forth in a lavish profusion of the fondest and most endearing epithets. Again he would see Conyngham claiming her hand at the altar, and bearing her from his presence, and then the most frantic words, accompanied by groans which agonized the soul, fell on the ears of his friends.

The body of Blanche was laid in its narrow home, in the cold, damp earth, but Edward knew it not. For two weeks his disorder baffled the skill of the physicians. As his reason slowly returned, all that had occurred passed before him, and he knew that he should never look upon his cousin's face again!

Supported by O'Neil and Fortescue, he visited her grave, the friends withdrew—sorrow such as his was too sacred for even the eye of friendship to behold. Long and passionately did he weep, prostrated on the earth that covered her remains. There lay the treasure in which his heart was garnered—there lay the being whose image had been with him in the mountain and the dell, in the forest and by the stream of his native land—there lay the star whose light was to him a gleam of Paradise, quenched and lost in the dark valley of the shadow of death.

Oh, fearful are those conflicts of the soul!—fearful is it to see the strong man bowed to the feebleness of infancy! Well has it been said by a gifted one, "If there is an all-absorbing passion in the human soul, it is love!" He who in the strife with men is brave, bold, and unyielding, will thrill and tremble at the look of a weak girl—haughty though he be, stern and imperious, one gentle smile will bend him to her will. And woman! the world hath many a record of her deep devotedness; and could the veil with which the sensitive and shrinking so closely shroud themselves from common gaze, be drawn aside, the world would read ten thousand records of her fond and patient endurance.

CHAPTER X.

"The vessel sails to-morrow, my dear uncle, in which Fortescue and myself return to our native land; the remembrance of your kindness will go with us, and I know that your prayers will ascend for your sister's orphan child."

"God bless me, Ned, why do you leave us?—stay, my dear boy, and be to me a son in my old age. Never was sister more devotedly loved by a brother than your mother was by me. My poor Blanche! what a fond, warm-hearted letter we received from her when she heard that my baby-girl was to be called by her name, and now—they are both gone!—my sister and my child!"

"Let me plead with Mr. Acheson that you will not leave us, my dear nephew. You have been with us in those hours which knit hearts most firmly together—in our hours of sorrow and bereavement—you were the untiring watcher over our beloved child. Stay with us, Edward, and through the years in which God is pleased to spare us to each other, we will strive to pay you back some part of our debt of love."

"Will you not stay with us, cousin?" said Mary, throwing her arms about his neck, and looking with tearful eyes in his face. O'Neil stood by, but there was no jealousy in his heart now, and he joined his pleadings with the rest.

"My dearest friends, it pains me to the soul to refuse your request, but it may not be—this is no longer a land for me to dwell in—Harry will remain with you, but, for me, I must away."

That night Edward and O'Neil sat together until near morning, talking over the events of their past life, and of Harry's hopes and anticipations for the future.

"I am thankful, my dear friend, that your day is still unclouded. In Mary Acheson you will possess a sunny treasure of all womanly virtue. Her disposition is like your own, ever ready to look on the bright side of the picture, yet tremblingly alive to the griefs and sorrows of her friends. You know I am not an advocate for the opinions of those who contend that opposite tastes and tempers harmonize best in wedded life. To have a man whose heart is all sunshine, whose soul is all love, whose mind has been long familiar with the treasures of learning and of art, and whose taste has become fastidiously refined, united to a cold-hearted, frivolous, fashionable woman, who cares for none of these things, think you there can be happiness there?

"Or, to have a woman, a gentle, holy, and imaginative woman, whose heart is filled with the poetry of life, and who has reveled in the burning pages of the lords of song—a woman who would bring the stores of a cultivated intellect to make happy her husband's home, and shed a beauty round the common things of every-day existence—to have such a being wedded to one who found his pleasure in the midnight crowd, and from whom the sweet thoughts ever ready to gush from her lips must be hidden, lest they meet a sarcasm or a sneer, think you there could be happiness there?

"No, Edward; what is quaintly told by good old Izaak Walton of the sainted George Herbert and his wife, 'that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires,' has ever been before me in my dreams of wedded life. You know Mary, and you know that my dreams are about to be realized."

"I know it, and thank Heaven for it, Harry; and now I have one request—you will not think it weakness—when the pleasant spring-time comes, look for the first violet and plant it on Blanche's grave—it was her favorite flower, and it is mine, too, Harry—and when you write me, pluck some of the hallowed blossoms and send them over the sea to our distant land. I will never see you more, Harry—of this I am confident, but the days we have passed together will linger pleasantly in my memory, and my thoughts will often wander to your home. God bless you, Harry, I will not see any of the family again. Fortescue and I have arranged to leave at day-break."

There came one letter from Edward, thanking Harry for his gift of flowers—another, stating that Fortescue and he had gone abroad—the third was from his friend—Edward was no more!

Late in October they reached Pisa, intending to pass the winter. As the last of the month drew nigh, Fortescue endeavored to engage Edward's attention, that if possible the time might pass unnoticed, but memory's note-book held too faithful a record of the past. On the night of the 30th he repeatedly drew out his watch, as if anxious for some particular hour to arrive. At last he exclaimed, "This is the hour—the hour on which Blanche bade us good-night twelve months ago—it was her pleasant, sweet 'good-night—leave me Guy—I know that you will bear a little longer with my weakness—to-morrow night is Hallowe'en—you shall stay with me then, Guy—leave me now, I entreat you.'"

The next day Ogilby was confined to his room; as night came on he grew restless and feverish, raving incessantly about Blanche.

"She has not yet extinguished her light—I'll watch her closely—why did she love Arthur Conyngham?—ha, her room is dark—quite dark. God watch over you until the morrow, sweet one."

As in a dream words and deeds long past will array themselves vividly before the mind of the sleeper, so in the ravings of Edward's delirium was again enacting the watcher over his cou again repeating words which had been uttered.

Toward midnight he turned to Fortescue, and i calm, rational tone asked the hour.

"It is past eleven; try and compose yourself sleep."

"I shall soon sleep," said the invalid, with a w smile. "Blanche has long been sleeping, and t world has been dark to me since her dear e were closed. You see this," said he, feebly, showi a small parcel which was fastened to a black rib worn about his neck; "let them not take it from when I'm dead, Guy, but lay it on my heart—it c tains the withered violets from the grave of Blan —my cousin!—my cousin!" His head fell bac Fortescue bent over him—the lips were yet mum ing, "Blanche! Blanche!" All was still; t noble, loving heart at last was broken; and a slen shaft of white marble, in the English burying-gro at Pisa, covers all that was mortal of Edw Ogilby.

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"It is now two years since Blanche's death; c I not claim your promise?" said O'Neil, as he sa Mary Acheson, who was half abstractedly tur over some fine engravings he had that morn brought from town.

Sorrow had subdued the exuberance of Ma spirits, and lent a new grace to her beauty, an shade of thoughtfulness had settled on the bright f of Harry, giving a more manly tone to his hands features.

"May I not claim your promise?—speak, l say that I may. Your heart is mine, Mary, why longer keep your hand from me?"

It was not kept, and the next week saw H O'Neil the happiest of mortals, as he kissed from cheek of his bride tears which were falling at the membrance of her sister's early doom.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS.

Through Babylonia's palace halls
"Rang sounds of merriment by night."
And, pendant from the lofty walls,
Unnumbered lamps dispensed their light
O'er purple hangings rich and rare,
O'er gorgeous robes and jeweled swords;
Forgathered at the banquet there,
Were Chaldea's king, and Chaldea's lords.

Encircled by a thousand peers,
Belshazzar sat in regal state;
Loud rose the song, and loud the cheers,
From hearts with wine and mirth elate;
And gentle woman, too, was there,
Proud courtly dames and maidens fair,
The gay, the gifted and the young,
With fairy form and flashing eye,
And curls that o'er their bright cheeks hung,
Like clouds around the orient sky.

The night grew late, and dull the song,
And dim the eye of beauty waned,
When rising mid that courtly throng
The monarch every eye enchained,
As holding high above his head
A golden goblet, thus he said—
"Drink to the haughty Jews who pine
Beneath the Babylonian rod;
Fill high your bowls with sparkling wine,
These bowls once sacred to their God."

He said—and his blasphemous lips
Had parted for th' unhallowed draught;
But ha! the golden chalice slips
Unheeded, ere the wine is quaffed;
Spreads o'er his face the hue of death;
Comes fast and tremulous his breath,
And sinking speechless to his seat
His trembling knees together beat.

In doubt and fear, the startled lords
Lay their swart hands upon their swords,
And list to hear the trumpet speak;
What else could blanch their liege's cheek?
In vain they hark for battle shout,
For all is calm and still without,
Where gently falls the moon's pale beam
Upon Euphrates' silver stream.

Meanwhile Belshazzar's eyes were bent
Fixedly upon the palace wall,
And following them, all gazed intent,
And terror came alike o'er all;
For there a mystic hand appears
Tracing strange letters 'neath the lights;
Well may it wake their guilty fears;
It is no human hand that writes.

The wise men of the realm were sought,
Star-gazing Magi of the East;
Chaldeans with hidden knowledge fraught;
Soothsayer, astrologer and priest:
Obedient to the royal call,
The gray-haired sages thronged the hall,
And lengthened rolls of parchment bore,
Covered with hieroglyphic lore.
They pondered long—eager to gain
The offered prize of rank and gold;
Then owned their vaunted learning vain
Its secret meaning to unfold.

And while, with mingled scorn and ire,
The anxious monarch gazed on them,
Thus spake the queen—"Oh, royal sire!
There dwells, obscure, within thy realm
A man of learning most profound
All secret portents to expound,
Who by the living God is taught"—
The word was given, and he was brought;
A young slight man, and stood beside
The gray-beards in their humbled pride.
No lettered scroll the prophet bore,
No richly wrought apparel wore.
With mien that spoke a spirit meek,
With gentle eye and pallid cheek,
And folded arms upon his breast,
He listened to the king's behest.

The sovereign soon the silence broke.
Briefly and hurriedly he spoke:
"Art thou that Daniel, who, they tell,
In hidden learning dost excel,
Of Judah's tribe, in Jewry born,
The race our people hold in scorn?
Art thou that Daniel? Fame has erred,
Or with strange wisdom thou art blest;
Much of thy learning we have heard,
And now would put it to a test,
Where all our sages naught avail,
And all our learn'd Chaldeans fail.

Look thou upon yon fearful line,
Its import tell—no matter what—
And wealth and princely rank are thine;
'T is our decree—which alters not."

The prophet raised his gentle eye,
Now beaming with unearthly light,
And 'neath its gaze, he knew not why,
Belshazzar trembled with affright.
Fearless and firm as he should be
Who brings Heaven's mandates unto man,
With voice melodious, rich and free,
And fitting gesture, he began:
"Keep thou thy gorgeous gifts," he said.
"Thy honors let another hold;
I barter not my lore for bread,
Nor sell the gift of God for gold;
Yet will I read each mystic word,
And tell its meaning, if thou wilt,
When first thy list'ning ears have heard,
Oh king! the history of thy guilt.

Thy royal sire received from God
A mighty throne and boundless sway:
Where'er his countless armies trod
The nations of the earth gave way.
To him were tribute treasures sent;
Before him kings in suppliance bent,
Because to him on earth was given
The delegated power of Heaven.
But when his heart was swollen with pride,
And claimed his glory as his own,
His God, dishonored and defied,
Deposed him from his kingly throne;
Exchanged his palace for a den,
Its ceiling for the open sky,
Until he learned that mortal men
Are governed by the Lord Most High,
Before whose power, nor king nor crown
Are weightier than the thistle-down.

And since, though warned, thou dar'st to tread
The path thy haughty father trod,
Impends above thy trembling head
The wrath of a long-suffering God.
Not only, like thy sire, hast thou
Refused before His shrine to bow,
But, from thy Heaven-supported throne
Descending, thou hast dared to kneel
To gods of wood, and brass, and stone,
Which neither see, nor hear, nor feel.
This hast thou done, oh king! and more;
The vessels from His holy shrine
Are hither brought, for thee to pour
Libations to these gods of thine!
For this has slumbering Justice woke;
For this impends the threatened stroke.
Now listen, while with skill not mine,
I read to thee the mystic line:
Thy reign has reached its utmost bound;
Thyself art weighed and wanting found;
Thy kingdom from thy hand is riven
And to the Medes and Persians given."

They heard the Median army's tread
Long ere that festal night had waned.
Morn saw Belshazzar with the dead,
And o'er his realm Darius reigned.

THE CHEVALIER DE SATANISKI.

BY J. L. MOTLEY, AUTHOR OF "MORTON'S HOPE."

(*Continued from page* 181.)

In the mean time, Madame de Blenheim and the count conversed eagerly together. Still Margaret listened, and drank in every word.

"We shall have him to night," said the count, rubbing his hands, with a miserable affectation of cheerfulness, "as sure as I am the Count of Goblinheim."

"Then we shall never have him at all," said the lady, "for you are no more the Count of Goblinheim than I am."

"Woman, what mean you?" asked the count, fiercely.

"I mean this," said the lady, "that the Count of Goblinheim is your nephew, Count Wolfgang Ulric, commonly called Wolfgang Klotz, and commonly supposed the son of Amtmann Klotz of Bamberg."

"'T is false—by all the—"

"Now do n't make a fuss, please do n't," said the lady, soothingly; "the fact is, count, I am—would you believe it?—forty years old."

"I do n't care if you are five hundred and forty, which would be nearer the mark, I believe. What has your age got to do with it?"

"Every thing," said Madame de B. "But do n't be angry with me. I was a very pretty woman at the beginning of the last century. I was the reigning belle in the reign of the last emperor but one."

"Well, madame," said the count, impatiently.

"Well, sir, I possessed the fatal gift of beauty. I was triumphant. My course was one continued, prolonged ovation. There was not a noble in the land who was not proud to be my slave—aye, sir, royalty knelt at my feet, and acknowledged itself my vassal.

"But years flew on, the hours had wings, though I heard not their flutter, they flew by so softly, and before I was aware of it, I was—I blush to say it—forty. My slaves began to talk of emancipation, a great many made their escape—to be brief, I sought an interview with the Prince of Darkness, the only nobleman who had ever resisted my command. Unable to extort from him the boon of perpetual beauty and youth, as due to my position in society, without any condition or recompense, I subscribed to his terms. He gave me a single box of the pomade of paradise, promising to renew the present every ten years, until the grave of Ulric XXV (who he was I then neither knew nor cared,) was discovered—stipulating that the period should not, at any rate, be shorter than a century and a half. In return, I executed some pedantic instrument or other, by virtue of which, as he told me, I made him residuary legatee of my incorporeal hereditaments after my death, unless I should be able to provide him with a substitute. Now, however, comes the cream of my story, so far as you are concerned. 'T is needless for me to tell you how and where I first made acquaintance with that very gentlemanly person, the Chevalier de Sataniski; I never knew exactly who he was, but he seemed a sort of agent or factor, or soul-broker to the potentate before alluded to. He suggested to me a little plan by which he thought I might procure a substitute. The fact was, he was smitten by my charms."

Here Margaret glanced at the chevalier, and the lurid glare of the fire, she distinctly saw the infernal grin spread itself far and wide upon his features. He evidently heard every word of the conversation.

"He was smitten by my charms," continued the lady, "and violently espoused my cause. It was at the commencement of the war for the succession. You recollect that your elder brother, Rudolph, who was characterized by great military ardor, obtained command of a regiment, and fell fighting bravely at the head of it before the Gates of Prague. In the mean time, you, rather distinguished by a talent for repose than for action, obtained the family honors and estates, as heir to your brother."

"Well, madame, and why not? Is not that straight according to the imperial laws of descent—aye, and according to the pandects of Justinian, into the bargain?"

"I know nothing about the pandects of Justinian," was the reply, "but I know this, that a son succeeds before a brother, and that in this case *there was a son*. Your brother happened to be married three days before he left home to take command of his regiment. I was present and was a witness to the marriage, and the priest who solemnized the union is still living and ready to testify to the fact. You know very well that your father, the old count, would never hear of your brother's uniting himself to the low born but very beautiful girl of whom he was so much enamored. For this reason the marriage was kept secret, and his wife lived under a feigned name at the house of Amtmann Klotz, in Bergenheim. On the very day on which the fatal news of your brother's death was received, his wife gave birth to a son—that son is still living, and you have seen him."

"Where?—who is he?" shouted the count.

"Wolfgang Klotz, the law student, who is in love with your adopted daughter. There! I suppose you

thought nobody but yourself knew that she was your *adopted* daughter."

"But if this Wolfgang Klotz be my brother's son, how happens it that he has never proclaimed himself and disputed my possession?"

"He never knew a word about it, and is still profoundly ignorant of the whole subject. The fact is, that the Chevalier de Sataniski and I so imposed upon the honest credulity of the worthy Amtmann and his wife, that they consented to bring up the infant as their own. They knew nothing of the marriage of the lady, (who, by the way, died in childbirth,) and it was easy for us, or rather the artful chevalier, to persuade them that the child was merely the illegitimate offspring of a younger, unmarried brother of the actual Count von Goblinheim, yourself—hinting, moreover, at a dark tale of incestuous connection and murder, which scared the old couple almost out of their wits, sealed their mouths forever afterward, and which, as I need hardly add, was false from beginning to end. They brought the child up as their own, being then childless, and, persuaded that a real knowledge of his origin would only be the source of boundless agony and shame to him, while at the same time it could be productive of no advantage to him, in a worldly point of view, they scrupulously concealed from him the whole story; so that at this moment he has not the smallest suspicion that he is any thing else but Wolfgang Klotz, son of the Amtmann. Thus the whole story was known in all its details to but two persons, Mr. De Sataniski and myself, for the Amtmann and his wife were privy but to a part, and deceived with regard to the most important facts. This accounts for the profound secrecy in which the whole affair has been shrouded. As for the rest, there is no need of my informing you how and upon what terms you obtained liberty of the Amtmann and his wife, to whom a child was born five years afterward, to adopt the little Margaret, on condition of making her the heiress of your childless, and, as you feared, nearly extinct house. 'T is sufficient that nothing is hidden from me, that every step in this history can be supported by the most ample evidence, and now my tale is told."

"And what do you propose?" asked the count. "What is the object of this meeting?"

"Simply this," was the reply. "The young Wolfgang is expected here to-night. Mr. De Sataniski considers himself already to have acquired a strong hold upon him. His ruling passions are ambition and love for your adopted daughter Margaret. Meet him here to night just before his appointment with the chevalier, which is at one, and promise him your daughter upon certain conditions impossible for him to fulfill except through Mr. De Sataniski's agency."

"My dear madame, I have already done so. 'T is not six hours since I promised him most solemnly (as a taunt, to be sure, but then that alters nothing,) that he should marry my daughter the moment he had a *von* to his name; adding that I was pleased with his person and character, and had no wish at heart but the happiness of my daughter, but that the idea of uniting her to a person named Klotz was too excruciating to a father's heart, and that it was wholly out of the question. This was all said ironically, in fact, for I detest the young puppy. You know what a master of irony I am; 't is remarkable how people quail under that little *je ne sais quoi* I have about my style of conversation—that sarcastic, withering sort of—you comprehend me. Well, the young puppy, instead of being withered by my sarcasm, insisted, like a low person, as he is, upon taking me at my word, and, would you believe it, compelled me, by means of threats, to sign a bond to the effect that he should marry my daughter whenever he should have a *von* to his name. I thought it all a farce, but now you say the young puppy is the Count de Goblinheim. Well, do you know, I always thought there must be some reason for the unaccountable antipathy I have always felt for him. Neither am I very much surprised at your revelation, for, to tell the truth, now that we are between ourselves, I always suspected that my brother was married to that low person, Miss—Thingummy, before he joined the army; and, moreover, I always suspected you of having a hand in it. The chevalier, too, made me some singular revelations last night, so that I am nerved to any undertaking. I feel convinced that the fortunes of the house of Goblinheim are all dependant upon the issue of this night's adventures. There is a legend in the family that when the crusader's grave is found, all the mysteries of the house are to be disclosed, and the chevalier assures me that there are indications of such a discovery already. But do tell me, how came you to give such an immense price as you state for that pomade you were talking of?"

"My dear count, I consider it exceedingly cheap at double the price. No one would believe me to be one hundred and forty years of age, if I swore to the fact."

"On the contrary, madame, since to-night is the time for sincerity, I assure you that you have been most confoundedly deceived; you look three hundred and forty, at the very least. He has imposed upon you most shamefully, and for my part I would not give a copper for your pomade of paradise."

"Count! this language is intolerable. But respect for the feelings of a ruined nobleman—but how very childish for us to quarrel when we have every motive for assisting each other. Come, now, let us be friends; you see I submit to your playful criticism, for I know that you are not in earnest; I know 't is only your irony, only your fun. I don't mind it. But are we invited to Mr. De Sataniski's party to-night?"

"On the contrary, Madame, he has expressly forbidden us to appear, and assures me that the consequences of our presence might be disastrous, without any possibility of their being beneficial. We have the consolation of knowing, however, that we have done all in our power to bring about the desired consummation. For my part, I am persuaded that young Klotz will not hesitate one instant to comply with the chevalier's conditions, and in consequence you and I will save ourselves, and I shall retain my titles and estates."

"Charming! Still, however, I am on tenterhooks,—I shall have no rest till this terrible night is past. As you say, however, I take it we had better be moving. I shall sit up all night in the castle and await the issue; and that being the case, I shall beg the favor of your arm, my dear count."

"Madame, you do me too much honor," replied the gentleman, politely, and so saying he offered his arm to the lady, and the worthy pair left the ruins together.

CHAPTER V.

The Lady Margaret still retained her position upon the balcony. The whole horrible plot was now revealed to her. She knew all—the happiness that was almost within her grasp, and the chasm which in reality seemed to be growing wider every instant between that happiness and its accomplishment.

Wolfgang could not know what she knew till it was too late. She was powerless to save him, she could not interpose between him and his destiny, and she saw that there was no hope left for them, except in the virtue and religious faith of Wolfgang himself. Alas! she trembled at what she feared was the slenderness of the twig to which they clung to save them from the abyss. As to the revelation which had been made in her hearing of her humble origin and of the complete reversal of the relative position of her lover and herself, it troubled her little. The idea of its effecting any change in her lover's sentiments did not even intrude upon her mind; and knowing how lightly she would have esteemed to leave her lofty station to share the humble cot of the obscure Wolfgang, she did not doubt for an instant that similar sentiments to hers would instantly arise in his bosom. But was there no possibility of reforming him? Should she rush into the accursed circle, throw her arms around Wolfgang as soon as he made his appearance, reveal all to him, and shield him as she best might. Even as she formed the wish, her eyes involuntarily wandered from the spot where the terrible chevalier still stood before the fire, wearing the same diabolical sneer upon his features and looking as if he read her thoughts.

"'Tis too dreadful, and will probably be worse than useless," said she, despondingly. While she was still hesitating, the half clock struck the three quarters past twelve. The chevalier started as he heard the sound, and pulling out his watch, appeared to compare it with the clock. He then wound it up quietly, held it to his ear for a few seconds, and then restored it to his waistcoat pocket.

"I have no time to lose," said he. "I must absolutely see the count before one; and I have to go after all those fellows and bring them here, as I promised. With the exception of Peter Schlemihl, who has the seven-leagued shoes still in his possession, there is not a soul of them who has a conveyance of his own, and does not depend upon me. 'Pon my life, I keep very shabby company—and here have I got to run over to England for two or three of the Fortunati, and then back to Leipzig for Dr. Faust, and thence to Constantinople, or to the world's end for that wandering Ahasuerus, and all in a quarter of an hour—besides previously speaking half a dozen words to that old numskull of a count up in the room there. He must absolutely renew his obligations to Wolfgang before five minutes are past, and I must bring them together too. Well, I have no time to lose certainly."

With this, the chevalier took up a little book lying upon the ground near him, pulled off his coat and then, to Margaret's infinite horror, proceeded to take from the parcel the face and form of her father, rolled up like a coat and trowsers, which he slipped on hastily, as a man puts on his clothes in a hurry, and then quickly left the place.

Margaret, the instant he was gone, mastered her fears, and, struck by a happy thought, darted into her room, seized a little old illuminated Bible, which Wolfgang had given to her in the first days of their courtship, and which had belonged to his supposed mother, and, armed with this, swung herself lightly from the balcony, and approached the place before the fire just vacated by the chevalier. She found the circle already traced there, with singular looking hieroglyphics. Without hesitating a moment, she rubbed them all out, knelt upon the ground and offered a heartfelt prayer that God would be with them in their trial, wrote a few words upon the first leaf of her Bible, addressed to Wolfgang, and then deposited the sacred volume upon a little heap of stones just within the circle, but quite concealed by the bushes. She then skimmed over the ground as if she trod on air, and never rested till she found herself trembling with fear and anxiety, in the most recesses of her apartment. Just as she had safely ensconced herself there, she heard a step ascending the staircase, and presently afterwards the chevalier came before the face.

"Pooh! no one at! what is all this?" exclaimed he, as he saw the demolition of his hieroglyphics. "Accursed be it! I suppose. No matter—I have no time to renew them, and besides, I don't care to be at the trouble of the world's adventures. My lord Beelzebub and the whole of young Wolfgang's connexions there can easily say the truth. I am a sneaking subject for the young fellow: I am proud to acknowledge him as a relation—he has brass, and at the same time such very respectable principles. Ah! if I had been contented with my lot in life, if I had looked downward instead of upward, if I had looked always at my inferiors, and placed my happiness in relieving their sufferings, reconciling them with their lot and with their Maker's will, instead of looking upward with envy at those above me, and with jealousy beyond this world, I should not now have been wandering about these thousand years and more, shivering in this confounded November wind. But these shivers and shakes portend something. Even mortals say that such back-shivers indicate footsteps upon one's grave. 'Faith,' I wish somebody would have the politeness to step upon mine. I am quite ready. It will be so too—every

thing demonstrates to me that the crusader's grave will be found before to-morrow's dawn. But what a homily am I reading to myself! and here I have but five minutes to make the tour to England, Leipzig, and Constantinople—I wonder if I have got a cigar."

The chevalier finished his soliloquy, took a cigar from a morocco case in his coat pocket, lighted it, shivered again convulsively, and buttoned his frock coat up to his chin. He then took out a small, embroidered pocket-handkerchief, which he spread upon the ground, and upon which he placed himself with both feet close together. Margaret then heard him muttering something about England, and the next instant he rose into the air and disappeared over the top of the old north turret. [*To be continued.*

ODE TO THE DEPARTED.*

BY MARIA DEL OCCIDENTE.

"*Con Vistas del Cielo*"

I.

The dearth is sore;—the orange leaf is curled,
There 's dust upon the marble o'er thy tomb,
My Edgar, fair and dear;—
Tho' the fifth sorrowing year
Hath past, since first I knew thine early doom;—
I see thee still, tho' death thy being hence hath hurled.

II.

I could not bear my lot, now thou art gone,—
With heart o'er-softened, by the many tears,
Remorse and grief have drawn,—
Save that a gleam—a dawn,—
(Haply, of *that which lights thee now*,) appears,
To unveil a few fair scenes of life's next-coming morn.

III.

What—where is Heaven?—(Earth's sweetest lips exclaim,)—
In all the holiest seers have writ or said,
Blurred are the pictures given:—
We know not what is Heaven,
Save by those views, mysteriously spread,
When the soul looks afar, by light of her own flame.

IV.

Yet all our spirits, while on earth so faint,
By glimpses dim, discern, conceive, or know,
The eternal power can mould,
Real as fruits or *gold*—
Bid the celestial rosy matter glow,
And forms more perfect smile than artists carve or paint.

V.

To realize every old creed, conceived
In mortal brain, by love and beauty charmed,
Ev'n like the ivory maid (1)
Who, as Pygmalion prayed,
Op'd her white arms, to life and feeling warmed,
Would lightly task the power of life's great chief believed.

VI.

If Grecian Phidias, in stone like this
Thy tomb, could do so much, what cannot he,
Who from the cold coarse clod,
By reckless laborer trod,
Can call such tints as meeting seraphs see,—
And give them breath and warmth like true love's soul-felt kiss?

VII.

Wild fears of dark annihilation go!
Be warm, ye veins, now blackening with despair!
Years o'er thee have revolved,
My first-born,—thou 'rt dissolved—
All—every tint—save a few ringlets fair—
Still, if thou didst not live, how could I love thee so?

VIII.

Quick as the warmth which darts from breast to breast,
When lovers, from afar, each other see,
Haply thy spirit went,
Where mine would fain be sent,
To take a heavenly form designed to be,
Meet dwelling for the soul thine azure eye exprest;—

IX.

Thy deep-blue eye, say can Heaven's bliss exceed,
The joy of some brief moments tasted here?
Ah! could I taste again,
Is there a mode of pain,
Which, for such guerdon, could be deemed severe?
Be ours the forms of Heaven and let me bend and bleed!

X.

To be in place, ev'n like some spots on earth,—
In those sweet moments when no ill comes near;—
Where perfumes round us wreathe,
And the pure air we breathe,
Nerves and exhilarates; while all we hear
So tells content and love, we sigh and bless our birth

XI.

To clasp thee, Edgar, in a fragrant shape,
Of fair perfection, after death's sad hour,
Known as the same I 've prest,
First, to this aching breast,—
The same—but finished by a kind, bland power,
Which only stopt thy heart to let thy soul escape;—

XII.

Oh! every pain that vexed thy mortal life,—
Nay,—ev'n the lives of all who round thee lie,—
Be this one bliss my share,
The whole condensed I 'll bear,—
Bless the benign creative hand,—and sigh,
And kneel, to ask, again, the expiatory strife!—

* The following is, or may be called, an *Ode to the Departed, with Views of Heaven*: the writer, however, explains the subject by a foreign motto. Milton has done the same in his two celebrated odes to Mirth and Melancholy.

XIII.

[illegible]

XIV.

[illegible]

XV.

[illegible]

XVI.

[illegible]

XVII.

[illegible]

XVIII.

[illegible]

XIX.

[illegible]

XX.

[illegible]

XXI.

[illegible]

[illegible]

XXII.

[illegible]

XXIII.

[illegible]

XXIV.

[illegible]

XXV.

[illegible]

XXVI.

[illegible]

XXVII.

[illegible]

XXVIII.

[illegible]

XXIX.

[illegible]

XXX.

Nature hath secrets mortals ne'er suspect—
At some we glance, while some are sealed in night;—
The optician, by his skill,
Ev'n now can show, at will,
Long-absent pheers—in shapes of moving light,—(6)
If man so much can do, what cannot Heaven effect?

XXXI.

Shade, image, manes, all the ancient priest
Told, to his votarists, in fraud or zeal,
May be, and might have been
By means and arts we ween
No more of, in this age:—for wo or weal
Of man, full much fore-known to this late race hath ceased.

XXXII.

That souls may take ambrosial forms, in heaven,
A *dawning science* half assures the hope;—(7)
These forms may sleep and smile
Midst heaven's fresh roses, while
Their spirits free, roam o'er this world's whole scope
For pleasure and for good, Heaven's full permission given!

XXXIII.

I have not sung of meeting those we 've loved,
Or known,—and listening to their accents meek,—
While, pitying all they 've pained,
On earth, while passion reigned,
To wreak redress upon themselves they seek
And bless, *for each stern deed*, the pain they now have proved.

XXXIV.

I have not sung of the first fairest court,
Of all those mansions, of the heavenly home,(8)
Of which the best hath told
Who e'er trod earthly mould;—
To courts of earthly kings the fairest come,
Haply, to show faint types of this supreme resort!—

XXXV.

Haply, the *Sire of sires* may take a form (9)
And give an audience *to each set unfurled*
With bands of sympathy,
Wreathen in mystery,
Round those who 've known each other, in this world:—
Perfecting all the best, and breathing beauty warm.

XXXVI.

Essence, light, heat, form, throbbing arteries,—
To deem each possible enough I see!—
Edgar, thou know'st—I wait:—
Guard my expectant state—
Console me, as I bend in prayers for thee,—
Aid me, ev'n as thou mayst, both Heaven and thee to please!

XXXVII.

This song to thee alone!—tho' he who shares
Thy bed of stone, shared well my love with thee;—
Yet, in his noble heart,
Another bore a part
While thou hadst never other love than me—
Sprites, brothers, manes, shades, present my tears and prayers!

Patricio, Island of Cuba, July 21, 1844.

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NOTES.

(1) It is well known that Ovid, among the ancients, and J. J. Rossenu, among the classical moderns, are two of those who have found this fable a fine subject for their genius.—Many once-flourishing nations would now be entirely unknown, were it not for the fables and personifications left by them to the after world. Many of these manes are so very beautiful that it is hard to consider them as nothing:—an eminent historian, of modern times, has supposed that some of the finest systems of ancient mythology "*may still be realized somewhere;*"—that is, in some part of the dominions of the supreme father of worlds.

(2) Pythagorus (who probably gathered the belief from a more remote antiquity) advanced that the *seven primary planets* gave out the seven notes of music; being so arranged as to produce the most ecstatic harmony. The same philosopher declared that when alone, and "*retired* (as he expressed it) *within the depths of his being*," he could, sometimes, *even hear* these celestial sounds. Christians of the present age connect, always, an idea of music with that of heaven.

(3) Mohecan, or Moaëcan, is the aboriginal name of the river Hudson.

(4) Ladaiianna is the aboriginal name of the river St. Lawrence;—as it was written in the year 1626, by the "grand chief" (as he was styled) of the diminished tribe of Indians called Hurons. This chief was in a great degree civilized, and spoke both French and English.

(5) The Lake Derwent, in Keswick, Cumberland, near the mountain Skidaw. In freshness and scenery this place is perfectly charming. The hills are beautifully grouped, and (being bare, rocky, and far to the north) take softer and deeper tints than those I have seen in the new world, which are generally shagged to the summit with forests.

(6) A successful experiment of this kind was to me very astonishing;—whether the same be or be not common to men of science, *I do not know;* but several whom I have met, in my wanderings, appeared never to have witnessed the same effect. A vase, containing nothing but earth, was placed upon a pedestal surrounded by steps, not far from the corner of an apartment. After ascending two of the steps, roses were seen growing out of the same vase, and a little bird pecking the earth around them. Any one would have supposed that the bird and flowers were real; but on attempting to touch them they were found *to be nothing but light.* The real objects were in the next room; and this exact semblance of them was produced by an arrangement of concealed glasses.

(7) Mesmerism.

(8) Most Christians will remember the expression, "In my Father's house are many mansions."

(9) Respecting those forms which the Supreme Being gives and confers, in heaven, a beautiful opinion has been advanced by Bonaventura, one of the Catholic fathers.

OCEAN MUSIC AT EVENING.

Praised be thy music, ever-chanting main,
Once more, a pilgrim in the ancient fane
Of Nature, even at her altar-stone,
I stand, this eve, not lonely though alone;
For though the day's bright chariot rolls its wheels
Low, 'neath the horizon, and the twilight star
Scarce shows her jeweled forehead from afar,
Fairest 'mid ether's hall; and though there steals
No whispered welcome from the soft-lipped gale,
That ever loves to kiss the twilight pale;
Yet is my spirit filled with joy profound,
As thy full anthem, in deep organ swell,
Rises, then falls again, with mystic spell,
Stilling to holy calm the world's disturbing sound.

Mary E. Lee.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—NO. XV.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

The magazines of America have called forth a species of fictitious writing comparatively little cultivated in England. The short tales, occupying from five to fifteen pages, such as fill our periodicals, are almost peculiar to the literature of this country. In the "Metropolitan," indeed, we sometimes meet with such contributions, but they are much inferior to articles, of the same character, published even in our newspapers. The powerful stories for which Blackwood is celebrated are really novels, and by their length afford scope for that full development of character and incident, which so materially increases the incident of a fiction. But we know not where to find, in the periodical literature of Great Britain, any thing equal to the light, airy romances of Mrs. Osgood, the serious tales of Mrs. Embury, or the life-like and thrilling stories of Mrs. Stephens.

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens was born in an interior village of Connecticut, and is now about thirty-three years old. The district where she spent her childhood is full of romantic scenery, and its influence on her can be traced throughout her writings. At an early age she married, and soon after removed with her husband to Portland, Maine. Subsequently they changed their residence to New York, where they have ever since remained.

Her literary career began in Portland, and was purely accidental in its commencement. Among the first of her friends was John Neal, Esq., of that place, who early appreciated her genius. She projected, and for some time published, "The Portland Magazine," a work that was subsequently transferred to other hands, when her editorial charge over it ceased. It is not too much to say that its reputation arose chiefly from her contributions to it. After her removal to New York she engaged in writing for a more extensive circle of readers, and her fame now rapidly widened. The publication of "Mary Derwent," for which she received a prize of $100, immediately placed her in the first rank of American authors. Since that period she has been one of the most fertile of the fictitious writers of the day. Her tales, sketches and novels would fill several volumes if collected; but we are not aware that any of them exist in print, except in the fugitive form in which they at first appeared, or were subsequently copied, in magazines and newspapers. This, however, is to be attributed to her own neglect; for she rigidly reserves the copy-rights of her stories; and has never yet been induced to present them in a collected form. But we indulge the hope that she will, at no distant day, publish an edition of her more elaborate fictions; for we do not know, in the whole range of our light literature, any thing that surpasses "Malina Gray," "Alice Copley," "The Beggar Boy," and "Anna Taylor."

We shall not attempt a rigid analysis of Mrs Stephens' genius. This is always difficult, but especially so when the subject of criticism is living We are so apt to be biassed by friendship—or deceived by the peculiar turn of our own minds—or misled by a tendency to severity on the one hand, or leniency on the other, that few, if any, have been able to do exact justice to the intellect of a cotemporary. But, on the prominent characteristics of Mrs Stephens' writings, all dispassionate critics will agree.

Her powers of description are of the first order. She has an eye quick to perceive, and a pen skillful to trace the prominent parts of a picture. Like a painter, she throws her whole force on the objects in the front, finishing the background with a few bold masses of light and shade. No writer, since Sir Walter Scott, has excelled her in this. We might point to many instances in her romances that justify our assertion. We shall content ourselves with a single one. In the "Two Dukes," a tale which appeared in this magazine, for 1842; there is a description of a riot in London, quite equal to anything of the kind by the author of Waverly. In sketching rural scenery, she is perhaps without a rival. The village school—the white church on the hill—the walk through the twilight woods—the search after wild strawberries—the romp on the green—the old elm by the water side, and all the various pictures that pertain to country life, start into view with a few skillful touches of her pencil, and are remembered afterward, not as ideal scenes, but as familiar objects we have often visited. Her characters, and their actions, are described graphically, and often with minute skill. There is, in her story of "Malina Gray," a scene where a grey-headed father supplicates Mrs. Gray that her daughter, who was to have been married to his child, may see the dying young clergyman; and we shall never forget the elaborate detail with which the author describes the old man, trembling with heart-breaking emotion as he leans on his cane, while the Pharisaical mother



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quietly adjusts her knitting-needle in the sheath, places her work on the table, and listens with cold surprise to a request so opposite to her notions of propriety. The eager emotion of the father and the self-righteous composure of Mrs. Gray are finely contrasted. It is one of those pictures that time cannot efface from the memory. In various other of her tales are scenes described with equal force. The supper party in "The Patch-Work Quilt" reminds us of the quiet humor and minute detail of the old Flemish painters.

Her plots are usually simple, founded on ordinary incidents, and developed in an easy and natural manner. She always follows truth, and is never grotesque. Though the *denouements* of a few of her tales appear forced; it would be discovered, we think, on examination that they are founded on fact. We know of a paralell instance to one at least; we allude to "Our Lida, or the Mock Marriage." Here a lover is enjoined by a heartless mistress to woo and pretend to marry a girl in humble circumstances; but when the mock ceremony is performed, he is to tell his victim of the fraud. An incident like this actually occurred. In the present number is the conclusion of a story, many parts of which may seem strained, but we have known of tragedies in real life infinitely more wonderful. Mrs. Stephens is fond of strong subjects; she has a sympathy with deep tragedy, and hence the startling events of many of her stories.

In her more elaborate tales her whole force seems to have been thrown on the characters; and, in consequence, we remember Cardinal Pole, Alice Copley, Mrs. Gray, Malina, and Anna Taylor, where the incidents of the several stories, in which these personages move, are forgotten, or only remembered from being associated with the actors. Yet her characters are described rather by their appearance and actions than by their words. In this she differs from Shakspeare, who never tells us *how* Macbeth looked, but *what he said*; and where Iago meets Othello, after the handkerchief scene, the dramatist brings before us the agony of the husband, not by an elaborate description of his working countenance, his disordered dress, or his haggard eyes, but by the terrible words,

> "Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
> Nor all the drowsy sirups of the world,
> Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
> Which thou ow'dst yesterday."

But, in justice to Mrs. Stephens, it should be remembered that the style of description she has chosen is that adopted by all our novelists, from Sir Walter Scott down, with the exception, perhaps, of Brown and Godwin; and the comparative unpopularity of these latter proves that the picturesque manner is far better than the metaphysical for the ordinary prose fiction. Indeed, it is an advantage which the novel has over the play, that it allows of the narrative as well as of the dramatic force of composition; and the skillful union of the two, whatever may be said by critics to the contrary, is always more effective than a rigid adherence to either. It may evince a higher order of talent, and a more profound knowledge of the heart, to write as Shakspeare wrote; but four readers out of five, in our day, prefer a romance of Scott to either Othello, Macbeth or King Lear.

Yet Mrs. Stephens is not so effective in the dramatic as in the narrative portions of her stories. Her dialogue is sometimes deficient. Her personages display little of their character by conversation; and rarely, or never, betray their peculiarities unconsciously by words, as in Captain Dalgetty, the Baron of Bradwardine, and the Antiquary. When her actors speak they are usually under the influence of some strong emotion. Their common talk is all alike. She appears to throw her whole strength on the description of their appearance and demeanor.

Some one has said that genius is only the faculty of observing and noticing things which others disregard; and, perhaps, this is as good a definition as it is possible to make. Mrs. Stephens is assuredly a woman of the highest genius in this view of the subject. Her observation is close and accurate. With the springs that move the human heart, she is thoroughly acquainted. Many of her characters—all her principal ones—are skillfully drawn; indeed, with such fidelity that we suspect them to have originals in real life. Anna Taylor is perfectly true to nature in all she does; and Mrs. Gray is not inferior, as a portrait, to the best characters of Miss Edgeworth. Edward the Sixth, in the story of "The Two Dukes," is certainly better drawn than the same personage by the hands of any historian or novelist we know. And Queen Mary, in "Alice Copley," is a master-piece. These portraits remind us of the old heads by Titian, or a portrait of Cromwell by Lely, we used to visit, where, in the rugged and tempestuous face, we realized the fanatic and hero of Worcester. Her historical personages especially stand out from the canvas, prominent and life-like.

Mrs. Stephens has great versatility. Her humorous stories, in their way, are equal to her tragic ones. If we were called on to select her best compositions, in each line, we should unhesitatingly choose "Malina Gray," and "The Patch-Work Quilt." In this excellence, in both the comic and serious strain, she has no rival among her sex in America. She is certainly the most varied and popular of our female authors.

Her style, in her earlier writings, is sometimes too gorgeous, and would, now and then, bear softening. But of late she displays more chastened simplicity—the picture is toned down; and we think for the better. There is a passion and earnestness about her manner which distinguishes her from her cotemporaries; she is more masculine and condensed in style than is usual with her sex. In her diction, regarded as distinct from style, she is a model. Her words are well chosen, and usually derived from old Saxon roots; and they come from her pen in sentences often glowing like molten lava. Indeed much of the graphic force of her descriptions arises from her skillful selection of words. This we have always regarded as a proof of genius. With men of the highest rank of mind, the thought and the word most fit to express it come instantaneously, like the lightning and thunderbolt.

From such of the MS. of Mrs. Stephens as has fallen beneath our notice, we have derived the impression that she composes with rapidity—possibly under much nervous excitement. We do not think, however, she begins to write a tale, at least one of any pretensions, without having well digested the characters and incidents. But the details of the story, and the manner of working up each particular scene, she leaves, perhaps, to the inspiration of the moment. It has long been our conviction that the great English dramatist composed in this way. Of Scott it is recorded, that, after rising in the morning, he would walk out among his workmen, and while looking at their progress from his favorite seat on a piece of masonry, would silently plan the incidents, the description of which was to be the day's work of the novel then on hand. Bulwer composes after a different method. Like the French artist that Hazlitt speaks of, he first maps out the whole story, and then, beginning at one corner, paints methodically through.

The popularity of Mrs. Stephens as a prose writer of fiction has overshadowed her reputation as a poet. But this also is partially her own fault, for she has written comparatively little in verse. That she is capable of it, however, no one who has read her "Polish Boy" can doubt; and we have seen several lyrics, from her pen, of exquisite beauty. Her imagination is even superior to her fancy.

The personal character of an author, if a man, has small effect on his writings. Who would think Richardson to have been a bookseller, frugal of gains, and a haggler for copyrights? What do we see of the Latin secretary in Paradise Lost? We might multiply instances. But with women it is different. They are so much the creatures of impulse that they write more from the heart than from the intellect. No fair analysis of the genius of a female can be made, therefore, without taking into consideration her true character. Who, that has read Francesca Carra can mistake what sort of a personage Miss Linda was? Every body is as familiar with Miss Ellsworth as if they had met her for years at the social tea-table. Mrs. Stephens is, in like manner, revealed in her writings. She is impulsive, generous, self-sacrificing, strong in domestic attachments, frank, energetic, persevering. She is one of those persons whom difficulties rather inspire than discourage. In every sense of the word she is a *true woman*. She is passionately fond of flowers and of the fine arts; and indeed the love of the beautiful is one of her prominent traits.

A novel from the pen of this writer would be a acquisition to our literature. She has already written fictions of some length; but we hope she will go even further, and try her powers in a more extensive flight.

The portrait accompanying this sketch is the most faithful likeness of Mrs. Stephens we have seen. Still it is impossible for any artist to do justice to the play of her features, which constitutes so high a charm in listening to her conversation. How much it is to be regretted that the expression—that light from the soul within—can scarcely, if ever, be caught by the painter's pencil! The portraits of friends, which are pronounced faithful by strangers, but seem unfamiliar to us, would then be natural. There is something in this want in the picture before us.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY CHARLES ALLAN

Sing to me, nightingale—
Tune thy clear song—
Let its rich melody
Echo along;
Free as the rivulet
In its swift flight,
Furl up thy pinion, and
Sing to the night.

Swell thy strain, nightingale—
Sing to the star,
Lit in the firmament,
Westward afar;
'Tis the sweet Hesperus,
Empress of even;
See how she smiles from her
Window in Heaven.

Sing to the myriads
Journeying high,
Bearing their crystal lamps
Through the clear sky.

Think'st thou they tongueless are,
Bird of the night?
Think'st thou they warble not
In their swift flight?

Aye! in their silentness
Sing they a strain,
Echoing heavenward,
Never in vain;
Sweet as the zephyr's breath
Rocked in the pine;
Sweet is their music, bird,
Sweeter than thine.

Thou took'st thy melody
From that sweet band;
Sing'st it in numbers, which
We understand;
Still catch their silent song,
Thoughtful and free;
Would I might evermore
Listen to thee.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Religio Medici. Its Sequel, Christian Morals. By Sir Thomas Browne, Kt., M. D. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard. One vol., 12mo.

"And herefore at my death I mean to make a total adieu of the world, not caring for a monument, history, or epitaph, not so much as the bare memory of my name to be found any where but in the universal register of God."

Thus wrote Sir Thomas Browne, just after the warm blood of his youth had cooled in the meditations of his manhood. But no person can wish himself into oblivion. In the case of Browne this was doubly difficult; and posterity, without doubting that his name is found in the register of God, has chosen to preserve it also in the memory of man. The very work in which he expressed his majestic indifference to fame, has been the bearer of it down the stream of time. There has been no age in English literature when "Religio Medici," the religion of a physician, wanted readers. The strange, complex character of the author, if not the intrinsic excellence of the book, would always attract attention, as a psychological curiosity. In the present edition we have, as an appropriate sequel, his work on Christian morals, and together they give as correct a picture of the interior life of man as could be drawn from his multifarious writings.

Sir Thomas Browne's life extended through a period in which a signal change occurred in English style and manners. He was a cotemporary of Raleigh, of Suckling and Dryden; being born in 1605, and dying in 1682. His own style smacks of the Elizabethan period as much almost in his last as in his first composition. He belonged to a school of authors who wrote with a singular combination of sweetness and dignity, of pedantry and learning. Their sentences, at times, seem to flow from their minds with a sort of majestic and sonorous ease; at others they betray vast elaboration, and are merely ponderous vehicles of trivial conceits. We know, however, of few authors who, generally, are characterized by a more prevailing greatness of soul. Their rich fullness and sober majesty of diction is in strange contrast to the quick sparkle and colloquial jauntiness of style, which came into fashion with the wits and rakes of Charles II's time. They possessed a deeper sense of the "dignified" in composition than any succeeding writers; and they expressed the results of their studies and meditations with corresponding gravity and seriousness. Still, they are not to be classed so much with the pedants and pedagogues as the princes and kings of rhetoric; and their works should be pondered carefully by all who desire to know the elevation and grandeur of expression of which the English language is capable, when it is the instrument of a full and capacious mind.

Among this class of our elder writers Sir Thomas Browne takes a high rank, although the strangeness of his individual peculiarities distinguishes him from them, as from all other authors. The epigramatic hyperboles of Hazlitt contain perhaps the most suggestive description of his character and style. Indeed, epigram and hyperbole are both inadequate to convey the impression which Browne leaves upon the reader's mind. We find almost every thing in his writings—understanding, imagination, sentiment, mostly commingled in their operations, and laced over with a marvelous variety of whimsicalities and peculiarities, which gravel sadly the analysis which would trace them to their source, or define the point in which they meet and harmonize. Sometimes as comprehensive as Bacon, sometimes as acute as Hume; combining assured faith with the most skeptical refinements, or skepticism; believing what nobody else could believe, and doubting what nobody else doubts; full of the shrewdest common sense, yet running his idealism far beyond the boundaries of human thought; combining a lordly self-esteem with deep humility; abounding in queer knowledge and strange conceits; delighting in imaginations which bewilder both himself and his readers, and hunting a thought through a tangled wilderness of speculation to the very verge of the impossible and the inscrutable, yet remaining undeceived by his own ingenuity, and capable of the serenest practical wisdom; with all these seeming inconsistencies we are conscious of no contradiction, for they are all connected by one thread of individuality, they all seem consonant with the mind of Sir Thomas Browne.

In Hazlitt's description, we have one phase of his character delineated, in what may be called a style of felicitous obscurity. We are told that "His is the sublime of indifference; a passion for the abstruse and imaginary. He turns the world round for his amusement, as if it were a globe of pasteboard. He looks down on sublunary affairs, as if he had taken his station in one of the planets. The antipodes are next door neighbors to him; and doomsday is not far off. The finite is lost in the infinite. The orbits of the heavenly bodies, or the history of empires, are to him but a point in time, or a speck in the universe. The great Platonic year revolves in one of his periods. Nature is too little for the grasp of his style. He scoops an antithesis out of fabulous antiquity, and rakes up an epithet from the sweepings of chaos. It is as if his books had dropped from the clouds, or as if Friar Bacon's head could speak. He stands on the edge of the world of sense and reason, and gets a vertigo by looking down on impossibilities and chimerns. · · · He had the most intense consciousness of contradictions and nonentities; and he decks them out in the pride and pedantry of words, as if they were the attire of his proper person. The categories hang about his neck like the gold chain of knighthood, and he 'walks gowned' in the intricate folds and swelling drapery of dark sayings and impenetrable riddles."

"Religio Medici," the first work of Browne, and not written for publication, presents his character in all its lights. It would be impossible to convey an idea of it by description and quotation, and heartily do we commend it to any of our readers who have not yet enjoyed its perusal; but we cannot refrain from selecting a few sentences, though they be but mere bricks from an edifice. Speaking of Nature, he says, to ascribe God's actions unto her "is to devolve the honor of the principal agent upon the instrument; which if with reason we may do, then let our hammers rise up and boast they have built our houses, and our pens receive the honor of our writing." A little farther on he remarks, in speaking of the distinction between nature and art, "Now nature is not at va-



superior to "Auld Robin Grey," yet it is the only good poem of the author. Shakspeare, on the contrary, was never so strong as when describing the emotions of other men, in situations, too, in which he never could have been.

For this reason "Bernice" is the least meritorious composition in the volume. Not that it is without good points. But often the writer seems to have flagged; there is a want of sustained spirit in it, and it has not that impetuosity of passion which, in Byron's tales, makes up for the loss of dramatic force in the characters. On the other hand, many of the verses are very beautiful, and the poem is brilliant with fancy. Here and there, too, the author rises to the weird region of imagination—and we use that word in its highest and noblest sense. In justice to the writer, it must be remembered that the poem was hastily written.

We come now to the short poems. Many of them have not been surpassed by any thing which has appeared on this side of the Atlantic. "To My Boy in Heaven," is a noble composition. "My Sister Ellen" is a specimen of the facility with which Mrs. Nichols versifies. In the "Spirit Band" we recognise a fine imagination. "I Met Her in the Festive Throng" is, however, an old theme, not improved. But "To an Unknown Miniature," "A Cloud Was O'er My Spirit, Love," "Stanzas to Kate," "Thoughts of Summer," "The Midnight Dream," "The Sycamore Tree," "I Know That Thou Wilt Sorrow," and "A Song," are all fine poems, distingnished by delicate sentiments, an elegant fancy, sweetness, melody, and grace. We regret we have not space to quote some of the finest of these. There are verses in them equal to the best of Mrs. Hemans'.

Altogether, we congratulate the fair author. The publication of this volume has established her rank as a writer, and henceforth she will take her place as a fixed star in the constellation of her sister poets. But what she *has* done is only an earnest of what she *can* do. She is destined to yet greater things, if she will cultivate her powers. Her future career we shall regard with interest.

The Life of Benjamin Franklin; Containing the Autobiography, with Notes and a Continution. By Jared Sparks. Boston, Tappan & Dennett. One vol., 8vo.

This large, handsome, and well printed volume is deserving of an extensive circulation. The mechanical execution could hardly have been excelled in neatness and beauty, and the six illustrative plates are fine specimens of American art. The autobiography of Franklin, one of the most characteristic and delightful of a delightful class of compositions, is reprinted from the author's original work. It is not generally known that the little volume which passes under the name, and which has been so generally circulated and read, is not the genuine English copy. Professor Sparks tells us that Franklin commenced the autobiography as early as 1771, when he was in England, "and from time to time he made such additions as his leisure would permit. While he was in France, as Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States, he showed a copy of it to some of his friends there, and one of them, M. Le Veillard, translated it into French. Not long after Fraklin's death, this French translation appeared from the Paris press. It was then retranslated by some unknown but skillful hand into English, and published in London; and this retranslation is the Life of Franklin which has usually been circulated in Great Britain and the United States, of which numerous editions have been published." It is needless to add, that Professor Sparks has availed himself of the autobiography published by Franklin's grandson, and printed from the original manuscript.

We hardly know of any American more fitted for the task of writing a faithful account of Franklin's life, or rather of continuing the autobiography, than Professor Sparks. His knowledge of American history is exact and profound. It has been gathered from a careful examination, extending through many years, of original documents, not only in the United States, but in France and Great Britain. His editions of the works of Franklin and Washington, are monuments to his learning, labor, and patriotism. There are few authors who deserve more of their countrymen, and few, likewise, whose patient toil is less likely to be appreciated. His continuation of Franklin's autobiography occupies more pages than the original, and relates to the most important portion of his life. Those who desire to obtain a knowledge of Franklin's services to the country, both before and after the Revolution, and to realize the simplicity and greatness of his character, should read carefully the clear and comprehensive narrative of Professor Sparks. We feel assured that Franklin is one of the first intellectual products of America, and that the more his character and actions are pondered, the higher will be the admiration awarded to his calm courage, his strength and grasp of understanding, and his serene practical wisdom. Both in action and speculation, he preserved a rare medium between fanaticism and *nonchalance*. No man ever excelled him in the union of so much admirable common sense with so much power of abstract thought. We do not see how any one can carefully review the events of his life, and have a clear insight into his moral and intellectual constitution, without awarding to him a high rank among men of genius.

A Lecture on the Late Improvements in Steam Navigation, and the Arts of Naval Warfare, with a Brief Notice of Ericsson's Caloric Engine. By John O. Sargent. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

This is a well-printed pamphlet of about seventy pages, the object of which is indicated by the title-page. It is written with much clearness, eloquence and condensation, and embodies a great deal of valuable information. The sketch of Ericsson's life, and the many difficulties he surmounted in maturing and popularizing his discoveries, is very interesting. Mr. Sargent is skillful in his descriptions of intricate machinery, and with an economical expenditure of words, contrives to be somewhat lavish of knowledge. The lecture contains so much that is important and interesting, that we doubt not it will have an extensive circulation.

The Strife of Brothers. A Poem, with Notes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a pamphlet poem in heroic verse, suggested by the theological controversies of the day, and accompanied by copious notes illustrative of passages in the text. Its principal merits are the harmony of the numbers, and the good taste of the composition. There is little novel imagery or striking thought in the poem, and it is closed with a higher opinion of the author's acquirements than his invention. We have detected, here and there, some morsels of bigotry, which have the double fault of being bad and trite, but the general strain is more charitable. The description of New England, on page nine, is perhaps the best passage in the poem.

TIP-TOP FASHIONS.

It is advisable occasionally to take a peep at the world of fashion, and to see that the modes of dress prescribed by the fickle goddess are rigidly adhered to. The matter is one of great moment to fathers and husbands *financially*, whatever may be its *literary* bearing. The great aim of the fashionables seems to be, to get *up* in the world, so as to *look down* upon other people with a little contempt, real or affected. It will be seen by our *report*, that the style is *up-ish*, and that in this particular the mode is rather decided.



Our Parisian correspondent begs us to say, that *his* reports are *the only authentic* ones, and that all others are counterfeits. But as this might look like an effort to lessen the value of the monthly *designs* of our contemporaries, we must qualify the assertion a little. We do not believe that our correspondent furnishes "*the only authentic*" *fashions*, though this *we will say of him*, that we know that his are quite as correct as any, and that they are a great deal more original, and to the point. Whether the exquisites, who sport with their tailors, will like to recognize them, may be questionable.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS

IN ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY AND ITALY,

AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF A PEOPLE.

BY FRANCIS J. GRUND.

CONTINENTAL writers have often remarked that England, blessed with a government infinitely more manly and liberal than that of any of her neighbors, pays, by the peculiar construction of her society, a heavy tribute for her political privileges. No nation in Europe has such a strong sense of right as the English, none is so indifferent as to equity. No other people in the Old World stand so erect before a magistrate, none seem to be more uncomfortable or embarrassed in company with those whom the world considers their superiors. The very radical, on returning from the meeting which denounced the aristocracy, and urged, for humanity's sake, the immediate abolition of the peerage, involuntarily touches his beaver on meeting accidentally "his lordship's carriage." Equality, in England, reminds people of the bloody French Revolution, and is remembered by the educated only to bear in mind that it does not exist in society.

On entering a London drawing-room, it would seem as if every individual were numbered according to his rank and fortune, and the deference paid him in the exact ratio of that index. The English, it is a well-known fact, cannot comprehend, at least socially, the value of a person independent of his circumstances, and it is the latter, not the individual, that are respected, caressed, courted, beloved or worshiped. Poets, men of science and letters, artists of every description, are only valued as long as they are the fashion, during which time they circulate, as pepper boxes, to season the standing routine of polished commonplace and refined selfishness which mark the regular intercourse of the higher classes and their slavish imitators. Science and art have no devotees in *the* society of England; they merely acknowledge "obligations to their patrons." All free interchange of thought, all display of conversational talent, wit, or humor, are, by the stereotype forms of society, checked in their incipient state, and prevented from coming into conflict with wealth and position. It is for this reason that Madame de Staël so justly observed, "that the composition of English society is admirably calculated to keep second-rate men in first places."

On the Continent of Europe, where the French Revolution has produced a much greater change in society than in politics, all this is different. There, and especially in France and Italy, where the social edifice has undergone the most thorough changes, the *individual* is emancipated—men of science and art are looked upon as *gracing* society; and, where the latter is backward in acknowledging superior merit, the enthusiastic approbation of the masses is more than a compensation for the want of success with a particular coterie. A position in public, in either of these countries, is always sure of securing a standing in society; for the public, in France and Italy, is not quite synonymous with vulgarity, ignorance, and rudeness.

The reason of this marked difference between England and the Continent, in all matters concerning society, and the marked superiority of the latter, as regards taste and accomplishments, (we here speak, of course, of the mass of the population, and not of the favored few,) notwithstanding the marked *political* superiority of the English, is well worth investigating; and may, perhaps, contain a lesson productive of some good to ourselves. The question may, after all, be seriously asked, "which is the happiest people, that whose domestic and social re-

lations are the most agreeable, or that whose political institutions guard it more immediately against encroachments on their rights, either by their legislators or the undue preponderance of privileged classes?" And, lastly, the question may arise, whether political and social freedom may not, at least to a certain degree, exist conjointly, so as to blend the freedom of the English with the agreeable and cheerful manners of the French, for which there never was a better opportunity offered than in the settlement of our own glorious country.

It is known, all over Europe, that the English, notwithstanding their pretended love of home, are most glad to migrate to the Continent, not so much on account of the climate as to escape from the social tyranny of their own country; and it is also known that, in traveling or sojourning abroad, the most sensible of them have nothing so much at heart as avoiding their own countrymen. At a French *table d' hôte*, nothing can be conceived more *mal-à-propos* than for the waiters to place, by chance, the chair of an Englishman by the side of one of his countrymen; and if the humble fortunes, which consent to dine in public, feel so mawkish on the subject, what may we not expect from those whose sense of propriety renders them prisoners in their own rooms! The idea of being again watched, observed, and suspected, or the dread of having again his wealth, his family, his past and present rank in society inquired into, strikes him with absolute horror. Wherever there are Englishmen there is no hope of social freedom; for wherever three of them congregate, there, you may rest assured, will be, at least, two coterics; and ten chances to one that the nearest British Minister Resident, or the Bishop of London, or the Duke of Wellington, will be applied to for a certificate of respectability. At the different petty courts of Germany, where, on account of the cheap living, large numbers of Englishmen, of all ranks and degrees, have taken up their permanent residences, society is absolutely obliged to barricade itself against their attacks for admission, and their toadying, calumniating, and downright quarreling for an introduction at court. Bless the poor devil of a chamberlain that has to regulate the order of precedence among them! He is sure to be troubled with the private history of all the tribe, and to be complained of, in no measured terms, on account of his want of sagacity and penetration. Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, Spaniards, and even Russians, of whatever rank and family, find, on meeting with each other in a strange place, sufficient means of entertaining each other without inquiring into each other's private history and circumstances; but every Englishman thrown among strangers, from his own country, has an indictment preferred against him, and is made to feel about as comfortable as a felon just informed by his counsel that the jury have found a verdict. Frenchmen, Germans, or Italians meet each other everywhere as old acquaintances; for they have certainly met somewhere at home—perhaps at the Theatre, the Corso, the Esplanade, the Prado, and, however different their conditions, exchange the usual civilities with one another. They feel as old acquaintances; for they have never, for a single moment, conceived the idea that two hundred thousand people, of their own rank, constitute the whole nation, and that the rest are a mere mechanical concretion, devoid of intelligence and feeling.

In England there is no commingling of the different elements of society. The latter moves in concentric circles, prescribed by immemorable usage—a sort of common-law method, I presume—all revolving round a common centre; but with but few means of passing from one into the other. The contact with the inferior classes is not only avoided, but shunned as that of a leper; for people in England do not take standing according to their talents, or the value set on them by the nation, but according to their wealth, the company they visit, and their connection with the higher classes. Occasionally a *parvenu* of extraordinary acquirements or genius will find himself thrown amid the aristocracy; but I am mistaken if, during all the time "he is made so much of," he does not feel as uncomfortable as a Jew in Rome during the Holy Week. Society in England is not the *réunion* of all that is elegant, refined, *enjoué*, *spirituel*, handsome, or witty; but merely the representative of the distinctions which wealth, family, and the political organization of the country have drawn among men and women. Beauty and accomplishments are often concomitants of the first society, but not, as in France, its indispensable requisites.

The great defect of life in England, generally, is the want of proper and refined amusements, where the lower classes might be put on their best behavior by the presence of those above them, and where, at the same time, they might have a practical opportunity of improving their manners by the example of those whom it is their pride to imitate. The aping of the fashions of "the quality" is nothing but a caricature of polite life, and an additional evidence of the immeasurable distance between the wealthy English mob and their originals. A respectably connected Englishman is annoyed by the mere presence of a person of inferior degree. He cannot view a gallery of paintings, or of statuary, unless the payment of a shilling has secured him against the mob, and enjoys the Italian opera, merely because ten-and-sixpence in the pit keeps out the trades-people. There is no other way to make a concert select than enhancing the price of admission, and no means of securing "a select audience," than preventing the participation of the poor. Poverty and ignorance, if not crime, are synonymous. In France, there is a proverb, "*la vertu sans argent ne vaut pas grande chose*,"—virtue without money is not worth *much*—but in England it is absolutely worth *nothing*, save as a metaphysical distinction. An English gentleman, in company with a poor person, feels as unpleasant as if he had a dirty shirt on; and the poor man, aware of the gentleman's abhorrence, avoids him with the same care that a well-behaved chimney-sweep avoids a lady dressed in white. Each class is thus reduced exclusively to the intercourse with its own members, which not only creates throughout a stereotype sort

of society, that instructs no one, and is sufficiently tedious to all, but by which the amount of floating intellect is reduced, compared to that which strikes the most superficial traveler on the civilized part of the Continent.

An English operative's only means of instruction is the jury box; the assizes the only place where he comes in contact with the better informed classes. This may make him manly and tenacious of his rights; but the scenes there enacted are not likely to refine his taste. How many hundred means of instruction and moral elevation have the French, the Italians and the Germans in their galleries of painting and of statuary, where the very street beggar may admire the noblest works of art by the side of his own prince. How is it possible daily to contemplate man's beau-ideals without being penetrated with the spirit of humanity which they represent—and what different tone must the taste thus acquired give to the common intercourse and the amusements of the people! The masses, thus refined and elevated in their own estimation, cease to be objects of terror to those above them; an agreeable interchange of feelings takes place, by which the laboring classes are made to feel that they are at least a link in the chain of society, and not outcasts whose mere contact is infectious.

This, in a measure, must account for the long, patient sufferings of the people on the Continent before the French Revolution. Social tyranny is, to an educated people, a much greater source of annoyance than the most flagrant political injustice. The horrors of the Revolution of 1789, which it is the practice of English declaimers to hold up, *in terrorem*, to all civilized nations, are but an exception to the rule. But then it must not be forgotten that the French people crowded a drama of five long acts, and which it took the English as many centuries to perform, into *one*, and that on account of the very education of the French people, the Revolution was not merely political, like those of 1640 or 1688, but essentially social, pervading all classes, men, women, and even the education of children.

The Revolution of July, which was merely a political one, and scarcely that, was the mildest recorded in history. It scarcely caused the least disturbance to those who did not take an immediate part in it. Three days the people had been without bread, and yet no baker's shop was broken open; while the money-chests found in the Tuileries were, by the exasperated mob, carried untouched to the City Hall! But then the Revolution of July had not to amend the social condition of the people. The preponderance of the industrious classes, forced on the French, as it is on the English and ourselves, by the circumstances necessarily attending modern civilization, would equally have taken place under Charles X; yet, notwithstanding this apparent lack of reason, the nation was determined to change its governmental formula, in order to bring it more directly in unison with its social manners.

The people of Italy are groaning under a most fearful political despotism, yet are they not socially tyrannized over; and the peasantry of Milan, Tuscany, and even Naples, is much more happy, much better informed, and, I have no hesitation to say, much more virtuous than that of England; while the little country girls of the Romagna, who, at Easter, strew the ground with leaves of flowers, forming the image of the Madonna, show, perhaps, more innate talent and appreciation of the fine arts than many an English nobleman who inherits a gallery from his ancestor. The arts in England are looked upon as a sort of agreeable entertainment for the privileged classes; in Greece they were public property, enjoyed by the whole nation, and this still continues to be the case among their modern representatives—the Italians. The *aria di bravura*, which to scream it takes the Honorable Miss Wintersett no more than twenty-four lessons from her Italian singing master, is sung in the streets of Florence or Rome by mere beggar girls, and choruses, which it is a torture to educated ears to listen to at the English Opera House, London, are performed with the utmost precision in Naples, by troops of hungry lazzaroni.

The cause of this is not to be sought solely in the climate, and the fact, observed by the Neapolitan minister, at the Court of St. James, that the moon of Naples throws out more heat than the sun of the British metropolis; but in the absence of every thing that could elevate the masses above their mere animal instincts. The only worldly pleasure of an English laborer, in the field or in the workshop, consists in a Saturday dinner; the ale-house and the gin-palace are the only stores from which his fancy is supplied; the company he finds there is the only one to which he becomes indebted for his manners.

On the Continent of Europe there is not a town of ten thousand inhabitants which has not its public promenade in the shape of an Esplanade, a Park, or a Prado, where all classes meet, either daily or weekly, and, by that means, become familiar with each other's habits; the higher and more *blazé* classes refreshing themselves with the healthy vigor and pleasing ingenuousness of the laboring population, and the latter mollifying and improving their manners by the constant example of those who have enjoyed superior advantages of education. There is no such ridiculous fear, on the part of the wealthy, as that of being taken for some one else; no arrogant *assertion* of social equality on the part of those whom accident or the mere custom of society has here brought together with their superiors. There is nothing claimed and nothing granted, nothing sought and nothing denied; no arrogance on one side, no superciliousness on the other. This mutual security is the cause of the happy *se laisser aller* so much admired in the French, and so little seen among the English. Every Frenchman, as the idiom expresses it, "lets himself go," naturally and without restraint, instead of continually walking on stilts, and standing sentinel on his own dignity, as an Englishman conceives it to be his duty. An Englishman always acts as if he were afraid of passing for less than his par value, and for this reason is never happy except in his own town or village, where he has his standard

value stamped upon his face, and on that account passes current in society. Unhappy people that are thus socially tormented in order to enjoy the proud satisfaction of being intrinsically superior to their neighbors; whose valor has won the *Magna Charta*, the *Habeas Corpus*, and the Bill of Rights; but who are still the most abject slaves to the most stupid and unchristian customs—whose constitution guarantees the political rights of the subject; but whose society has surrounded itself by iron ramparts, dreading continually an assault from those beyond the second parallel! You are the most free and the most taxed people in Europe; but you dare not *amuse* yourselves. You are plain in your food, and sometimes in your dealings; but your society is the most artificial compound in existence. Your rights and your security from opression are beautiful fictions of the law and the judges; but, in reality, there is not a nation beside yours carrying so completely the badge of servitude in all its features and in its every motion! Your laboring classes are heavy, lifeless machines, without either hope of amelioration, or fancy to make them forget their condition; while your rich privileged orders find in their very leisure—the product of the incessant labor of your legions of paupers—the most unfailing source of ennui and weariness.

But we are still told that the English are more fond of home than any other people in Europe, and that their homes are happier than those of their neighbors. To this I would reply, that the homes which travelers and tourists behold are not those of the English people; and that the English, in general, are the most inveterate travelers. Thousands upon thousands of English families prefer living on the Continent; not so much on account of the climate and the cheapness of living, but, as I observed above, on account of the social freedom they there, for the first time, enjoy. As regards the love of domestic life, and the affections springing from it, the Germans, Swedes, Danes, in short all people of Saxon origin, come in for as good a share as the English themselves; and if the people of the south of Europe seem to be less attached to their houses, it is because nature invites them into the open air—the gardens, the forest, and the fields; while the damp and cloudy climate of England and Scotland renders shelter an object of much greater solicitude, and makes people fond of "a sea-coal fire"—the beau-ideal of English novelists and magazine writers. I could never see the great moral merit of this apparent fondness of the English of their own four walls; and, as to the idea of "comfort," its true interpretation seems to be a home well protected against the influence of the atmosphere, a seat in a well-stuffed arm-chair, the feet toasting before a brisk fire, a tolerable freedom from the gout, and a thorough satisfaction that the positive instructions given to the servants are sufficient to protect one from the intrusion of one's impertinent acquaintances. The sensation of comfort in an Englishman is very much akin to that of one of our western settlers after he has fenced in his lands; it is not the quantity of enjoyment which is the chief source of his pleasure, but the security of it.

In France and Italy, (I speak here of the mass of the people, and not of the corrupt upper classes,) the domestic affections do not suffer from the family meals being occasionally taken in a public garden, in some beautiful spot set apart for public enjoyment; and the French peasant, who takes his wife and children to the *guingette*, may love them as much as if they were toasting at home, before a beautiful bright "sea-coal fire." The people on the Continent of Europe, from Norway to Naples, have, in lieu of the English "comforts," which, after all, are only within the reach of the wealthy, a great many positive "enjoyments," little dreamt of by those who, at times, affect to pity them. When American tourists describe "happy England"—the times of "merry England" finished with Queen Betsey—they describe the country seats of the nobility, or the wealthy squirarchy which serves it as a footstool, or those of the rich merchants and "Cotton Lords," with whom they chance to come in contact; of the hopeless misery of the great mass of the population—a misery from which there is not even a momentary respite, except in the oblivion found in the gin-shop—they seldom form a correct notion. Poverty, in England hides itself; it skulks away into dirty cellars and lanes; on the Continent, where the sun has pity on the nakedness of the wretched, it is generally exposed to the public eye; but the number of English paupers, nevertheless, is proved, by the most careful statistics, to be as two to one, compared to the most miserable portion of Italy or France.

Nine-tenths of the population of Great Britain are born with nothing but a draft on the other world; a thing of which they are constantly reminded during life, and the forgetting of which, for a single moment, seems to be considered by the higher classes as a sort of treason against the state. In France, says Leroux, in his valuable essay on pauperism, "the poor are unfortunate, but in England they are absolutely wretched. "There is a palace in Paris," says Voltaire, in his "*Candide ou le meilleur des mondes*," "in which the French people are daily celebrating the great *fête* of the nation, and which, from morning till night, presents the gayest scenes in the metropolis." He had reference to the *Palais Royal* in its palmy days, before its wooden galleries were changed into iron ones, after the Revolution of July. Yet such feasts "for the whole nation" are, in Paris, celebrated daily, in a great many other places. The gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg are open to the whole infant and grown population of the capital, from early in the morning till late in the evening; the *Champs Elysées*, the Royal Galleries of Art, and a hundred other places rival with each other in entertaining rich and poor without distinction, and, in fine, the lecture-rooms of the University and other institutions of learning convey gratuitous instructions to all. There is that, accessible to all classes, which elevates the mind, while the genius of the French people has so disguised genteel poverty as almost to give it the appearance of wealth. The

poor journeyman mechanic, who dines for eighteen sous, at a *restaurant à prix fixe*, is still surrounded with luxuries. He has a clean table-cloth and napkin; he eats his soup out of a silver bowl, and he is waited on as well as any gentlemen of fortune at his own house. All this vanishes in an hour; but during that period he was reprieved; he felt as if he were rich; he became satisfied that *his* life, too, has some bright spots, and that, by honest industry, he may gain the means of enjoying something like the luxuries of the rich. His poverty has been beguiled, a bright sky renders him cheerful, and the evening brings him together with the wealthy *rentier*, or the successful operator in stocks, in the Tuileries, or the *Champs Elysées*. "*Paris est un pays de Cocagne même pour les pauvres*," (Paris is the Bœotia even of the poor,) said the famous Monsieur Brillat Savarin, the immortal author of "The Physiology of Taste," which, with De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," is the greatest work of the present age; and he is right. The poor in Paris have the means of instruction and of enjoyment spread before them, —the only means by which enlightened humanity can expect to alleviate their sufferings.

The poor of Europe, it must be recollected, are very different from the indigent classes in this country: they are, with very few exceptions, without the hope of bettering their condition. All that Government and Christianity can do for them is to fortify them against vice, and to make them bear their poverty with resignation. It is impossible to make all positively happy; and therefore it ought to be the care of the government to make the masses at least contented. In a community where the arts have taken such a deep national root, as, for instance, in France and Italy, it is absolutely necessary to cultivate taste, even among the lower classes, and to use painting, sculpture and music as means of civilization. Public amusements, partaking of these characteristics, become a desideratum; for such is the peculiarity of our nature, that it is sure to degenerate into savagery when it is not ennobled by knowledge and the arts. The French, with their excitable temperament, would have a revolution every six months, if their minds were not diverted from it by the superabundance of public amusements, provided even at the direct expense of the government; and may be, that other more sober communities would be less liable to mobs and insurrections, if a certain portion of their laboring population were able "to blow off the steam" in some more agreeable recreation.

Men who toil six days in the week, and ten or twelve hours a day, require some relaxation; and experience teaches us that if amusements of an innocent nature are not within their reach, those of a degrading, brutalizing, and therefore far more dangerous, kind will be resorted to. In France, the government is not satisfied that persons should be found willing to entertain the people with theatrical representations; but assists, by direct taxation, the principal theatres in the capital and the provinces, in order that *good* tragedy, *good* comedy, and *good* music, as means of ennobling human nature, may not lack the necessary means of support, and that the managers of these theatres may not be obliged to descend to mere claptrap, or to senseless show-pieces, which would vitiate the public taste, for the sake of filling their houses. The utmost decorum is preserved in all those theatres; and such is the public sense of propriety, that scenes in the remotest degree resembling those which are witnessed in England, and, alas! also in this country, would not be tolerated for a single instant. A theatre in France is a public drawing-room, where the lower classes strive to prove by their conduct, that in all the essentials of civilization they are not inferior to the higher orders; and where the most perfect equality exists conjointly with agreeable and refined manners.

The numerous public exhibitions of painting, statuary, manufactures, and objects of agriculture which may every day be enjoyed without a farthing's contribution, are another means of civilizing the laboring classes without expense or annoyance to the wealthy. The galleries of the Louvre and of Versailles are thrown open to the day laborer as to the prince; only foreigners and travelers obtain, from the Minister of the Interior, tickets for separate admission, on certain days appropriated to their use. The beautiful galleries of Bologna, Florence, Rome and Naples, as indeed those of Dresden, Munich and Vienna, are in the same manner thrown open to the public at large; and the higher classes do not seem to be in the least disconcerted by their presence. It is not the lazzarone or the street-beggar that the keepers and overseers of these institutions have to watch, in order to prevent the handling and mutilating of objects of art; but the English *gentleman*, or him who assumes that title on the Continent of Europe. It is to preserve her from the vulgar touch of the *English*, that even "Justice," at St. Peter's, wears a sheet-iron frock, which the sexton kindly withdraws for a lira; and it is the British mob in Italy and France that requires surveillance wherever people meet on public occasions.

The Italians nowhere show their high and ancient civilization so much as on public occasions. It is not sufficient for a people to govern their political conduct by law, and to regulate the relation which they bear to their rulers; they must also learn to live together socially, without infringing on each other's convenience, and still less on their mutual rights. The laws of etiquette and of public decorum are as essential as those which regulate the descent of property. The humane treatment of the laboring classes is as much a *right* the latter may claim in a civilized community, as protection against political misrule and oppression. At the late riots in Bohemia, and especially in Prague, the insurgents were asked by the military authorities what they wanted, and the answer was, "humane treatment; we are satisfied with our wages, and can live by them; but we want to be treated as men, and not as wild beasts!"

One of the most striking instances of propriety in the masses, based upon a proper confidence reposed in them by the upper classes, is afforded annually at the Carnival of Florence. The Tuscan capital bears

at every step the mark of a high degree of civilization; and the people, though extravagantly fond of pleasure and public amusements, always conduct themselves with great decency and propriety. The most astonishing thing, however, to an Englishman, must be the conduct of the very mob at the Veglioni—the ceremony with which the Florentines bury their carnival.

On the evening preceding Ash Wednesday, the theatre *della Pergola* is converted into a large ball-room. The pit is laid over with boards, so as to be on a level with the stage; while the boxes are, as usual, filled with ladies and gentlemen of the higher classes. The passage from the pit to the boxes and galleries is unobstructed, and masks may enter and accost freely whom they please, without being considered impertinent or intrusive. Coachmen, fishermen, lacqueys, chambermaids and scullions may be seen at the Veglioni joining in the dance, talking familiarly with their own masters and mistresses, or quizzing them, when masked, with their adventures, of which but too often they know more than they are required; and all this is carried on without the slightest unpleasant interruption or disagreeable feeling on either part. *Improvisatori* halt at every box graced by a handsome woman, and, in return for their complimentary *impromptus*, are invited to sup, or requested to take wine,* though the party in the box and the *improvisatore* (often a person of low rank and with very little education) have never seen each other before, and may, in all probability, never see each other again.

The most astonishing thing, however, is the conclusion of the feast, during which the lights are extinguished in all the boxes, and at last, to the infinite joy of the multitude, the great chandelier, with its two or three hundred wax tapers, let down in the pit. Here a thousand white handkerchiefs are ready to extinguish them—all without noise or screams, and without doing the least damage to either the chandelier or the candles. The people in the boxes, as well as those in the pit and galleries, remain till this ceremony is performed, when the whole motley group, consisting of dukes, princes, counts, merchants, mechanics, day-laborers, porters, hackmen and livery servants, with their fair partners, leave the house together, in the dark, without a single person being incommoded, crowded, elbowed, or even spoken to in a manner that might be called rude or improper.

Such a feast as that celebrated in London, at one of the queen's theatres, would be accompanied by an universal break-up, the pocketing of all the candles, if not of more valuable objects, and the emptying of the mass into the streets amid screams and yells, to silence which would require an armed police or a sheriff's posse. Meanwhile half the ladies in the boxes would have fainted, and the scene would resemble more the morning after a battle, than the burying of so gay and harmless a fellow as an Italian carnival. And yet who can deny the political, and we may add moral and intellectual, superiority of the population of smoky London over that of the most ancient city of sunny Italy? It is the social degradation of the masses which makes honest John Bull an object of dread to the educated, and his presence a nuisance wherever men of refinement and taste congregate for rational amusement. An Englishman is not satisfied with closing the door on all who are not on terms of social equality with himself; he also avoids the contact of the lower orders in public, and by that very means, contributes to that social degradation which makes their contact so little desirable.

The Prado of Madrid has done more for the social good feelings of the Spaniards, and for the preservation of the chivalrous qualities of their race, amid the horrors and crimes of a protracted civil war, than all the ameliorations of the government which were introduced since 1812 in that unhappy country. There, at the national jubilee, the cordial and easy intercourse between the different classes of society, and the natural civility and urbanity of the Spaniards were maintained in spite of the horrors of the Inquisition, the fury of political factions, and the frequent and sudden changes of government with which Spain has been visited since the Hapsburg dynasty became extinct. There is still a native grace with which the water-carrier of Madrid lights his cigar from that of the Don or the Prime Minister in the Prado; there the wife of the modest *calesero** still imitates successfully the manners of the *marchesa*, in receiving and introducing her friends. At the Prado and in the church all Spaniards are equal: would to Heaven they were so before the law!

The *Champs Elysées* and the Tuileries do the office of the Prado in Paris. There, children with their *bonnes*, the laborer and the idler, the *rentier* and the beggar, the duke and the artisan, the *deputy* and his constituents, are commingling in checquered groups for the same common purpose of innocent amusement; no one dreaming that exclusiveness would heighten the enjoyment; each rejoicing at a scene which, in many respects, resembles a public drawing-room. But the most perfect democratic feast is the *Prater* of Vienna, on a fine afternoon in the months of April or May.

Early in the afternoon of such a national holyday, the whole population of the capital of the Austrian empire are on their pilgrimage to this most beautiful island in the Danube, which is large enough to contain a million of people, and surpasses in extent several times the area of the city. The line of carriages is generally formed at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and reaches from the emperor's castle down the *Kohlmarkt*, the *Graben* (the residence of the American Minister, and the hospitable U. S. Consul, Mr Schwartz,) the place of St. Stephen, and the street of the Red Castle, across the bridge over the Danube and the suburb *Jägerzeil*—in all about two miles.

* To those of our readers who are not acquainted with the Italian custom of eating, drinking and receiving company in their private boxes, many of which are large enough to contain sofas, dining and card-tables, &c., the little abuse, or rather the entire absence of every thing like abuse, made of this privilege, must necessarily be a fresh source of astonishment.

* Coachman.

At the end of this suburb the Prater commences, with a most beautiful sixfold row of chestnuts. Two of these enclose the promenade for the people on horseback, two that for the people in carriages, and the rest are appropriated to pedestrians. That for carriages is wide enough to contain three of the largest vehicles abreast, and it is usually a triple line which is here formed on a pleasant afternoon in the spring, before the people of fashion have deserted the city for a sojourn in the surrounding country, or on their estates in the interior. The Prater is several times as large as all the parks of London taken together, and is joined to the *Brigittenau*, another most delightful summer retreat, which is likewise opened to the public, with the humane inscription over the gates—"Dedicated to all mankind, as a place of amusement, by one who loves them." This inscription was placed there by Emperor Joseph, as a lesson to the nobility, who formerly enjoyed its exquisite drives to the exclusion of the masses. "If I desired to be exclusively among my equals," observed the indignant emperor, "I should be obliged to descend to the tomb of my ancestors!"

But the principal distinction between the parks of London and the Prater of Vienna consists in this, that in the London parks the different orders of society are kept as distinct and separate as the trades in the Lord Mayor's procession. "The coach people" remain in their coaches, the hack people in their hacks, and the poor pedestrian hobbles along, secretly envying the beasts in Kensington Garden, who alone, of all the lower creation, enjoy the society of the nobility, and with whom, as Sir Sydney Smith once observed, Lord Brougham spends all his spare time when preparing himself for a parliamentary campaign.

Not so in the Prater. The manner in which the lines of carriages are formed shows sufficiently the little regard paid to external distinctions. The carriage of Prince Metternich may be preceded by a hack, then comes, perhaps, the private carriage of a banker, then that of a wealthy butcher or blacksmith, then that of the emperor, which again is followed by a number of hacks, and so on. But this is not the only familiarity which may be noticed among the different orders of society. Presently you arrive at a succession of coffee-houses, with innumerable carved tables and benches in front of them, where ices, chocolate and other refreshments are served, and where several exquisite bands of music entertain the guests and the passers by. Here a large crowd is usually collected, and here the nobility and the emperor's family alight, and, without any distinction in the shape of guards or servants, mix with the people. There is no mawkish sensibility, no dread of being confounded with the mass, no fear of being elbowed by clowns.

From thirty to fifty thousand people visit the Prater on such an afternoon, and not less than three thousand carriages may be seen on that occasion; that of the emperor being only distinguished by its greater simplicity, and its plain gray livery. In the interior of the Prater, rope-dancers, jugglers, mountebanks, and the never failing "Punch and Judy," amuse the multitude, who, in the innumerable taverns and *restaurants*, find the most substantial means of protracting their presence to a tolerably late hour. Yet, in spite of the general gaiety, there is nothing that interferes with decorum, no signs of intoxication, no want of mutual respect and politeness—nothing that the most scrupulous sense of propriety would not tolerate in a room. The lower classes strive to imitate the manners of the higher orders, and the latter endeavor, by their affability, to smooth over the distinctions which historical changes and the unequal distribution of property have created among men. The poor classes feel that they enjoy themselves as much as those above them in society; and the latter have a nod of recognition, a friendly "how d'ye do?" for those who would otherwise look upon them simply as their tormentors.

We may laugh at the political blunders committed, time and again, by the French people—at their little tact, notwithstanding their numerous dear-bought experience in framing constitutions—their love of military glory and distinction, and a thousand other follies, which prevent their being governed by rational laws; yet socially they are by far the most emancipated people in Christendom. The abstract dignity of man is perhaps nowhere more fully recognized than in France. Society, in France, in a measure, atones for the political injustice of the government. In England the case is reversed; society there seems to be bent on revenging itself for the political concessions wrung from them by the sturdy industrious classes.

In France the poor man is not absolutely miserable—not entirely avoided as a leper—not considered merely as a candidate for the alms-house or the gallows. The French people may suffer injustice; but the time is past for their rulers to offer them indignities.

There is but one day in the year in which all Russia is momentarily on terms of equality—that is Easter Sunday. On that day, in imitation of true Christianity, which it seems the Russians *do* feel once a year, the poorest serf embraces his master, and, kissing him, exclaims—"Christ has risen for us." But the fetters of the bondman, which seem to fall to the ground on that day, are riveted again on the day following: the ceremony is a mere memento, nothing more. In Germany, Italy and France these mementoes are more frequent, though less solemn. They occur, in fact, daily, as often as the wealthy are brought in contact with the poor, at some place dedicated to their joint recreation—they there at least meet as members of the same family.

And I could wish that such public places of recreation, in the shape of promenades, parks, gardens, and the like, would exist on a more enlarged scale in our own country—places where the rich and the poor, the professional gentleman and his client, the merchant and the drayman, the manufacturer and the operative, the master-mechanic and his workman, may at least once in twenty-four hours—or perhaps once a week—commingle on terms of equality. It

would be a memento to the prosperous to remember the poor, and soften a thousand prejudices in the breasts of those who are now but too easily disposed to hate and envy them. They would, at least in a degree, take the sting from partisan politics, and congregate men on the universal platform of humanity.

Men never collect in masses, for the purpose of innocent enjoyment, without the spirit of humanity presiding over them. Man, in his natural state, is fond of his fellow-beings; for we are all gregarious animals, destined to live in society, without which we cannot improve our condition. Coteries and cliques will exist in all cities, and are, in a measure, inseparable from a high state of civilization; but nothing ought to prevent at least *one* great reunion of all classes, where every individual may feel that he is reciprocally bound to all—where national feelings and national manners may be created for the common benefit of the whole country.

We could wish that every one of our Atlantic, and, we might add, Western cities might contain, in some beautiful situation in its immediate neighborhood, a public garden, or a park of some two or three miles in length, where the fashionable lady might take her drive, where the idler might while away an hour in familiar confab with the woods, and where the eye of children might be delighted with flowers. Ladies and their followers would, we feel assured, find it quite as agreeable to take a walk in the park, and breathe soft nonsense in the fragrant breeze, as to make the round of the fashionable stores in town, at that most detestable occupation of "shopping;" and husbands and fathers would certainly not be the losers by it at the end of the year, when settling the bills of the milliner. Nature did not intend to lavish all her gifts indiscriminately on one and the same people. The attentive observer will find that the principle of compensation exists among nations as with individuals. A people like ourselves, at liberty to choose from all, and to adopt that which most agrees with the genius of our institutions, ought to exercise some discrimination in its imitation of foreign manners. We are not oppressed by the burthen of two thousand years' history; and in making the experience of our predecessors our own, are not compelled to imitate their follies. We have done well to adopt the main part of the political institutions of England; but Heaven protect us from her artificial society! Let us prudently preserve the kernel and throw away the husk.

THE MINIATURE.

BY MRS. JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL.

DEAR cousin, I 've gazed on this image
Of meekness and beauty so long,
That its spell has enraptured my spirit,
And awakened my lyre to song.
I would that some fairy would furnish
The words to be woven in verse,
For my language is weak and unfitted
The charms of that face to rehearse.

That brow has the brightness of morning—
Those tresses the sable of night,
Save just where the day looks upon them,
There gleams a soft track of moonlight:
That cheek shames the lip of the sea-shell—
So warm and so soft is its glow—
While those fingers just fall on the bosom,
Like snow flakes descending on snow.

The blue and the brightness of heaven
Have met in those soft beaming eyes;
They remind us of violets nursing
The sunbeams just caught from the skies.
Their glances of gentleness, cousin,
Have thrown an enchantment round you—
And I fear if I gaze on them longer,
My heart will turn worshiper too.

Take back, then, and cherish the semblance
Of her you have won for your bride—
Whose goodness enchains your affection,
While her loveliness wakens your pride.
And take with it many kind wishes
That Heaven may prosper your love,
Whose beauty, though "of the earth—earthy"—
Shall beam with new glory above.

LONELY HOURS.

BY HERBERT N. STOKES.

AURORA comes, in purple chariot drawn,
And scatters night away, and brings the dawn—
The sluggish clouds attendant on the night
Throw off their mantle and reflect the light,
Or, melted into vapor, shun the day,
And vanish into air and pass away.
A thousand glories now around me throng
And beg to be admitted in my song,
But no, alas! my heart is sad the while,
Though sweeter were your charms I could not smile.

In some dark wood, or in some valley deep,
By murmuring fountains and where willows weep,
Thither retracting from the laughing crew
You 'll trace my footsteps by the morning dew.
With wandering, curious eyes and listening ears,
To hear my vows or mark a mourner's tears.
O, meddling stranger! if of manly heart,
For but a moment pause, and then depart;
Nor think me selfish here because alone
I mourn for millions as I mourn for one.

TWO PICTURES.

A TALE OF NEW YORK ARISTOCRACY.

BY CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

Nature, that made the ivy-leaf and lily,
Not of *one* warp and woof hath made us all! *Willis.*

PICTURE I.

How bright the dew-drop trembling on the half-opened rose-buds—how graceful the bend of the lily, as the morning wind steals its fragrant breath—and how merry the trill of the robin swinging from the cherry-tree bough, making his dainty fare from the ripe, clustering fruit! But not half so bright the dew-drops as the eyes of sweet Lizzie Moore, nor so graceful and white the bending lily as her own swan-like neck, or the notes of yon airy songster as musical as the voice of dear Lizzie, bounding across the lawn—cheeks glowing—ringlets dancing—and little feet skimming like butterflies the dewy grass.

"Mother—dear mother—Helen—such news—such news! A letter from—O I am almost out of breath—there mother, do read—a letter from—from Cousin Ida!"

"From Cousin Ida!" exclaimed Helen, dropping the dasher back into the rich yellow butter-milk, "from Cousin Ida!—what for—what does she say?"

"O, only think! she is coming here," returned Lizzie, "coming to—"

"Coming *here!*" almost screamed Helen, clapping her hands, "O how glad I am!"

Mrs. Moore finished reading the joyful letter, and with a smile of pleasure said, as she returned it to Lizzie—

"Indeed I am very glad. Dear Ida! she will be a stranger among us—but we must do all we can to make her happy while she stays with us."

"A month! only think, a whole month," cried Lizzie, "O what good times we will have!"

"*Only* a month!" interrupted Helen—"but when will she be here?"

"Next week," replied Mrs. Moore. "Go and answer your cousin's letter, Lizzie, and I will add a few lines to assure her how welcome she will be."

Mrs. Moore and the mother of Ida Taylor were sisters. They were the daughters of a respectable farmer, residing in a beautiful inland village. Their father was a man of liberal views, and of well cultivated mind, and their mother all that a mother should be. As a matter of course, therefore, the education of the two girls was the best the country could afford—their tastes and minds constantly improving from the small but well selected library of their father, while their skill in housewifery was such as did credit to their excellent mother, and their own industry. Early in life, each had married the man of her choice. Robert Moore, the husband of the eldest, was also a farmer, and upon the death of his wife's father, which happened soon after their marriage, the young couple had readily acceded to the request of the widow, and removed from their own neat little cottage to the noble old homestead. Here they still dwelt—and across the very lawn where her mother had sported when a child, did our little Lizzie first intrude so unceremoniously upon the notice of the reader.

William Taylor, the husband of the younger sister, was at the time of his marriage a thrifty shopkeeper in the village, industrious, and ambitious of gain. Tired at length of the slow accumulation of dollars and cents, with the whisperings of avarice prompting him on, Taylor resolved to quit the peaceful village which offered so little to support his craving desires, and remove to the city of New York, the *El Dorado* of his imagination. And thus the two sisters, with whom a day had never yet passed without the kiss of sisterly love—whose hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, had ever been mutual, were now separated—the one left to all the peaceful, pure enjoyments of country life; the other to mingle in the giddy vortex of the city. The minutia of Taylor's city career is an every day story. He grew rich, and with riches pride and ambition were made the household gods; and the hearts of both husband and wife from that time had but little in common with their early relatives and friends; the one, absorbed ever in the busy rush of Wall and Pearl streets—the other, the prey of fashion, and of the hundred dear friends whom the magic spell of gold called around her.

It is true, letters, messages, or some trifling gift, had been occasionally interchanged between the sisters, yet they had never met since their first separation, and their children had grown up as strangers. With the parents the season of youth had passed away, and their feet already pressing upon life's declivity leading to the grave, when the anticipated visit of her dear niece Ida broke like a sunbeam upon the affectionate heart of Mrs. Moore.

The pretty letter of Lizzie to her cousin, flowing from a heart as pure as the snowy page on which it was written, was sent off by the evening mail, and from that time until the day Ida was expected to arrive, all was joyful anticipation within and about the homestead—even the very swallows seemed to

twitter more cheerfully in their graceful flights around the old chimney, while, as light and as airy, flew the two girls from the little summer-house to the favorite seat beneath the old elm, from parlor to bed-room, and from kitchen to pantry, that nothing might be left undone to give pleasure to their expected guest.

What a delicious evening was that for one accustomed only to the smoky atmosphere and circumscribed view to be found in the city, upon which Ida Taylor arrived at the residence of her uncle. As they descended the hill, at the bottom of which, among graceful elms and towering oaks, nestled the neat cottages of the villagers, the sun had already disappeared, but the light clouds were still floating in a sea of gold and azure, and his parting beams yet lingered upon the hills, and played amid the forest boughs.

"What a picture!" exclaimed Ida, leaning from the carriage window.

"Lovely indeed!" added young Ellery, who, with his bride, an intimate of Ida's, were now on a tour of pleasure, and had volunteered to leave the latter at her uncle's. "Lovely indeed! I could almost fancy myself again in Switzerland, or amid the lovely vales of Italy. Look, Miss Taylor—see, Serena—observe how minutely the mirrored surface of the river, reflects every branch, every cloud, nay, the very birds; and the spray from that beautiful water-fall, viewed in this golden light, seems as a shower of opals."

The carriage had now reached nearly the centre of the village, when Ida said—

"I wonder in which of these houses I am to find my relatives?"

"I have discovered it for you, I am sure," interrupted Mrs. Ellery; "do you see that very old-fashioned house yonder? No, you cannot see it now—it has disappeared behind those gigantic trees—there, now look—yes, you may be certain that is the house, for see, with usage equally old-fashioned as the domicile, the whole family are pouring forth to meet you. What absurdity!"

Ida colored, but made no reply.

"Well," continued Mrs. Ellery, "I hope you will not be surfeited with kisses from the old uncle and aunt, and your sun-burnt, freckled cousins! I must say, Ida, I pity you."

Ida colored still more deeply, and in a hesitating manner replied—

"Indeed I know nothing of these people, and probably should never have seen them, had not our physician ordered me to the country for pure air and exercise—but I assure you I shall allow no such familiarities as you speak of!"

Mrs. Ellery was right. That old-fashioned house *was* the identical one; and very true, too, in the spirit of *old-fashioned* hospitality, the family *had* assembled at the gate to welcome Ida. And a beautiful group they were, too, to look upon. First, there was Mr. Moore, with his silver locks bared to the evening breeze—and, leaning on his arm, Mrs. Moore, in her neat gingham dress and snowy cap, while the sweet happy faces of Helen and Lizzie, bright with eager expectancy and joy, completed the picture.

As the carriage stopped, Mr. Moore advanced and kindly received his niece, then taking her hand led her to her aunt, who, as she fondly embraced her, wept tears of joy. The girls next, with a gracefulness and ease which astonished those within the carriage, affectionately welcomed their cousin. It was Ida, not *they* who were embarrassed; for there was a native elegance and propriety of demeanor about these country cousins, which abashed as much as surprised her. With the same true hospitality, Mr. Moore then pressed the friends of Ida to alight; nor needed they much persuasion. The air of comfort which breathed around, was too tempting to be exchanged for the cold civilities of an inn, and in a few moments Mr. and Mrs. Ellery found themselves gladly partaking the kindness of those whom the latter had termed such "*absurd people*."

A delicious supper already awaited them under the favorite old elm—such fresh, tempting strawberries! such rich cream—such snowy bread, and fragrant butter!

The evening passed off pleasantly. Mrs. Moore had many questions to ask Ida of her parents, who, seeing her friend Mrs. Ellery too much engaged to notice her, answered cheerfully all inquiries. Mr. Moore was much entertained with the lively discourse of Mr. Ellery, while the fashionable bride poured forth a tirade upon *soirées*, operas, *matinées*, and her own brilliant *trousseau*, calculated, as she thought, to bewilder the senses of the unsophisticated girls before her.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Mrs. Ellery, popping her head into the little sleeping-room of Ida, just as the sisters had left their cousin to her repose, "these cousins of yours are nice little bodies—really quite *distingué* for the country. Where in the world did they find so much *manner!* not surely among these old trees or hum-drum villagers!"

"Then you think they are not really quite *outré* after all?" cried Ida, delighted, beginning now to feel a little more satisfied at the fate of being connected so nearly with *nobodies!*

"*Outré!* no indeed—they are charming little creatures, and I believe Frank is already half in love with them both. And how exceedingly comfortable every thing is! why one would think Phyfe himself had fingered those pretty curtains—and then these little vases of flowers, how tastefully they are arranged. Well, some fairy must preside here—good night, darling." And, kissing her young friend, Mrs. Ellery tripped back to her own apartment.

The character of Ida Taylor may be easily defined. She was naturally an amiable girl—much the same, perhaps, as her mother had been at her age—with talents which, had they been directed aright, would have made her both happier and wiser. Yet she had been so accustomed, even from early childhood, to view the world only through the microscope of wealth and fashion, that all which came not within the range of its lens sunk into insignificance before her. She was a mere puppet in the hands of Fashion and self-styled "*good society*"—her faith was pinned upon the laws of others—not of those whose standing she con-

sidered as inferior to her own; but of those to whose envied heaven she was ever on the ascent. Their codes, their opinions, their manners were *Daguerreotyped* in her. She began to regard herself as one of the old aristocracy—talked of *parvenus* and the *canaille*—not for the world would she have visited a friend, no matter how near the tie which connected them, if she resided in an *unfashionable* street, and to walk on the east side of Broadway would have been degradation. As to the gentlemen, an *imperial* and a *moustache* were indispensable to her favor—*foreigners* she preferred—their air was more *distingué*, and they waltzed more divinely. Mr. Taylor lived in handsome style, for Fortune had been most bountiful,—his children were sent to the most expensive schools—they were allowed *carte-blanche* at Stewart's and elsewhere; and when he saw his spacious suite of rooms furnished *tout-à-fait Français*, and filled with breathing *modes de Paris*, Mr. Taylor considered himself a happy man.

Late hours and the constant excitation of fashionable gayeties had somewhat impaired the health of Ida, and given an air of lassitude to her very pretty countenance. A physician was consulted—country air and rural quiet prescribed, and, as already seen, Ida arrived at the beautiful village where her uncle dwelt, an exotic amid those lovely wild-flowers which bloomed around his threshold.

To those whose life has been passed amid the simplicity and unpretending courtesies of the country, there is novelty at least in the manner and bearing of two such high-bred, fashionable girls as Ida and her friend, although it must be acknowledged the effect produced upon the artless sisters leaned rather to the side of mirth. Like the town ladies of Squire Thornhill, immortalized by the pen of Goldsmith, there was the same attempt made to dazzle and confound the simplicity of the two sisters, as that practiced upon the daughters of the good vicar; too palpable indeed to be misunderstood, yet far from indulging what might perhaps be termed a pardonable ridicule, they only grieved to find the tastes and feelings of their beloved Ida so little in unison with their own.

At length both fair friends wearied of introducing and enlarging upon topics which they had the mortification to find excited neither envy nor curiosity, and began insensibly to conform more to the good sense of their companions, and they could but feel respect for those whom they had come thither prepared to look upon with contempt and inferiority. The newmarried pair remained some days with Mrs. Moore, and then left, to continue their projected tour of the lakes.

Deprived of the magical influence of her friend Mrs. Ellery, much of the artificial gloss of Ida's character disappeared, and never perhaps had she been more truly happy, and certainly never had she appeared more charming than when, heedless for once of *form* and *effect*, she entered into the daily pleasures and pursuits of her cousins. But Ida was heartless. "*Pour m'amuser*" was her motto, and although, as before stated, much of the artificial gloss of manner had worn off, the selfishness of her character still predominated over the force of example and momentary resolves.

A few months prior to Ida's visit, Herman Weston had established himself in the village as a physician. Since his arrival he had been a frequent visiter at Mr. Moore's, and many there were who had already classed him as a lover of the blushing Helen; but when Ida suddenly burst upon his view, with all the refined airs and pretty coquetries practiced from her cradle, the guileless Helen appeared no longer to attract his regard. It was soon evident that the young physician had become deeply enamored with the fair city cousin—but he worshiped at a distance, for he was well aware that the tastes, the habits of Ida, the sphere of affluence in which she was accustomed to move, illy accorded with his secluded life and poverty, and that

> "It were all one
> To love some bright particular star
> *And think to wed it.*"

Ida soon discovered the impression she had made, and the spirit of coquetry and gratified vanity was rife within her. Weston was evidently *the* beau of the village, and a little flirtation suggested itself to her mind, as being not only a decided triumph over the village girls, but a means of amusement for the time being. Her witching net was therefore spread, and in its meshes the unsuspecting Weston became at once entangled, and so skillfully did she manage the game, that not a doubt of her sincerity even suggested itself to the frank, ingenuous minds of her cousins.

Two persons are slowly walking in a little grove on the river banks, through whose swaying branches the moonbeams gleam brightly down upon the silvered rush of a water-fall, leaping from rock to rock, as if in haste to meet the placid river gliding so peacefully from out the Iris-hued curtains of the mist. The Katy-dids call to each other from the tree-tops, in mocking tones affirming that "*Katy-did*" and "*Katy-did n't*," and the night-hawk utters his wailing cry from mid-heaven—then swooping gracefully, flutters for a moment over the earth, and wheels again to his starry circuit. It was one of those calm and heavenly evenings, when it would seem that *Truth* alone would dare walk the earth—but, alas! how often is the holiness of Nature's most lovely scenes perverted!

"And is it then really possible, that *you*, whose life has been passed amid the intoxicating gayeties of the city, can prefer the monotonous life we lead in the country!"

"Call it not monotonous," cried Ida, fixing her dark hazel eye upon the animated countenance of her companion, "when Nature is continually presenting her varied scenes of beauty and grandeur! What has the city to offer in comparison?—*there*, all is false—*here*, all is real, uncorrupted by art!"

"There are but few, Miss Taylor," replied Weston, "who have the heart to appreciate as truly as you do the calm pleasures of Nature."

"Then must they, indeed, be different from me!" answered Ida. "O I could list forever to the music

[illegible] every step."

"And would you be content to pass your life amid [illegible]?" exclaimed Weston, [illegible].

[illegible] happy," answered [illegible] "and with the friends I love."

"May I [illegible] number Ida—Miss Taylor?" [illegible] Weston.

[illegible] in a manner totally different, [illegible]

[illegible] Although [illegible] Herman Weston [illegible] happy [illegible]

[illegible] Lizzie [illegible] arms around [illegible]

"And there are [illegible]," interrupted Helen [illegible] who, at the very mention of your departure, deserves to be [illegible] 'Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'"

[illegible] Herman [illegible]

[illegible] Helen.

[illegible] doctor!"

"Why, Ida [illegible]," said Lizzie in unaffected amazement. "[illegible] you have always appeared to prefer [illegible] to any other."

"O not, [illegible] Lizzie! *I like him indeed!* Why he is [illegible] need not look so distressed—and [illegible] a capital beau."

"And is that *all* you think of him, Ida?" asked Helen. "[illegible]"

And long after they retired to their peaceful couch, did the pure-minded sisters truly lament the probable disappointment awaiting poor Herman Weston.

At an early hour the next morning, accompanied by her uncle, Ida left the kind, hospitable roof of her relatives.

"Here, Helen," she cried, as she tripped down the walk, throwing her a rose carelessly plucked in passing, "here, bestow this as my parting gift upon your 'Knight of the Rueful Countenance!'" Then gaily laughing, she sprang into the chaise, and kissing her hand to the little group, soon left the village far behind, reckless of all save those scenes of gayety to which each revolve of the wheels was rapidly bearing her.

CHAPTER II.

[illegible] New York [illegible] the residence of Mr. Taylor. [illegible]

[illegible] Ida [illegible] a servant entered, and [illegible] a small silver [illegible] a billet addressed to Miss Taylor [illegible] at the same time that the bearer [illegible] awaited an answer. Slightly bowing [illegible] Ida broke the seal, and [illegible] passed over her [illegible] as she read:

"We have just arrived in the city [illegible] We are [illegible] and long earnestly to see [illegible] by the bearer [illegible] expect you. Your own

"Helen and Lizzie [illegible]"

Ida [illegible] twisted the note in her fingers [illegible] upon the waiter, said, [illegible] indifference—"There is no answer," and [illegible] with the exquisite [illegible]. Yet [illegible] her heartlessness, the pleasure [illegible] was over; she felt reproached for her [illegible] and the wrong she had committed toward [illegible] affectionate cousins haunted her continually.

There was always a mystery about *cousins!* [illegible] perplexity lies couched in that one little word [illegible] Euclid ever propounded. They are either very bewitching, most lovable, engaging, charming [illegible] creatures—or the most annoying, horrible, not-to-be endured beings that burthen humanity—delightful companions, or less to be desired than Macbeth's witches! But of all those who happen to bear about that pleasing or unfortunate tie of consanguinity (as the case may be) there are none upon whom the anathema falls more heavily than those designated "*country cousins!*" "*Country cousins!* oh horrible!" exclaims the fair one, to whom the idea only connects itself with some wild, untamed inhabitant of the mountains. In the country, amid green fields and shady lanes, where they have sprung up indigenous with the humble violet and blushing daisy, they are well enough; and may there presume to appear "as

hospitable thoughts intent," even before the polished denizens of the city, who, to escape from the heat and turmoil of its limits—from fell fevers and infectious air—are willing to endure even with complaisance, for a season, these grubs to the family tree! But where Nature placed them, *there* let them remain; nor expect in the saloon of affluence that *tolerant* smile which met theirs under the old trees of their native home. The proud exotic, in its marble vase, looks down with contempt upon the lowly wild flower, whose freshness and purity it would gladly attribute!

Of this opinion was Ida Taylor—an opinion in which it may be feared but too many concur, although for the honor of human nature, be it observed, the error has not become universal.

At length the gay throng disappeared from the drawing-rooms—the day passed away, and the brilliant chandeliers were already lighted, ere Ida, as if suddenly recollecting herself, exclaimed—

"O, ma, by the way, did I tell you the Moores were in the city?"

"Is it possible?" asked Mrs. Taylor, looking pleased. "Who told you? Where are they? We must go for them immediately."

"Why, I received a note from the girls this morning," answered Ida, twisting her long ringlets, and looking in the mirror. "I believe they are at Bunker's—yes, at Bunker's—but *la*, ma, I am sure there is no hurry to run after them."

"You sent a message to them, of course, Ida?" said Mrs. Taylor.

"Why no, I did not—it was unnecessary; and then really, mamma, I was so beset with that teasing Stephens and Adolphus Ellery, that I forgot it."

"Well, we must order the carriage, and repair the omission at once," said Mrs. Taylor; "the children of my dear sister must not be allowed to pass the night under the roof of a stranger."

"Why, mother, how absurd!" cried Ida, pouting her coral lips. "They are well enough, I am sure, where they are—they have friends with them, and, for my part, I see no necessity for bringing them here!"

"Ida!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, momentarily shocked at the heartlessness of her daughter, "not bring them here! your cousins! when they were so kind to you last summer—why, Ida, I am astonished at you!"

Early associations came thronging into the bosom of Mrs. Taylor, and she was about to ring and order the carriage, when Ida again spoke:

"And you know this evening is Mrs. Ellery's *soirée*, and what in the world could I do with these awkward girls!" (now Ida knew they were *not* awkward.) "I certainly should not stay at home for them, and as for taking them with me—*excusez moi!*" she cried, shrugging her pretty shoulders.

"Yes, but—Ida, my dear—you know—"

"And you know," continued the former, not heeding the interruption, "you promised to wear that magnificent turban, which not even Mrs. D.. can eclipse. It will be just as well to go to-morrow."

Vanity triumphed over newly awakened affections and kind feelings in the heart of the weak mother—the claims of her sister's children vanished before the important event of displaying her newly imported turban amid the fashionables at Mrs. Ellery's!"

In the mean while where were our two young friends, Helen and Lizzie? How little did they imagine the reception of their note!

From the moment it was hurriedly despatched by one of the waiters, they had been in momentary expectation of their cousin's arrival. They were of course somewhat disappointed that no answer was returned, but then there were many reasons why Ida did not write—perhaps she was not at home—perhaps she was too much overjoyed to reply, and was coming herself immediately—in fine, all reasons but the *right* suggested themselves, and there they sat in the spacious drawing-rooms at Bunker's, watching every light form which glided past, or tripped up the steps, expecting therein to recognize their cousin. They were alone—unknowing and unknown, for the friends who had accompanied them had already left for a distant part of the city, where they found more hospitable relatives than our poor girls. The beauty and modesty of the sisters attracted not a little attention, and several ladies there were who spoke kindly and politely to them—there was something so pure, so unaffectedly simple in their demeanor, as forbade all jest at their evidently unprotected situation.

While thus, until a late hour, her cousins were so anxiously expecting her or a message, Ida herself, surrounded by a bevy of flatterers, found the incense offered to her vanity too grateful to bestow more than a fleeting thought upon her country relatives.

It was morning, and, upon leaving the breakfast-table, the sisters again took their seats at one of the windows of the saloon, in expectation of some message, or of Ida herself.

"My dear young ladies," said Mrs. Van Courtland, an elderly lady who had come into the city, for a few days, from her country residence on the Hudson, "there surely must be some mistake about the note you wrote your friends—servants are sometimes very negligent, and it may never have been delivered. I should wave all ceremony with such near friends—I am going into the neighborhood of L—— Place, and shall be very happy to set you down at your uncle's."

With many thanks they readily accepted the kind offer, too willing to place the negligence upon any one save their friends. In a short time the carriage of Mrs. Van Courtland drew up before the residence of Mr. Taylor, in L—— Place. Here they parted with their new friend, and sending up their names were ushered into the drawing-room.

Although it was now past eleven, Ida was still sitting over her breakfast, which the languid beauty had preferred to take in her own room. Her hair was *en papillote*—a novel of Eugene Sue in her hand, and reading and sipping by turns the tedious minutes passed.

"*Who* did you say!" she cried sharply to the attendant—"*who!* the Misses Moore!—really—very

unceremonious I should judge! tell them Miss Taylor is engaged—no—stop—how provoking!—tell them I will be down presently—and—here Jane—you need not say any thing to mamma—do you understand?"

Then summoning her maid, she languidly robed herself in an elegant morning dress—concealed her *pupillotes* under a most becoming French cap—thrust her little feet into a dainty pair of quilted slippers, and with her novel in her hand descended to the parlor. Nearly an hour had already elapsed since their names were carried up, and notwithstanding the unsuspecting nature of the sisters, some slight suspicion of the truth unavoidably passed through their minds; for they knew full well that had the case been reversed, how joyfully they should have flown at once to welcome her.

Ida swam gracefully into the room—the girls sprang from the sofa to embrace her, but the first glance of her indifferent countenance and the hauteur of her carriage convinced them their suspicions were but too well-founded. Checking, therefore, the warm impulse of their hearts, they advanced and met the cold salute of their cousin with equal frigidity, although poor Lizzie felt as if the hot tears would have burned her eyelids, in her efforts to restrain them, and the voice of Helen was low and broken, for it seemed as if her heart would burst with suppressed emotion, and for the first time they learned a lesson of *deceit!*

Ida was evidently embarrassed—she attempted several times to say something piquant—but her efforts failed.

"Did you receive a note from us yesterday, Ida?" asked Lizzie. *Falsehood* trembled on the lips of Ida—she would have answered "No," but, happily, Helen saved her from additional sin by observing:

"We were afraid, as we received no answer, that it might have been lost."

Ida blushed—murmured a few inarticulate words, and changed the subject.

"Is aunt at home?" asked Helen, "we should be truly happy to see the sister of our dear mother."

"I really do not know—ma is a great gadder—but I will ask," replied Ida carelessly. Then ringing the bell she said to the servant:

"Your mistress is out, is she not, William?"

"No Miss—yes Miss," replied William, evidently at a loss how to interpret the look which Ida gave him.

At length it suddenly occurred to Ida that some of her fashionable *clique* might call, and she felt ashamed of the neat cottage straws, green veils, and plain black dresses of her cousins.

"Come, girls," she cried, "come up into my dressing-room"—(she had not yet even asked them to lay aside their bonnets)—and tripping before them she threw open the door of her disordered room—"you will be much more at home here than in the drawing-room—take off your things now."

Lizzie glanced at Helen, who instantly replied:

"No, Ida. If you will be so obliging as to let one of your servants procure us a carriage, we will return to our lodgings."

"Oh, certainly," returned Ida. "Then you cannot remain here?—how strange—I am sorry—so you *must* go?"

The bell was rung—a cab ordered—and now the heartless girl breathed more freely. At this moment the door opened and Mrs. Taylor, also *en dishabille*, entered. Her daughter blushed crimson as she said:

"Helen and Lizzie Moore, mamma."

The girls flew into the extended arms of their aunt, who, kissing them affectionately, said:

"My dear girls, I am really delighted to see you—I was sorry not to have had you here last evening. How much you look as your dear mother did at your age! Why are your bonnets not off? Ida, I am afraid you have played the indifferent hostess—how long have you been here? Ida, why did you not call me?" were questions which fell uninterrupted from the lips of Mrs. Taylor, really pleased to see her nieces.

No answer was returned—Ida played with her *vinaigrette*, and the sisters merely bowed.

"Come, my children, take off your bonnets—or, if you prefer, Ida will conduct you to your own room—where you can arrange your toilette as you wish—where are your trunks?"

"I thank you, aunt," said Helen, "but we must decline your kindness—our trunks are at the hotel."

"Cab is at the door," said William.

"Why, what does this mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, in unfeigned amazement—and she looked to Ida for an explanation.

For a moment Lizzie was disposed to make known the true reason, but as she glanced at the confused conscience-stricken countenance of her cousin, better feelings triumphed. She checked herself and replied:

"We shall probably leave town in the morning. We were anxious to see you, if but for a moment. Good-bye, dear aunt—good-bye, Ida," and, followed down the stairs by the agitated and mortified mother who *suspected the truth*, the girls quickly sprang into the cab, where all restraint being removed, they wept in each other's arms over chilled affections, and the worldly lesson they had received. Arrived at Bunker's they proceeded immediately to their own room.

There was a knock at the door, and the benevolent countenance of Mrs. Van Courtland appeared.

"May I come in, my dears? I am glad to find you returned, for I have a favor to ask of you." Then for the first time, perceiving their saddened features on which traces of tears yet lingered, she added: "Excuse me—but what has happened—are your friends ill? what is the matter?"

Little accustomed to dissimulation, the girls knew not how to evade, as they could have wished, these questions. The experience of their kind friend soon led her to surmise the truth, and the sisters then related their little story.

"My poor girls, you did not expect this reception," said the good lady, kissing them—"but comfort yourselves, for be assured there are very many who have suffered from the same heartlessness. Dismiss it

subject from your minds—*such* people are unworthy those tears. I must now make known my request—to-night Forrest plays at the Park, and I wish you to join my little party—have you ever attended the theatre?"

"O no, my dear madam, thank you," cried Lizzie, clapping her little hands with delight, "never—a play! O delightful!"

"Then you will go, my dears—thank you—come to my room when you are ready."

Helen looked at Lizzie, and then blushing said:

"But our dress—we know not what is suitable to wear on such occasions."

"O your dress, little prude!" replied Mrs. Van Courtland, laughing. "Why, in the first place, you need not conceal that beautiful hair under any bonnet, and for the rest, your own taste will be your best guide."

At the appointed hour, with beating hearts and happy faces, Helen and Lizzie presented themselves before Mrs. Van Courtland, who, with a smile of approbation at their neat and modest appearance, introduced them to her niece and nephew, who were to join the party for the theatre.

How different was this young girl from Ida! Of true patrician birth—accustomed only to the most refined and intellectual society—a mind richly endowed—a face and form of surpassing loveliness—Miss Lindsey met the blushing girls with true politeness and graceful refinement, which at once removed all restraint, and in a few moments both Helen and Lizzie wondered how they could chat thus easily with a perfect stranger.

The party now drove to the theatre, where, it is needless to say, every thing seemed like enchantment to the eyes of our inexperienced young friends. They had not been long seated when a gay party took possession of the opposite box.

"There is Mrs. Ellery—look, Helen!" said Lizzie, as she recognized that lady, surrounded by a knot of gentlemen.

"Do you know her, Miss Moore? asked Miss Lindsey, at the same time returning slightly the bow of the lady in question.

"Not very much," she replied. "I believe she is an intimate friend of my cousin's, and was with her at our house last summer."

But Mrs. Ellery did not appear to recognize her country acquaintances—although she stared at them rudely, and several times leveled her eye-glass toward them.

At length the play was over, and, little aware of the attention their beauty had excited, they left the theatre. Before parting, however, Miss Lindsey engaged her new acquantances to remain in the city another day, which they were to pass with her. But the next day, and the next, passed—not at Bunker's, but with Miss Lindsey, in —— Square, who was perfectly charmed with her young friends. She strove to show them every attention in her power, that they might no longer dwell upon the neglect of their relatives—every place of amusement was visited, and at length it was agreed that they should go up the river with Mrs. Van Courtland, who was about to return home, accompanied by Miss Lindsey and her brother.

"Two new stars in the galaxy of beauty!" cried Adolphus Ellery to Ida. "By Jove! they outshine you all; and so I told Serena."

"Extremely gallant," replied Ida, tapping him with her fan; pray who are these wonders—where may one see them? At the museum, may-be?"

"No *demme*, but in the train of Venus—I mean that superb creature, Mary Lindsey. Serena thinks she has seen them before—but it must have been in her dreams—for *demme* if I do n't think they are fresh from Paradise!"

"*Really!*" pouted Ida.

"Why, I met that high-headed, proud brother of Venus to-day, Courtland Lindsey, gallanting one of them down Broadway, and I could have killed him for envy."

"*Indeed!*" replied Ida, in a tone of pique; "well, we may meet those *nonpareils* this evening at Mrs. Hazard's, for I know the Lindseys are intimate there."

The party from —— Square entered the brilliant rooms of Mrs. Hazard, already nearly filled with the *élite* of beauty and aristocracy. The queen-like Mary Lindsey, in a magnificent dress, well becoming her noble figure and lofty bearing, would have attracted all eyes and hearts, but for the two lovely young girls at her side, who, in simple robes of white Tarleton—without ornament of any kind—their beautiful hair parted simply over their foreheads, and gathered into clusters of rich braids behind, where one single blossom of the snowy Camelia seemed to emblem their purity.

Soon after, the party from L—— Place were announced, consisting of Ida and Mrs. Ellery, with a train of beaux, among whom, for his lisping voice, *lady-like* demeanor, and profusion of curls and moustache, Adolphus Ellery shone conspicuous.

"Look, Miss Taylor," he cried, "yonder are the Houris! said I not right, that you were all eclipsed! Even Venus herself is dim beside them."

Astonishment for a moment deprived Ida of speech or motion, as she recognized amid the brilliant coterie opposite, her own despised, rejected *country cousins!*

"Is it possible!" she exclaimed at length. "Serena, have you eyes! do you not see those girls are my cousins Helen and Lizzie Moore?"

"I thought so," replied Mrs. Ellery, with the utmost *nonchalance*. I shall make a point of noticing them at once—brother, your arm."

"O stop a moment, and I will accompany you," said Ida. But it was some time ere she could summon sufficient courage to approach those *despised* girls. At length, however, assuming much artlessness of manner—calling up smiles of affection and surprise to her countenance—with extended hands she tripped across the room, exclaiming:

"My dearest cousins, what a joyful surprise! how delighted I am to see you—but why did you not come to us, naughty girls! and we thought you so far off—and so much regretted your short visit."

The sisters felt for her mortification, and received her professions with perfect good humor and amiability.

"And are you at Bunker's?" demanded Ida.

"The Misses Moore are *my* guests," said Miss Lindsey, haughtily. She would have continued—and her keen eye expressed all the contempt she felt—but an appealing look from the tender-hearted Lizzie caused her to refrain further comment. Coldly bowing, therefore, she passed an arm through that of Helen, and saying:

"Brother, will you lead Miss Moore to the music-room?" The party turned from the group, leaving Ida and Mrs. Ellery overwhelmed with shame and mortification.

After making the projected visit to Mrs. Van Courtland, Helen and Lizzie returned to their peaceful village—to the arms of their beloved parents.

The next season saw our lovely, artless Lizzie the happy bride of Courtland Lindsey, courted and admired in the highest circles; while Helen presides over the neat little cottage of Herman Weston, whose dream of love for the heartless Ida was soon overcome.

And Ida?

Ida became the wife of Adolphus Ellery, who, in less than a year after their marriage, squandered her fortune at the gaming-table, and becoming greatly involved fled to Europe; while Ida, thus deserted by her husband—her beauty gone—her nerves shattered by late hours and ill-humor, was received under the roof of her kind but ill-judging parents.

"LITTLE BARK UPON THE WAVE."

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

Little bark upon the wave,
Floating down the ocean, Time,
I, for thee, large bounty crave
In this simple, lowly rhyme.
May the great Almighty Giver
Lay his hand upon thy helm;
Guide thee through Life's deep'ning river—
Through the storms that overwhelm.

Laden now with pleasant dreams—
Dreams like clouds upon the sky;
Coming with the morning's beams—
Fading when the evening 's nigh;
And a cargo rich with feeling,
While Affection hovers near,
Gentle Hope, too, there is kneeling
Down beside a sigh and tear!

Safely to that other shore
Calm and peaceful may'st thou glide,
Furl thy sails, nor venture more
O'er a dark and wrestling tide.
Little bark, so sweetly freighted,
See thy moorings are secure;
By no adverse winds belated,
Enter in—thy port is sure!

A DAY IN AUTUMN.

BY JOHN H. BRYANT.

One ramble through the woods with me,
Thou dear companion of my days!
These mighty woods, how quietly
They sleep in autumn's golden haze!

The gay leaves, twinkling in the breeze,
Still to the forest branches cling,
They lie like blossoms on the trees—
The brightest blossoms of the spring.

Flowers linger in each sheltered nook,
And still the cheerful song of bird,
And murmur of the bee and brook,
Through all the quiet groves are heard;

And bell of kine that sauntering browse,
And squirrel, chirping as he hides
Where gorgeously, with crimson boughs,
The creeper clothes the oak's gray sides.

How mild the light in all the skies!
How balmily this south wind blows!
The smile of God around us lies,
His rest is in this deep repose.
These whispers of the flowing air,
These waters that in music fall,
These sounds of peaceful life, declare
The Love that keeps and hushes all.

Then let us to the forest shade,
And roam its paths the live long day;
These glorious hours were never made
In life's dull cares to waste away.

We 'll wander by the running stream,
And pull the wild grape hanging o'er,
And list the fisher's startling scream,
That perches by the pebbly shore.

And when the sun, to his repose,
Sinks in the rosy west at even,
And over field and forest throws
A hue that makes them seem like heaven,

We 'll overlook the glorious land,
From the green brink of yonder height,
And silently adore the hand
That made our world so fair and bright.

THE CHEVALIER DE SATANISKI.

BY J. L. MOTLEY, AUTHOR OF "MORTON'S HOPE."

(*Concluded from page* 231.)

CHAPTER VI.

"Gentlemen, this is my particular friend, Mr. Wolfgang Klotz," said Sataniski, introducing our hero, five minutes after the events detailed in the last chapter.

The guests, who were seated, about eight or nine in number, round a luxurious supper-table in an antique, baronial hall, which seemed by some magic to have been restored from the old ruin, all rose and bowed with much urbanity. I ought to state, by the way, that this was all out of Margaret's sight, who, finding the whole ruin wrapped, to her vision, in impenetrable darkness, had retreated from the balcony, and with prayers and tears awaited the issue.

"Mr. Wolfgang Klotz," continued the chevalier, "a young gentleman whose acquaintance I am sure you will all be happy to have made, and whom you will all acknowledge as a kindred spirit. Doctor Faust, allow me to send you a bit of this deviled drumstick."

"Thank you," said the doctor, sending round his plate by a Chinese-looking waiter, who had a long cue tucked down his back which came out behind in a suspicious manner, bearing a diabolical resemblance to a forked tail; "thank you, quite a small bit—I dined late to-day."

The doctor was an uncommonly shabby-looking fellow, and very different indeed from the idea previously formed of him by Wolfgang through Retzch's engravings. The effect of the witch's charm upon his personal appearance had been entirely lost, and he was nothing but the fusty old school-master again. His beard was very long and grizzly, he wore a pair of iron-rimmed spectacles and a greasy skull-cap, while his person was wrapped in a long, loose and very seedy surtout of a coarse, woolen fabric. Wolfgang thought he might as well have put on a dress coat for the occasion, but he said nothing, for he saw the doctor was a humorist. While the chevalier was assisting the guests to the other dishes upon the table, our hero found himself engaged in a slight conversation with the distinguished professor.

"Do you still reside in Leipzig?" asked Wolfgang.

"At night, yes," replied the doctor. "In fact, I am nominally buried in the church-yard of St. Sibald in that town, nearly opposite Auerback's house. You have been in Leipzig?"

"Yes, principally, because I wished to visit the residence of so distinguished a professor. I found it otherwise rather dull."

The doctor bowed gravely in acknowledgement of the compliment, and replied:

"Sir, 't is not dull for a man like me, who has exhausted the whole range of the human intellect—who has run round the whole circle which a superior hand has traced about the mind, who has beaten himself against the iron bars of his cage, like an imprisoned eagle, till, as you see, he has worn off all his gay plumage; who, dissatisfied with the insufficiency of the human intelligence to administer to the craving of the human knowledge-thirst—"

"What an intolerable old proser!" thought Wolfgang to himself, at the same time making a gesture of respectful attention.

"Willing to dare all the powers of the universe to gratify this longing, willing at the same time to devote himself to perdition, if he may only clutch in one prodigious handful the concentrated essence of those wild and whirling, but sensual pleasures which have passed by him with his youth, during the period of his bondage to the demon of study, during the whole unhappy period that he was stealing apples, like an orchard-robbing school-boy, from the tree of knowledge, of which pursuit the melancholy result was immediate discovery and personal castigation. Young man! I see you are weary of this long sentence, so am I, but the fact is, the skein of my thoughts got entangled, I pulled and pulled a great while before I could find an end, and, as you see, I have been obliged to snap it at last. If you ever practice prose composition, by the way, let me advise you to avoid all climaxes formed by constantly stringing who, which, and other relative pronouns together, as in the sentence I have just been expectorating. You have no idea how easily you may get into a scrape by that most deceitful form of speech; you depart every instant a step farther from the proposition you start with, your antecedent finds itself gradually in an isolated and forlorn condition, on you go, stringing your pronouns like beads and dragging a lengthening chain as you go, till at last your sentence fairly gets the better of you, and carries you off, like a runaway colt with the bit between his teeth, till you forget where you are, whence you came, and what you are driving at. In short, sir, just as you ought to have climbed to the top of your climax, you forget every thing in one confused blur, you become confused and purple in the face, and are finally obliged to sneak down the ladder the best way you can, with the whole audience in a titter. I found this the case

when I was a professor, but time has fixed the discursive *habit* upon me. But I see I fatigue you. Nothing is concealed from me; I look directly into any man's mind with these spectacles, (an invention of my own, by the way,) and I have no wish to bore you. You ask me why I live in Leipzig—I will tell you. I am very fond of Leipzig larks, and you can get them nowhere in the world so fat nor so well cooked as in the hotel which I frequent. Disgusted with study, sick of ambition, worn out by dissipation, sated with love, I have taken refuge in eating, and find that man has still one source of happiness left. Eating is my world, and, of all eating in the world, I prefer Leipzig larks. I wonder, by the way, if there are any upon the table," added the doctor, putting on the spectacles which he had taken off for an instant to exhibit to Wolfgang, and looking inquiringly around the table; "for although I receive the ghosts of all the larks eaten at the Hotel de Russie, according to my contract with the great grandfather of the present proprietor, yet I never sup without them, if I can help it. Ah, there are some before Mr. Schlemihl, I see. Here, waiter, take away this drum strick, and take a clean plate round to Mr. Schlemihl. Mr. Schlemihl," continued he, elevating his voice, "let me trouble you for one of those larks, —the middle one of the row immediately before you will be the fattest, I think."

"Who would have thought of the learned, ambitious, passionate, dare-devil Doctor Faustus subsiding into such a good-natured, cosy, egotistical glutton?" thought Wolfgang to himself, and then concealing his feelings as he saw the spectacles lying upon the table, he again addressed the doctor.

"Who is that gentleman who has just been helping you?"

"That is the celebrated Peter Schlemihl."

"You do n't say so!"

"Fact—'pon honor. What a very capital lark! Why do n't you take one?"

"Thank you, I never eat."

"Oh, young men never do," said the doctor. "You are going through the same mill that I did—the same result will eventually follow. If I were you, I would skip over the intermediate space, and come right down to the eating period. Believe me, a man is never seriously and completely happy except when he is eating. But I see I weary you; do you want to know any of the other guests? if so, ask me. Long habit has enabled me to talk fluently with my mouth full."

"Who is that dandified young fellow seated next but one to Sataniski, upon the opposite side?"

"That is Tom Fortunatus, a young Englishman, who sold his soul for the wishing purse just after he was done up at a horse race. After he got it, he backed all the losing horses in England for ten years for the mere pleasure of paying his losses; the novelty of the sensation soon wore off, and he betted ten years upon the winners, and when there was no more pleasure left either in winning or losing, he hung himself in his own stable, and here he is."

"Who is the next gentleman—he that is rather short and pursy, with an apoplectic face?"

"That is the uncle of the dandy, sir, Felix Fortunatus, a London merchant and alderman; very singular to relate, he got possession of the purse, of course, by the same means, within twenty minutes after it had reverted to the grantor, (as we say in jurisprudence.) He was a merchant with very extended connections, and upon the verge of bankruptcy in a general panic. After getting the purse he liquidated all his debts, and when business recovered from its stagnancy, renewed his operations on a prodigiously extended scale. During the most active period of his mercantile life I have been assured that he has had acceptances falling due, every day for a month, each of them of larger amount than the national debt of England, and I need not inform you that he had no difficulty in meeting them. His financial abilities attracted the attention of the chancellor of the exchequer, and he requested his opinion with regard to a proposed plan for extinguishing the national debt. Sir Felix promised to pay the whole in a week, taking the bullion of the bank as his sole security, provided they would make him Archbishop of Canterbury. The cunning fellow thought to cheat the devil in this way. The offer was accepted, and Sir Felix actually sent a check for the amount to the chancellor. The affair got wind, however. His majesty, not of England, but of a much warmer country, heard of it, and just as Sir Felix was being consecrated, the chancellor happened to take the check out of his breeches pocket to see if it was all right, when, to his astonishment, he found nothing but a little scrap of burnt rag. You may imagine by whose potent agency this all happened, and how the affair resulted. Sir Felix, who had left his purse at home, (as the devil *would* have it,) was kicked out of church and drummed out of England, where he never afterward made his appearance. He spent the rest of his time upon the continent, and made it a point to ruin every eminent banker in Europe at écarté. At last, when he had demolished all but one, he met his match at the last. Finding it impossible to win a single game of him, although they played fifty every night together, he watched him at last very closely, and recognized the familiar and royal features of 'One we never mention him.' He knew his hour was come—went home and ate eight ortolans, with a direct view to an apoplexy; accordingly the next morning he was found dead in his bed. There are a great many of the family, but, I believe, these two are the only ones here to-night."

"Mr. Schlemihl! a glass of wine with you, if you please," cried Mr. Sataniski, from the top of the table, in a voice which silenced the conversation between Wolfgang and the doctor.

"With great pleasure, chevalier," answered Schlemihl, a slender, interesting-looking person, with a hectic flush upon his cheek and a singularly shy and reserved manner.

After pledging his host, Wolfgang observed him start back and glance hastily and confusedly behind him

"After all," said Faust, "'t is droll enough to see the shadow of a man without the shadow of a shadow."

"Why really, doctor," answered Wolfgang, "if it were not for the young fellow's confoundedly embarrassed and conscious manner, I should never notice the want of it."

"To be sure not," said Faust; "and if you did, nobody would care a fig about it. But really it is a droll commentary upon the human intellect, that a man may be eternally wretched for the want of so unsubstantial a thing as a shadow. He is a good fellow, however, is Peter, and a great traveler. You will find him very agreeable after the cloth is removed and they have done joking him about his shadow."

"You have other travelers here, I believe," said Wolfgang; "the wandering Jew, as I think, was invited to this party to-night."

"Yes, there he sits—the fellow there with the red whiskers and the Mackintosh cape. Yes—he is always upon the run—but he is a savage, unsociable sort of fellow, and no favorite with any body; I wonder at the chevalier's inviting him."

With this conversation between Faust and our hero, and amid much mirth and good fellowship among the other guests, the supper went on and off. The attendants then removed the cloth, (Dr. Faust giving the head devil a groschen to wrap up a couple of larks that were left, and slip them into his great coat pocket to eat upon his way home,) and placed a bottle of choice Rhenish to each plate. A vast bowl with the materials for punch was also placed before the chevalier.

"Sataniski makes devilish good punch," said Faust, with his mouth watering; "but I advise you not to drink it—'t is very headachy for one who is not used to it."

"I am used to every thing," answered Wolfgang.

"No matter, do n't drink it," repeated the doctor, very emphatically and in a tone which at least excited Wolfgang's suspicions; "but Sataniski is looking at me—mum 's the word."

After this, while the chevalier was brewing his punch in a knowing, but slightly pedantic fashion, the conversation became general. The wine passed about freely, and the company grew more lively every minute until Mr. de Sataniski, having finished the punch and sent a glass of it to each guest, got upon his legs and announced his intention of making a slight speech.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I shall not detain you long on this occasion, for two reasons, firstly, I have nothing in the world to say, and secondly, because, if I had ever so much, I see that you are all too agreeably occupied to listen to me for a moment. Having finished compounding the punch, I propose a toast to be drunk in it, which I am sure will please you all. I give you, gentlemen, the health of our new comrade, Mr. Wolfgang von Klotz, with all the honors."

"Mr. Wolfgang von Klotz. Hip, hip, hurrah, hurrah!" cried each guest, as he drained his bumper.

Luckily our hero was not obliged to drink this bumper to his own health, and while the table was in confusion, Dr. Faust seized the oportunity to tread upon his toes under the table, making him a sign to throw away his punch secretly, which our hero accordingly did with great adroitness. The moment that the cabalistic words, Wolfgang *von* Klotz, sounded in his ear, he had experienced an emotion of disgust rather than of gratification. He hesitated what to do or to say, for a moment, when he was recalled to the scene before him by the drawl of Tom Fortunatus, who had taken a chair near him, and now addressed him for the first time.

"I am devilish glad to see you here," said he; "I was glad to hear your name at last. The fact is—a—my dear fellow—I thought—a—when the chevalier introduced you, he called you—a—Mr. *Klotz*, and I was afraid that you might be—a—pardon me, my dear fellow—some low person. But as I now understand your name to be—a—Mr. *von* Klotz, why you see—a—'t is altogether another sort of thing, you know—ah!"

So saying, Tom Fortunatus, whose father was a tallow chandler, and who had consequently the greatest admiration for titles of nobility, even for foreign ones, shook our hero by the hand.

"Come, Hazzy!" cried the chevalier to Ahasuerus, the Jew, "let us have a song—I positively shall not let you off this time. You know what a shabby trick you played us last time. Come, I knock you down for the first song."

"Knock away," answered the grim individual thus familiarly addressed as Hazzy; "you 'll have to knock harder before you get a song out of me. Besides that, I 'm off. I never sing myself, and I hate singing—I do n't hesitate to say it, I despise singing, I abominate singing, and if you ever catch me singing, I 'll give you leave to cut my ears off."

Having said this in a very gruff voice and with a ferocity of manner entirely uncalled for, Ahasuerus got up, put on his broad-brimmed white hat and his Mackintosh, and stumped out of the room.

"I saw that was the only way to get rid of him," said the chevalier, turning to Peter Schlemihl. "I do n't see how I came to ask him, by the way. He is the most incorrigible sour krout I know. But come, let us be merry now. Fill up, fellows—and Peter, my pipkin, give us that pretty song you sang so well last Wednesday."

Mr. Schlemihl begged hard to be let off, but they all knew he sang delightfully and it would not do. So he took down a guitar from the wall and sang a pretty old ballad with a very sweet voice and in remarkably good taste. 'T was an air which Wolfgang's mother had often sung to him when he was a little child. Her sweet face and silvery voice again rose up in judgment against him, and as he was yielding to the influence of the spell, he suddenly observed something glistening upon his finger. It was the ring which the chevalier had exhibited to him the evening before. Yielding to his first passionate impulse, and obedient to the sacred influence of the music to which he was listening, he drew it

from his finger, threw it upon the ground, and crushed it with his heel.

"Lie there, serpent!" muttered he to himself. The chevalier luckily did not see this proceeding, but Dr. Faust did.

"Take my word for it," said the doctor, generalizing, for some mysterious impulse restrained him from particulars. "Take my word for it," said he, "there is no lesson that should be instilled more early into the mind than contentment with one's lot, for in that alone is comprised faith in the superior wisdom of the Creator; hope—that all will be equally blessed who have equally deserved—and charity to all men; for he who is contented with his own lot seeks rather to look downward to protect and relieve, than upward with envy and repining. Not to be personal, there is not a man here who need to have been if he had not yielded to this besetting sin of humanity—a sin which disguises itself in the garments of every passion, and which, stripped of its lendings, still resolves itself into this one. Young man, I say, be humble, be contented with your lot, and trust to the will of a Being infinitely wiser than yourself."

"What are you laying down there so dogmatically, old Fusty?" cried the chevalier to Faust.

"I was advising him never to wish for Johannisberger when he can get punch, particularly such punch as this, chevalier—'t is mixed to a nicety," answered Faust, winking slily at our hero.

"I believe you, old Fusty," said the chevalier; "fill up, boys, and Sir Felix, give us God Save the King."

By this time the company had become very merry. Sir Felix and his nephew sang "God Save the King," the chevalier followed with an air of his own composing, and Peter Schlemihl contributed much to the entertainment of the company by the lively recital of his various adventures. The uproar increased, the punch and Rhenish flew round like quicksilver, the noise was prodigious—every body talked, laughed, sang, yelled and drank.

"Take off the roof," said the chevalier to the head imp, who had been devouring the remnants of the supper, and who now stood picking his teeth with the fork of his tail and surveying the scene with evident satisfaction.

"Take off the roof," repeated the chevalier, "you lazy rascals."

All the waiters flew to obey the summons; the roof was removed, to air the room, and the sweet, quiet light of the stars shone serenely down upon the scene of frantic revelry.

Wolfgang was slightly astonished at this proceeding, but nobody else seemed to think any more of it than if the chevalier had ordered a window to be opened. The cool air of the night rushed refreshingly upon his heated forehead, and thoughts of something beyond this life came upon him, as he looked upward upon the placid stars. While he was lost in thought, somebody touched him upon the shoulder. It was the chevalier.

"Had we not better finish that little business at once?" said he; "I have had a blank deed filled up, nothing is wanting but the signature."

It was the chevalier's luck to try him every time at the wrong moment.

"No, sir, I tell you!" roared Wolfgang; "and what is more, I will tell the truth to these gentlemen. Whatever be my faults, I do hate a lie. Gentlemen," he continued, starting to his feet and looking proudly around the table, "My name is not Wolfgang von Klotz, my name is—" here the chevalier pulled him vigorously but ineffectually by the coat flaps to induce him to sit down. "My name is plain Wolfgang Klotz—there is no *von* to it—there never was one, and, what 's more," concluded he, shaking his fist at the chevalier, "there never will be one."

"Wolfgang Klotz!—ah, faugh!—insufferably low," cried the dandy Fortunatus.

"Hold your tongue, puppy!" cried Wolfgang fiercely.

Much to our hero's surprise, all the company began to testify their dissatisfaction. Sir Felix and his nephew cut him dead immediately; the gentle Peter Schlemihl edged his chair away from him, and—the kindest cut of all—even his ally Dr. Faust turned his back upon him, and was heard to mutter something about "low, illiterate fellow, that Klotz," to his next neighbor. This treatment enraged, but, at the same time, slightly staggered Wolfgang. We know that besetting sin, and we know that such slights and mortifications to a proud and sensitive spirit are the food it grows upon. At this moment the chevalier took out the miniature in the morocco case and handed it to him.

"There!" said he, "I am a good-natured fellow after all. I make you a present of it."

Wolfgang seized it eagerly and pressed the spring. It flew open and revealed to him, not the same miniature of Margaret, but a scene which filled him with astonishment. He saw, not a picture, but at a little distance from him and out of his reach, the form of Margaret herself. She seemed seated upon a throne, her lovely face was dressed in its most bewitching smile, her form seemed to have gained a thousand additional attractions, and she reached out her hand invitingly to him. He would have grasped it, but suddenly another form interposed. It was that of a youth, richly attired, who had just dismounted from a gallant horse, and who now pressed forward to intercept the smile and the caress intended for himself.

"Such favors are for no plebeian," said a familiar voice; "a prince alone deserves the love of the Lady Margaret," and with this the figure seated himself upon the throne beside the lady. The face of the stranger was now turned toward him, and Wolfgang recognized his own.

"Give me the pen," shouted he, closing the case which concealed the magical picture; "give me the pen, that I may sign your bond before I hesitate again."

"*A la bonne heure*," said the chevalier, "now you are coming to reason."

Saying this, he handed him a pen and placed the mortgage before him. Wolfgang seized the pen, but being slightly agitated, dropped it upon the ground

He stooped down instantly, and, groping about for it, his hand came in contact with a book. He took it up mechanically and showed it to the chevalier, who turned aside from it with a shiver. Surprised at this action, he looked around upon the company inquiringly. The faces of all seemed to wear a mysterious and warning expression. Faust, no longer turning his back upon him, looked at him earnestly and wistfully, and shook his head. Peter Schlemihl put his thumb upon his nose and played in the air with his fingers, as upon an aerial and invisible flute. All seemed troubled and anxious. The chevalier's face being still averted, Wolfgang looked at the book. What was his surprise to see in his hand the sacred volume long since presented to him by his mother, and by him given as a pledge of affection to his beloved Margaret. Opening the cover mechanically, his eyes rested upon a few words written upon the inside.

"Come, come, Mr. Klotz," cried the chevalier, "one thing at a time, if you please. Sign the paper, and then if you prefer reading to conversation there will be time enough."

Here the chevalier took a pinch of snuff and offered his box to Wolfgang, keeping his eye stealthily fixed upon the sacred volume, which he hoped to see fall upon the ground. Wolfgang was up to snuff, however, and, putting the tip of his fingers into the box, retained the volume firmly in his right hand. The chevalier, foiled in his attack, again averted his head to conceal an awful grimace of pain and disappointed spite.

Wolfgang now read these words, traced by a hand dearer to him than life. "Forget, renounce all—look upward—pray—save thy soul."

Thrice had Wolfgang already striven to pray, and thrice had the pious words been frozen upon his lips by the sneer of his insidious foe. Mechanically he now elevated his eyes in obedience to the mandate he had just read, and lo, upon the wall he saw the very picture which hung in the little church at Bergenheim. There the sweet face of the madonna, wearing the same mysterious semblance to his mother, looked down benignantly, yet imploringly, upon him, there the cherub face of the boy-angel in the foreground seemed to lay his finger upon his lips with angelic warning, while the infant majesty of the holy babe in the centre of the picture seemed to radiate upon all around a flood of light and hope and joy. The same old feelings which had once before rescued him from his evil spirit, again hovered around him. His thoughts flew up to heaven, and he felt, while his eyes were still elevated upon the mystic symbol before him and while his fingers and lips still pressed the sacred talisman in his hand, as if the wings of seraphim were woven upon his shoulders, as if he were already floating far above this world of petty joys, and sorrows, and agonizing temptations. The fountains of his tears were unsealed; he wept and prayed like a child, hoping every thing, believing every thing—and lo, as he prayed, the scene around him changed, the wild forms and faces with whom he had been communing faded like the empty shades of a phantasmagoria, although while his eyes were steadily fixed upon the old familiar picture, he heeded not the change.

"I renounce all, I bury here my ambition in the grave of my love, I forsake every thing. Give me back myself. Let me be a child again, let me sit again upon my mother's lap, full of happiness and peace, like thee, thou blessed, eternal symbol of purity and hope! Give me back the innocence of my childhood; take me to thy arms, my mother, thou mother of him who died to save."

He was awakened from his trance by the voice of the chevalier.

"You have dropped the picture," said he. "Here it is—it is yours, you know."

"I renounce it," cried Wolfgang, impetuously.

"Ah! but not the original?" replied the chevalier, tauntingly.

"I do renounce all and every thing. No longer will I struggle with the will of an all-wise Creator. Into his hands I resign myself for good or for evil. I renounce all—give me back but my old, childish *trust in God!*"

"You have conquered," said the chevalier, in a hoarse and altered voice; "look around you."

Wolfgang did so, and, to his surprise, found himself standing in the centre of the great hall in the modern mansion of the Goblinheims. It was dimly lighted by a few candles burning in the great chandelier. The Count of Goblinheim, pale and haggard, was pacing the apartment with rapid strides, Madame de Blenheim sat cowering by the fire-side, and Margaret, her face radiant with joy, watched him from a recess of a window, while the harmless old countess sat beside her perfectly bewildered. Upon the side of the room next to the ruins, and which was built, as we have said, upon the site of the ancient hall, and in part upon the same foundations, Wolfgang observed a small marble monument, like those common in old churches, with the figure of a cross-legged knight lying upon it. Engraved upon the sarcophagus was an inscription apparently in rhyme.

"Read the lines," said the chevalier to Wolfgang, "they are addressed to yourself."

Wolfgang accordingly read the lines, which we have already seen:

> Thrice exalted shall we be,
> Once in Ulric, twice in me;
> Twice in me and thrice in thee,
> For two are one and one is three.

"Count!" said the chevalier, "the young man has conquered. The arts of hell are powerless against him who, when he is tempted, clings to the cross. 'T is needless for me now to enlarge upon the tale which is known to all but him whom it most deeply interests.

"Prince Wolfgang Ulric," continued he, turning to our hero, who stood pale and astonished, "Prince Ulric—for your house has been advanced by the emperor this very night to that dignity, as you will find by to-morrow's dawn—Prince Ulric, I leave the wonderful story of your birth and fortunes to be told by the lips which are dearest to you. The Lady

Margaret knows it all. That you have been enabled to go through the fiery ordeal to which you have been subjected, you have to thank the counsels and the principles of virtue early instilled into your heart by her who has been more than a mother to you in fact, though, not as you have long supposed, your real parent. But I leave the tale to be told by the lady at her leisure. I have but a few short moments left," he added, while a death-like shiver convulsed his frame. "It remains for me only to interpret more faithfully, although less to your satisfaction, count," said he, turning to the old gentleman who stood starlng at him as if spell-bound, "the inscription which you have yourself read and interpreted once before, and which you now behold engraven upon the long hidden grave of Ulric the Crusader. Your interpretation of the first three mystic lines is right, but you erred in deeming them addressed to yourself. Read them as if addressed by the Crusading Ulric to the young prince," continued he, pointing to Wolfgang, "and the doom is already accomplished."

"But the last line, chevalier," demanded the count, trembling.

"Shall be soon interpreted," was the reply. "But 't is time for me first to express in a few words who I am, what my mission is, and then behold my grave is opened to me, which I enter more gladly than ever weary traveler sought his couch. My penance is passed, my doom accomplished, my forgiveness attained. In me, behold the evil spirit, the demon half of the first Ulrichius, the founder of this ancient house, who devoted himself to the foul fiend for the accursed gift of power and wealth. My doom at death was to walk the world at certain mystic periods, haunting the scene of my former glory and guilt, instilling myself into the very being of certain of my descendants, and tempting them to the same insané sacrifice, until the virtue of one of them should atone for my sin and open my grave. In me, then, behold furthermore the spirit, the demon self of the ambitious baron who fought in the Holy Land, not for the holy sepulchre, but to feed his pride and advance his fortunes, and whose soul yielded to my arts and became united with my own—aye, count, and thy own demon self, thine own words canst thou not unsay, nor annihilate thine own thoughts. Embrace, add self to self!" he cried in a wild voice and opening his arms. "Wolfgang is thrice honored, I have been thrice doomed, and thou and I are one:

"'And two are one and one is three!'"

With this the chevalier spread wide his arms, and the count, yielding like a fascinated bird, fell into his embrace and vanished. The bystanders saw only the chevalier standing in the same place, but wearing upon his countenance an indefinable mixture of his own and the count's features blended as it were into one.

"But one more task is left to me," said the chevalier resuming his old ironical manner, "task did I say? Rather let me call it a pleasure," and with this he advanced, with his elbow gallantly bent toward what seemed a bundle of old rags in the chimney corner.

"Madame de Blenheim, will you do me the honor? I assure you, we have been long expected," said he in his blandest tones.

The bundle began to move, and, elevating itself slowly, assumed a faint resemblance to a living woman, whose features were hideously like those of Madame de Blenheim.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," said the chevalier, tucking her arm under his and advancing toward the monument; "I wish you all a very good night." With this, he strode toward the monument, the gate of the tomb opened wide to receive them, and in an instant they were swallowed up forever.

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Shall I pursue the story? No, 't is finished. Ah, ah, let me linger one moment to describe to you the wedding dresses of Prince Wolfgang Ulric von Goblinheim and Miss Margaret Klotz, (no longer a Lady Margaret.) The bridal party is all assembled, the village is alive with the peasants in their Sunday clothes, singing songs and scattering flowers. Now rattle the carriages and four, ding-dong go the church bells, huzza! huzza! shout the villagers. Huzza! Huzza! Ding-dong!—ding-dong! Fire! fire! fire! "Hallo! what is all this?" cried I, awaking from a deep sleep and finding myself seated at half past six in the morning by an expiring lamp and a deceased fire, in that deceitful arm-chair.

If it had not been for those confounded engines clattering on the pavement I might have been dancing with the bride at this moment. Well, good-night, gentle reader, and, before I go, let me offer you this moral which I extract from my dream.

Be satisfied with your lot in life, be it high or humble.

STANZAS SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT.

BY GEORGE HILL.

Gone! but by love, as imaged here,
Still seen, a never-setting star
In skies that else were lone and dark,
A sleepless watcher, bright though far.
No fears disturb, no sorrow dims
Thy spirit's pure and tranquil eye;
Thy sun the light of God's own face,
Thy life one blest eternity.

And as of orbs that shining note
The needle's course, it heeds but one,
So turn, from eyes that fondest smile,
Our steadfast thoughts to thee alone.
'T was meet that thou shouldst early die;
E'en *here* too pure to be forgiven,
A guest not exile from on high
And, next the angels, nearest Heaven.

COUSIN MEHITABEL.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

No portion of my happy childhood is imprinted more fondly on my memory than the time I was allowed to spend with a distant and aged relative of my mother, in her secluded country home—a spot dear to me from its own inherent beauty and the recollection of the affection I ever received from its singular but kind-hearted owner. Dear old Braceland! I can see you now, with the noble trees shading your long low portico, where I have sat so many a fair summer morning, looking out upon the spacious lawn, with the river rushing beyond it, while the air was filled with the perfume of Cousin Mehitabel's well-tended flowers, the music of the songs of her Canaries, and the hum of a housand insects rejoicing in the sunshine. Both the house and its proprietor were genuine relics of the olden time—no article of furniture could boast a later date than half a century, and much was of a far older fashion; while the stately and imposing figure of my cousin, in her usual costume, was in perfect keeping with the whole. From the portico I have mentioned, you entered a large hall, wainscotted with oak, an ample chimney on one side, and doors around leading to the different apartments. That on the left opened into a spacious drawing-room, which, together with its furniture, was ever my special admiration. The carved high-backed chairs and huge sofa, covered with spotless dimity in summer, and a bright India chintz in winter, the japanned cabinet in which my cousin kept her curiosities, the pier-glass, once of an extra size, but now, contrasted with modern mirrors, wondrous small, its curiously carved walnut frame, the marble slab beneath it, the Turkey carpet, the beautiful little tea-table, the old harpsicord and the family pictures, made this room replete to me with beauty and enjoyment. I cannot linger to describe the rest of the establishment, but I must tell of the beaufet in the dinning room, (which opened the other side of the hall,) filled with old plate, all boasting of the Bracy crest—salvers, tankards, baskets, castors, cans in glorious profusion. The tea-plate, too, covered with rich chasing, but most of the articles of a size so small that I have often looked incredulously at my cousin when she has told me of the goodly companies that, in the early days of the Revolution, sipped the forbidden beverage poured from them into the little tea-cups of transparent china, with which her table was still furnished.

Cousin Mehitabel's father had been a tory, high in favor with the colonial government, and both from principle and interest opposed to our Revolution, a bias retained by his daughter, who, in her narratives of those troublous times, would constantly speak of *us*, the British, while the Americans were with her the rebel forces. Her father's house had been the resort of the best society in the colony, and many English officers of rank had been the familiar associates of her youthful days. How often have I listened with breathless interest to her account of the accomplished André, whose memory she cherished, and whose untimely fate she still deplored. She had borne a prominent part in the pageant of the Mesehianza, (which owed much of its success to André's inventive genius,) and her glowing picture of its delights never failed to gratify the excited imagination of her sole youthful auditor. But I must describe my cousin. She was a tall and straight old lady, with a face in which lingered the remains of no small share of beauty; a bright and piercing dark eye, a well-formed nose, and a mouth that might once have been the abode of the loves and graces, though now, alas! sunken, wrinkled, and toothless. Her hands and feet still bore the impress of her aristocratic lineage in their delicate proportions, while her whole bearing marked the perfect lady of the old school. During the fifteen years that I remember her, the style of her dress never varied, though its materials were changed with the requisitions of the season and the taste of the wearer. In winter, a rich poplin, satin, or some other heavy silk, whose very name has vanished from the jargon of "la mode," made in a fashion of some forty or fifty years since, a kerchief of clear muslin, or lace, over her shoulders, a watch and equipage depending from her waist, and a cap of a style peculiarly her own, (for I have never seen its fellow either painted or described,) formed her usual in-door costume. When she went abroad, a mysterious looking bonnet, a mantle, with a hood in winter and a lace shade in summer, was added to the rest, and it must be granted her outward guise was grotesque enough, and afforded some excuse for the scarcely suppressed mirth with which strangers would sometimes view her on their first visit to the country church, at which she was a constant attendant—its threshold being the only one, save her own, she ever crossed. From what I have said it may readily be inferred that Cousin Mehitabel was "a character"—one who carried out her own ideas, without the slightest reference to the opinions and fashions of a world she had long renounced and forsaken. What had induced the strange and hermit-like seclusion to which she devoted herself, was a mystery to all her cotemporaries, who could only tell that, immediately upon her father's death, after a

brilliant career of fashion, during which she had refused many offers of marriage, she had retired to this country seat, about twenty miles distant from the city of her birth, to which she never again returned. At first some of her friends and those of her family made various ineffectual efforts to renew their intercourse with her, and induce her to return among them, but they were all in vain and of course were soon abandoned. Her father had bequeathed her an ample provision, for she was his only child; but a great portion of his property had passed to his nephew, in England, who was to perpetuate the Bracy name, and some thought that a disappointment in her rich inheritance might have been one cause of her retirement from a circle in which she could no longer maintain the style of living to which she had been accustomed. But it was well known that she had partaken strongly of her father's English notions as to the propriety of enriching the heir male at the expense of daughters who might bestow their wealth on scions of another stock, and the light value she had set on such advantages forbade the suspicion to those who knew her well. That she was crossed in love they could not think, for few had equaled her in attraction, either of person, mind, or fortune, and her alliance had been much courted. It was therefore settled that, as her eye had always a kind of unearthly brightness, she might possibly be a little insane, was certainly very odd, and had better be let alone. Whatever the motive that had led her thus to isolate herself in the beautiful seclusion in which she dwelt, it was one that continued operative long after all surmises as to its nature had been merged in the more immediate interests of her former friends, by whom she was gradually forgotten. The first token she gave of her recollection of any of them or their descendants, was by bestowing on my mother (whom she had never seen,) a handsome diamond ring soon after her marriage. It was accompanied by a line stating it to be a tribute to her affectionate remembrance of my grandmother, her cousin, and a companion of her youth. In her note of thanks for the unlooked-for gift, my mother ventured to propose a visit if such was agreeable to Miss Bracy, and to her astonishment the offer was accepted, with a prohibition, however, of my father's accompanying her. "She would," she said, "send her own carriage and her own servant on a certain day, and with him no other escort was necessary." My mother has often described to me the fear and trembling with which she set out on this solitary expedition, her dread of encountering her singular relative, and her surprise at finding her a refined, cheerful and companionable old lady, instead of the gloomy misanthrope she had expected.

"Call me cousin, my dear," she said; "remember I am your Cousin Mehitabel, though I dare say you hardly knew there was such a person until I reminded you of it. You are like your mother, and I used once to love her. I hardly knew why it was, but when I heard of your marriage there came such a gush of long buried feeling upon my heart, that I seemed carried back to the time when I stood a bridemaid at your mother's side, and I felt a yearning to behold her daughter to see if she was like her. I struggled against the fancy, but it would return to me, and at last I thought it must be a sign that some one could yet love me upon earth. Those sweet, spiritual eyes tell me it is so, and that it was right to listen to the voice within."

My mother was much overcome by this tender reception, and, after a visit of some days, left her newfound relative with regret, and a promise to repeat as often as she could. But the duties incumbent upon a wife and mother opposed a barrier to her complying with the wishes of Miss Bracy in coming to us without either husband or children as her companion, and it was not until I was about five years old that being pleased with my mother's partial description of me, she consented to receive me with her. I was a quiet, demure little girl, just at an age most attractive to those at all interested in mental development, and Miss Bracy and her maid (as old fashioned as her mistress, but something younger,) both thought me a prodigy of sense, and insisted that my mother should spare me to them as often as she could. I soon got used to her peculiarities, which, young as I was, awed me a little at first, and quickly returned their kindness with a warmth of affection second only to that I bore my parents. From this time I was in the habit of spending a fortnight at Bracey every Christmas, and two months at midsummer until my school education was completed, at which my visits were longer and more frequent. To my intercourse with this dear old lady, and the influence she threw around me, I owe much that is valuable in my spiritual and intellectual culture.

Cousin Mehitabel was a great reader—her library was rich in old English editions of the works of divines, poets, philosophers, and historians, with a few romances of the older schools. Her whole mind was embued with the spirit of a literature that is fast passing from among us; not outwardly, indeed, for the volumes still adorn our shelves, but from its influence on our minds and characters. New books, new views, new fashions, both for the outward and inward man, absorb our time and thoughts, while the "good old paths" are either deserted, or we must be led back to them by some genius of true insight, who wisely decks their borders with plants of new growth, and thus allures us to their sacred shade. Into these, by my sagacious monitress, I was early introduced—and in our wanderings there together I have culled many a garland which will, I trust, not only blossom here, but bloom anew when all our journeyings have ended. There is something, too, in being shut out for a season from the region of commonplace, with one whose mind has been cast both by nature and circumstances into a peculiar mould, that is particularly attractive to a young inquirer into the secrets of its workings. This fascination I always felt while with my cousin. How came it that one so highly endowed, with such perceptions, such a loving, reverential spirit, should have wasted all the treasures of her warm affections upon birds and plants, and trees and streams!

dared not breathe the question, even during the later and more precious period of our intercourse; for, though open and communicative on all other subjects, she never in the most unguarded moment approached that of her own peculiarities, so that I often doubted whether she was herself aware of them.

The strongest of these was her mistrust of the other sex. There was but one whom she appeared to tolerate, and that was her own man-servant, a tried and faithful negro, who, while yet a youth, accompanied her into seclusion, and there served her with the respect and deference due to a superior being. Through him she held communication with the rest of the world—he was her almoner, for few that were poor or sick about her failed to experience her munificence, and through him her offerings were sent to her pastor, who, knowing her foible, seldom acknowledged her acquaintance but by a distant bow. But poor Pompey's talents failed him as factotum in the management of her worldly affairs. He felt that he and his mistress were both imposed on by those who were wiser than themselves, and one day he took the bold resolution of coming to my father and begging him to stand between his mistress and ruin, for her estate was actually melting away he knew not how. On looking into her affairs, my father found it was even as the faithful creature had said, and that what remained would be totally inadequate to Miss Bracy's support, unless converted into an annuity, a step he urged most strongly through my mother. At last the old lady was induced to consent, and much comfort and tranquillity accrued to her from this arrangement, which so far raised my father in her estimation that she more than once inquired after him, and said he was a kind and good man—one of the few living of the sex on whom she ever bestowed an encomium. Her friends among them were those who existed in the pages of history, poetry or fiction, or who spoke to her from the records they had left of their genius in their works.

I never saw a more beautiful specimen of what has been called the "ever-green of feeling" than was exhibited by my cousin. Although the snows of fourscore winters were sprinkled on her head, and her outward form was deeply impressed with the signet of time, her feelings on many subjects were fresh and vivid as in youth. Her Canaries and other feathered playthings were loved with all the devotion of a child, and the imprisoned noble never hung more tenderly enamored over his beloved "Picciola" than I have seen Cousin Mehitabel over some favorite flower that was just unfolding its beauties to the sun. When we wandered through the woods that skirted the lawn, or I would drive her gentle Dobin in the old chair, that so nicely held us both, to a favorite prospect not far distant, she would almost weep while expatiating on its varied charms. Deep, serious, though unspeakably lovely, were the ministerings of nature to her soul, and dearly did she prize their worth. After her eyes failed and I would read to her, as she sat knitting warm stockings for the poor, I have been amazed at the keen perception she exhibited of those minor beauties of thought and expression that a less intelligent and less careful reader would have been apt to overlook; while her ready sympathy with all that is really great in the literature of our language (for she kew no other,) showed an appreciative faculty of no common order. But these rare endowments at last suddenly forsook her, an apparently slight illness depriving her at once of all the powers of her mind. After lingering a few weeks a melancholy picture of mental imbecility she expired, and her loved home, where she had spent more than fifty years in almost total seclusion, passed into other hands. Among her papers after her death was found a package addressed to me, containing, among other enclosures, a letter which, as it discloses her reasons for adopting the mode of life she so long pursued, I present to all who may feel an interest in her. It was dated about two years previous to her death, when she had attained her eighty-first year.

"*My beloved child*—I cannot but admire the delicacy which has deterred you from ever alluding to the wish, which from my knowledge of your character I know exists, to learn the causes of my thus withdrawing myself from the society of my fellow mortals and secluding myself with God and his works in this much loved home. I do not recommend my example to others, though after fifty years' experience I think my present life the only one for me—for, oh! my child, I have tried the world and proved the emptiness of its paltry joys, and to a bitter experience of their deceitfulness I owe all the wisdom I have ever attained. You know the circumstances of my outward life, and that all around me from earliest childhood ministered to my enjoyment. The secrets of my inner being I will now unfold to you, that you may profit by my errors, and be warned through me not to 'trust the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.' The miniature you find enclosed with this will show you what I once was—though, as I glance from it to the shriveled features my mirror now reflects, I feel you will find it hard to believe that it was once thought an excellent likeness, and as a work of art is still of value. Being an only child, my father, who was proud of my talents, bestowed on me an education superior to that of most females of the day. His interest in my studies stimulated my efforts, and induced a devotion to intellectual pursuits in which few of my young companions could sympathize. This led me to a higher appreciation of my own attainments than was either just or proper, and a proportional indifference to the claims of those to whom I felt myself superior. My mother died when I was very young, and her place was most inadequately supplied by a nurse who had been her attendant from childhood. Though faithful and kind, this woman indulged all my wayward fancies, and by her flatteries encouraged that pride of character which a more judicious training would probably have subdued. I early mingled in society, for my father's house was the centre of the best in the province, and I was unrestrained as to the degree in which I should partake of all the gayety surrounding me. As is natural to the young and ardent, I thoughtlessly pursued the flowery path of pleasure, intoxicated with

adulation, and for awhile believing myself happy. I dressed, danced, and flirted, with as much good will as the most frivolous of my companions, and it was not until wearied with the repetition of pleasures that knew but little variety (for the circle in which I moved was comparatively small,) that I began to awake from the delusive dream, and to experience the inadequacy of such pursuits to satisfy a mind that has had some foretaste of higher enjoyments. I was about eighteen when the war of Independence was declared, and in consequence of my father adopting the tory side in politics, yet not wishing to take an active part in the struggle, he purchased this place, to which we then occasionally retired. Here some of the happiest hours of my youth were spent. With my beloved parent for my companion, I here imbibed that taste for simple pleasures which, though for awhile obscured, has never since deserted me. When we returned to our residence in town, I, of course, resumed my former life, though without the ardor I at first devoted to it, and I must shock your patriotism by acknowledging that the period of my highest social enjoyment was during the occupation of our city by the British troops, when the attention bestowed on me by many of their gallant and accomplished officers not only gratified my vanity, but matured my taste and strengthened the attachment I had always felt for the land of my ancestors. But it was the history of my heart that I intended to write for you, and, though I know it will have ceased to beat before these pages will meet your eye, I still shrink from the recital and blush to tell you of the confidence I once reposed in human feeling, which was so cruelly destroyed.

"I believe that it is a common weakness in our sex, and confess that it was mine, to feel a strong desire both to excite and to bestow affection. On looking within I felt that dearly as I loved my father, and fondly as I was beloved in return, there was still a depth of feeling of which I myself hardly knew the strength, but which, if once poured forth, must form the happiness or misery of my existence. I have said my vanity was flattered by the adulation I received—but my heart was still untouched. Many had professed themselves the slaves of my charms, but it was not *slaves* that I desired. I felt that my beauty, my fortune, my position, had much to do with the conquests I had made, and I cared not for an homage in which the higher attributes of my nature had no portion. I looked around at many an idol of the senses, now objects of indifference to their wedded lords, while the blanched cheek, the dimmed eye, and the faded form showed plainly where their former strength had lain, and I inwardly vowed that *my* empire should be founded on what was beyond the influence of time to wither, or the caprice of fortune to destroy.

"At length there appeared among us a young gentleman whose accomplishments, both of mind and person, were such as to distinguish him above many who still had strong claims upon my regard. Horace Temple was extremely handsome, and had just returned from England, whither he had been sent to obtain both his collegiate and professional education. A graduate of Oxford, his mind was rich with classic lore, and, at the same time, well stored with the elegant literature of his own and other modern languages. At first he seemed rather to shun than seek my society, and piqued my vanity by his neglect. This, of course, made his good will of consequence to me, and I exerted myself to the utmost to excite the admiration he seemed so unwilling to bestow. At length he was drawn to my side, and gradually losing his indifference as he listened to my conversation, he exhibited a lively interest in all I uttered, and from that moment devoted himself to me. To a character like my own, there was an indefinable charm in the intellectual pre-eminence he was at once willing to accord to me, and I soon found that a stronger sympathy of thought and feeling existed between us than I had ever felt toward any other. It is needless to detail the progress of our passion—it is enough to say that at length I was satisfied that I was loved as I desired to be, by one to whom I felt I could yield the mingled love and reverence of my whole being. While Horace acknowledged the influence of my personal attractions, he was proud to say it was second to that of my mind and character, and in him I found realized all my early dreams of beauty, wisdom, purity, and truth. Even now, as memory dwells upon that happy time, I can still recall the golden hue with which the sun within irradiated every object about me. Life seemed suddenly beautified; my affections were expanded, and rested upon father, friends, and country, with a fullness of enjoyment that had never before been mine. Still, I could not bear that any 'stranger should intermeddle with this joy,' and knowing that my father could not but approve my choice, I wished that our mutual attachment might be for a time sacred even to him. This was not difficult, for he was deeply engaged in his professional pursuits, and my liberty of action was complete.

"We had not long been secretly affianced when a distant relative of my mother from one of the southern provinces came on business to our city, bringing with him a daughter rather younger than myself, and established himself at our house. Mira was a girl of uncommon beauty. Her complexion was like Parian marble in its texture; her flaxen hair fell in luxuriant ringlets round her polished brow, beneath which gleamed a soft and sleepy eye of blue. In short, the contour of her face and form was one which Lely would have loved to paint, Grammont to describe, and the second Charles to have elected queen of his court of beauty and of love. They wrong our sex who say we are all slow to acknowledge and to feel each other's charms. I gloried in those of the sweet creature I have described, and felt a keener pleasure in the admiration she excited than she appeared to experience herself, for her manner was exquisitely soft and gentle, and seldom betrayed any of the usual excitement of vanity.

"In the intimate association into which we were thrown, it was, of course, impossible that I could prevent the discovery of my attachment, and, on her

first alluding to the subject, I confessed the whole to her, and at the same time my wish that it should be, for the present, concealed. The interest she expressed in my happiness, her admiration of my lover, and her caressing manner toward myself, attached me strongly to her, and her devotion to me during a slight illness that confined me some time to my chamber, completed her influence over my affections. There was but one drawback to the pleasure I felt in having her with me; that was her utter ignorance on every subject most important to woman. Her education had not only been deplorably neglected, but her physical powers were actually impaired by her indolent and artificial mode of life. The handsome negress, who had accompanied her as her personal attendant, was to her instead of hands and feet, and she used to look with astonishment a little bordering on contempt upon my household thrift and domestic activity. But, in one so beautiful, her very ignorance and helplessness had a charm, and I reconciled myself to our want of intellectual sympathy, by dwelling upon the purity of her heart and the warmth of her feelings toward those she really loved.

"On his first introuction to her, Mr. Temple was greatly struck by Mira's beauty, and expressed to me his admiration of it, in which I joined with great sincerity; but, until the illness I have alluded to, the attention he bestowed upon her was nothing more than what was due to my relative and friend. While I was confined to my chamber, for my indisposition was a tedious one, Mira received his daily visits and was the bearer of many tender messages between us. No shadow of mistrust rested upon my mind; for she would often seem averse to leave me when he came, and when she again returned would complain of her long detention, and say he wearied her to death by forcing her to repeat all that I said, with questions how I looked, and what prospect there was of my speedy recovery. Most joyful to me was the moment of our re-union; he too was rapturous in his delight; yet why it was I know not—for his words and looks were even more tender than before—but when we parted, after a long and confidential conversation, I felt a weight upon my breast for which I could in no way account. In vain I endeavored to drive it from me, and I laid my head upon the table before me and wept in very bitterness of heart. In this attitude Mira found me, and winding her fair arms about me she gently chided me for my tears, and, while kissing them from my cheek, playfully threatened to punish Horace by keeping him from my presence until my health was more completely restored. I answered what I really thought—that my joy in seeing him had been too much for my still delicate nerves, and with this conviction chased the cloud from my spirit. For some weeks all went on as usual. Horace visited me constantly, and Mira was seldom present at our interviews, which were always happy ones, at least to me, and I was about announcing our engagement to my immediate family when I made the discovery that altered my whole destiny.

"My father was in the habit of driving out in the afternoon, and always wished us to accompany him, as it was my habit to do; but Mira frequently excused herself, as the motion of a carriage was not agreeable to her. One day we were all engaged to visit a friend a few miles from town, when Mira urged a bad headache as a reason for not joining the party, consisting of both our parents and myself. We had not driven far into the country before we found the roads were in such a state as rendered it impossible we could plough through them with a single pair of horses, and we were, very reluctantly, obliged to return. Judge of my astonishment when, on the very outskirts of the city, I saw Mira, whom I had left sick in bed, arm in arm with Horace Temple, who was looking upon her as if entranced, and each so completely absorbed in the other that they regarded not the passing carriage. Had the fabled basilisk met my glance I could not have been more confounded—a bolt of ice seemed to enter my heart and congeal my very life-blood. My companions, being engaged in conversation, had not noticed my agitation or its cause, and I reached my chamber without having betrayed it. I dare not, even now, dwell upon the agony of that hour—still a latent hope remained that Mira might be able to give some explanation of what appeared to me so strange, and I awaited her return with fearful anxiety. The winter evening had closed in when she entered my apartment with an expression of surprise at our early return; she added that after I had left her she felt so solitary that, finding her headache better, she had visited a neighbor, and thus spent the afternoon. The light of the fire fell full upon her face—I could discern no trace of confusion as she uttered the vile falsehood, and I at once felt myself the victim of base deceit and treachery. How I found strength to answer her I know not, but I *did* answer calmly, and begged her to be my representative at the tea-table, as I was indisposed and wished to be alone. Whether she felt herself to be discovered, or whatever else might be the cause, she did not again intrude upon my solitude, and I was left alone with darkness and the night, to struggle like a shipwrecked mariner amid the billows of despair. My God! thou only knowest the depths of anguish to which this betrayed and broken heart then sunk—yet I thought not of thee in those hours of desolation, save as an avenger who had torn from me, in one dread grasp, the happiness of life. I believe it was nothing but the necessity there was for action that saved my brain from madness on that fearful night. But the pride of my character though crushed was not extinguished, and before the light of morning had dawned upon my misery I had determined on the course I would pursue.

"There are some minds that despair makes powerless, to others it gives unwonted strength. Mine was of the latter class, and I felt that I could rely upon it firmly in the thorny path before me. Obliterating as far as I was able all traces of suffering from my features, I joined the family as usual, received Mira's inquiries as to my health with courtesy, and then nerved myself for the trying in-

terview with my faithless lover. My toilette was performed with unwonted care, and, though my cheek was pale, it was with a bright eye, a calm voice, and a resolved soul that I descended to receive him. He met me with his usual affectionate greeting, and, though a little awed by my stateliness of manner, began immediately to converse on some indifferent topic. I soon interrupted him by saying that I wished our present interview to be a short and decisive one. That I knew his feelings toward me were not what they once had been—that mine also had undergone a total change, and that it was for the happiness of both that our engagement should be at an end. At first he looked at me with astonishment, and then made a faint attempt to renew his faithless protestations; but falsehood was written on his brow, and I would not suffer him to proceed. My decision was, I said, unalterable, and I hoped he knew me too well to believe me actuated by mere caprice. I added, too, that he must, for both our sakes, let silence cover the past, and meet me hereafter but as a common acquaintance. I then rose, and, bidding him farewell, left him to his own thoughts; for I felt I could no longer preserve the calmness necessary to my dignity, and rushed to my own room to give vent to the feelings I had so powerfully restrained.

"By one of those providences which we call accident, Mira's father had, on the preceding evening, received letters requiring his immediate return home, and I was thus spared a much longer association with one who had so basely betrayed my confidence. She appeared, during the few days she remained with me, entirely engrossed in making purchases of finery. It was only the night before we parted forever that I found opportunity to tell her that I had released Mr. Temple from his engagement, when I saw by her looks that she was well acquainted with all that had passed. I afterward learned from one who knew her well, that she had from early girlhood been an adept in intrigue and falsehood; and that her apparent indifference to admiration was a veil assumed to disguise an all-engrossing vanity, which could bear no rival near the throne. Horace Temple soon followed her to the south, and after a few months I heard of their marriage. He also remained there and rose to eminence in his profession. By those who were aware of our intimacy, it was supposed I had refused his addresses, and that in despair he had left our city, and had subsequently become attached to Mira—an impression I made no effort to contradict.

"Thus deceived in friendship and in love, behold me at three-and-twenty already aged in experience. The glow of youth had faded—all its trust, its hopes, its dreams of happiness had perished in a moment. With blighted affections, and a heart dead to human interests, I was henceforth to walk my darkened way—seeming all that I once had been, and hating the deception I felt bound to practice. Burying my cruel disappointment in the inmost recesses of my soul, I acted out the sickening farce, dressing my face with smiles, and my thoughts with words of kindness, while the torpor of indifference paralyzed every sense by which joy was wont to enter. It is over, I would think—peace, rest, and happiness are forever gone—earthly faith and earthly trust are phantoms, and I cannot yet grasp at what is heavenly. Oh for freedom from this painted semblance of goodness that mocks me on every side, and yet forces me to yield it outward homage. But my affection for my father was still one green spot in the arid desert of my heart, and to that I clung trustfully, though all other joy was gone. For his sake, as well as for that of my own pride, I had assumed the guise of outward happiness, and he believed me as happy as I seemed. It is true, he often wondered at my obstinate preference, as he called it, of a single life, and told me that my age would be sad and cheerless unless I was linked to earth by its tenderest ties. But I as often diverted his mind from dwelling on the subject, and he still hoped I would find an object calculated to call forth my affections. He lived little more than five years after Mira's visit, and his death severed the last tie that bound me to my species.

"When I revived from the first stunning shock of my bereavement, and recalled the happy hours I had spent at this place with him who was now no more, I fixed upon it as my home, and determined that, save my faithful attendants, the works of God should be my only companions. Here I felt I could cherish my sorrow for the dead, here forget the treachery of the living, and here, while seeking after truth, one, unchanging and divine, be released from bowing to the glittering idols that usurp her place. You know how faithfully I have kept my vow. But you can never know, until you have suffered as I did, the unspeakable blessings that were here bestowed upon me. Instead of the false flatteries of deceitful man, I heard the voice of God in the rushing stream; felt his presence in the solitary woods; viewed his goodness in the animal and vegetable world, and in the rich banquet he prepares for all things living, thus filling them with joy and gladness. My early love of poetry now returned with freshness to my soul, and in its vivid pictures I found the expression of my newly revived feelings. Above all, I here found the harmony that subsists between the teachings of God's word and of his works. In the sacred page, all Nature is commanded to declare His wonderful attributes; and in the mysteries that enshroud even the world of sense, I feel shadowed forth those deeper mysteries in spiritual things, which demand our reverence and increase our love, while they rebuke the efforts of our finite minds to fathom their mighty depths. But I am giving you in a few lines the silent teachings of years of my solitary life, for slow though constant was my progress from the darkness of worldly sorrows to the light of Christian joy. You who are familiar with the contents of my library, know well what powerful help I had to aid my feeble steps where I might have fallen, and which, together with the remembrance of the early teachings of my mother, preserved me an unworthy member of my ancestral church. You know, too, the objects that for more than thirty years exclusively occupied my interests and affections. But when age began to overtake me, and



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Now the reapers seek the shade,
Underneath the slumb'ring leaves—
Idly on the field are laid,
Half unbound, the yellow sheaves.
Cast upon the fragrant earth,
There they trifle time away,
Mingling song with jocund mirth,
Through the sultry noon of day!

Now the lusty meal is done,
Homeward trips the maiden gay,
Hath the light of heaven seem'd gone
As her fair form flits away!
Is it strange that one bright eye
Follows her when all leave duty?
That one heart, with manly sigh,
Wonders if she may be won?

the remembrance of the falsehood of early friends was gradually fading from me, I felt the want of some *one* intelligent companion, whose occasional presence might refresh me. This I found in your mother, who, in return for the paltry diamond by means of which I made myself known to her, bestowed on me the priceless jewel of her own and her daughter's love. The blessing of the old and solitary be on you for the gift.

"I have now, my child, fulfilled the task—a painful one to me—of recording for your benefit my experience of life. You are just entering the scene I early quitted in disgust, with much of the confidence in human virtue that was once my portion. Set not your hopes of happiness upon it; they will be betrayed—perhaps when they are brightest. May your course be a more peaceful one than mine."

"Dear Cousin Mehitabel," I exclaimed, when I had finished reading the manuscript to my mother, "I do not wonder at her wishing to shut herself forever from the world after such a sad experience."

"I do not wonder at it," said my mother, "though I condemn it still. She would, I think, have been a happier woman, I am sure she would have been a wiser one, if, after having gained the peace she speaks of, she had again mixed with her fellow creatures, and endeavored to seek out that harmony in the moral world she only could discern in the natural. It is true that many strings in the 'great harp of humanity' are sadly out of tune, but there are still many that yield sweet music when touched aright. There is a great deal of falsehood in the world, but more truth; much sin, but much holiness; and it is not right we should forget the one and dwell exclusively upon the other. Cousin Mehitabel was unfortunate in bestowing both her love and friendship on unworthy objects, and the consequences to a proud and sensitive character were not unnatural. But many a humble cottage maiden has experienced the same sorrow, and borne a heart as lacerated as hers to her daily toil; in the necessity for effort she has found relief, the wound has closed, and she has been restored to mental health. Had Cousin Mehitabel, instead of yielding to the impulse that led her to shun her kind, dedicated her talents and her wealth to serving them, not by substitute but in person, she might have been a blessing to her church and to her country. While binding up the broken hearts of others, her own would have been healed, and the tender affections of her nature might then have been directed into their appropriate channel. As it was, though excellent and attractive, she was comparatively a useless being. Dearly as I loved her, I knew she never gained the true insight—that of descrying, under all the defacements that sin has made, the image of her Maker in the last great work of his creation."

"I cannot imagine," said I, as I looked upon my cousin's picture, "how any man once really attached to such a splendid creature as is painted here, could so easily have been beguiled away from her."

"I doubt whether he ever was *really* attached to her, though he may have thought so at the time. You observe her beauty is of a proud and intellectual character. Mira's was of a kind that intoxicated the senses. She must have persuaded him that he had inspired a '*grande passion*,' and that, added to her beauty and softness, made him forget all the ties of truth and honor."

"If I only knew," said I, "that they had both been miserable, it would be a real satisfaction to me."

"Cannot we draw that inference from principles as well as from facts?" asked my mother. "The foundation of true happiness was never laid in falsehood, and in a marriage formed under the circumstances that attended theirs, mutual confidence could never have been felt. I have no doubt it was quite as miserable as even you could have desired."

THE REAPER'S FRIEND.

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

'T is the golden summer time,—
And the hour of noon is near,
When the bees' melodious chime
Drowsily salutes the ear;
When along the shallow streams
Pant the weary kine for breath,
And the hot air stilly gleams,
Undulating o'er the heath.

Now the reapers seek the shade,
Underneath the slumb'ring leaves—
Idly on the field are laid,
Half unbound, the yellow sheaves.
Cast upon the fragrant earth,
There they trifle time away,
Mingling song with jocund mirth,
Through the sultry noon of day!

O'er the fields with happy song,
Now an airy form trips nigh.
Gracefully she moves along
Like a light cloud in the sky:
'T is the noontide meal she bears,
But more welcome is she far—
Welcome for the smile she wears,
Welcome as the morning star!

Now the hasty meal is done,
Homeward trips the maiden gay;
Half the light of heaven seems gone
As her fair form flits away!
Is it strange that one bright eye
Follows her when all have done?
[redacted], with manly sigh,
[redacted] may be won?

SKETCHES OF NAVAL MEN.

JOHN TEMPLER SHUBRICK.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE PIONEERS," "RED ROVER," ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1839, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Northern District of New York.]

THE subject of our sketch is the eldest of four brothers who have served with credit and reputation in the navy, since the commencement of the present century. Of these brothers, John, the oldest, never rose higher in rank than to be a lieutenant commandant; William Branford, the second in seniority, is the present Commodore Shubrick; Edward Rutledge, the third, died quite recently, a captain, on his passage between the Brazil and the Mediterranean stations, in command of the Columbia 44; while Irvine, the fourth and youngest, is a commander of the promotion of 1841. It is seldom, indeed, that so many members of a single family are found in the same profession, serving equally with credit to themselves, and advantage to their country.

The family of Shubrick belongs to South Carolina, in which state it has long been connected with many of the most distinguished names. We have only to mention those of Drayton, Haynes, Hayward, Hamilton, Pinckney, Horry, Trapier, &c., &c., to show the character of its connections.

Col. Thomas Shubrick, the father of the four sons just mentioned, was an officer of the Revolution, having served with distinction in the army of Gen. Greene during the celebrated southern campaign. He was with the latter, in the capacity of an aid, at the battle of Eutaw Springs. This gentleman was born late in 1755, and was consequently quite young at the commencement of the great struggle for national independence. He was the seventh child, and the third son of Thomas Shubrick and Sarah Mott, both of Charleston; the latter being of the connection of that noble woman who furnished Lee with the implements to set fire to her own house, in order to subdue a British garrison. Col. Thomas Shubrick, the father of our subject, married a Miss Branford, in 1778. John was the seventh child and the fifth son of this marriage, having been born on Bull's Island, a valuable estate that belonged to Col. Shubrick, on the 12th September, 1788. His father died, at a place called Belvedere, March 4th, 1810; his mother survived until August, 1822.

Young Shubrick was taught in the schools of Charleston, in the manner usual to boys of his class in life, until the year 1801, when he was sent to the care of the Rev. Thomas Thacher, of Dedham, Massachusetts, accompanied by his next brother, William, the present Commodore Shubrick. Under the instruction of this truly kind and excellent guide and friend, he remained until the spring of 1804, when he returned to Charleston, and commenced the study of the law, in the office of his kinsman, Col. Drayton, so well known to the country for his probity and public services. During the time young Shubrick remained occupied in this pursuit, his progress created the most sanguine hopes of his future success, though his disposition strongly tempted him to engage in more active and stirring scenes than those likely to attend the career of a barrister. By the persuasion of friends, however, as well as a sense of duty, the young man persevered for two years, when his father yielded to the wishes of two of his sons, and procured for them midshipmen's appointments. The warrants of the two Shubricks were of the same date, August 19th, 1806, though there were more than two years difference in their ages. This placed John, the elder of the two, and the subject of our sketch, in the navy when he was little more than eighteen years old. With many minds and temperaments, this would have been commencing the profession somewhat too late, perhaps, though the education previously obtained was of great advantage to one so much disposed to acquire all useful knowledge as this youth. By some mistake of the Department, the warrants were ante-dated, appearing as if issued June 20th. The circumstance was of little moment, nor do we know that it had any influence on the subsequent promotions of either of the young gentlemen interested.

From the very commencement of his service, John Shubrick's career was marked by that species of fortune that seemed ever to lead him where hard knocks were to be given and taken. So marked, indeed, was his career in this respect, that, in the end, it began to be thought that his luck would give any ship a chance for a fight on board which he might happen to serve. The first vessel to which the young man was attached was the Chesapeake 36, Capt. Gordon, which vessel he joined at Washington, while fitting for the Mediterranean station, to carry the broad pennant of Commodore James Barron. In this ship he dropped down to Norfolk, remained there until she sailed, and was in her at the time of the memorable attack that was made on her by the Leopard 50, Capt. Humphreys. In this affair, those on board the Chesapeake were probably more or

posed than had they been in a regular engagement in which both parties were prepared, and contended under equal advantages.

On the occasion of his first hearing a shot fired in anger, Shubrick was one of the midshipmen in the division of Lieut. Wm. H. Allen, he who was so long Decatur's first lieutenant, and who was subsequently killed in command of the Argus. Allen was third lieutenant of the Chesapeake, a rank that gave him the midship division on the gun-deck, a berth that is usually called the slaughter-house, from the circumstance that the fire is generally concentrated on the centre of the ship. The division was particularly lumbered, but great activity was manifested in clearing it. It is generally known that the Chesapeake could not discharge her guns for want of powder-horns to prime them with, as well as the want of matches, or heated loggerheads. But for this unprepared condition of the ship, one broadside might have been fired, though it is probable a second could not. As it was, the only gun discharged was in the division to which Mr. Shubrick belonged. Two powder-horns were received from below, after the Leopard had opened some time, when three of the guns were primed, being otherwise ready. Mr. Allen himself got a loggerhead from the galley, and applied it to the priming of one of these guns, but it was not yet warm enough to cause the powder to explode. He then ran to the galley, procured a coal, and with that he succeeded in discharging one gun. It is doubtful whether this was before or after the order had been given to haul down the colors, the two things occurring almost at the same instant. Allen and his officers were about to discharge the other two guns, when an order was issued to fire no more. The officers worked as well as the men, in these critical circumstances; and the breeching of one of the guns of the second division was middled principally by Allen himself, Shubrick, and the present Commodore Wadsworth, who was the senior midshipman of the division. But two of the crew appear to have been at that gun in consequence of the rest being wounded or absent.*

This was a rude encounter for so young an adventurer to meet, almost in the first hour after he got to sea. The Chesapeake suffered much less than might have been expected, when it is remembered that she lay near a quarter of an hour, and in smooth water, virtually unresisting, under the broadside of a fifty gun ship. Still she suffered; having had no less than between twenty and thirty of her people killed and wounded. Of this loss, a fair proportion occurred in the division to which Shubrick belonged.†

Shubrick remained in the Chesapeake after she was given to Decatur. Late in 1808, however, he was transferred to the brig Argus, in which vessel he remained, cruising on the coast, under three several commanders, Capts. Wederstrandt, Evans, and Jones, until early in 1810. As this was a very active little cruiser, the time passed in her was of great service to our young officer, as, indeed, was that under Decatur, in the Chesapeake. After remaining in the Argus near twenty months, Shubrick was ordered to join the United States 44, which was just fitted out to carry Decatur's pennant. He continued but a few months, however, in this fine frigate, being compelled to quit her in consequence of a misunderstanding with another officer, which was near producing a duel. Shubrick gave the challenge, conceiving himself the injured party, and all the arrangements were made for the meeting, when the affair reached the ears of the commodore. Decatur sent for the gentlemen, and demanded a pledge from each that the affair should go no farther. This pledge Shubrick refused to give, as the challenger, and Decatur found himself rather awkwardly placed in his character of a mediator. It would not do to suffer discipline to be brow-beaten, on the one hand, while his own nature was opposed to punishing a young officer for having sensitive feelings on the subject of

* Mr. Wadsworth, having been a midshipman more than three years when the Leopard attacked the Chesapeake, was one of the witnesses examined on the trial of Commodore Barron, which Shubrick was not, most probably on account of the short time he had been in service. It will give the reader some idea of the unprepared state of the ship, in the division whence the only gun was fired, if we extract some of the questions put to this witness, and the answers he gave.

Q. "What time elapsed before you received powder-horns?"

A. "About twelve or fifteen minutes, I suppose, from the commencement of the attack."

The powder of these horns was the *priming*, without which the guns could not be fired.

Q. "Had you cartridges in your division, at any time before the surrender?"

A. "Not that I knew of."

Q. "Had you matches or loggerheads in your division, at any time before the surrender?"

A. "No lighted matches, or hot loggerheads. The gun we fired was fired by a coal of fire."

Q. "If you had fired the guns, had you every thing necessary to reload and continue the fire?"

A. "We had not in the division."

Q. "Were any men killed or wounded in your division?"

A. "Several were wounded, how many I do not know. None were killed immediately, but one died a short time afterward."

Q. "State to the court to what guns these wounded men belonged."

A. "Several of them to this gun, F. I don't recollect the rest."

This was the gun mentioned as that at which the three officers worked.

† The curious in such matters may have a desire to know the extent of the damage received by the Chesapeake in this celebrated affair. The firing lasted from twelve to fifteen minutes, in smooth water, and without resistance, the one gun fired by Allen excepted; viz:

"In the foresail, four round-shot holes, twelve grape-shot holes, and the starboard leech (bolt rope) cut away. In the mainsail, (which must have been in the brails, as the ship was hove-to,) three round-shot holes, full of grape do., and the footrope cut away."

"Maintop-sail, one round-shot hole; foretop-mast stay-sail much injured by grape-shot. In the spare foretop-mast, two twelve-pound shot holes, which have rendered it entirely unfit for service."

"Main-sky-sail-mast cut in two."

"The second cutter much injured by a shot hole, which went through and through her, cut both of her masts, and three of her oars in two. First cutter slightly injured."

"Twenty-two round-shot in her hull, that is to say, twenty-one on her starboard, and one on her larboard side."

"The fore and main-masts are incapable of being made sea worthy; the mizzen mast badly wounded, but not incapable of being repaired on shore; three starboard, and two larboard main-shrouds, two starboard fore-shrouds, two starboard mizzen-shrouds, main-top-mast stay, cap, bob-stay, and starboard main-lift cut away, likewise the middle stay-sail stay."

"Killed, 3; badly wounded, 8; slightly wounded, 10."

his honor, even though those feelings might be a little exaggerated. In this dilemma, he decided on ordering young Shubrick to quit his ship, taking care to send him on board another vessel of his squadron, with the acting appointment of lieutenant! There was a slight semblance of punishment in sending a midshipman from the finest vessel under his orders, to the smallest and least desirable craft he had among his cruisers, but it was a punishment any midshipman in the service would have been rejoiced to recieve.

The vessel to which Shubrick was now sent was the Viper, probably the smallest sea-going craft in the navy, at that time. He joined her at midsummer, 1810, and it may be remarked in passing, that William Shubrick was made acting in the Wasp, by Lawrence, about the same time. As John Shubrick was born in 1788, he got this important step in his profession when in his twenty-second year, and after having been only four years in the service. This seems extraordinary preferment in days like these, when a young gentleman is compelled to pass six years as a midshipman before he can even be examined, and frequently as many more as a passed midshipman before he gets his lieutenant's commission. The service requires an entirely new arrangement of its grades, as well as the establishment of some that are new, in order to impart to it fresh life and hope. About the time of which we are now writing, Commodore Stewart sent a nephew of his, the present Capt. McCauley, late of the Delaware 80, with a letter of introduction to Decatur, who had just hoisted his pennant in the United States. Young McCauley had been made a midshipman a short time previously, and had been ordered to join the frigate. As Decatur and Stewart were close friends, the former felt the propriety of saying a few encouraging words to the kinsman of the latter, on his introduction to naval life. After a few general remarks, the commodore added, "Every thing depends on yourself, young gentleman. You see my pennant aloft, there; well, I joined this very ship myself, only twelve years since, a midshipman, like yourself, and you see I now carry a broad pennant in her." All this was very true, but Mr. McCauley, when he related to us this anecdote, had been a lieutenant as long as Decatur had then been in the navy.*

In addition to the pleasure of receiving this acting lieutenancy, Shubrick had the satisfaction of being put under the orders of a townsman, in Lieut. Com. Gadsden, the officer who commanded the Viper. The schooner cruised along the coast south, touching at Charleston, and passing into the Gulf of Mexico. At New Orleans, Lieut. Joseph Bainbridge took charge of the Viper.

In 1811, Shubrick was transferred to the Siren 16, Capt. Gordon, one of the medium sized brigs, that had done so much service before the town of Tripoli. So attentive had the young man been to his duty, and so great was his improvement in his profession, that he was soon intrusted with the duties of the first lieutenant of this brig. It is true he was not commissioned as a lieutenant at all, but in that day it was no unusual thing for a majority of the ward-room officers of even frigates to be merely acting.

An unpleasant affair occurred while Mr. Shubrick was doing first lieutenant's duty in this brig. Some rope was making for the vessel, and Shubrick had occasion to attend at the walk, with a gang of hands. The superintendent of the rope-walk was an Englishman, and, in the course of the duty, he abused the seamen, and ended by grossly insulting their officer. Shubrick was armed, but, unwilling to draw his sword on such an opponent, he caught up a stick and began to thresh him with it. It seems that the Englishman carried a pistol, which he leveled at Shubrick's head and fired. At the moment, the latter had the stick grasped with both hands, and was in the act of repeating the blow. His thumbs were crossed, and the ball injured them so badly that both were amputated. Notwithstanding this outrage, and the fact that the man had provoked and merited the chastisement he received, Shubrick refused to proceed against him, saying he could not take the satisfaction that was customary among gentlemen, and he would not resort to any other mode of atonement.

Toward the close of the year 1811, the Siren came north, and Shubrick still remained in her. Early in 1812, he received his commission as a lieutenant, having now been nearly six years in the service, and having reached his twenty-fourth year.

Lieut. Shubrick was now ordered to join the Constitution 44, Capt. Hull, which ship had just returned from Europe, and was receiving a new crew, together with many new officers. War was declared a few days later, and every nerve was strained to get the ship ready for sea as soon as possible. So hurried were the equipments that one hundred of the ship's people joined her only the night previously to the day on which she sailed from Annapolis. The Constitution was exceedingly well officered. For her first lieutenant she had Charles Morris, now Commodore Morris, one of the very ablest men the American marine ever possessed. Even in that day this gentleman enjoyed a reputation very unusual for one of his rank; while, at the present time, after filling many places of high responsibility, no officer commands more of the confidence and respect both of the service and the country. The Constitution had, for her second lieutenant, Alexander S. Wadsworth, an officer of great respectability, a brother of the gentleman who was blown up with Somers in the Intrepid, and the present Commodore Wadsworth. The third lieutenant was George Campbell Read, the present Commodore Read, who has always ranked high in the service; the fourth lieutenant was Beck-

* Decatur entered the navy as a midshipman in 1798. He was made a lieutenant in 1799, and a captain in 1804. The first ship he commanded was the Constitution, Old Ironsides, which vessel was turned over to him by Preble, on quitting the Mediterranean command, September, 1804, or about six years after he entered the navy. In 1805, he exchanged the Constitution for the Congress 38, with Rodgers, and in 1807, he got the Chesapeake, after the affair with the Leopard. In 1810, he was transferred to the United States, which he held until 1814, when he went to the President, and was captured off New York. In 1815 he got the Guerriere, and the Mediterranean squadron. This was the last ship he ever commanded.

man Verplank Hoffman, who died a captain a few years since, and who was thought to be one of the best, if not the very best division officer in the navy; the fifth lieutenant was Shubrick, and there was an acting sixth, in Charles Morgan, the present Commodore Morgan, who was then young as an officer, but of very excellent materials.

This was officering a frigate in an unusual manner, but there were so few ships at the time, it is not surprising as many young men crowded in those that did go out, as could get on board them, or could get permission to go. Hull experienced the benefit of possessing such a quarter-deck before he had been out long, it being probable the escape of his ship, a few days later, was owing to his having so many lieutenants to relieve each other, and to keep the duty alive.

The Constitution lifted her anchor on the 12th of July, 1812. On the 17th, she fell in with an English squadron of five vessels, including one ship of the line and four frigates. The memorable chase that succeeded will be related in detail elsewhere, though it has already passed into history, as one of the most brilliant things of its kind on record. At one time the Constitution was so hard pressed as to escape only by kedging. This was done out of sight of land, and it occasioned no little surprise among the English when they discovered the fact. On the side of the enemy, the boats of five ships were put upon two, in order to tow them up, in the calm, and no alternative remained to the Constitution but the expedient so successfully adopted.

It will not be difficult to fancy the fatigue and trials of a chase of this character, which lasted altogether three days and nights. The officers, as soon as relieved, threw themselves on the quarter-deck, sleeping in the best spot they could select, no one thinking of undressing, or of quitting duty a moment longer than was absolutely necessary. Shubrick had his full share of the work, being employed in the boats as well as in the ship, as belonged to his rank. In a struggle of this nature, in which all may be said to have done well, no particular praise, however, can be accorded to any individual. Hull himself generously attributed much of his extraordinary success to Morris and his other officers, which was probably well deserved, though Hull himself was a prime seaman, and well fitted for such a scene.

The Constitution cruised a short time after this escape, and went into Boston. Bainbridge had claimed the ship, as due to his rank, and there was a strong prospect of his getting her, but Hull profited by some delay and uncertainty, and got to sea again on the 2d of August. This was the cruise in which the Constitution captured the Guerriere. In that engagement, Shubrick, as fifth lieutenant, commanded the quarter-deck guns, and was of course in the midst of the active scene that occurred in that portion of the ship, when the Constitution got a stern board and came foul of her adversary. He escaped without a wound, and had the gratification of seeing the first British frigate lower her flag, that struck in that war. He was sent on board the prize, before she was abandoned, and otherwise was usefully employed.

Shubrick had now been in the navy but little more than six years, and he had actually been present at the three most important events which had then occurred, since the peace with Tripoli, viz. the attack on the Chesapeake, the chase of the Constitution, and the capture of the Guerriere! But his good fortune did not end here. Bainbridge now got the ship, and Parker succeeded Morris as his first lieutenant. Wadsworth left her also, going with Morris, who had been promoted to the Adams, as his first lieutenant. Shubrick and Hoffman remained in the frigate, the latter becoming her second lieutenant, and the former her third. Alwyn, who had been master in the late engagement, was also promoted to a lieutenancy, and became the junior of the ship.

Bainbridge sailed from Boston on his cruise, October 26th, 1812, having the Hornet 18, Capt. Lawrence, in company. The Essex was to leave the Delaware about the same time, and to join the commodore at Port Praya. This junction was never effected, however, and the Constitution stood across to the coast of Brazil, reaching St. Salvador, December 13th. Here the Hornet was left to blockade an English sloop of war, that was carrying specie, while the Constitution cruised to the southward. On the 29th she fell in with and captured the enemy's frigate, the Java, after a bloody combat of near two hours' duration; the particulars of which are to be found in our sketch of Bainbridge's Life. After destroying his prize, the commodore went into Salvador, where he landed his prisoners on parole.

In this battle, Shubrick was stationed on the gun-deck, where he did his duty, as usual. His customary good fortune attended him, for he was not injured, though the loss of the ship was considerable. Alwyn died of his wounds, and Bainbridge himself was hurt seriously, though the danger was fortunately subdued. This made the third of Shubrick's combats, without speaking of the celebrated chase.

It would seem, now, that Shubrick's luck began to be rated against that of the Constitution herself. Lieut, now Com. Ballard, was desirous of getting into the frigate, in the hope that she might have another fight, while Lawrence was willing to take Shubrick in exchange, trusting he would bring his good fortune, and certain he would bring his good conduct, with him. The exchange was effected accordingly, and the Constitution sailed for home, January 6, 1813, leaving the Hornet still blockading the Bonne Citoyenne. After remaining off the port alone, eighteen days, Lawrence was chased into the harbor by the Montagu 74, and then running out to sea, he made sail to the northward. On the 24th of February, the Hornet fell in with, engaged and captured the British sloop of war Peacock 18, Capt. Peake, after a close and warm combat of only fifteen minutes. The result is well known; the prize sinking while Lieut., now Com. Conner, and Midshipman, now Capt. Cooper, were on board of her. These gentlemen, and most of their men, were saved in the Peacock's launch, but several of their companions, as well as a good many of the English, went down in the brig.

In this engagement Shubrick acted as the Hornet's first lieutenant. Mr. Walter Stewart, of Philadelphia, was on board and his senior, but that gentleman was ill in his berth, and unable to do duty. Lawrence commended the conduct of his new officer, and every one who witnessed it spoke of it in the same terms. Of course Shubrick remained in the Hornet until she reached home, carrying with him a reputation for good fortune, as well as good conduct, that was very enviable in an officer of his rank. He had now been four times in action; three times successfully within the last eight months, or within the seven months he had been at sea. In addition to this, he was in the Constitution's closest and most severe engagement with a victory any day. These were the considerations for the attack of the Leopard, and so did Mr. Shubrick not alone feel them to be, for they were thus regarded by the service and the country.

Shubrick continued attached to the Hornet for some time after her return, and sailed in her, under Capt. Biddle, when Com. Decatur's squadron was chased into New London. Previously to this, however, an amusing instance of the influence of his fortunes on the minds of his brother officers occurred. A report was circulated that an enemy's brig was cruising close in with the eastern outlet of the Sound, and the Argus went out to look for it. Shubrick went in her, as a volunteer, hoping that his usual good fortune might bring on a combat. The enemy's cruiser was not met, however, and the Argus returned to sail on her cruise under Allen.

Finding that there was little chance of getting out in the Hornet, Shubrick got transferred to the United States, thus joining the ship of his old commander, Decatur, once more. Under this distinguished officer he continued to serve until near the close of his own career.

The summer that Com. Decatur's squadron was blockaded in the Thames, Lieut. Shubrick was married to Elizabeth Matilda Ludlow, a young lady of one of the old and respectable families of New York. This new connection was formed in the height of a war, but could not lead our young officer from the obligations of duty. When Decatur left the United States and Macedonian lying in the river, where they continued until the peace, in order to take the President, Lieut. Shubrick, in common with most of his officers, was transferred along with him. Shubrick ranked as the second lieutenant of this fine frigate, having Warrington, and subsequently Fitz Henry Babbitt, as the first. Babbitt was but a year or two older in service than he was himself, and they had already been shipmates once before, in the unfortunate Chesapeake. In that frigate, Babbitt had been one of the oldest of the midshipmen, and Shubrick one of the youngest.

The President did not get to sea until January 14th, 1815. That very night she fell in with an English squadron, consisting of the Majestic, razée, Endymion, Nymphe and Tenedos frigates. As resisting such a force was out of the question, a long chase ensued, during which the Endymion, a heavy frigate, succeeded in getting so near as to compel Decatur to engage, in order to avoid the hazard of being crippled by her chase guns. A long and bloody action ensued, during which both ships suffered severely, the American more particularly in officers and men. Shubrick, as second lieutenant, commanded the forward division of the gun-deck. But Mr. Babbitt failing early in the engagement, by being hit in the knee by a round shot, the commodore sent for Shubrick to supply his place, and he was virtually the first lieutenant of the ship during the remainder of the trying scenes of that day and night. After crippling and quitting the Endymion, the President endeavored to escape from the remainder of the squadron, which now drew near. The attempt was useless, however, and the Tenedos and Nymphe having closed and commenced a fire, the colors were hauled down.

This was the second time that Shubrick had seen the American ensign lowered to the English, but now occurred under circumstances that rather added lustre, than the reverse, to the national flag. He had seen the ensign in which he took so much pride twice lowered, he had the consciousness of having seen it compel that of the enemy to yield three times in actions of ship to ship.

In this bloody battle no less than three of the President's lieutenants were killed, viz. Babbitt, Hamilton and Howell. Decatur himself was injured; but, as usual, Shubrick escaped unharmed. He was carried a prisoner to Bermuda, but was shortly after released by the peace. Irvine Shubrick, the youngest of the four brothers, was on board the President, as a midshipman, on this occasion, and on his first cruise.

Although the country, substantially, had a release from the pains and penalties of war, in 1815, it was not so with the subject of this sketch. Algiers had begun her depredations on American commerce shortly after the Dey fancied the English peace would leave him without any grounds of apprehension from the little marine that had made so deep an impression on the Barbary States, in its conflict with Tripoli. It remained, therefore, to punish this treacherous aggression, which had no other motive than a wish to plunder. Decatur was offered a squadron for this purpose the moment he got home, and he hoisted his pennant in the Guerriere 44, a new frigate that had been built during the English war, and which had never yet been to sea. The commodore had become too sensible of the merits of Shubrick to leave him behind, and the latter was immediately attached to the Guerriere, as her first lieutenant.

Decatur sailed from New York, May 21st, for the Mediterranean, having under his orders three frigates and seven sloops, brigs and schooners, or ten sail in all. The Guerriere reached Tangiers, June 15th, and communicated with the consul. From this gentleman the commodore ascertained that the Algerine admiral had been off the port only the day before, and that he had sailed for Carthagena, in Spain, at which port he intended to touch. The squadron made sail immediately, and, without touching at Gibraltar, it entered the Mediterranean. Decatur called out by signal, however, in passing, three of his vessels that had separated in heavy weather, and rendezvoused at the

Rock, by instructions. On the 17th, the Americans came up with and engaged the Algerine admiral, in a frigate, chasing a large brig, that was in company, on shore at the same time. The Constellation was the first to engage, but Decatur soon shoved the Guerriere in between the combatants, driving the enemy from his guns by his broadside. In making this discharge one of the Guerriere's guns bursted, blew up the spar-deck, and killed or wounded from thirty to forty-five men. A large fragment of the breech of this gun passed so near Shubrick as to hit his hat; and still he escaped without a wound. Shortly after, the Algerine struck, after suffering a fearful loss.

Decatur got off the brig, which was also captured, and sending his prizes into Carthagena, he proceeded to Algiers, off which place he arrived on the 28th. Here he dictated the terms of a just treaty with the Regency, both parties signing it on the 30th June; or just forty days after the squadron had left America!

This rapid success put it in the power of Decatur to give Shubrick a high proof of the respect and confidence in which he held his character. Capt. Lewis, of the Guerriere, had been married a very short time before he sailed, and, now the war was so soon and honorably terminated, he felt a natural wish to return to his bride. Lieut. B. J. Neale, of the Constellation, was in the same situation, he and Capt. Lewis having married sisters. These two gentlemen got leave of absence, as soon as the treaty was signed, with a view to return to America. This enabled the commodore to order Capt. Downes, of the Epervier, to his own ship, and to give the former vessel, with an acting appointment, to Shubrick, who was directed to sail immediately for the nearest American port. It is understood that Shubrick himself was also selected to bear the treaty; a high distinction under the circumstances.

The Epervier sailed from Algiers early in July, 1815, and is known to have passed the Straits of Gibraltar, about the 10th of the month; since which time no certain information has ever been heard of her. There is a vague rumor that she was seen in a tremendous gale, in the month of August, not far from the American coast, but it is of a character too questionable to be relied upon. The Enterprise, Lieut. Kearny, was making a passage at this time, and she experienced a heavy blow, which was said to be tremendous a little farther to the eastward of her, and the most probable conjecture is, that the Epervier was lost in that gale. Near thirty years have gone by since the melancholy occurrence, and all that is certain is the fact that no one belonging to the ill-fated vessel has ever appeared to tell the tale of her calamity.

Thus prematurely terminated the career of one of the noblest spirits that ever served under the American flag. Shubrick was not quite twenty-seven when he perished, and was just attaining a rank where his own name would become more intimately connected with his services, than could be the case while he acted in only subordinate situations. Considering the duration of the peace that has since existed, it would seem as if he had lived just long enough to see all the real service the profession opened to him, and vanished from the scene like one who, having well enacted his part, had no longer any motive for remaining on the stage. With him perished in the Epervier, Capt. Lewis, Lieut. Neale, Lieut. Yarnall, Lieut. Drury, and other sea officers, beside several citizens who had been recently released from captivity in Algiers, in virtue of one of the conditions of the treaty.

It is rare, indeed, that any sea officer who is not called on to command a vessel, obtains as much reputation as fell to the share of John Shubrick; still rarer, that any one so thoroughly deserved it. Entering the navy in the summer of 1806, and perishing in that of 1815, his services were limited to just nine years; one half of which period he did duty as a lieutenant. During these nine pregnant years, he served in the Chesapeake 38, the Argus 16, the United States 44, the Viper 12, the Siren 16, the Constitution 44, the Hornet 18, the United States 44, the President 44, the Guerriere 44, and the Epervier 18; ten different cruisers in all, without enumerating his second turn of duty in the United States, at a time when she did not get out. We are not aware that he had a furlough for an hour, though he had a short leave of absence about the time of his marriage. In these nine years, beside being kept thus on the alert, in ten different sea-going craft, he was present at six regular sea-fights, five of which were between vessels of a force as heavy as that of frigates. He participated, also, in the glory of the celebrated chase off New York, and lost his life by one of those dire disasters that so often close the seaman's career; as if Providence designed for him a fate suited to the risks and dangers he had already run.

One child, a son, was the issue of the marriage of Lieut. Com. Shubrick with Miss Ludlow. This gentleman, Edmund Templer Shubrick, still survives, and is now a lieutenant on board the Raritan 44, Capt. Gregory.

Shubrick was a man of martial bearing, and of extremely fine personal appearance. In these particulars few men were his equals. He was five feet eleven inches in height, was well and compactly made, with a frame indicating strength and activity. His eyes were of a blueish gray, with an expression inclining to seriousness; his hair was brown, and his complexion ruddy. In temperament he was grave, with little disposition to merriment; on the contrary, a shade of melancholy was not unfrequently thrown across his countenance, as if Providence shadowed forth to him, in mercy, the shortness of his time, and the fearful as well as early termination of his days.

Among other commendable qualities, Shubrick possessed the gentleman-like attention to personal neatness. Without the least propensity to dress, in the vulgar sense, the feeling which associates character, station and appearance together, was strong in him. An instance is related of his attention to such matters, that occurred under circumstances to render it characteristic. While serving in the Argus, which was then commanded by Capt. Wederstrandt, the brig was near being lost off the mouth of the Penobscot,

in a tremendous gale of wind. Nothing saved the vessel but her own excellent qualities, for it blew directly on shore, and there was a common expectation that the vessel and crew would all go together, on that wild coast. Orders were given to overhaul ranges of cables, to anchor as a last resort, though no one believed the ground tackle could or would hold on for five minutes. Among the midshipmen was Foxhall Parker, of Virginia, now Commodore Parker, of the East India squadron. Parker was attending to the cables, when Shubrick, who was also at the same duty, quietly remarked to him, that their situation had caused them to neglect their appearance; that they would, in all probability, be soon thrown on the beach, where their bodies would be found and interred with the rest of the crew, without distinction. By dressing themselves in uniform they would be interred apart, when their friends might have the melancholy gratification of knowing where their remains were to be found. At this suggestion Shubrick and Parker put on their uniforms, and waited the result with composure. Providence caused the gale to abate, the vessel was saved.

The firmness of Shubrick, on all occasions of was of proof, though the lamb was not more g in the intercourse of private life. None served him, without feeling that he was a man fitted for destinies. His very character might be said to been as martial as was his appearance, and th little doubt, had not Almighty God called him thus early, he would have won, and decorously v the highest honors of his manly profession. Ent the service so late, with an education so well thoroughly commenced, the mind of this young o was more cultivated than was then customary seamen. In a word, his early death was a national the navy containing, at the time it occurred, no o of brighter promise, or one from whom the co had more to hope for, than John Templer Shub To this hour he is mentioned with manly regret b old shipmates, and his name is never introduced i navy except in terms of commendation and resp

THE LAST PALE FLOWERS.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PIERSON.

The last pale flowers are drooping on the stems,
The last sear leaves fall fluttering from the trees;
The last, last groups of summer's flying gems
Are trilling forth their parting melodies.

The winds seem heavy winged, and linger by,
Whispering to every pale and sighing leaf;
The sunlight falls all dim and tremblingly,
Like love's fond farewell, through the mist of grief.

There is a dreamy presence everywhere,
As if of spirits, passing to and fro;
We almost hear their voices in the air,
And feel their balmy pinions touch the brow.

We feel as if a breath might put aside
The shadowy curtain of the "spirit land,"
Revealing all the loved and glorified
That death had taken from affection's band.

We call their names, and listen for the sound
Of their familiar low voiced melodies;
We look almost expectantly around
For their dear faces, with the loving eyes.

We feel them near us, and spread out the scroll
Of hearts whose feelings they were wont to shar
That they may read the constancy of soul,
And all the high, pure motives written there.

And then we weep, as if our cheek were prest
To holy Friendship's unsuspecting heart,
Which understands our own. Oh vision blest!
Alas! that such illusions should depart.

I oft have prayed that death may come to me
In such a spiritual autumn day;
Heaven seems so near, I tremble to be free,
And pass with all the beautiful away.

AUTUMN.

Autumn is singing a solemn hymn,
To the year that is dying now;
Like one of the ministering seraphim,
With a golden crown on his brow.
And his hymn is sweeter, far sweeter to me,
Than the merriest chorus of spring,
Or the richest and rarest melody,
That the sun-taught summer can sing.

Autumn is strewing the forest leaves,
Crimson and yellow and brown;
And the south-west lifts up his voice and grieves
To see how the leaves come down.
But to me the forest is dearer far
Than with summer's grass o'erspread,
Like a carpet of flowers the crisp leaves are
Yielding music at every tread.

Autumn is shedding a glory now
Even here through the city sky;
With rapture our wondering spirits bow
As we gaze on each sunset dye.
But the sunset dyes are more golden and red,
The glory more glorious still,
Where the rainbow wings of the west are spread
Over forest and river and hill.

Autumn is breathing a holy calm,
Now that the storms of summer are spent,
And each well-reaped valley and harvested farm
Are resting in sweet content.
And an eloquent hush from the lips of life
Is heard with his measured breath,
For the queenly year, without murmur or strife,
Has yielded her throne to Death! Caroline



Yours truly
Walter Colton

[illegible], a review of Hamlet, a criticism on the genius of Coleridge; the moral power of the poet, painter, and sculptor contrasted, and the various contributions in prose and verse which appeared in the public journals over the signature of "Bertram."

scriptions. Another volume on [illegible] which have appeared in our literary periodicals, is still retained in manuscript. The topics are not of a transient interest; the author, therefore, chooses to take his own time.



OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—NO. XVI.

REV. WALTER COLTON, U. S. N.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

They who have read "Ship and Shore" have, perhaps, sketched in fancy the face of its author. Whether this ideal painting corresponds to the real one which we present, is more than we can say; but this much we may aver, that ours has many of the veritable lines and shadows which belong to the original.

Walter Colton is a native of Vermont, on the shore of Lake Champlain, and among its islands were passed the years of his early youth. His parents, who had more respect for books than canoes and angling rods, sent him at length to Connecticut for his education. He was placed in the "Grammar School," at Hartford, from which, after two years, he entered Yale College, where he prosecuted with enthusiasm and success his classical studies. He took the "Berkleyan prize" in Latin and Greek; and, when graduated, delivered the valedictory poem.

From Yale, he went to the Theological Seminary, at Andover, where he spent three years in the thorough course of studies prescribed in that excellent institution. Here his leisure hours were devoted to literature. Among the productions of his pen the most sustained was a sacred drama, which was acted by the students at one of their rhetorical exhibitions. The fact of its being brought out under these circumstances is a pretty good evidence of its merit, aside from the commendations which it received from the learned professors. When the class of which he was a member received their theological diplomas, he was appointed to deliver the valedictory poem.

On leaving Andover, Mr. Colton took the Chaplaincy and Professorship of Belles-Lettres in the Scientific and Military Academy at Middletown, then in the zenith of its popularity, under the superintendence of Capt. Partridge. Here he was to be found through one part of the day lecturing to young men on the merits of different authors and the mental habits of successful writers, and through another, hurrying his skiff across the bright waters of the Connecticut. He used to be called the Literary Sailor, a title not inappropriate now, whatever it may have been then. His published productions during this period have all the variety which belong to his singular mental habits. Among them are a prize essay on dueling; a review of Salathiel; a criticism on the genius of Coleridge; the moral power of the poet, painter, and sculptor contrasted, and the various contributions in prose and verse which appeared in the public journals over the signature of "Bertram."

Mr. Colton, it appears, wanted confidence in military tactics, as a system of mental and moral discipline. This induced him at length to resign his professorship. From Middletown, he went to the District of Columbia, and took the editorship of the American Spectator and Washington City Chronicle. His connection with the press brought him in contact with General Jackson, with whom he smoked many a pipe, but with whom he differed very widely on the merits of the Indian question. But, notwithstanding this difference of opinion, the general, when Mr. C's health declined, offered him employment abroad; but the chaplaincy of the West India Squadron was preferred, and his commission was made out.

During his cruise in the West Indies an incident occurred which tested other qualities than those of a literary character. A murderous affray had taken place between a boat's crew of American sailors and a party of Spaniards belonging to Pensacola, in which several sailors were killed. Mr. Colton drew up the official report of the outrage, in which he handled the police with just severity. The mayor, himself a Spaniard, and a man of desperate character, was greatly enraged, and swore he would take ample vengeance. He watched his opportunity and attempted to rush on Mr. C. with his long knife before he could protect himself. But the latter, drawing his pistols at the instant, leveled one of them at his breast, and told the mayor if he stirred his hand except to return his knife to its belt he would put a ball through his heart. The Spaniard hesitated for a few minutes, and reluctantly complied.

Returning from the West India station, Mr. Colton was offered the chaplaincy of the U. S frigate Constellation, then fitting out for sea, at Norfolk, and bound to the Mediterranean. It was during this cruise, and the leave of absence which followed it, that he had an opportunity of visiting Madeira, Portugal, Spain, France, England, Germany, Italy, Greece, Constantinople, Asia Minor, and the Barbary States. His leisure hours were occupied in writing a volume entitled "Ship and Shore," and another embodying his observations at Athens, among the Greek Islands, and at Constantinople. These works have been widely circulated and much admired for the variety, elegance, and graphic force of their descriptions. Another volume on Italy, specimens of which have appeared in our literary periodicals, is still retained in manuscript. The topics are not of a transient interest; the author, therefore, chooses to take his own time.

When the South Sea Exploring Expedition was organized, the government honored Mr. Colton with the appointment of historiographer. In this capacity he spent a year in collecting books and making other preparations requisite for the enterprise. But Congress, believing the expedition to have been projected on too large and expensive a scale, cut off the frigate which was to have been the flag ship, and substituted an indifferent sloop of war. This induced him to resign his appointment, and take the chaplaincy of the naval station at Philadelphia.

Ship and Shore, Athens and Constantinople, have all the peculiarities of Mr. Colton's style. His constitutional sensibility comes happily into play in these volumes. It is readily awakened by the hallowed scenes which meet his eye, and he pours forth a full and warm heart. We have remarked throughout his writings that he kindles with every object of beauty and curiosity, whether in nature or art, whether of ancient or modern date, that he is keenly alive to the incidents which are constantly occurring to a traveler, and that he has a quick sense of the ridiculous, eccentric, or absurd. Indeed, strokes of pathos and sallies of humor succeed each other at intervals so inconsiderable that the reader, affected one moment with deep sympathetic grief, becomes at the next the picture of

"Laughter holding both his sides."

In conection with a stock of sensibility, so desirable in a tourist, Mr. Colton possesses the power of giving utterance to it in no common degree. His command of language is not the least important of his accomplishments. He seems endowed with the faculty of saying whatever he pleases, and just in the manner he would choose. The most minute and delicate shades of thought are marked with a distinctness and precision, which the discerning reader will not fail to admire. We have been struck in particular, with his selection and use of epithets. They are always appropriate and significant in his hands, and often paint a thought as if it had been thrown upon canvas. The characteristics of his style will be found to be elegance, precision, and force. Passages of fine, and even eloquent composition abound in his books. To use his own figure in a beautiful eulogium on the English tongue, "He weaves his feelings into a broad, bright chain of language, and casts the radiant web, in a glowing belt, round the great firmament of letters." The felicities of his diction are peculiarly prominent in his descriptions of the scenes and monuments of antiquity. By a judicious combination of circumstances, he crowds into a single paragraph the pith of a whole disquisition. He evokes the misty, but beautiful spirit of antiquity, in his few breathing, melting thoughts.

The poetry of Mr. Colton has the terseness and vigor which characterize his prose. It is, perhaps, more studied in its artistical structure, but embodies the same sallies of humor, the same touches of tenderness, the same breadth and force of passion. It is free of affectation, always earnest, and, though frequently pervaded by a deep spirit of despondency, is healthful in its tone. There is always with him a blooming amaranth on the grave. His poetical productions have never been published in a collected form; he leaves them as he throws them off, to live or perish without further care on his part. He has had the excitement of the composition, and this appears to have been the prevailing motive in their production.

As a sermonizer, Mr. Colton is clear, comprehensive, and forcible. He seldom confines himself in the pulpit exclusively to his notes; some of his happiest efforts are called forth by immediate impulses. Some thought, suggested by those which have been committed to paper, starts up, and he at once avails himself of its freshness and force. His sermons are like a sky, where sunshine, cloud, and lightning alternate. Yet, Mr. Colton is a serious, practical preacher. His aim is not to amuse, but to impress his hearers. He polishes his weapon, not to make it glitter, but to make it cut. In controversial discourses, he sometimes indulges in irony and sarcasm. His keen sense of the absurd and ludicrous makes these dangerous weapons effective in his hands. But their use in the pulpit is of doubtful propriety. He is perhaps most in his element as a preacher on the deck of a man-of-war. His strong metaphors and abrupt sentences are well suited to the mental habits of the sailor.

Mr. Colton has spent too much of his time in pursuing those phantoms of the brain which never become immediate realities. Wearied with the sameness and seeming insipidity of objects around, he has taken refuge sometimes in an ideal world, and yet, when stern duty has called him back, he has discharged his responsibilities with that practical energy and good sense which belong not to the realm of dreams. He was for two years the editor of the North American, a daily paper, and conducted it with an efficiency and business tact that gained it a commanding position in the community. His editorials were characterized for their variety of topics, independence of thought, and force of diction.

One of the most prominent traits in the character of Mr. Colton, and which shows itself in all his writings, is an imperturbable unconcern about the opinions of men. He seems to care but little whether what he writes falls in with the humor of the great mass, or runs directly counter to their tastes and prejudices. He is a sincere worshiper at the shrine of truth, and is equally devout whether many or few kneel at his side. His opinions in letters, religion, and politics are the result of his own mental processes; they may embody the convictions of others, but they wear no servile badges of authority.

One of the fancies which belong to Mr. Colton's day-dreams, is the singular belief that man carries from his youth upward, on the mirror of his mind, a pretty faithful representation of the features of the fair one to whom he is one day to be allied in marriage. As this fancy has very recently become a reality with him, and in reference to a lady whose mental and moral accomplishments can hardly fail to crown his years with happiness, perhaps we may as well quote his stanzas on the occasion:

The hand that prints these accents here,
Was never clasped in thine,
Nor has thy heart, with hope and fear,
Ere trembled back to mine.

And yet, from childhood's early years,
Some being like to thee,
Unseen amid my doubts and tears,
Hath sweetly smiled on me.

And oft in dreams I've twined the wreath
Above her eye of flame,
Then listened if some bird might breathe
The music of her name.

And oft have fondly sought to trace,
Amid the fair and young,
The living type of this sweet face,
On fancy's mirror flung.

But, in its unresembled form,
The shadow dwelt with me,
Till, unperceived, life-like, and warm,
It softly fell on thee.

Then into substance passed the shade,
With charms still more divine,
As o'er thy face its features played,
And lost themselves in thine.

ODE.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

EPODE I. *a.*

ETERNAL Reason! Effluence from God!
All hail to thy regenerating power!
On crimson fields where guilty men have trod
Thou pourest down, to purify, thy shower.
Old systems, rotten with pollution long,
Before thy rising star are waning fast;
In palace chambers, at the feet of Wrong,
The gage of bloodless battle hath been cast:
Moans, in this dreary wilderness of wo,
By thee are changed to music soft and low,
For thou art parent of ennobling deeds,
Binding up broken reeds:
Dull Ignorance hath heard thy loud appeal—
His soul begins to feel
Faint throb of immortality at last—
A vibratory motion that precedes
The rending might of Truth's electric shock,
That soon will crush his gyves, as powder blasts the rock.

EPODE II. *a.*

Bright essence of all purity, whose mansion
Is in the hall of every human heart—
Agent that giveth thought sublime expansion,
A day-beam from the Great White Throne thou art!
Echoes that shake our mortal prison bars,
Gentle forewhisperings of future life,
Of perfect bliss beyond the holy stars,
When ended turmoil and this fever-strife
Are emanations from that *well of wells*
Where dread Omniscience utters oracles:
As gush sweet waters from a mountain spring,
And cool the valleys, summer-parched, below,
Companioned by the zephyr wandering,
So all that scarr'd earth boasts of good and fair,
Her green spots in the desert of despair,
To Thee, to Thee we owe!

STROPHE. *a.* 1.

When man's immortal nature yearns
From low desires of dust to flee,
Proudly before him moves and burns
A glowing column reared by thee:
Thou art his monitor within—
A wakeful warder on his *spirit's wall*,
When the persuasive tongue of sin
Chants in his ear some dulcet madrigal.
Thrilled by thy voice his harp the poet strings,
Clouds from his golden pathway driven,
While sailing upward on ethereal wings
He lives awhile in Heaven:
Prompted by thee his blade the patriot draws,
And throws the sheath away—
Philosophy tracks consequence to cause,
And fills the caves of ancient night with day.

STROPHE. *b.* 2.

Calm element of light in human kind,
As Dian sways the pulses of the sea,
Turning its tide to strains of harmony,
Soon will thy beams control the *deep of mind!*
Prophetic murmurs on the wind are borne,
Signs are abroad, and banners are unfurled;
Be comforted, ye wretched ones that mourn,
Another morn is dawning on the world!
Mysterious hands are lifting up the veil,
And clank of breaking chains is heard afar—
Robbed of his crested helm and polished mail
In myrtle bower reclines the slumbering god of war.

ANTISTROPHE. *a.*

A fructifying radiance gilds the gloom,
And precious seeds of Peace are springing up—
For Evil, Right is scooping out a tomb,
And Joy is dropping balm in Sorrow's cup:
The windows of the Future, partly raised,
Reveal the foreground of a view unmarr'd
By one deforming object, and high bard
On a recovered Paradise hath gazed:
Love will yet melt the hardened ice
That chills the breast of Avarice;
Wolves on the trail of Want will cease to prowl,
And Hate will lose his black, appalling scowl—
Earth, full of years and graves, will wear once more
A lustrous, primal beauty on her brow;
From her green face, with flowers enameled o'er,
One stainless altar rise, and round it bow
A rosy brotherhood of glorious forms—
The sun, from his blue watch-tower in the sky,
Will look on land and sea with golden eye,
Rejoicing in the flight of clouds and driving storms.

MY JOURNAL OF FLOWERS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"Home, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home!"

YES, gentle and dearly beloved reader, when the forests, that are now ruddy with their first frost-kiss, shall have flung away their foliage, you and I have been acquainted three years. We met amid the pearl-leaved pages of "GRAHAM," and since then it really is not my fault if we have not become the best friends in the universe. Now, as we are destined to meet, in the fancy world at least, another twelvemonth, there can be no harm in it if we do become a little cosey and sociable, so steal away with me to a corner of my study. I have placed an easy-chair for you just in the yellow sunshine which falls so blandly through the stand of plants before the window, and here in this golden and shadowy net-work which is flickering over the carpet we will sit down and enjoy ourselves.

There, now that we are quite comfortable, let us open "my journal of flowers"—home flowers every one of them, plucked not a month since, amid the haunts of my girlhood. The grassy nooks, the sunny hill-side, the meadow flats, where I played when a child, were rifled for these sweet blossoms, and yet, sooth to say, enough were left behind to fill ten thousand such volumes as this.

Stay a moment while I open the book and take the pages in order. How the leaves are perfumed through and through with the breath of these beautiful flowers. How naturally the rich fragrance comes stealing over my senses. It reminds me of a spring day, years ago when I was quite a little girl. There was nothing remarkable about the day, but it is impressed on my memory—awakes to it again, as if it had been a dream of paradise. It was a lovely afternoon, a world of spring blossoms were awake, and drenched with a shower which was yet falling,

"For the sunshine and the rain-drops
Came laughing down together."

The moist air was heavy with fragrance, and bright with the unchained sunshine. A rainbow hung over the valley, and water-drops fell from the low eaves of our homestead, and broke among the budding rose-bushes with a low bell-like tinkle. Altogether, it was one of those days that fix upon the memory, for,

Oh, the scene was glorious,
When clouds were lightly riven,
And there, above my valley-home,
Came out the bow of heaven—
That, in its fitful brilliancy,
Hung quivering on high,
Like a jeweled arch of Paradise,
Reflected through the sky.

Here in the first page of my journal is a butter-cup lying pressed between the leaves, like a drop of gold gathered up from the past, and under it the date. South Britain, Sept. 1. It was taken by the way-side, just where a curve of the road gives the first view that I caught of "our village." I wish you had been with me as I gathered the flower. The mouth of a valley lay before me, rocks, rude old rocks, guarded it on either side, and you could see by the vivid green of the foliage down in the bosom of the valley that a river was winding through it, but not a sparkle, not a single glimpse of water broke through the still trees. A curl or two of smoke went floating up from the valley, but no house could be seen. Nothing that spoke of life but a single snow-white steeple pointing to the deep blue sky which hung brooding over it. The flower shook in my hand. I had seen that church built, was there at the dedication. That steeple was the last object that met my eyes when I left my home. Well, well, I was a girl then, going forth into the world to return only in my womanhood when that world which seemed so wide and terrible has been tried. "The place is little changed." That towering pile of rocks was the very same that I clambered over in search of mosses and wild-grapes; down yonder in the heart of the valley stood the old homestead. I could feel that the shadow of that steeple almost fell over it, though thick trees intervened and shut the old building out from my view. No matter, I could not have seen it if the trees were all cut away, for tears were blinding me.

How restless I was all that afternoon! The kind friends with whom we were stopping lived a mile from the village, but the sight of that taper steeple, the wild-flower which had greeted us from the way-side aroused so many old memories—so many home feelings came swarming round my heart, that nothing would content me but a drive through the village. I must see the old house, the clump of elms by the river, the huge apple-tree by the hill-side, the river where we had been upset in that old canoe so often. There was no help for it—we must have a drive through "the Bend."

There never was a spot at once so tranquil and picturesque as that where my old home stands. The traveler who has seen nothing but the steeple rising from its bed of vegetation, which is all that can be seen till he gets almost into the bosom of the village, is taken quite by surprise. He crosses a wooden bridge which spans the river where it sweeps across the mouth of the valley, and finds himself all at once surrounded by a group of dwellings, varying in their exterior only, as the houses in an old state like Connecticut can vary, from the stately mansion house,

the pretty white cottage, with its well-kept shrubberies and tasteful garden of the present day, to the dear old homesteads of the last century, with their clumsey stone chimneys, low sloping roofs, and the huge trees that have had time to grow and thrive around such dwellings; many of these fine old roof trees have seen generations born, reach maturity, decline into old age, and pass forth to the grave from beneath their branches.

But we were not in the village yet; our horse was dashing over the road which led to it along the river's brink, the trees on each side, the vines that interlaced them and the beautiful stream, in which they lay shadowed as in a mirror, were all old friends. There was a wild ivy-vine flung over the bough of an old elm, with its ends rippling in the stream, like a crimsoned scarf tossed there by the wind, that made my heart leap again. I had seen that same old vine—at least it seemed the same—swinging its blood-red tendrils in the wind before I had flung aside my dolls, and there it was again, sumptuous and luxuriant as ever, dashing the water with a tinge of red, and making the huge elm look gay as a Broadway belle in this season of gorgeous colors.

We reached the bridge. Below us lay the mill-dam, a broad, beautiful sheet of water, with the pretty fall sending up its familiar music to my ear once more. A boat lay close by the bank just within the shadow of the bridge, in the very spot where we had left exactly such a boat years ago, when some half dozen of us school-girls took a sail up the river in search of frost grapes. It might be the self same boat! but the girls, where were they? I had seen two of them buried in their first youth, one was settled out west, and the remainder were all married and living in the village. Were they changed much? would they know me again?

Changed! How could that be? Nothing had changed about me. Somebody had cut away a magnificent clump of willows that stood near the bridge, and built a tiny work-shop close over the bank where it had stood. The huge old mill below the dam had grown a little more picturesque with years; moss was lying richly on its roof and along its walls, where the huge water wheel had kept them shadowy and moist, but time had only deepened the scene, not destroyed it. I missed the willows, though, and felt a sort of unchristian animosity to an innocent workman who stood at his toil by an open window of the little shop that occupied their site. Just above this shop was a clematis-vine in full blossom, flung like a wreath over the bank, and showering its white flakes down on the water with every breath of wind that swept by. The beautiful vine had grown more thrifty and rife with flowers, but otherwise it lay trembling over the river's brink exactly as I had seen it through my tears on the day I left home.

While I was gazing on the clematis, our horse had cleared the bridge and was dashing past the large mansion house at the end. The fine old dwelling was in splendid preservation, white as a snow-drift and as quiet. Not a picket had been torn from the fence, not a branch seemed missing from the rich shrubbery in the yard. It seemed but yesterday since I had gathered roses from under the front windows. The memory of some happy evenings came upon my heart as we drove by. Apple cuts and quilting frolics, with some very prim tea parties, where we young folks were allowed to "learn manners," while our respectable mammas solemnly gathered around the tea-table, ate pound-cake, sipped plumb-sweet meats, and talked over the last prayer-meeting, amid the tinkling of silver tea-spoons and old-fashioned China cups. It seemed as if the spectacles of old grandmother M. were peering through the window as we drove by; but she was dead, poor old lady, and her spectacles are rusting in their case by this time.

There was no want of change, as we drove through the street, several pretty white cottages having started up in the meadows, where their inmates and myself had gathered dandelions and dug plantain roots in times gone by. Rose-bushes and young fruit trees were becoming luxuriant around them, and I saw a face or two at the windows, without recognizing my old playmates.

A few paces onward, and we caught a view of the old homestead—dear old house—it was the only one in the village that seemed to be utterly abandoned to time and the elements. An old neighbor had covered the pretty grass-plot, that sloped from the door-yard fence to the highway, with a nest of uneven, ragged-looking work-shops. One of the magnificent maples, which we were all so proud of, was leveled to the earth, and those that remained looked prim and unnatural. The lower branches—those massive boughs that lay upon the roof, and half buried the house in their leafy foliage—were all cut away. The stone chimney looked rugged and ruinous through the thinned branches, and the weather-beaten front frowned gloomily out from behind the naked trunks, as we drove by. Out of six fine lilac-trees, and a whole forest of rose-bushes, one miserable bush only stretched out its broken twigs, to conceal the desolation which neglect, more than time, had flung over my old home, while a single creeping rose-vine still clung around one of the windows. I gave one glance at the old place, and turned away heart-sick.

Half way between the meeting-house, whose steeple had been the first object to greet us, and the lonely burying-ground, where so many of our neighbors lay sleeping, we passed the parsonage-house; a new incumbent inhabited it—for the mild, retiring divine, so firm in his morality and rigid in his orthodox faith, who had occupied that house since my remembrance of it, had taken a longer journey from home than mine had proved. Shortly after we left, he bade farewell to the parishioners who loved him so much, to the little home-flock sheltered by the parsonage roof, and calmly set forth to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns." The dwelling had been well cared for, and stood amidst its shrubbery tranquil and quiet as of old.

We had not intended to call any where, but just opposite the parsonage was a little white dwelling, with the end to the street, with a pretty garden on

one side, and a clump of trees overshadowing the humble door—an old couple lived there, who had worked for us time out of mind. Old Cyrus—or Uncle Si, as everybody called him—had planted my flower seeds, set out currant-bushes, and caught my horse for me, from the meadow by his house, a hundred times in former years. Jenny, too, the smart, active Joan to this sable Darby—for Uncle Si has a dusky skin—for many a long year she had been, on all especial occasions, the autocrat of our kitchen, a perfect queen of the wash-tub and smoothing-iron; she had taught me to use the hand-cards and spin flax on a double wheel. She had nursed me in sickness, given me fruit from her garden, told my fortune in a tea cup. Why it would have been perfectly heathenish if we had not drawn up before the little gate, and called eagerly for the appearance of Cyrus Homer and his wife Jenny. Let me see. Uncle Si was an old man when I can first remember him; he was uncertain about it himself, but those who knew his former master say that the old man must have well nigh counted his hundred years. I was wondering if the old people would recognize me again, when the door opened and Uncle Si came out, with his hat off and his tall form but slightly bent. Years had flung a little more snow on his head, but still the old man looked as natural as strawberries in June. I have met many lofty personages in my lifetime with less emotion than was swelling in my heart when that humble old colored man opened the gate. He came up to the wagon, close up, and shading his eyes with one hand, looked in my face with a half doubting, half eager expression.

"Well, Si, well, is Jenny at home?"

The old man either knew my voice or had recognized me before, his ebony face lighted up, he caught the hand I held forth, and, bless the old fellow! called me by my given name; laughing, half crying, and shaking my hand over and over again, he went to call Jenny—they had been talking of me only yesterday, he said, but never expected to see me again. Did I remember the time when he killed the flat-headed adder, which lay coiled up in a crook of the fence close by the "old apple-tree," where I had been sitting with my little sister, while he swept down the tall grass and meadow-lilies by armfuls with his sythe? Did I remember the beautiful tuft of clover that he left to overshadow a birds-nest which he had almost cut in twain, while the poor bird started with a cry from her eggs? Of course I remembered all these things. I had but to look across the meadow, and there was the same old apple-tree, with dead limbs bristling amid its foliage, like gray hairs on the head of an aged man. Close by, was the grassy hollow where that frightened bird had built her nest. And there was Jenny, too, as young as ever, coming through the door, with her head flung a little on one side—a sure sign that she was pleased with something. Cyrus had told her all about it, but she would have known me without that. There were some fine pears in the house—would Cyrus bring a basketfull out?—here Uncle Si disappeared—she was getting old, seventy-five years were no trifle, yet she could do her day's washing with the best of them, and as for nursing, no one could have a headache within five miles without sending for Jenny. Did I remember when she taught me how to starch muslins, and get up laces? Did I remember that promise about the dress?

The dress! I had forgotten it. Here let me advise all young ladies, who may feel disposed to trifle on grave subjects, never to promise dresses, shawls and such like gear, on the remote contingency of getting married—for, sooner or later, misfortunes may overtake the best of us! and people may not deem repudiation in the state of matrimony so honorable as it seems in all the other *United* States! As I am an honorable woman, Jenny shall have her dress, but in all other cases, where demands of like nature may be brought against me, I respectfully beg leave to deny the obligation of fulfillment, though Sidney Smith should write a withering letter on the subject, and Pennsylvania look up to my delinquency as a precedent.

But our horse was becoming restive, and Uncle Si had but just time to fling half a dozen mellow pears into my lap, before the spirited animal was off again. This single white daisy, with its pearl-white petals radiating from a golden centre, was accidentally flung to me with the pears, and it marks another date in my journal of flowers.

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Here is a "lady's ear-jewel," with its golden bell mottled almost imperceptibly with crimson, as if a ruby had been broken to pieces and powdered over it. It was gathered in a gorge between a broken range of hills, about three miles from Britain. The Housatonic swept down the bottom of the valley, and there was just room enough for a cool and most deliciously shady road to wind along its bank. Our ponies, two of the wildest little creatures that you ever saw, crept along through the shadows, turning their heads to the right and left, as if even their untamable natures were subdued by the beautiful and quiet grandeur of the scene. The little bay animal which my companion rode, took the bridle on his neck and went to cropping the turf, while this blossom was gathered for me. My little iron-gray animal, who was so small that his hoofs almost tangled themselves in the skirt of my habit, every time he stepped, followed the example of his mate, and, without the slightest consideration that a lady was on his back, turned under a hemlock, eyeing the rich sward around its roots with voracious eagerness. A bough, drooping low on the tree, almost swept the cap from my head, as the obstinate little wretch forced his way under it, and he nearly jerked the bridle from my hand in a fierce attempt to free his mouth from the bit. It served him right—the willful little fellow—what business had he with a way of his own?—the turf was more than two-thirds moss, green and rich to the eye, but not quite so palatable to the pony. After the first mouthful he gave his head a shake, moved a step nearer the river and looked gravely down upon the sweeping waters, as if particularly delighted with the trees that lay shadowed in the bot-

tom. His contemplative mood was contagious; the air came deliciously to my forehead—the sweeping waters gave forth rich music, and all the leaves overshadowing the stream answered it back with a whispered symphony. Pleasant and dreamy sensations were creeping over me, when the pony started, wheeled round, and set off in a quick trot along the bank, flinging our double shadows in the river at every step.

The bay pony had taken the road again—his rider was in the saddle brandishing this very cluster of flowers as a challenge for a canter along the highway, which wound in full sight for half a mile up the valley. But my iron-gray was for a trot along the turf. His race-course must be carpeted with moss. He had no idea of cantering for the gratification of other people, not he. When I attempted to turn him into the road, he reared with the spirit of a blood-horse; when I struck him, he flung up his heels, and made a violent effort to shake me off. Poor little fellow, it was only his way!

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Here is a blue flower, name unknown, but bell-shaped and very beautiful. It was gathered from a hill overlooking the village. Four of us, a lady of fine taste, a young gentleman who teaches a classical school of high order in Britain, and a city friend, all stood upon a hill-side overlooking the valley. We had been examining the village from every point of view, in order to select the best spot from which a sketch might be taken. Kuman, who has made himself known as an engraver of high genius, though he is still quite young, had come up from New Haven to take the sketch, for it was his native town, and very proud are his old neighbors of the reputation he has earned. We agreed on the point already selected by the artist himself, where the river, sweeping round some rich meadows, forms a foreground—a mountain of broken rocks makes the distance, and in their shelter lies the village. It will make a beautiful sketch, and beautifully will it be executed; for the artist was born amid the scenes which his pencil will perpetuate; sweet memories and the consciousness that he is making many an old friend happy by the effort, must kindle his genius as he works.

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Let us turn over this leaf with beseeming reverence. It is dated on the Sabbath day, and underneath the date lies a tiny sprig, with leaves scarcely larger than the emeralds in a lady's ring, and small white blossoms like seed-pearls bursting into flower.

It was gathered by the steps of the meeting-house as I came out from hearing divine service within its walls for the first time since I left them in my girlhood. The building is changed in no wise, save that the walls have lost something of their snowy whiteness, and the first gloss is worn from the crimson pulpit cushions. Our old neighbors have perpetuated even the only instance of bad taste found in the building. The same grass-green drapery and cloudy background, that looked so glaring and fresh behind our minister on the day of dedication, has deepened and grown dusky with time. It was a familiar object, and so was every thing around us.

It seemed like a dream as our party entered the church. A week, a single week only might have passed since I had occupied that same pew before. The singers' seat was full. Many a young and some beautiful faces were there, but not one that I had ever seen. When I last sat there, the gallery was crowded with my own playmates. But they were in the body of the church then, while a younger band were filling the sacred building with a flood of music. The tune was familiar at least, so I could close my eyes and dream the singers unchanged.

It was painful and yet pleasant to watch the congregation as it came in. The old people seemed scarcely a day older—a little more silver on the head, a line or two on the face, and that was all. One by one, as the congregation became composed, I detected a playmate in the quiet and sometimes matronly faces that were occasionally turned toward our pew, and at every new discovery my heart beat quicker, and I could hardly restrain the impulse to greet them. There was one face that I looked for in vain. We had been intimate from early girlhood, next-door neighbors, warm and true friends always. Many a time in my absence had I thought, with a full heart, of the pretty black-eyed girl with whom I had spent so many happy hours, and now my heart yearned to look on her once more.

Filled with this desire, I was looking across the church when a lady opposite turned her head and the light lay full upon her face. They were the same eyes. I should have known them among a host. They met mine—she knew me. I felt that I half started from my seat, the woman was so like the girl. From the distance and in the mellow light, she seemed scarcely a day older. How many times we had sailed up the river together—how many times we had gathered peppermint from the spring which I could see from the window. The old rocks, too, frowning on me from the window, we had clambered up the steepest of them side by side a hundred times. We had studied, played, read, and slept together as sisters might, and there she sat with her eyes turned to mine, scarcely daring to smile a recognition in service time, and yet I knew that she was longing, as I was, to fling herself in my arms, as we had in olden times, and talk over all the memories that were busy with the hearts of both.

But the sermon commenced, and in a little time the simplicity and natural eloquence of the preacher won my attention even from the warm home feelings that had so completely enchained me. There was a quiet, calm earnestness in his manner, a dash of poetry constantly breaking through the setences that he uttered scarcely to be expected in the pastor of a retired village church. It was a style of eloquence which would win a high reputation among the most exalted and fastidious of our city audiences. The person whom we had left in that pulpit was a grave, good, and conscientious man. These properties he carried with him into the pulpit. But the present incumbent, Mr. Butterfield, in addition to all this,

evinced warm feelings, a quick, energetic, and highly poetic mind. His thoughts are original and his manner of rendering them the more effective from its entire simplicity.

Among the happiest moments of my life, I shall ever reckon the brief space spent just before this flower was cropped, in the entrance of our village meeting-house, with my own playmates and my father's friends gathered around. Many a warm hand-clasp—many a brightening eye—many a welcome greeting, was crowded into that little space. It was pleasant to tell each other how little we were changed—how natural it seemed to be together once more. It was pleasant to ask each where she lived, and whom she had married, and if the little girl clinging to her hand, or the boy standing back there, was hers. It was pleasant to hear the old ladies ask my mother, and say how rejoiced they would see her once more. It made me proud to the old men how hale and upright my father seventy-three—how happily he lived among children, and how desperately he spoiled and the grandchildren. It was pleasant to hear them how much my own little mischief of a girl like her mother, and when we all got out on the step, with the old homestead right before us rocks looming behind it, the school-house where had learned grammar and mischief together clo it, was very, very pleasant, so pleasant that my ran over, and I dropped my veil, ashamed that one should see what a child these things mad me.

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

A BALLAD—FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF "WILLIAM TELL," "MAID OF ORLEANS," ETC.

"KNIGHT, an own true sister's love,
That I promise thee;
Ask me not for other love,
It were pain to me.
Calmly would I greet thee here,
Calmly see thee go;
But that pang, that silent tear,
Ah! I must not know."

Mute he heard; from her dear face
Turned away, heart-wrung;
Clasped her in a last embrace,
On his courser sprung,
Summoned swift his liege Swiss band.
Hied him o'er the wave,
Cross on breast, and lance in hand,
To the Saviour's grave.

Great the deeds these heroes wrought,
High the meed they won;
Waving, where the thickest fought,
There their banners shone;
At the Toggenburger's name
Quailed each Moslem foe.
But his heart was still the same,
Heavy still, his wo.

One long year he struggles on,
Vainly strives his most,
Seeking rest, but finding none:
So he quits the host,
Sees a ship on Joppa's strand,
And, embarking, goes
Home, to breathe in that dear land,
Where her soft breath blows.

Knocking at her father's gate
Was the pilgrim heard,
Ah! and open flew the grate
With the thunder-word:
"She thou seekest is a nun,
Is the bride of Heaven;
'T was but yester-evening's sun
Saw her troth-plight given."

Quickly his ancestral hall
Leaves he, and forever;
Arms, and trusty steed, and all,
Sees again, no, never;
Down from Toggenburg, unseen,
Wending his lone way,
Casque and plume and knightly sheen,
Changed to sackcloth gray.

And, beside a silent glade,
He hath built his bower,
Where, from out the linden shade,
Gleams her convent-tower.
There, from blush of dawning skies,
There, till eve had flown,
(Calm hope glistening in his eyes,)
Sat he there alone.

On the cloister-wall above,
Hours, his rapt eye hung,
On the window of his love,
Till its lattice rung,
Till beamed forth her face so pale,
Till she paused and smiled,
Meekly gazing down the vale,
Tranquil, angel-mild.

Then heart-solaced, down in pleasance,
Down in peace, he lay,
Calmly longing for the presence
Of to-morrow's ray.
Thus, for days, for years, remaining
On the scene he hung,
Unrepining, uncomplaining,
Till the lattice rung,

Till beamed forth that sweet, dear face,
Till she paused and smiled,
Gazing o'er the cloistered space,
Tranquil, angel-mild.
There, one morn, in his lone nook,
Sat he, mute and chill,
A pale corse—but with raised look
On the window still.

SKETCHES

OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA.

BY AN M. D.

I was busily occupied one summer's morning in my garden, when I was saluted by an old-fashioned farmer, on his way to mill. He rode a stout, well-limbed, active young horse, with the manner of one early accustomed to the saddle, and managed him, in his humors, with the tact and address of a man fond of a pet animal.

The old man's hat was low-crowned and slouched, but looked as if it had once been looped, or cocked up—a style which some may recollect as incidental to many a revolutionary veteran.

The weather invited to a rest; we both seemed willing to enjoy shade and conversation; and by observations casually made—in which probably the old man's appearance assisted—we talked of the times of the Revolution—he sitting on his horse (for, like many good talkers, he had no time to alight!) and I standing on the other side of my fence, in the garden, both of us shaded by some fine oaks which refreshed the road by which he passing.

In this way I picked up the following narrative of

"THE SURPRISE AT M'INTIRE'S."

The inhabitants of a large plantation, on the road leading from the town of Charlotte to Beattie's Ford, on the Catawba, were alarmed one morning in early autumn, by the report of a country lad, that a detachment of British light-horse with a line of empty baggage wagons were on their march, to procure forage for the English troops under the command of Lord Cornwallis, who had his head-quarters in the county town of Mechlenburg, North Carolina.

As the boy passed the farm-house he gave the alarm and galloped on. The women were soon seen straggling after him—some loaded with the rifles and accoutrements of the men who were at work in the fields—while others, assisted by the negroes, led forth horses from the stables, and hastily saddled them for service.

The men were promptly armed, the women and children, with such necessaries as could be snatched up, were mounted by twos and threes upon the horses, and, accompanied by the servants, directed their course through the woods to such neighbors as were most retired from the main road.

Although the boy who gave the alarm had used every exertion, and, mounted upon a jaded colt just taken from the plough, had dashed through the most direct by-paths, the men had scarcely time to conceal themselves in a deep thicket and swamp, which bordered one extremity of the plantation, before the British videttes were in sight. They halted upon the brow of a hill, above the branch of a creek, for the approach of the main body, and then, in complete order, advanced to the plantation.

After reconnoitering the premises, finding no one present, but all appearances of the hasty flight of the inhabitants; the dragoons dismounted, the horses were tethered, and a guard detailed. Some sumpter horses were harnessed to the farm wagons, and parties began to load them with the various products of the fields; while military baggage wagons, under the charge of a rear guard, gradually arrived, and were employed in gathering the new corn, and carrying off stacks of oats and of the freshly pulled corn-fodder.

It was the practice with our countrymen—led to precaution by their early contests with the aborigines—to form associations with their near neighbors, for mutual support in case of danger, and in their visits of friendship, or business, they always bore arms. There were twelve men now lying in close ambush on the edge of the plantation. They had all acted on scouting parties—were expert in the use of the rifle—and perfectly acquainted with all the peculiarities of the country. They were divided, at irregular distances, into couples, concealed very near to each other, that they might readily communicate and have aid in their concerted action—for it had been agreed among them to await the retreat of the British, in the hope that they might recover some portion of their plundered crops, and avenge their injuries upon the invaders, with the greatest prospect of success.

It was with much restraint, however, that they saw the fruits of their industry thus suddenly withdrawn, while the soldiers, enjoying the prospect of free living, shouted joyously amidst their plunder. Separate parties, regularly detailed, shot down and butchered the hogs and calves—hunted and caught the poultry of different descriptions, which, upon a large plantation, form the luxury of the farmer, and are the pride and favorites of the good-wife and the little ones.

In full view of this active scene stood the commander of the British force—a portly, florid, cheerful Englishman—one hand on each side of the doorway of the farm-house, where the officers were enjoying the abundant provisions prepared for the owners of the plantation and their friends.

The soldiery, assisted by dogs, in eager chase of the poultry, had struck down some bee-hives, formed of hollow gum logs ranged near the garden fence. The irritable insects dashed after the men, and, at once, the scene became one of uproar, confusion, and lively excitement. The officer laughed heartily

at the gestures and outcries of the routed soldiers—the attention of the guard was drawn to this single point, while, at a distance, in the fields, the wagons were seen slowly approaching with their cumbrous loads.

The owner of the plantation had cautiously approached, under cover, within gun-shot of his house; the rest of the party, his neighbors, with equal care, advanced sufficiently near for the action of their rifles. The distress and anger of these men were raised to the highest pitch by the reckless merriment of their enemies, and, in the midst of the tumult, their feelings overcame all the bounds of preconcerted prudence.

"Boys!" cried one of the sturdy farmers, "I can't stand this—I take the captain. Every one choose his man, and look to yourselves."

These words were scarcely uttered in a suppressed tone, but with appropriate decision of action, when the sight of his rifle was thrown upon the full breast of the laughing Englishman, who suddenly fell prostrate from the door-posts.

As the smoke from the rifles rose, after their sharp and quickly repeated reports, the commander, nine men and two horses lay dead or wounded upon the ground.

The trumpets immediately sounded a recall. But by the time the scattered dragoons had collected, mounted, and formed, a straggling fire, from a different direction, into which the concealed scouts had extended, showed the unerring aim of each American marksman, and increased the confusion of the surprise.

Perfectly acquainted with every foot of the grounds, the Americans constantly changed their position, giving in their fire as they loaded, so that it appeared to the British they were surrounded by a large force.

Every preparation for defence, attack, and retreat was made with the discipline of soldiers, but the alternate hilly and swampy grounds, and thickets with woods on both sides of the road leading to Charlotte, did not allow efficient action to the horses of the dragoons. Some dismounted, others called out to "set on the hounds!" against a foe scarcely vi except from their deadly effects.

The dogs, at first, seemed to take the track, were followed by the soldiers.

The foremost hound ran close upon the hee one of the scouts, who had just discharged his and was in full retreat after his companion. B the dog closed with open mouth, he was shot with a pistol drawn from the rifleman's breast.

The next hound stopped at the dead dog, and the body, gave a whining howl, and the whole retreated from the contest.

A large number of the dragoons were shot do The leading horses in the wagons were killed bef they could ascend the hill. The road was blo up. The soldiers in charge of the wagons cut so some of the surviving animals and galloped a their retreating comrades.

The country people, early advised of the adv of the foraging party, mounted their horses, rif hand, from every direction; and, occupying protected positions along the main road, precipit the retreat of the British into Charlotte—the surv swearing, "there was not a bush on the road that not conceal a rebel."

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In the grave-yard, at Charlotte, a large m monument is inscribed as—

"SACRED

"To the memory of Major General Gregor HAM, who died on the 29th of March, 1793, a sixty-eighth year of his age.

"He lived more than half a century in the vi of this place, and was a zealous and active de of his country's rights in the Revolutionary We one of the GALLANT TWELVE who dared to ass actually drove four hundred British troops a fire's, seven miles north of Charlotte, on the 7 October, 1780.

"George Graham filled many high and respo public trusts, the duties of which he discharged fidelity. He was the people's friend, but flatterer, and uniformly enjoyed the unlimited dence and respect of his fellow citizens."

TO MISS C. T. A.

JUST ENTERING HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON, U. S. N.

And thou hast entered on thy teens,
That mystic age which intervenes
Between the spectre child
And that wherein each deeper thought
Seems as its hue and tone were caught
From years less light and wild

God bless thee in these tender years.
Preserve thy timid eyes from tears—
Thy steps from error's ways:
And on thy spirit shed a grace,
As sweet as that which lights thy face
And in thy motion plays.

THE LITTLE LOST SHOE.

OR FIELDING IN SEARCH OF A FOOT.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT a musical shriek! Henry Fielding was wandering through a noble western wood, at sunset, when the sound startled him from a profound reverie, and looking up, he beheld at a distance a young girl, motionless with terror, gazing, as if fascinated, upon an immense snake, apparently just coiled for a spring. Harry raised his hunting rifle, aimed, fired, and the monster lay writhing in the agonies of death. But whither had the wood-nymph flown? She was nowhere to be seen; and vexed and disappointed the young man wandered on. He had caught but a glimpse of a youthful and picturesque-looking creature, with wild, gazelle-like eyes and parted lips, her soft, dark hair and snowy robe floating in the breeze, and her hands clasped in terror.

He hurried forward, hoping he might overtake her. Suddenly he sees a prize in the path, and stoops to take it up. What can it be? Is it a bracelet? A ribbon? A ring? No, gentle guesser, it is a little black kid slipper, of the daintiest and most graceful proportions imaginable. Harry was sure now he should overtake her, for she must limp, poor thing! with that little shoeless foot; unless, indeed, she had wings, which he was almost afraid she had.

Suddenly he came upon two paths, diverging from the one he was in. Here was a dilemma—which should he take? The right or the left? There was no time to lose. He chose the right, which proved the wrong after all; for it led straight to a great pond in the depths of the wood, and left our unlucky friend but one of two alternatives, to drown his disappointment in the tempting water, or to retrace his steps and try the other. With an enlightened wisdom, and a profound moral courage, which did him honor, our hero chose the latter, and that led to his own home in the village, where he ought to have been at least three quarters of an hour before, and not have kept every body waiting for dinner. Upon the whole, though, it would have been better if he had staid away altogether; for he poured the water into his aunt's plate, instead of her tumbler, and put mustard into her tumbler, instead of her plate, and when she asked to look at the newspaper, took out of his pocket the poor little shoe, and placed it gravely in her outstretched hand.

"Harry Fielding, what upon airth ails you, and what in the world is this?" exclaimed the astonished old lady, peering into his face with her little gray eyes, from which she had removed the spectacles to wipe them.

Harry replied by seizing the shoe and rushing out of the house. On he went, up one street and down another, looking in vain for the fairy foot of the forest Cinderella.

As he approached the inn of the village, he saw entering the stage-coach, which was just ready to start, a lady thickly veiled, in a very elegant traveling-dress. Harry ran forward with a sudden misgiving. One little foot, in its neat black gaiter-boot, was already on the step—she sprang lightly in—the door closed—the driver cracked his whip, and ere our hero reached the spot, the coach was half-way down the street.

It was she! he was sure of it. She had gone, perhaps forever! and Henry Fielding sauntered listlessly on, humming "What's this dull town to me?" and looking as if he had not a friend in the world.

CHAPTER II.

"Are you looking for any thing, my dear fellow?" said Charles Seaton, meeting a friend in Chestnut street, about a month after the occurrence of the incident mentioned in the last chapter.

"What large feet you Philadelphians have!" was the rather irrelevant reply.

"Large! *au contraire*—they are famous for their small ones."

"Well, here is *my* model," said the other, sighing deeply, and taking from his pocket a tiny kid shoe.

"That is, indeed, 'a trifle light as air!' exclaimed Seaton. "Introduce me to the sylph who owns it—and I will take you to see la belle Julie this very evening."

"Hang la belle Julie! Haven't I been wasting a whole month in search of the foot to which this little slipper belonged?" And Fielding proceeded to relate the history of his adventure with the wood-nymph.

"And you acknowledge you have wasted a month in this ridiculous search? Take my advice, Harry, resume your law studies at once, and forget your wood-nymph as fast as possible. What would your father say if he knew of this romantic folly?"

Harry colored a little at this frank reproof from his open-hearted friend; but after a moment's pause, he replied sadly—"You are quite right, Charles; but if you knew what a beautiful dream I resign, in adopting your advice, you would not wonder at my reluctance."

He did resume his studies; but he could not quite forego the lone and lovely hope which gleamed like

a morning-star in the heaven of his future, and now and then a vision of an exquisite little foot, pure and white as alabaster, would glance across the dull, dry page of Coke upon Littleton, or put even Blackstone to the blush.

CHAPTER III.

"Mamma! darling mamma! you are suffering for a thousand things—do let me go."

"Yes, my sweet child, you must indeed go now. I fear I have already delayed it too long. But you will have a quarter's salary in advance, and that will more than discharge the few debts we have incurred. Go now, dear, while I dare let you go."

Julia St. George repressed her starting tears, tied on her little crape bonnet, (she was in mourning for her father,) kissed the pale cheek of the invalid, and set forth on her errand with a beating heart. She had been offered the situation of governess in the family of Mrs. Beaumont, a banker's widow, and she was now going to accept it.

Mrs. Beaumont received her with a cold hauteur, calculated to chill her into humility. Her eldest daughter, a delicate, aristocratic-looking beauty, languid'y raised her glass—surveyed her for a moment—then let it drop, and resumed her book. But both felt, in an instant, the superiority, the innate nobility of the person upon whom they affected to look down.

Dressed in deep mourning, and with the most tasteful and graceful simplicity, her dark hair parted plain'y on her brow, her beauty, free, radiant with spirit, feeling and intellect, Julia St. George walked calmly up the room, bending her head with perfect self-possession, in return for the haughty greeting of Mrs. Beaumont, while the slightest perceptible curve of her lovely lip betrayed her consciousness of the manner in which she was received. The lady pointed to a chair—the visiter seated herself with provoking composure.

"You have come, I presume, Miss St. George, to say you accept the situation I proposed to you."

"I have, madam," was the reply, in a low, calm, but most musically modulated voice, "and I should like to enter upon my duties at once, if agreeable to you."

Mrs. Beaumont hesitated—Miss St. George was evidently not a person to be put down—and her serene dignity, the result of a self respect, which that lady could neither understand nor appreciate, might possibly prove troublesome—but then, on the other hand, the example of her evident high-breeding would be invaluable in forming the manners of her hitherto untamable little Angela, while her attainments were such as were rarely to be met with, even in a governess.

"I will let you know in the course of a week," she said at last."

"I am sorry, madam, to disoblige you," replied Julia, as quietly as before; "but I cannot wait a week for your decision. It is necessary that I should secure a situation of some kind immediately."

"Oh, very well: if you are in such haste, perhaps you had better look elsewhere."

"Good morning, madam!" said Julia, rising at once.

"Stay!" said the lady hastily, "Upon the whole, I think you will do. You may come to-morrow if you like."

Miss St. George calmly bowed her assent and was about to take leave, when a wild, graceful little creature burst into the room, exclaiming—"I must see the governess!" Her white, embroidered frock was torn and soiled, a profusion of soft, glistening amber-colored hair, in the utmost disorder, clustered round a pale, but singularly lovely countenance. Her large, dark, Oriental eyes were instantly cast down on meeting those of the stranger, their long jetty lashes resting with a slight curve on the olive cheek beneath; the full, yet delicate lips were of the richest red imaginable, and her attitude of unconscious, childish grace was charming, as she stood for a moment, silently twisting in her pretty fingers the ribbons of a gipsy hat. The next instant, however, she looked up again into the eyes which had met her at first, for Julia had lingered in the room absorbed in surprise and admiration, and seeming to gather courage from their expression of earnest interest, the child went timidly up to her, and clasping into her arms, whispered half aloud—

"Will you love me very much, and praise me all the time; and never, never punish me?"

"I cannot promise *all* you ask, darling," said Miss St. George—

"Angela, I am ashamed of you!" exclaimed Mrs. Beaumont; "you are always making scenes! Go to your room and have your hair brushed and your dress changed, immediately."

Angela pouted and clung to the neck of her friend; but Julia kissed the pout away, and putting her gently down, repeated her good-morning to the stately lady of the mansion and her indolent daughter, and departed.

CHAPTER IV.

"Oh, mamma! she is beautiful, and so affectionate—I shall be very happy, I know."

"Is she, dear? Then I must confess I am very agreeably suprised. I have always understood that she was very cold-hearted, and any thing but beautiful."

"What! Angela?"

"Who is Angela? I was speaking of Miss Beaumont."

Julia laughed and shrugged her pretty shoulders—she had forgotten all the unpleasant occurrences of the morning, in the delight with which she thought of the lovely and loving little girl who was to be confided to her care.

CHAPTER V.

"If you can manage *that* child," muttered the nurse, as she consigned Miss Angela to her new

governess the next morning, "you will do more than any one else ever did—that's all *I've* got to say."

"I will tell you a secret, if you will promise *never* to tell," whispered the child to Julia, as the door closed upon the nurse.

"But I cannot promise never to tell, dear, for that would be wrong."

"Well, then, you *may* tell, if you like; but I know you wont. You see, the reason they can't manage me is because I *try* to be naughty before mamma and nurse!"

"Oh, Angela! I am sorry for that. Why do you do so?"

"Because they make such a fuss about every little thing. I like to hear them scold—it 's so funny. Besides, they never let me have any peace except when they shut me up, and then I have real good times, all by myself, in the little bed-room next to the nursery. They shut me up once in a dark closet, but I did n't like that, because I could n't do any thing there; so I screamed just as loud as I could, and they thought I was frightened, but I was n't a bit; and now they always put me in the little room, and I pull the clothes off the bed and make it all up again nicely, and then I take off my apron and dust the chairs with it; and sometimes I climb up on the bureau, and play 'fish' with a bent pin and a piece of thread. Oh! it 's real fun to be punished! I wish mamma would punish you and me together sometimes, and we 'd have grand times playing fish! But I suppose grown up people never *need* punishing. They are always good —aint they? Mamma never seems to think she ought to be shut up. Did you ever play fish?"

"Yes, dear, when I was a little girl. But can't you have good times, without being naughty first, Angela?"

"No, indeed! They wont let me do *any* thing I want to. They say I must n't climb, for fear I shall tear my clothes; and I must n't run, for fear I should get heated; and I must n't read much, for fear I should make my head ache; and I must n't sew, for fear I shall stoop. They do n't want me to do *any thing* out of school hours, but just sit up stiff, 'like a lady.' Why should I be like a lady, when I aint a lady? I 'd rather be a child, and be *like* a child—had n't you? I do n't think ladies are half as happy as children—do you? Oh, dear! if I only had something to *do*, all the time, I do n't believe I should *ever* be naughty, or unhappy either—*that 's* all I want, *something to do!* Do all little girls have a mamma at home, that keeps plaguing them and fussing over them?"

Alternately surprised, amused, and grieved as the little indefatigable chatterbox thus ran on, Miss St. George saw the difficulty of the task before her. She saw the weeds and flowers struggling together in that rich but neglected garden, her pupil's heart; and she felt how difficult it would be to destroy the one, without injuring the other. But she resolved to bend her whole energies to the work, and she was sure to succeed in time.

In the course of two or three months, the little Angela visibly improved. Her hair and dress were not often out of order; she was seldom disobedient, or disrespectful, to her mother or her nurse; and, if she were *ever* so, a word, a look from Julia had the desired effect. Passionately fond of books and of her teacher, there was no fear that her intellect would be neglected. The great difficulty seemed to be to keep her ever-restless imagination in check; without any companions of her own age, she was in the habit of surrounding herself at her studies and her play with the creations of her fancy, to whom she gave the most romantic or high-sounding names she could make up at the moment. These little visionary friends she would address in terms of endearment, reproach, or expostulation, reply for them, and carry on the conversation until she forgot that they were unreal.

One morning she was sitting in the school-room, surrounded by empty chairs, in each of which she had placed a little invisible schoolmate, and was asking them, in turn, to spell all the hard words she could call to mind, when her sister entered to speak to the governess, and, ignorant of the mischief she was doing, seated herself in one of the "tabooed" chairs. The little girl, excited by her interesting play, burst into a passion of tears, exclaiming, "Get up, quick! quick! You will kill that darling Cariella!" and, flying to her astonished sister, endeavored to pull her from the chair.*

Julia now saw, for the first time, the evil tendencies of this habit, and, fearful almost for the *reason* of her charge, begged Mrs. Beaumont to allow the child real flesh and blood playmates.

CHAPTER VI.

But what have we done with our hero? Has he found the little lost foot yet? No! he has almost given it up; but he has become an attaché to a foreign embassy, and is quite a pet among the higher circles in Europe, where a true, frank, honorable and intelligent American is always received with favor.

Mrs. Beaumont, her daughter, Victoria, and her niece, Miss Adelaide Sinclair, were in "perfect ecstasies," for George, the only son, who had just returned to England, from a continental tour, was expected home, to pass the Christmas holidays at their country seat, and was to bring with him the wealthy, talented, and distinguished Henry Fielding, and his pleasant friend, Mr. Seaton.

Julia St. George had gradually become a favorite in the family. Once secure of a position among them worthy of her talents and refinement, she was quite willing and ready to unbend, and to make herself agreeable and obliging to all. The young ladies soon discovered that nothing could be done without the assistance, the advice, the sympathy of little Angela's tasteful and kind-hearted governess, and even the cold and stately mother felt her heart soften toward one who had devoted herself so tenderly and so successfully to the improvement of her child.

On the day of their arrival, the young men did not linger long over their wine after dinner; for George was anxious to renew an old flirtation with his spirited cousin; Seaton had heard much of Victoria,

* A fact.

and Fielding always enjoyed the society of an intelligent and interesting woman more than any thing else.

Adelaide Sinclair was a brilliant, playful, pretty and saucy coquette. Her cousin, Victoria, a dainty and delicate creature, indolent, graceful, and gentle, partaking somewhat of the cold and calm pride which was the prevailing characteristic of her mother. When the gentlemen entered the drawing-room, Adelaide was arranging a ringlet at the glass, Victoria, half reclining on a sofa, embroidering a velvet slipper, and, in a distant corner, looking over a book of prints, the governess and her young charge, who had been allowed to sit up in honor of her brother's arrival. Mrs. Beaumont had retired, fatigued with the unusual excitement.

Fielding seated himself near Victoria, and admired her work. "It is for a friend," said she; "is n't it a tiny shoe?"

"I think I can show you a smaller one," said Fielding, and, impelled by a sudden impulse, he drew from his bosom the little kid slipper of his wood-nymph.

Adelaide caught it playfully from his hand. "A prize—a prize!" she exclaimed, trying to hold it up out of his reach. "As I live, here are verses, on the sole of it! Listen, good people," and she began—"Little treasure, light and—"

"Nay!" remonstrated Fielding, in the same gay tone, "no one shall read the verses who cannot wear the shoe."

Adelaide's satin slipper was off in a moment, but the shoe was too small; she tried in vain to squeeze her pretty foot into it.

"Come, Vic," said her brother, "let me try it on you—if it do n't fit somebody, we sha n't have the verses."

Victoria languidly put out her foot, but in vain, it would not fit.

"I know somebody it will just suit," exclaimed little Angela, in an eager tone. "Miss St. George has the cunningest foot in the world, only she never shows it." Fielding drew the beautiful, earnest child toward him, and Adelaide, flying to the governess, dragged her forward, laughing and blushing, into the circle.

"La belle Julie! by all that 's wonderful," exclaimed Seaton, in a low tone, as they approached.

"Hang la belle Julie!" murmured a sweet and playful voice, and the next moment the young governess was cordially shaking hands with her well-remembered friend, Mr. Seaton, who could scarcely believe his eyes or his ears.

"Introduce me," whispered Fielding.

"Miss St. George—Mr. Fielding. Years ago, in America, my friend was promised this introduction."

"Yes, and I happened to hear his polite reply to your proposition," said the lady, laughing.

"What was it?"

"To the best of my recollection, it was, 'Hang la belle Julie!' I walked into a shop to avoid hearing the rest of his courteous adjuration. What had I done to deserve hanging, Mr. Fielding?" she asked, turning gaily toward him, with her lovely smile.

"Oh! stop! no matter what you had done. Do n't you see that the poor man is out of his wits with consternation? Try the shoe at once!—there 's a dear!—and let us hear the verses. They ought to begin—'Sole of my soul,' but men so seldom pay a graceful compliment."

Fielding was perfectly enchanted with "la belle Julie." He gave but one sigh to his wood-nymph and, almost sure that his verses were safe, for many a belle had tried the shoe in vain, he said, "Yes, Miss St. George, prove that you generously forgive my thoughtless folly, by putting on the slipper."

As Julia took the shoe from his hand, she started, colored deeply, and gazed from it to him with a bewildered look, which was infinitely amusing to all but our awakening hero.

"That look! He felt a strange thrill as he met it! Could it be? "Pray try the shoe at once," he exclaimed in an agitated voice.

Miss St. George had recovered her self-possession. Seating herself, she drew the shoe with graceful ease upon her perfect little foot, and looked up into Fielding's eyes; such a look! so eloquent, so full of wonder, joy and gratitude, that his wild hope changed at once into conviction. He had found her at last! His wood-nymph! his Cinderella! his morning star.

Adelaide clapped her hands in ecstasy. "The verses—the verses! read the verses, Miss St. George. It fits exactly! I should think it was made for you! The verses!—we *will* have the verses!"

And poor Julia was obliged to read, in her low, soul-tuned voice, the lines on the sole of the shoe.

Little treasure! light and airy,
Didst thou clasp the dainty foot
Of a wandering woodland fairy,
Flying from a sylph's salute?

Or did some young mortal lace thee,
Tripping with elastic tread,
All too softly to deface thee,
Where her sweet, wild fancy led?

Tell me what her woman-passion?
Was 't to bend thy graceful sole,
In the gay saloons of fashion,
While along the dance she stole,

Or, through upland glen and valley,
Hast thou pressed the happy flowers?
Tell me, did she love to dally,
Mid the fragrant woodland bowers?

Did the prairie blooms caress thee,
Breathing balm around thy tread?
So the *heart* where now I press thee,
All its wealth for her shall shed.

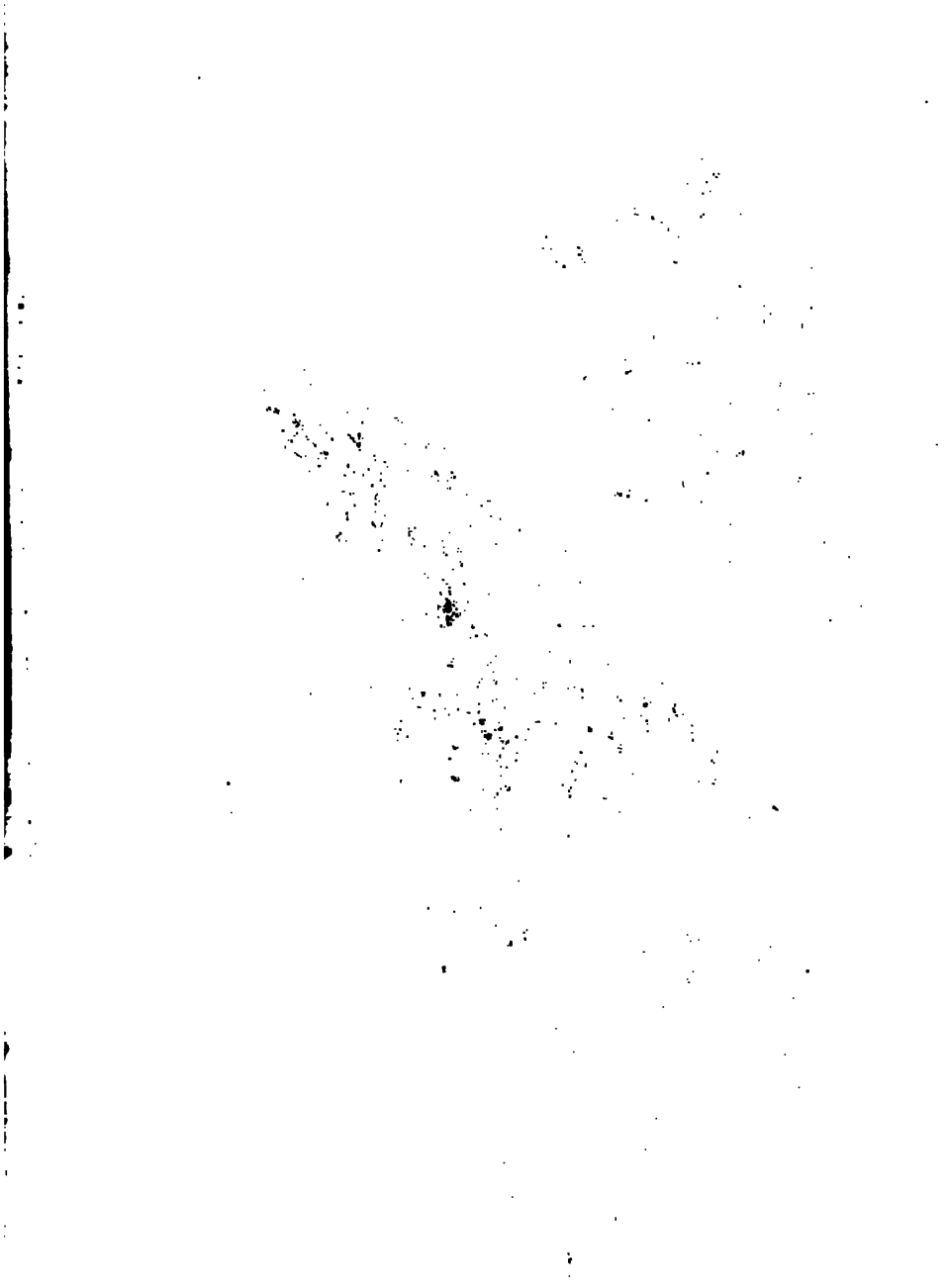
"I should judge from all I see and hear," said Seaton, in a sly, demure tone, "that Miss St. George could show, if she chose, the mate to this wonderful shoe."

"Oh, what is it?" exclaimed the lively Adelaide. "There is some romance attached to it, I know. Tell us all about it, Mr. Seaton—there 's a nice man."



Gave thee attendant on Jove's scornful bride,
Till now, when borne before the adoring crowd,
O'er Rome's tiara waves thy plumage proud!
In stately gardens of barbaric kings,

Thou hast been worshiped and adored, yet none
Have ever loved thee! Let us learn from this
That haughty beauty never yet hath won
The esteem of virtuous souls—the true heart's bliss!



The story was told, the mate was brought down, and slyly exchanged in the course of the evening with Fielding for that he had cherished so long, and Julia was persuaded, ere many months had elapsed, to leave her pet Angela, and reward with her hand, and "her heart in it," the untiring devotion of her lover.

GETHSEMANE.

BY LOUIS L. NOBLE AND JOHN S. KIDNEY.

I.

THE SAVIOR bowed. "O GOD, if it may be,
This cup, I pray THEE, let it pass from me!"
The low deep tones were tones of agony.

II.

The PERFECT ONE, undaunted at the power
Of the strong tempter in his darkest hour,
Fell with amazement when this cloud did lower.

III.

Dark Galilee, while manly hearts misgave,
HE calmly slumbered on thy frantic wave:
Now, while they sleep, HE cries, "O FATHER, SAVE!

IV.

And can it be, though winds of anguish sweep
His soul, that HE is faithless on the deep?
From mortal weakness did the SINLESS weep.

V.

GREAT GOD, where was HE, when the bloody dew
Burned on the brow of HIM who died for you—
The lowly man—the GREAT REDEEMER too?

VI.

The WORD who spake, and heaven and earth and sea
Became this bright, sublime reality,—
JEHOVAH—SON ETERNAL—this was HE.

VII

O joy to mortals, that HE cried and prayed,
While on HIM thus the vast affliction weighed!
By that we feel HE was our brother made.

VIII.

Paternal wrath through every burning vein
Did stream, prophetic of the final pain:
What wonder then the crimson drops did rain!

IX.

INCARNATE LORD, the cry, the blood, the throe,
Speak the dread might of sin and death below:
To help HIM down there must an angel go.

X.

Brief was the sorrow then that bowed HIM there:
His last sweet words, the thrice repeated prayer,
Breathed out his meekness to the list'ning air;—

XI.

"But yet, O FATHER, not my will but thine:"
Of HIS release the FATHER gave no sign:
His doom, HE sees, though fearful, is divine.

XII.

Then forth HE stood, in calm, majestic might,
The darkness forcing from His purer sight,
As the bright east rolls back the robe of night.

XIII.

GETHSEMANE, now thou art lost and lone,
And Calvary's height awaits the HOLY ONE:
The day is dawning of redemption done.

XIV.

Child of the cross, the GLORIOUS CRUCIFIED
Now bids thee weeping to His wounded side,
To drink the life of HIM revivified.

XV.

Wander the viewless zephyrs where they list,
Loud sounding now, and now their voices whist;
Tell me their dwelling in the mountain mist!

XVI.

Such was the mystery of the HOLY GHOST,
When, moving o'er baptismal waters, tost,
HE found and sealed thee for the saintly host.

XVII.

But lest thou grieve the SACRED SPRITE away,
Nor meet thy SAVIOR in the judgment day,
Think of GETHSEMANE, and watch and pray.

THE PEACOCK.

BY MRS. B. F. THOMAS.

BIRD of the glorious plumage, in all time
Thou hast been emblem of most royal pride,
Since when blind Homer, in the Ægean clime,
Gave thee attendant on Jove's scornful bride,
Till now, when borne before the adoring crowd,
O'er Rome's tiara waves thy plumage proud!
In stately gardens of barbaric kings,
In rich emblazonry on noble walls,
In temples where the censor proudly flings
Its mantling incense through the gilded halls,
Thou hast been worshiped and adored, yet none
Have ever loved thee! Let us learn from this
That haughty beauty never yet hath won
The esteem of virtuous souls—the true heart's bliss!

THE MAID OF THE MORNING.

BY T. B. READ.

I HAVE loved a gentle maiden
Long and well;
Of her many radiant beauties
Who may tell?

Freely to the winds she giveth
Golden hair;
One rare, burning jewel gilds her
Forehead fair.

And her silky robes of azure
Glisten bright—
Sometimes on her breast a crescent
Shineth white.

Early at my open casement
She is beaming,
Jealous lest that of some other
I am dreaming.

Smiling unto me she cometh,
Stealing slow;
On my cheek and brow I feel her
Tresses glow.

Deep into my eye she peereth
To the brain,
And of pleasant golden visions
Wakes a train.

When to mine the maiden closely
Rests her cheek,
Thus in whispering words I hear her
Chiding speak—

"Wherefore, oh thou dreamy poet,
Sleep'st thou still?
Thou may'st hear the big wheel turning
At the mill—

"Hear the pretty milk-maid singing
With her pail;
And from yonder barn the thunder
Of the flail.

"Then why flows thy life-stream idle
'Neath the sun?
Is there nothing in thy store-house
To be done?

"Start the wheel, thou drowsy miller,
Start in haste!
Ere thy life's uncertain river
Runs to waste.

"Like the threshers, be thy labor
Hard and long;
Like the milk-maid let thy glad heart
Gush in song."

Thus the maiden gently chides me,
Whilst her eyes
Speak a language all too tender
For disguise.

Therefore flows my love unto her
Like a river,
And I'll praise the Maid of Morning
Now and ever.

TO MOUNT ASCUTNEY.

BY E. C. TRACY.

COMPANION of the winds and clouds of heaven,
The lightnings and the thunders, with thy brow
Bare to the skies for countless ages given,
Mighty, and old, and venerable, thou!
How fleeting we that gaze upon thee now,
Creep at thy feet, or slowly scale thy side!
In lowly wonder would we reverent bow
Before thy dateless form our transient human pride.

Thou traversest the ages; thou did see
Earth in her primal beauty; thou didst hear
The roar of waters, when, in vengeance free,
They shoreless girt the globe, and echoed near,
Above thy silent head, their dirge of fear—
That awful dirge the distant ocean wave
Ever repeats, in silent accents drear,
O'er all the buried race in that cold, soundless grave.

Thou and the stars are brothers; and thy day
Is like the years of the enduring sun.
The forest leaves quick fade and pass away;
E'en forests old their generations run:
Oft hast thou seen their centuries begun,
And heard the crash that knelled them earth to earth.
O'er Time and Change thou hast thy victory won,
And kept thy state unmoved since morn and eve had bi

As erst the brook comes dashing down thy side;
Dark rolls yon river as it ever rolled.
O'er the same rocks their ceaseless waters glide,
And wake the self-same music, as of old.
E'en the wild winds a changeless tale have told
Among thy cavernous rocks; and shifting clouds
That round thee float in many a glorious fold—
It is thy birth-mist still that thy bald front enshrouds.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Essays. Second Series. By R. W. Emerson. Boston, James Monroe & Co. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This elegantly printed volume will probably have a more extended circulation than any previous publication of Mr. Emerson. His reputation has now passed from notoriety into fame. It was the fashion once to class him among the wildest class of those mystics whom much transcendentalism had made mad; but his claim to be considered one of the most original and most individual thinkers that the country has produced, is now beginning to be generally acknowledged. The number of his readers is constantly increasing; and men seem willing to like him for what he is, instead of hating him for what he is not.

Indeed Mr. Emerson's writings have a charm altogether disconnected from the truth or the error of his opinions. He is a poet, and takes the licenses of the poet. Even if he occasionally flies above our comprehension or apprehension, few would desire to clip his wings. His wit, his fancy, his sharp insight, his terse expression, the extreme subtlety of his conception of beauty, the oddity of many of his illustrations, the quiet fearlessness of his defiance of conventionalism, and the individuality which pervades all, give an interest to his compositions, apart from the questionable notions of theology, or metaphysics, society or government, which they appear to convey.

Of the Essays in the present volume, that on the Poet will probably give the most pleasure to the reader, and that on "Experience" excite the most suprise. In the latter Mr. Emerson brings forward some of the most extraordinary propositions that ever found their way into print. He carries idealism to its last results, and transcends transcendentalism. The essay on "Manners" is full of the chivalry of good breeding, and contains some exquisite delineations of the qualities of a gentleman. The address on the "New England Reformers" is probably the most acute and practical composition in the volume. The radicalism is too comprehensive to excite much conservative opposition. It hits reformers of abuses, as well as abuses. It says to the radical of one idea, "alas! my good friend, there is no part of society or life better than any other part. All our things are right and wrong together. The wave of evil washes all our institutions alike." "No one," it is added, "gives the impression of superiority to the institution, which he must give who will reform it." Such a man, fixing on one evil as the chief curse and bane of society, becomes "tediously good in some particular, but negligent or narrow on the rest; and hypocrisy and vanity are often the disgusting result." Mr. Emerson, however, does justice to the "soul and soldiery of dissent," and thinks that he sees in the din and bustle produced by under consciences and one-sided views, "a contest between mechanical and spiritual methods, with a steady tendency of the thoughtful and virtuous to a deeper belief and reliance on spiritual facts."

We hope soon to be able to give some analysis, however partial, of this volume, and to state what we deem to be the opinions of Mr. Emerson, and the consequences to which they lead. It requires considerable experience of his mind and style to perceive the limits and qualifications of his separate thoughts. His mind seems condensed in each idea that he expresses; its rays appear to come to a focus in every sentence. There is no writer against whose consistency and sanity of thinking more detached sentences might be quoted; and yet there are few who are in reality more consistent in the general tone, spirit and object of their compositions.

Arrah Neil, or Times of Old. By G. P. R. James. New York, Harper & Brothers.

We suppose that this novel will be read, admired, praised and forgotten, like the preceding fictions of the same writer. The usual cant of eulogy will be lavished upon it, and it will then pass into oblivion, to be succeeded in three months by another equally valuable.

In our opinion there is hardly an instance on record, of an author who has contrived to win an extensive reputation, as a writer of works of imagination, with such slender intellectual materials as Mr. James. No one has ever written so many books, purporting to be novels, with so small a stock of heart, brain and invention. He is continually infringing his own copyright, by reproducing his own novels. Far from being surprised that he has written so much, we are astonished that he has not written more. From his first novel, all the rest can be logically deduced; and the reason that they have not appeared faster, may be found in the fact that he has been economical in the employment of amanuenses.

The success of Mr. James in his schemes of dilution and repetition, must be hailed as an omen of good to all writers by the job. He is one of the numerous proofs now around us, (and the most talented of all,) that authorship may be made a trade, and that the trade is capable of being learned by any person with the usual capacities of the race. We look forward to the time when boys will be bound apprentices to authors, as they now are to mechanics; and that the art of ready writing and book making will no longer be the monopoly of a few aristocrats of letters. We are already favored with directions to make every man his own physician, his own lawyer, his own priest, and his own statesman; the period is yet to arrive when every man will be his own author. The art of writing will be as simple as that of penmanship. Twelve lessons will enable a youth to concoct abuse for the party prints; twelve more to furnish some "enterprising" publisher with a ninepenny novel; twelve more will raise his soul above the altitude of ninepences, and he will make short tours into the land of lyrics, and journey amid the woods of elegies; and by gradual steps in the ladder of literature, he will at last rejoice in all the honors of the epic and the drama. We shall have recipes for making romances, in the style of Dr. Kitchener. The thousand dishes which can be made out of a few materials, by judicious variations of quantity, will be set forth in such a manner that he who runs may read. Analogies drawn from the science of cookery, will regulate the manufacture of books. It will soon be universally known that the thoughts and opinions which form the staple of one volume, can be continually reproduced in others, as long as there is cunning in the ten fingers, and strength in the right arm; and there will cease to be any force in the expression, "Oh! that mine enemy had writ-

ten a book!" One improvement will tread fast on the heels of the preceding, and perhaps the whole may end at last in substituting machines for men, with a steam-engine for a soul, producing sentiment and thought (such as it may be) in boundless profusion and wonderful verisimilitude; thus successfully renewing the sagacious attempt of the Nurembergers, to make a wood and leather man, that should "reason as well as most country parsons." Authorship will take its place among the exact sciences. All the old stories about inspiration, fine frenzy, and the like, will be ranked among that unfortunate class of opinions known as vulgar errors. A new era will dawn upon the world; and the only remedy for the era will be, that when everybody writes nobody will read, and the system, therefore, will destroy itself. Mr. James is fortunate in being a pioneer of this great revolution in composition, instead of one of its late results.

The Echo: or Borrowed Notes for Home Circulation. By Charles Fenno Hoffman, author of "Greyslaer," &c. New York, Burgess & Stringer.

The title of this collection of poems was suggested by the remark of the Foreign Quarterly Review, that "American poetry is little better than a far-off echo of the Father land." In the same journal, Mr. Hoffman was attacked violently as a plagiarist, and much stress was laid on "the magnitude of his obligations to Moore." Those who understand the motives of the *clique* of reviewers from which the precious article in question emanated, would never think of reposing any confidence in what they wrote of the United States, and would scrutinize as severely those statements which they made as facts as those which they made as opinions. In every thing relating to American institutions and literature, they have displayed as great an independence of the rules of just criticism as the maxims of courtesey, honor and truth. The article on the American poets is made up of lies and blunders. Mr. Hoffman, in his prefnce, simply denies the charges against himself, and leaves his readers to judge from the poems themselves whether the allegations of the reviewers are substantiated. We have not the least doubt that the decision will be in his favor.

In fact, Hoffman is one of our freshest and most original writers. He describes from an actual observation of life and nature, and sings from the impulses of his own heart. His poems are all pervaded by individual peculiarities of character. Many of his sentiments have no truth further than that which they derive from the sincerity of the author. They are true as regards himself, or the mood of mind in which they had being, but not universally true. If we look at the mechanical execution of his poems, we cannot fail to observe that the inartistical mode in which some of them are put together, evinces a warmth and heartiness of the feeling which would not pause to select dainty epithets, and contrive melliffluous lines, rather than an incapacity to write with elegance and rhetorical finish. He writes loosely because he feels and perceives keenly. He desires to impress the sentiment of his poem on the heart, more than to charm the ear. Many of his songs appear to have been chanted spontaneously, on the prairie, or at the social meeting—buoyant feeling, dancing along a stream of careless verse, and glittering with the fresh hues of the heart and fancy. Sometimes he seems to fling a song in your face, and tells you to like it or not. None smell of the lamp. His imagery generally comes directly from his own perceptions of nature. The flower that blooms in his verse, he has himself plucked from the stem; the beauty he celebrates, he has himself seen. There is *no imitation*, no simulated or foreign sentiment in him.

The present collection of his poems is "got up" with exceeding elegance, and is one of the very best specimens of the class—cheap publications. We wish it success. A series of our American poets, issued in this form, would give them an extensive circulation among the people.

An Essay on the Philosophy of Medical Science. By Elisha Bartlett, M. D. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard. One vol., 8vo.

We trust that no one who sees this book will be dissuaded from reading it by any unpleasant associations which its title may suggest. It is written in a style of much clearness and strength, and is well adapted to the comprehension of the general reader. We have found it one of the most interesting volumes of the season. It is divided into two parts, the first devoted to the philosophy of physical, the second to medical science; the latter, of course, being the larger portion. Dr. Bartlett insists forcibly that all physical and medical science consists in ascertained facts, or phenomena, or events, with their relations to others; the whole classified and arranged. These phenomena and relationships do not merely constitute the basis from which science is to be deduced by an act of reasoning, but they *are* science. From no fact, or series of facts, can we by any reasoning infer other facts. Such inferences are not science, but hypothesis. Observation and experience constitute the only method by which facts can be ascertained. A law, or a principle, of medical or physical science, is not a deduction, but a rigorous and absolute generalization of phenomena and relationships. It is, in short, but the expression of a universal fact, or a uniform relationship; and those who deem it some unknown power, or agency, lying back of the phenomena, or interposed between those which are related to each other, mistake the meaning of the word. An hypothesis is an attempt to explain or interpret ascertained facts by supposing other unascertained facts, and it does not constitute an element of science, for all science is absolutely independent of it. A theory is identical with a law of science, or with an hypothesis, according as it is a generalization of what has been ascertained by observation and experience, or an attempt to account for known facts by supposing others which are unknown. All classifications or arrangements are natural and perfect just in proportion to the number, importance and degree of the similarities, amongst themselves, of certain groups of phenomena and their relationships, and their dissimilarities to others.

From the rigid application of a few plain propositions like the above, Dr. Bartlett wages a destructive war against many medical doctrines, both in the profession and out of it. The clear arrangement of his facts and principles, and the close scrutiny to which he subjects every thing that springs up in the path of his investigations, are much to be commended. We trust the volume will fall into the hands of some theorizing physicians, for the benefit and salvation of their patients; and into those of the general reader, for the benefit and enlightenment of himself.

The Scenery-Shower, or Word-Paintings of the Grand, the Beautiful, and the Picturesque in Nature. By Warren Burton. Boston, Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. One vol., 18mo.

This little volume is intended by the author to awake, or keep alive, in the reader, a rapturous love of sublime and beautiful scenery. All the aspects of nature, in winter and summer, in storm and calm, are described, or

"showed," with the utmost warmth of expression. The book teems with metaphor, simile, and all the varieties of figurative language. The style is so luxuriant in imagery and illustration, that it may displease from its very redundancy. Had the author been more economical of his stores, he would have gained more reputation for his wealth. No one, however, can read the book without feeling that none of the rapture is simulated. Language and imagery seem too weak to express the emotions which nature has excited, and figure is sometimes piled on figure in the very ingenuity of admiring despair. A person must be himself a lover of the sublime and beautiful in nature, and have passed a good period of his life in its contemplation, to do full justice to Mr. Burton's enthusiasm. A critic, with the dust of the city in his throat, and the rattle of its business in his ears, accustomed to do in Rome as the Romans do, and sneer unconsciously with the sneerers—should take the book with him into some green and shady lane, before he assumes the power to judge of its merits. As for us, with a devil at our elbow, and a newsboy in the street shrieking the last murder in our ears, we feel modest about attempting it. We can, however, commend the volume to all lovers of scenery, as a most pleasant companion to their walks and wanderings.

The Gift: a Christmas, New Year, and Birth-day Present, MDCCCXLV. One vol., 8vo. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1845.

This is an annual of which the publishers have reason to be proud. In many respects it is equal to the best English publications of the kind, and in some superior. The engravings are chosen with the admirable taste which has always characterized the pictorial department of the "Gift," and excuted by Cheny, Pease, Humphreys and Dodson, whose names alone should be a guarantee of the superior style of the work. The literary contents are from Neal, Willis, Hoffman, Kirkland, Emerson, Sigourney, and others of the most popular American authors. The paper is thick, clean, and white; and the typographical execution, in every way, good. The copy before us is elegantly bound in calf. We repeat again that this annual is a credit to the publishers, and, we may add, to America.

But we doubt whether, in some respects, it is not inferior to the "Gift" for 1844. There are no two illustrations in the present volume equal to "Beatrice" and "Mercy's Dream" in the last; and this not because the workmanship is inferior, but on account of the want of pictures of the same merit from which to engrave. Perhaps the best thing in the book before us is the head on the title-page, done by J. Cheny after a Stuart. There is an inexpressible sweetness and grace in this little vignette, an idea of which it is impossible to convey in words. For several years we have noticed that the head on the title-page of the "Gift" has been the gem of the book; and it is certainly high praise to say this, when we consider the difficulty of procuring subjects, year after year, which shall be beautiful, and yet different altogether from the last. In the frontispiece there is not always the same success. "Agnes" is by no means equal to "Beatrice;" there is something unmeaning in the face of the former; but, not having seen the original picture, we cannot say whether this is the painter's or the engraver's fault. "The Roman Girl," from the canvas of Huntington, is a fine subject and admirably handled. "The Necklace" has been engraved with great skill, and does Leslie full justice. This illustration, in style and execution, reminds us more of the English annuals than any thing in the volume. "The Trap Sprung" is after one of Mount's inimitable pictures, and Mr. Pease has done himself much credit by the manner of engraving it. "Annette" is another of Cheny's exquisite female faces. The great charm of this artist's style consists in this—that while he is always natural, there floats around him a grace almost beyond this world. In this respect he is the Sully of engravers. The remaining pictures in the volume are "Washington and Harvey Birch," by J. I. Pease, after a picture by A. B. Durand, and "Washington Crossing the Alleghany," engraved by Dodson from a picture by D. Huntington.

In the literary contents, this annual is far superior to any London one. The English publishers of such books no longer employ their best writers, and the consequence is that the contents of the English annuals are beneath those of third-rate periodicals on this side of the water. But with a praiseworthy liberality, Messrs. Carey & Hart pay liberally for articles for their "Gift," and, in the present volume, we have accordingly a miscellany of original light literature of the very highest merit. N. P. Willis has furnished an excellent sketch, in his peculiar vein, entitled "The Power of an Injured Look." Poe has "The Purloined Letter," an exceedingly well written tale. From Joseph C. Neal, author of the "Charcoal Sketches," we have "The Moral of Goslyne Greene," which is surpassed by few things he has written. Simms, the novelist, contributes "The Giant's Coffin," a tale of Reedy River, not one of his best efforts, however. A finely told story by C. Fenno Hoffman, entitled "A Prairie Jumble," we recommend as particularly meritorious. "The Schoolmaster's Progress," by Mrs. Kirkland, is also excellent. There are two translations from the German of Zschokke; one being "The Dead Guest," a story that possesses unusual merit, and is valuable, moreover, as throwing considerable light on the German manners and character.

There is a poem by Longfellow, which contains an exquisite picture of a country church on the Sabbath; and a "Dirge," by R. W. Emerson, of a very high order of merit. We have not space left to speak in detail of the other poetical contributions.

The Illustrated Book of Christian Ballads, and other poems. Edited by Rufus W. Griswold. One vol., Lindsay & Blakiston. Philadelphia.

This is a very elegant work. The typographical execution is faultless, and the paper is stout, white and heavy. No expense appears to have been spared in what is technically called the "getting up" of the book. Each page is ornamented in the style of Lamb's Shakspearian Tales, and the engravings are generally chaste and beautiful. The ornate and somewhat florid character of the volume will ensure it a wide-spread popularity. Perhaps that portion of the mechanical part of the work most deserving of praise is the cover, elegantly printed in gold, brown and other colors, by Messrs. Pinkerton & Co. We have seen few specimens of Parisian lithography superior to this.

The literary department was prepared by the Rev R. W. Griswold, and the selections do full justice to the taste for which he is celebrated. The poetry is altogether devotional, and taken indiscriminately from English and American authors. The religious portion of the community will be gratified that so much pains and expense have been devoted to the publication of a work peculiarly fitted to their wants; and will, we are assured, remunerate the publishers for an enterprise which does credit to their taste and setiments alike. Among the numerous annuals for the coming year, this certainly takes a very high rank.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SIETSFIELD.—Great curiosity has been excited by the translation into English of a series of works in the German language, purporting to be the production of a favorite writer by the above name. Some extolling him to the skies, others depreciating altogether his efforts at depicting American character, it appeared, for a time, as if the newspaper press claimed the sole privilege of assigning him a place in the list of writers on this country.

At first it was stated that Mr. Sietsfield was an American—a native of the middle states, (some made him a Pennsylvanian by birth,) who, discouraged by the little success met in his own country, expatriated himself to Germany, where, making himself thoroughly familiar with the German language, he published a series of works on the United States, Mexico, and Texas. Others made him out a German, a third party thought he was English, and a very considerable portion of the American republic of letters, puzzled with the contradictory statements which appeared in the public prints, declared Mr. Sietsfield a mere fiction, and the publication of his works an imposition of the very respectable booksellers who engaged in the enterprise. Very few, we presume, were aware that the author had resided some years in Pennsylvania, had published a work under a different name in Philadelphia, and was, after all, a being of real flesh and blood, subsisting very comfortably by the product of his literary labors, on the romantic borders of the Lake of Zurich. It will, therefore, it may safely be presumed, be not altogether uninteresting to many of our readers to learn something more definite of both the author and his works.

Sietsfield is neither an American nor a German, but a Hungarian by birth, educated, it may be presumed, at Pesth, or Vienna, who came to this country as early as the year 1828. He spent some time in New York, where his circumstances were not the most brilliant, and thence left for the Island of Jamaica, where he spent some time as a private tutor in one of the planters' families.

From Jamaica, he returned to the United States, and passed some months in the interior of Pennsylvania, at the house of a German, to whom—such were his pecuniary embarrassments—he became seriously obliged for many trifles which happened to be indispensable to his comfort. In this situation, he wrote a book, "Austria as It Is," which, we believe, was published in Philadelphia, by the Messrs. Carey, and read not without interest by many who have since forgotten the author. In addition to this, he published some novels, also in Philadelphia, but which, it would seem, have met with but indifferent success. Shortly afterward, he returned to Europe, where he formed some literary connections—especially in Switzerland—which enabled him, a second time, to venture upon a visit to America.

When he arrived, for the second time, in the United States, (in 1831, or '32,) he appears to have been possessed of some property; some of his German friends here remembering distinctly to have heard him say, that his literary labors in Germany had given him the means of making, what he promised to himself, "a profitable investment." He also visited Mexico and Texas, of which countries he has written some very lively and interesting sketches.

His works, in Germany, have created great sensation, and are looked upon as the most excellent *génie* paintings of the United States written in that language. He is so accurate and minute in his description as to carry the stamp of veracity with him; though, perhaps, these very qualities render him less interesting to the American reader—a constant eye-witness of the scenes described with so much precision. Some have gone so far as to call him "the American Walter Scott," and many reviewers have even preferred him to Washington Irving. On the other hand, his *style* is generally condemned as rough and inelegant, and, in many cases, scarcely German. Hence the absurdity of comparing him to the coriphæi of German literature, Schiller, or Goethe. Against the latter, one of his late publications contains a considerable tirade, written, unfortunately, in very bad German, and which, therefore, brought upon him a severe castigation from the admirers of that greatest German bard.

Notwithstanding these defects, Mr. Sietsfield is a great artist, a man of much talent, sprightly imagination, and great fidelity in his elaborate pictures. His works have a very high standing in Germany among those who attempt to describe American life and manners, and are read with avidity, notwithstanding their proportionably high price, which confines their circulation principally to the libraries. The love of freedom and the spirit of candor which pervades them throughout, have endeared the author to the liberal schools of the continent, and there are many who, in this sense, number him among the most eminent political writers of the day.

Among Sietsfield's best works are "Virey," "Transatlantic Sketches of Travels," (Transatlandische Reiseskitzen,) "Pictures of Life from both Hemispheres," (Lebensbilder aus beiden Hemispheren,) "North and South," (Norden und Süden,) and, lately, also "The Log-Book," (Das Cajutenbuch,) which is dedicated to Mr. Poinsett, who, therefore, may be presumed to be more intimately acquainted with the author.

Some of our readers may also feel interested in learning that the author's real name is Siegesfeld, which, when in Pennsylvania, he changed into Sietsfield—a circumstance which has mystified both the German and the American public as to the nativity of our author.

GRAHAM FOR 1845.—This number closes the volume for 1844, and we feel assured that our readers have been pleased with the work. On every hand assurances reach us that our popularity has only as yet seen its dawning, and that the list in all post-towns, as well as in large cities, will be greatly increased in 1845.

In the coming year we propose to show our friends, a magazine thoroughly *American*, and of such merit as to put the blush upon all the English monthlies. There is no magazine, at home or abroad, that has been built upon the broad national basis that we chose for "Graham" in the outset of the enterprise; and hence none are so *widely* popular with the people. It is not too much for us to say, that "*Graham*" *is now the favorite periodical of the American people*," as the work has justly been styled by others, and we have no doubt that 1845 will show a still greater circulation and popularity. We are determined, by *performing what we promise*, to ensure success.

